



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



Locomotive engineers journal

Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers (U.S.)

See 1251.1



Harvard College Library

FROM

James Loeb

2 Jan. - 2 Dec 1901.

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS JOURNAL

PRICE, \$1.00 BY MAIL



TRIUMPHAL ARCH, FLORENCE, ITALY.

ENTERED AT THE CLEVELAND, OHIO, POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Vol. XXXV.

JANUARY, 1901.

No. 1.

Digitized by Google

960
10

Air Brakes

More made annually than all other
styles of power brakes ever built



The
Westinghouse Air Brake Co.

PITTSBURG, PA.



Over a million and a quarter in
use on all principal railroads

Air Brakes

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS MONTHLY JOURNAL

C.H. SALMONS, EDITOR AND MANAGER
307 SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING CLEVELAND, O.

Vol. XXXV.

JANUARY, 1901.

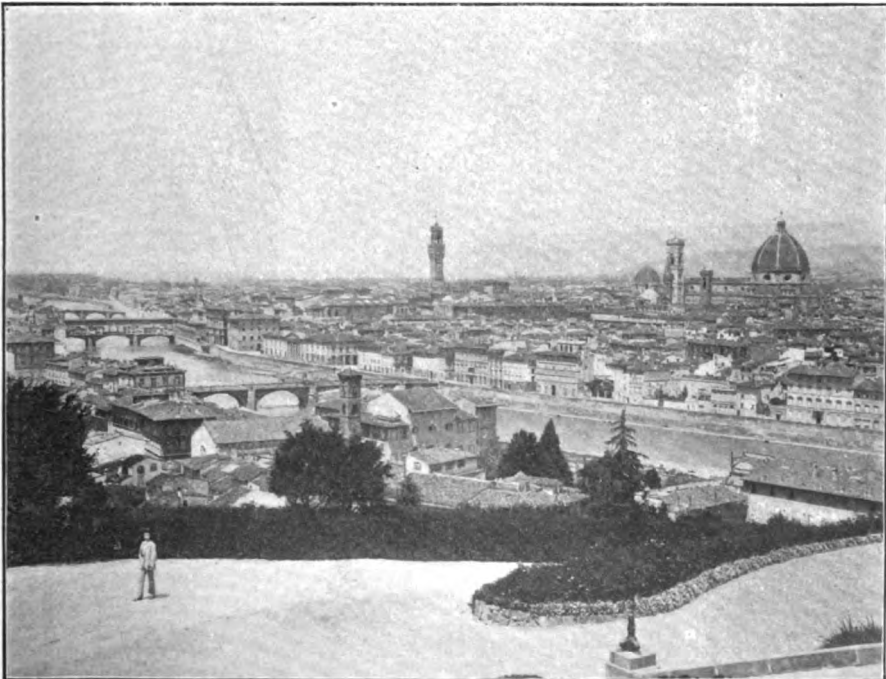
No. 1.

An American Abroad.

Our ride from Venice to Florence is comparatively a short one, and in the direction of Rome, which is our next objective point. Florence, the capital city, is situated on the river Arno, 194 miles northwest of Rome and 62 miles east of Leghorn by rail. Our route from Venice to Florence is through a fertile, picturesque country, but the loveliness of the country immediately surrounding Florence makes it the most delightful of all Italian cities, especially in the spring, when a glorious luxury of flow-

ers cover its fields and gardens, and lie in masses for sale in the city and about the old palaces. It is a sight never to be forgotten.

The city of Florence sprang originally from Fiesole. The inconvenient hilly site of the Etruscan (town) Fiesole, perched on the crest of an irregular height, rendered that town so difficult of access to the traders who resorted to its market places with their various merchandise that it was at length decreed they should assemble at the base of the hill, in the fertile plain traversed by the Arno. The few rough



PANORAMIC VIEW OF FLORENCE, ITALY, FROM PIAZZA DI MICHELANGELO.

shelters erected for the accommodation of these traders may be considered the nucleus of the present important and splendid city of Florence. It seems that as early as the time of Sulla, who died in the year 78 B. C., there was a colony here, and soon after the death of Julius Cæsar it became a thriving town. The Florentini are mentioned by Tacitus, 16 A. D., as sending delegates to Rome, but it was not till the time of Charlemagne, 800-814, that Florence began to rise out of obscurity.

In the eleventh century, Florence and a good part of Tuscany were bequeathed to Pope Gregory VII. by his friend and partisan the Countess Matilda, who inherited from her mother, the Countess Beatrix, her jurisdiction of the city, and under the protection of Rome, Florence speedily adopted the forms and institutions of a free city. As early as this (eleventh) century, the Florentines were European traders and the possessors of commercial depots in seaports and cities of France and England, and their



MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF RAJARAM CHUTTRAPUTTI, A REIGNING PRINCE OF INDIA, WHO DIED IN FLORENCE IN NOV., 1870, WHILE ON HIS WAY TO HIS OWN COUNTRY.

skill as workers in gold and jewels had grown famous, and the "Arti" or trade guilds were of great importance.

During the bitter wars between Pope and Emperor, which raged throughout Italy, Florence and Tuscany seem to have much trouble from the feuds of Guelphs and Ghibellines, the former adherents of the papacy and the latter of the empire, in one instance, in 1113, when the citizens' forces routed the troops and slew the delegates of the Emperor at Monte Casoli, near Florence.

In 1215 Florence became involved in the great party struggle, owing to a private feud breaking out between two noble fami-

while Buondelmonti was riding across the Ponte Vecchio they fell upon and slew him at the foot of the statue of Mars. This murder threw the whole city into confusion, the citizens taking sides with the two families. His death was speedily avenged by the Guelphs in the blood of his enemies, but for thirty-three years Florence was distracted by the deeds of bloodshed and violence of these two rival factions, who assumed the names and adopted the respective causes of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. In 1246, Emperor Frederick II. favored the Ghibellines, and the Buondelmonti faction was expelled from Florence; but upon the death of Frederick, in 1250,



THE ARNO RIVER, FLORENCE.

lies, chiefs of the contending principles. A Guelph noble, Buondelmonti, mortally incensed the Ghibelline family of the Amidei by breaking off his alliance with a daughter of their house and contracting marriage with a member of the Guelph family. A widow of the noble house of Donati, being determined to have no other son-in-law than the head of the great family of Buondelmonti, persuaded him to marry her daughter, who was of matchless beauty. To avenge this insult, the Amidei appealed to their powerful kinsmen, the Uberti, and, in fact, all of the Ghibelline party of Florence, and

there was a reconciliation and the Buondelmonti faction returned to Florence.

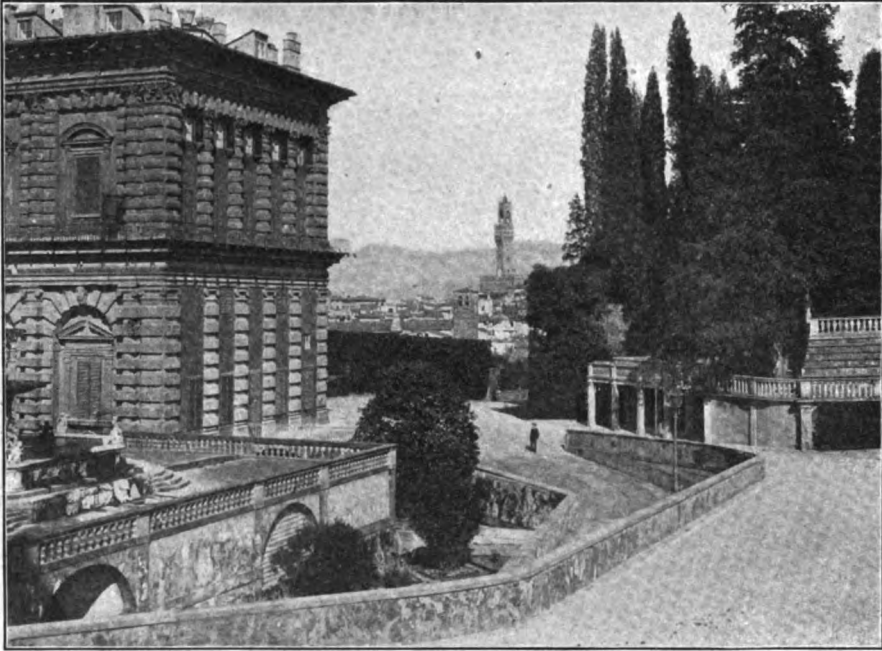
After the death of Frederick, a military confederation was formed and the city divided into six sections, each entrusted to two magistrates whose term of office was annual. To avoid all local dissensions, two other magistrates, strangers by birth, were elected, one being invested with supreme authority in civil and communal cases, the other with the title of captain of the people, who had chief command of the militia, in which were enrolled all the youth of the state, who were bound at the call of this magistrate to join their company fully

equipped for fight. Ninety-six companies defended the country and twenty the town. In battle, the Carroccio, a huge car with scarlet trappings and supporting the standard of Florence, and a bell, which was to ring ceaselessly, and drawn by oxen, was to be the rallying-point. The Guelphs, or papal party, were in the ascendancy, and grew in power during the following ten years, and the city increased in grandeur and prosperity, until it stood not only the first in Tuscany, but one of the first in all Italy.

Its forces successively humbled the adjoining towns of Siena, Arezzo, Pisa, Pistoia and Valterra, but in 1260 the standard

long duration, as Pope Urban IV. sent a French army, led by Charles of Valois, to whom he offered the two Sicilies. On his arrival with his army the Ghibelline army was defeated and Manfred slain in the famous battle of Benevento, thus losing both his life and his kingdom.

Charles fully restored to the Florentines their internal institutions, and a new democratic constitution was formed and the town divided into guilds, and to each guild was given a responsible governor. The guilds were increased from twelve to twenty-one and even the nobles, if they wished to take part in the government of the town, were obliged to be enrolled in



PALAZZO VECCHIO AND BOBOLI GARDEN.

of civil war was again raised by the Ghibellines, who, in league with Manfred of Naples, attacked the Guelphs and cut their forces to pieces in the sanguine battle of Monte Aperto. The conquerors, in the name of Manfred, abolished all trace of the popular institutions, establishing an exclusive aristocracy, and even advocated the destruction of the city, the hotbed of Guelphism; but this barbarous scheme was indignantly repudiated by their own famous leader, Franata degli Uberti, immortalized by Dante for his patriotism. He even declared his intention of heading the Guelphs were such a sacrilege perpetrated by his own party.

The success of the Ghibellines was not of

some guild, and a council called Signoria was formed for the government of Florence. In 1282 the Priori, a new executive power, was established.

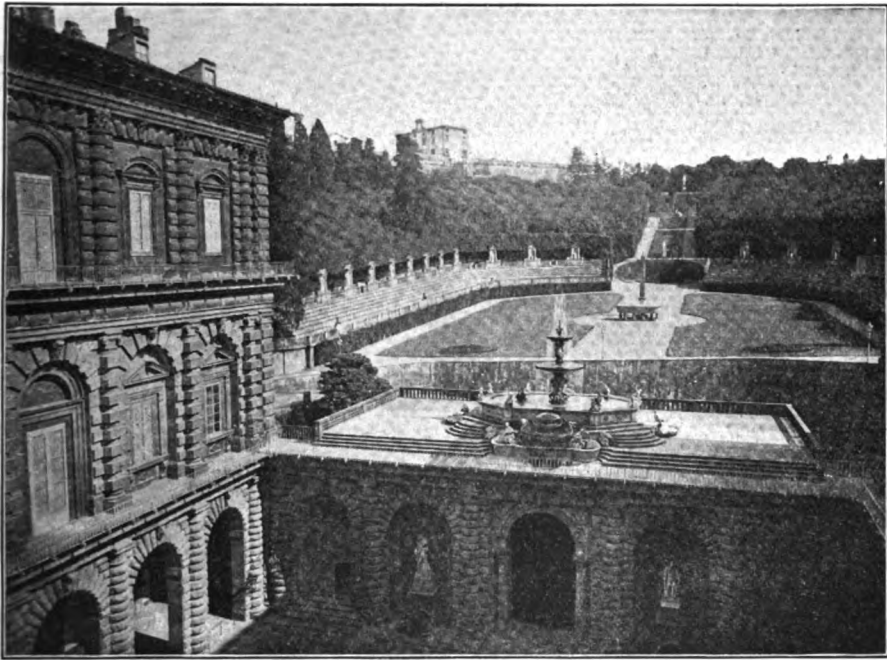
In 1289, the Florentine Guelphs, having established their own power, assisted the popular party at Arezzo in gaining the bloody battle of Campaldino, in which Dante, who had been received into the Guild of Doctors, fought amongst the Guelph troops.

In 1293, by the consent of the Priori, a higher chief than their own was elected with the title of Gonfaloniere. Never was the town in a more happy or flourishing condition than at this time, says Macchiavelli, rich in population, treasure, and aspect,

having 30,000 armed citizens and 70,000 from its territory, while the whole of Tuscany was either subject or allied to it. During this period (1298) the magnificent Palazzo dello Signoria was built.

Florence had now such power as to fear neither empire nor its exiles, but its strength continued to be wasted by internal strife. In 1300, Dante became one of the Priori, and the former feud was recommenced with new vigor between two factions who now bore the names of Bianchi (white) and Neri (black)—names borrowed from the Ghibelline and Guelphic divisions of the old feuds. Both factions were banished in time, and it was the

which his early love was tenderly and beautifully commemorated. Shortly after the death of his first love Dante's friends became alarmed at the condition of his health through overmuch sorrow, and advised marriage. At all events Dante shortly after married Gamma Donati, a member of one of the most powerful families of the Guelph faction of Florence, and this evidently led him into politics, with the result of being exiled, and with him Petraccio dell' Ancisa, the father of Petrarch, and his property confiscated. He was elected to the office of Priori during one of the most critical and stormy periods of the feuds of Florence, and only held the



BOBOLI GARDEN AND AMPHITHEATRE, FLORENCE.

anger excited by the recall of the Ghibelline, Guido Cavalcanti, which led to the banishment of Dante, who was his personal friend, and who was condemned by the Guelphic Court under the influence of Corso Donati, afterwards himself exiled and put to death.

Dante, the greatest of Italian poets, was born in Florence in 1265, in a house still shown in the Piazza di San Martino, and was baptised in the beautiful baptistry of Florence. When but ten years old he fell in love with Beatrice Portinari, which became the moving influence in his poetical labors. Beatrice, however, married another, and died in 1290, about which time Dante wrote his "Vita Nuova," a poem in

office from June 15 to August 15, 1300, but he distinguished his tenure of office by banishing many of the leaders of the rival faction, and without regard to which party they belonged. In the following year, 1301, in alarm at the threatened interference of Charles of Valois, who was sent with an army by Pope Boniface VIII., Dante was sent as an Embassy to Rome, evidently to intercede for the Florentines, but on Charles' arrival in November he espoused the side of the blacks, and for three days the fight raged in the streets of Florence, ending in a complete victory of the blacks over the whites, who were slain or banished and their homes sacked, and a sentence of banishment went forth

against Dante with confiscation of his estates, and the remainder of his life till his death in 1321 was spent in wandering about Italy in sorrowful pride, he refusing to accept the offered privilege of returning to Florence on condition of paying a fine and confessing guilt. During these wanderings was composed his great poem, "The Divine Comedy," which embodies the mediæval conception of future life. In this vision of Hell, Purgatory and heaven, we have, as it were, an encyclopedic view of the highest culture and knowledge of the age on philosophy, history, classical literature, physical science, morals and theology, pictured

greatest barbarity practiced upon their conquered foes. In 1315 the Ghibellines of Pisa gave the Florentines a severe check, and in 1325 they were completely defeated in the battle of Altopascio, when the Florentines, alarmed, appealed to the King of Naples for aid. The king sent the Duke of Athens as Viceroy and there was such public demoralization that they proclaimed him dictator of the republic, suppressing the offices of Priori and Gonfaloniere. The duke proved to be a base schemer to overturn the republic and was expelled by a popular uprising, the duke barely escaping with his life. Michele Londo was then chosen Gonfaloniere and



GALLERIA UFFERI LA TRIBUNE.

with such distinctness as to almost bring it into the realm of actual fact.

The poet, conducted by Virgil, traverses the three regions of Hell, Purgatory and Paradise, detailing his experiences in this strange journey and peoples these regions with his own personal friends and his foes in a manner that would have been decidedly uncomfortable for his foes had the work been published during their lives. Those who read Dante's "Inferno" should couple it with a history in Dante's time. The Florentines seem to have had a continuation of internal dissension and war with their neighbors. In 1306 Pistoia was besieged and taken by famine and the

is said to have overcome every citizen by his uprightness and kindness like a true deliverer of his country. At this time an attempt was made to admit a portion of the nobles into the government, but signally failed and led to renewed animosity between them and the citizens. This was the last effort of the nobles to secure power.

In 1348, a terrible pest decimated Florence (Black Death), sweeping off 100,000 inhabitants. Black spots (hence the name) and tumors were the seals of a doom that medicine had no power to avert. In most cases the victim died in two or three days, and sometimes the same day they were stricken. The pestilence seems to have

originated in China, where it is estimated 13,000,000 perished. Its ravages were felt from China to Ireland and 24,000,000 are said to have perished in Europe from this terrible scourge. The fear and demoralization were so great that it is said all natural bonds of human society were loosened so that friend deserted friend and mothers fled from their stricken children, and in many cases showed itself in reckless debauchery.

For the following 53 years Florence seems to have been fairly well governed and experienced healthy progress.

In 1406 the ancient and illustrious Republic of Pisa, the city, one of the oldest in

Brunelleschi graced Florence as architect; Donatello and Ghiberti, as sculptors; Masaccio and Filippo Lippi, as painters, their works still glorifying Florence. The wonderful learning of Cosimo di' Medici in Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, and other languages brought about the foundation of the Medicean Library, while his love of art led to the decorations of S. Marco by Fra Angelico. In finances, Cosimo was the Rothschilds of his time, and was so beloved by the people that he was given the title of "Father of his Country." Piero followed Cosimo, to be succeeded by his son, Lorenzo, in 1468, afterward called the magnificent. His encouragement made Flor-



VIEW OF ONE-FOURTH OF LOGGIA DEL LANZI, THE GATHERING-PLACE OF THE POOR OF FLORENCE.

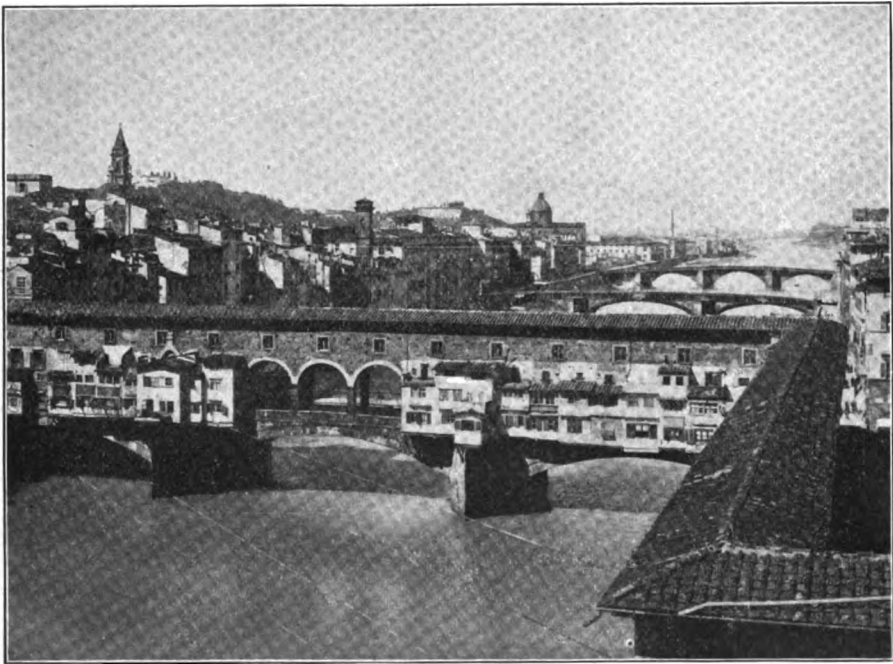
Italy, once the rival of Venice and Genoa, 49 miles west on the Arno, fell under the sway of Florence.

From 1434 the history of Florence is intimately bound up with the house of Medici, distinguished for their patronage of art and literature, especially Cosimo, who was made Gonfaloniere and gained universal approbation by the magnificence with which his immense fortune enabled him to receive the illustrious guests of the Council of Florence in 1439, while his intercourse with men of genius led to his being regarded as a typical patron of the arts and sciences. It was at this time that

enacted at this time the capital of the arts of the world. Lorenzo and his brother Guiliano were very close friends. Their success seems to have aroused republican fears and private jealousies which led to the Conspiracy of the Pozzi, who leagued with the Riarii, nephews of Sextus V., to murder both the Medici in the cathedral, and to raise a demonstration of freedom. Guiliano fell under the dagger of Francesco di Pozzi, but Lorenzo, though wounded, was able to take refuge in the sacristy, and when Jacopo di Pozzi rushed through the streets shouting "Freedom," no one responded, but, on the contrary,

the people rose for the Medici, and the Pozzi and their conspirator, the Archbishop of Pisa, were executed. Sextus V., history says, was furious, having vainly demanded the exile of the Medici and stirred up the King of Naples against Florence, but Lorenzo, to save the republic, gave himself up, and gained over his enemies by his magnanimity. This made his position impregnable, and the importance of Florence seemed to issue from Lorenzo as from a center, and Florentine trade in their own ships extended to Asia Minor, the Black Sea, Africa, Spain, England, France and Flanders. Florence became the center of art and learning, fashion and luxury, before unthought of.

literature and philosophy had all followed the common direction of that elegant but semi-pagan revival which the scholars of the fifteenth century had inaugurated, and the whole spirit of the social as well as intellectual movement, of which Florence was the center, was utterly at variance with the lofty Christian spirituality and severe asceticism in which Savonarola placed the very first conditions of the restoration and true religion and morality. His preaching, therefore, in its spirit as well as in its direct allusion, was no less antagonistic to the established system of government than to the worldly and irreligious manners of the age, and thus to the aristocratic adherents of the Medici, Savo-



VECCHIO BRIDGE OVER THE ARNO, BUILT IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

The visitor to Florence will find very many of the art exhibits bearing dates within the reign of the Medici. Lorenzo founded in the garden of S. Marco an academy for young artists, to which Michaelangelo, whose wonderful works are seen in Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples and elsewhere, was admitted. Lorenzo died April 8, 1492.

The extreme luxury of Lorenzo's reign gave opportunity for Savonarola, the Dominican monk of S. Marco, religious and political reformer, to bias the minds of the people to a wonderful degree.

Under the rule of the Medici family, and particularly Lorenzo the Magnificent, art

naroli early became an object of suspicion, if not antipathy and dread.

The son and successor of Lorenzo, Pietro di Medici, proved to be lacking in ability to maintain the family prestige, and purchased the protection of Charles VIII. by the surrender of all the fortifications of the republic. The disgrace was so keenly felt by Florence that Pietro was declared incapable of conducting affairs, and the Medici were expelled from Florence.

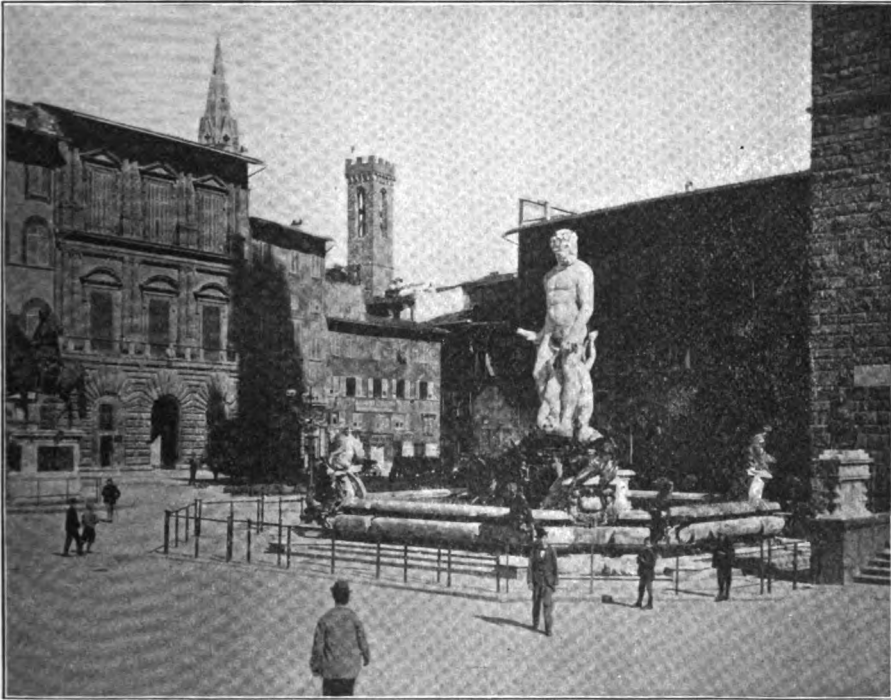
On Nov. 17, 1494, Charles VIII. made a triumphant entry into Florence, but soon retired. After his departure, Savonarola was made law-giver of Florence. A council of 1,000, with a select committee like

that of Venice, but with Christ as their king instead of a doge, was the government which he advocated.

In 1495, the entire organization of the state was given over to him as the representative of the Christocratic Florentine Republic; his throne was the pulpit, and for three years he ruled in a manner which induced even his enemies to acknowledge his greatness. During this time such an inspiration of love and sacrifice breathed through Florence that unlawful possessions were restored, mortal enemies embraced each other, and hymns were sung in the streets; the people received the Sacrament daily, and over the cathedral pulpit and over the gate of the Plazzo Vecchio was

of vanities on a huge funeral pyre—cards, dice, masks, carnival costumes, and worldly books, poetry and pictures were burned amid the blare of trumpet and singing of children.

But the old Florentine spirit soon wearied of theoretic government and the extremes of Savonarola's rigorism. His violent denunciations did not spare even the Pope himself, Alexander VI., whose court he called the Romish Babylon. He also assumed supernatural gifts of prophecy. He was cited to appear at Rome in 1495 to answer the charge of heresy, but failed to appear, and was forbidden to preach, but Savonarola disregarded the order and his difficulties in Florence began to deepen.



PLAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA—FOUNTAIN OF NEPTUNE.

written, "Jesus Christ is King of Florence." The most stringent enactments were made for the repression of vice, and of all the sinful follies by which it is fomented and maintained. All the haunts of debauchery were suppressed; gambling in all its forms was prohibited; the vanities of dress were restrained by sumptuary enactments; and under the impulse of the popular enthusiasm his preaching engendered, women flocked in troops to the public square to fling down their costliest ornaments, and his followers made in the Piazza an immense bonfire of all kinds

The measures of the new republic proved impracticable. The Medici party began to recover lost ground. An effort was made to recall the exiled house, and five of the leaders were condemned and executed, but the executions only hastened the ultimate end. In 1497 a sentence of excommunication came from Rome against Savonarola, but he declared the censure unjust and refused to hold himself bound by it. During the plague, though debarred from administering the sacred offices, he devoted himself zealously to ministering to the sick monks.

A second bonfire for the destruction of worldly things, in 1498, brought on a riot, which showed a radical change in public sentiment. And when the new elections took place the same year the Medici party came into power, and Savonarola was ordered to desist from preaching. A Franciscan friar named Francisco di Puglia denounced Savonarola and accused him of heresy, and challenged him to a test of the interposition of divine providence by the ordeal of fire. He consented, but when the day came the ordeal was postponed, and a storm of rain extinguished the flames. This destroyed his prestige with the populace, and the reverse in sentiment

separately to men, women, and children, from the impossibility of admitting them all at one time into the cathedral, the sudden tragical and vicious turn of the tide of public sentiment seems incomprehensible; but Florence learned when too late to regret the loss of the great champion of popular freedom, when she fell again under the domination of the Medici, and for more than two centuries the place where Savonarola's scaffold had stood was strewn with flowers on the anniversary of his death, lamps were kept burning before his picture, and ashes from the fire and splinters of the cross were treasured as relics.

In the same year Giovanni di' Medici, son



CATHEDRAL EN CAMPANILE, FLORENCE.

is almost beyond belief. S. Marco was stormed, Savonarola was taken prisoner and forced by torture to confession, which he vainly recanted, and on Ascension Day, 1498, he, with his two principal followers, Fra Domenico and Fra Silvestro, were hanged and their bodies afterward burnt. At the execution, the soldiers had much difficulty to keep back the mob, which pressed round like the waves of the sea, "everyone of whom seemed impatient for his death."

When we consider that Savonarola had carried these people with him for seven consecutive years and that, during this time it was necessary for him to preach

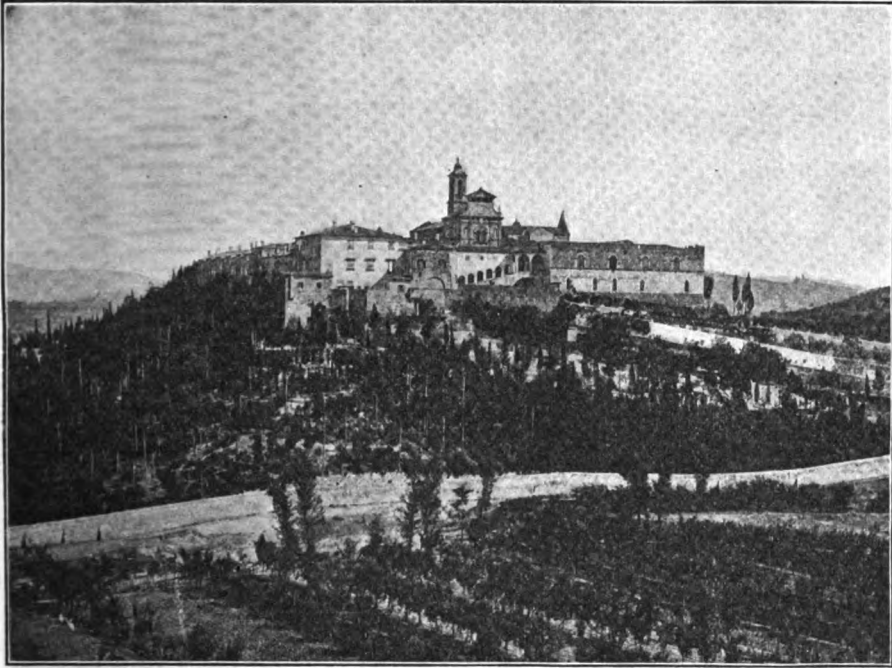
of Lorenzo the Magnificent, ascended the papal throne as Leo X., and Cardinal Giulio, afterward Pope Clement VII., was a son of Giuliano, brother of Lorenzo, killed by the Pozzi. Catherine di' Medici, afterwards the famous queen of France, was born in Florence in 1519. The Medici were again expelled, but joining forces with the emperor a siege was laid in 1529—the Florence defenders commanded by Michelangelo—which lasted eleven months, ending in the battle of Gavinana on the Apenines, on August 3, 1530, and the republican freedom of Florence was lost; but the Medici continued to be patrons of art and science, and Cosimo I., in

1539, founded the Academy of Florence and began the glorious collection of the Uffizi.

The Medici became extinct just prior to the Peace of Vienna (1735), but Florentine troubles did not cease until 1860, when Tuscany was incorporated with the Kingdom of Victor Emmanuel. To its Medici princes, however, and their Austrian successors, Florence owes its most magnificent buildings, arts and sculpture.

In architecture, Florence is richest in its palaces, and these exceed those of any other city. The streets have been paved with stone since the latter part of the fifteenth century. The visitor to Florence,

many of the principal hotels. The center of the square is occupied by a pillar from the Baths of Caracalla at Rome, given by Pius IV. It supports a statue of Justice. The Hotel du Nord stands opposite, and adjoining it is the Palazzo Buondelmonte, built on the site of the palace of the great family which had its origin in brigand chieftains. In the older palace lived in 1218 the young Buondelmonte who was murdered on his wedding day, as before mentioned. The Church of SS. Trinity was founded in the ninth century, but was entirely altered in the sixteenth century. Its interior is beautifully decorated, among which probably the most interesting is the



CERTOSA, OR CONVENT, GENERAL VIEW, FOUNDED IN 1341.

if curious as to tradition, will find, as Pascarel has said, that "every road, every gable, every tower, has some story of the past in it." The winding irregular streets, with the outlines of their loggie and arcades, and the glow of color that fills the niches and galleries, bring into the mind visions of men "who have gone before," and a desire to know something of the times in which they lived; and we confess that our interest in that direction has led us to consume nearly all of our space with thought of the past rather than the present of Florence.

The Piazza SS. Trinity is a central point for excursions over the city, and is near

five paintings in fresco of the life and death of St. Francis—his Renunciation, Confirmation, Passing Through Fire Unhurt, Receiving the Stigmata at Le Vernia, and His Death. Among the relics preserved here is the crucifix which is believed to have bowed its head to S. Giovanni Gualberto after his forgiveness of his brother's murderer. It is a painting on canvas stretched on a wooden frame, and was brought hither in great state from S. Miniato in 1671, under a canopy supported by eight senators and followed by all the Florentine nobles and religious orders.

Passing the Palazzo Spini to the left, we

find ourselves on the bank of the Arno, lined with houses bright with soft tints of color, built with an evident intention that no two should be alike or the same height; still they have a picturesque appearance, with their balconies, cupolas and broken lines. Turning to the left, we soon come to the stately porticoes of the Uffizi. The palace of the Uffizi was begun for Cosimo I. by Giorgio Vasara in 1561, and finished by Buontalenti in the reign of Francisco I. It is one immense palace, and filled with precious art treasures. The pillars of the colonnades are adorned with statues of the great Florentine sculptors, painters, poets, historians and other eminent citizens. All

tensive libraries, halls and corridors, that would take many days to give the whole even a passing glance.

A short distance from the Uffizi is the Piazza della Signoria, the center of Florentine life. On the east is the palace of the Signoria, and on the south is the Loggia de Lanzi, so called from the Swiss lancers who were placed here in attendance on Cosimo I. It was begun 1336. The Loggia consists of three open arches, one and part of another shown in our illustration. These enclose a platform raised by six steps above the square. In the central arch are two lions. There are nine or ten pieces of statuary in the inclosure, three of which



CERTOSA, GREAT CLOISTER, WITH MONKS.

the space allotted to us would not suffice to describe the interior decorations of the Uffizi alone. The first open staircase on the right leads to the National Library. The second great entrance leads to the famous gallery on the second floor, founded by Cosimo I., with relics of the treasures accumulated by the Medician ancestors and enriched by his successors. A door on the left of the gallery leads into the Tribune, originally built to contain a collection of precious stones, but now devoted to paintings and sculpture. Reference to our picture of this room will give a faint idea of the hundreds of paintings, statuary, etc., to be seen in this one palace, with its ex-

are masterpieces: 1st, Judith and Holofernes, in bronze, by Donatello, 1450; 2nd, The Perseus, by Benvenuto Cellini, 1545; 3rd, The Rape of the Sabinas, by Giovanni de Bologna. The statue in the Fountain of Neptune is seen partly behind the column in the Loggia de Lanzi, and is shown in the next as it appears in the Piazza Signoria. This fountain stands where the bonfire was built for the destruction of worldly things under Savonarola's inspiration, and marks the closing scene of his life, when he and his two adherents were strangled and burned. The adjoining wall is that of the Palazzo Vecchio della Signoria, or palace, built for the Gonfalonier

Priors when Florence was a republic. It has a tower 330 feet high. Savonarola was imprisoned in this tower, and the interior is decorated with a long list of paintings and statuary.

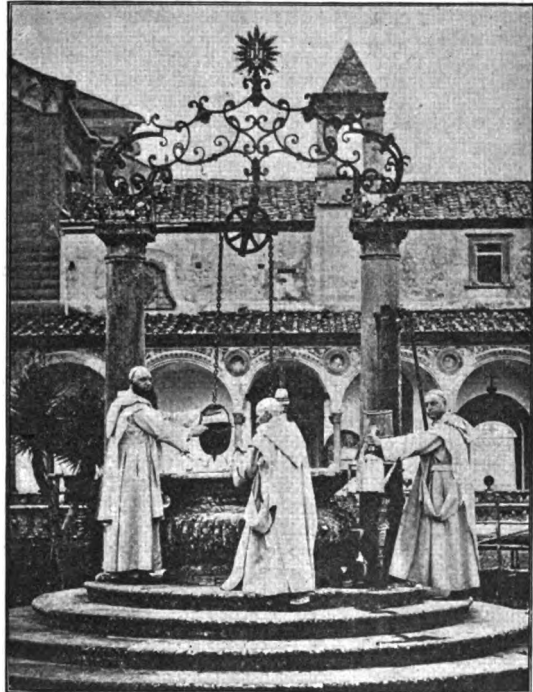
During the reign of the Medici a passage was built to connect the Palazzo del Signoria with the Pitti Palace, to be used as a means of escape, if required. It was finished in 1564, on the occasion of the marriage of Francisco di Medici with Joan of Austria. It is now used as an additional art gallery, which forms a delightful walk. The first division is devoted to engravings giving a complete history of the art. The passage extends along the side of the river to and over the Vecchio or Jewellers' Bridge, as seen in our illustration, and along this are displayed 1,300 portraits of the Medici and their contemporaries, including popes, sovereigns, princes, native and foreign noblemen, and eminent men of all nations.

The Vecchio Bridge dates back to the fourteenth century, and is flanked on both sides with shops, which have belonged to goldsmiths ever since their erection, and the bridge is considered one of the most attractive sights of the town; and W. D. Howells says of the Arno: "Belted with its many bridges and margined with towers and palaces, the Arno is the most beautiful and stately thing in the beautiful and stately city." We would like to continue the descriptive,—there is an endless opportunity in Florence,—but we have been too historic and must stop, with a brief glance at the Cathedral, with its glorious dome that inspired Michelangelo Buonarroti (often spelled Michael Angelo) in his building of St. Peter's in Rome.

According to an old Florentine legend, a virgin of Cesarea, in the province of Cappadocia, suffered a cruel martyrdom in the persecution under Decius, when only 12 years old, and after many tortures was beheaded by the sword, and as she fell dead her pure spirit was seen to issue from her mouth in the form of a dove, which winged its way to heaven, and St. Reparata was for six hundred years, 680 to 1298, the chief patroness of Florence, and the cathedral was formerly dedicated to St. Reparata, but about 1298 she appears to have been deposed as sole patroness, and the city placed under the immediate tutelage of the Virgin and St. John the Baptist, and the cathedral dedicated anew, under the title of S. Maria del Fiore.—*Jameson's Sacred Art*. This name is associated with a tradi-

tion that Florence was founded in a field of flowers. The present structure, erected on the site of the earlier church, is a striking example of Italian architecture. It was consecrated in 1436, but the lantern on the top of the dome was not completed until 1462. The building is 556 feet long and 342 feet wide, and the dome 300 feet high. By the side at the rear end stands the beautiful Campanile of Giotto (belfry), a place which, legend says, "the seven servants of the Blessed Virgin were miraculously called to lead a life of contemplation."

The cathedral was begun in 1298 by Arnolfo di Cambio, who desired to build the loftiest, most sumptuous edifice



CERTOSA—MONKS AT OLD WELL.

that human invention could devise and human labor execute. In 1331 the work began by Arnolfo was entrusted to Giotto, who erected the tower and continued the work on the original designs, but the bas-reliefs round the basement story of the tower were all designed by Giotto, and Ruskin says: "Of representations of human art under heavenly guidance, the series of bas-reliefs which stud the base of this Tower of Giotto must be held certainly the chief in Europe." The bell tower, also by Giotto, is a square structure two hundred and ninety feet high, and consists of four stories of richly decorated and colored

marble, and is regarded as one of the finest existing works of its kind. The exterior of the cathedral is encrusted with marble and filled with beautiful sculpture. The dome is one of its greatest beauties in architectural harmony, and a century afterwards when Michelangelo was desired to surpass it in St. Peter's at Rome, he expressed grave doubts. We will not attempt further description, but one visit to the cathedral will surely recall the scenes that took place here during the preaching of Savonarola in the great revival of the fourteenth century, and with its great dimensions must wonder that the attendance was so great that they must be divided, and only men admitted, then women, then children, because the cathedral would not hold all.

The Palazzo Pitti, or Pitti Palace, which we have before mentioned as reached from the Uffizi by the covered gallery, was begun in 1441 by Luca Pitti, and was sold by his descendants in 1549 to the first Eleanora of Toledo, wife of Cosimo I. Long the residence of the Grand Dukes, it is now occasionally occupied by the King of Italy. It was here, on October 9, 1870, that Victor Emmanuel II. received the deputations who came to present to him the result of the plebescite by which Rome had voted their union with the rest of Italy under the House of Savoy. What is to be seen here is too extensive to be enumerated at this time. Queen Marguerite did not care for the Pitti Palace as a home. The huge accumulation of art treasures on which generations of all classes came to gaze made it seem more like a public-museum than a home, and is said to have oppressed and saddened her. Between the palace and the picture gallery is the entrance to the beautiful Boboli Gardens, so called from the family whose mansion was once situated here. Near the entrance is a grotto containing four unfinished statues intended for the monument of Julius II. by Michelangelo and presented by his nephew Leonardo Buonarroti to Cosimo I. In front of the palace is an amphitheater of seats raised one above the other, and walks between clipped avenues of bay and ilex, lead to high ground where is the Fountain of Neptune.

Florence has some fine parks, among the best being the Cascino, a charming place, with groves of trees, chiefly ilex and pine, intersected and encircled with walks and carriage drives. There are many interesting drives short distances from the city that are worthy of a day to the visitor. The Triumphal Arch, which appears on the cover of this issue, was erected in honor of the entry of Francis II., husband of Maria Theresa.

In Fiesole, just to the north, on the hills which look down upon Florence, were

laid the two scenes of the "Decameron" of Boccaccio. The little streams that embrace it, the Affrico and the Mensola, were the metamorphosed lovers in his *Nimphale Fiesolano*; within view was the Villa Gherardi, before the village the hills of Fiesole, and at its feet the Valley of the Ladies.

Some distance to the south of Florence on the hill of Montaguto, is the Certosa, or Carthusian Monastery. The Certosa was founded in 1341 by Niccolo Acciajuolo, Grand Seneschal to Queen Joanna of Naples. The position is beautiful, with lovely views of the surrounding country, and the Monastery crowning a cypress-covered hill, is very picturesque. In 1896, there were fifteen monks; then the full number was eighty. There are many convents in and around Florence, but most of them are relics of the past.

W. D. Howells says: "There is nothing more Florentine in Florence than these old convents into which your sight-seeing takes you so often. The middle space is inclosed by sheltering cloisters, and here the grass lies green in the sun the whole winter through, with daisies in it, and other little sympathetic weeds or flowers; the still air is warm, and the place has a climate of its own."

In 1240, Pietro Borsi persuaded his young companions to agree that any one of them who used blasphemous language should pay a fine for assistance of sick and wounded persons, and from that time the Brothers of Mercy have existed in Florence. The Brethren sometimes act as sick nurses, to which they are trained, but under their rules they never receive any remuneration, nor taste anything except water. As the Brothers of the Misericordia passed along the streets of Florence, all persons formerly raised their hats, says *Homer*, but this custom has not been generally observed during the last few years. May we hope at least some of our readers will feel a little of the regret we do in dismissing the endless subject of Florence.

The Shrinking Earth.

(A Twentieth-Century Vision.,

Into the void a world was flung,
To join the spheric choir;
On its appointed way it swung,
Robed in primeval fire.

Upon its hot and glowing face
The cooling floods descended,
The land and ocean took their place,
The sky above them bended.

The sun and rain, the ice and frost,
Chiseled and carved it daily,
Till all the surface was embossed
With mountain, stream and valley.

Came fish and reptile, bird and beast,
By bounteous Nature nourished.
Came man, the mightiest and the last
Who multiplied and flourished.

He sailed the seas, he bridged the streams,
He fought for pride or plunder,
Saw God in visions and in dreams,
And learned to watch and wonder.

The centuries behind him rolled,
The tribes increased to nations.
From torrid heat to arctic cold
They fixed their habitations.

And then a strange thing came to view
That set the wise to thinking :
As man in skill and wisdom grew
The earth kept shrinking, shrinking.

The steamships throbbing o'er the deep,
The cables creeping under,
Contracted all the seas that keep
The continents asunder.

A hundred miles became as ten
Where iron steeds went rushing,
And myriads, soon, of angry men
For ampler room were pushing.

They dropped the hammer and the spade,
They seized the sword and saber.
And every nation stood arrayed
For war against its neighbor.

Then o'er the earth an outcry ran,
To highest heaven arising :
"Doth God Almighty mock at Man,
Such fate as this devising ?

"Subdue the Earth, was his command,
But what for us obeying ?
A shriveling Earth on which to stand,
And Man his brother slaying.

"Peace upon Earth ! Is this the way
To gain the peace we cherish ?
Read us the riddle, ye who may,
Lest we curse God and perish."

Then down the skyey fields again,
Angelic pinions glistened,
"Peace upon Earth !" again the strain,
And all the wide world listened.

"Peace upon Earth ! But not the peace
Of sullen isolation.
Not yet the shrinking Earth may cease
Nation to draw to nation.

"Yet not for war hath God designed
The narrowing seas, but rather
For brotherhood of all mankind
In one all-loving Father.

"For this the Earth must smaller grow.
To this is Man progressing,
And some day all shall see and know
The beatific blessing."

Even with the words arose a crash
Of nations in collision,
And cannon-roar and saber-clash
Destroyed the heavenly vision.

But o'er the tumult of the fray
The angels kept on singing,
And still their song, "Some day, some day,"
In human hearts kept ringing.
—EDWARD J. WHEELER, in *The Chautauquan*.

Sibyl's Slipper.

BY NORA PERRY.

I.

BEFORE THE BALL.

When Sir William Howe succeeded General Gage as governor and military commander of the New England province, he at once set to work to make himself and the King's cause popular in a social way, by giving a series of fine entertainments in the stately Province House.

To these entertainments were bidden all the Boston townfolk who were loyal to the British crown. Amongst such, none were more prominent or made more welcome than Mr. Jeffrey Merridew and his pretty young niece, Sibyl.

Mr. Merridew was a staunch royalist, though he was by no means a violent hater of the rebels. Many of them were his old friends and neighbors, and his only brother, Dr. Ephraim Merridew—Sibyl's father—was a rebel at heart, though in far-away Barbadoes, where he was at that time engaged in business, he could not serve the rebel cause in person as he would gladly have done. But he left behind him a son who, in full sympathy with his father's views, ranged himself boldly on the rebel side, as part of the American army.

A rebel relative in Barbadoes was not a matter to trouble oneself about greatly, but a rebel relative on the spot, so to speak—for young Ephraim was only six miles away at the Cambridge rallying ground—was a different thing, and amiable and easy-going as Mr. Jeffrey Merridew was disposed to be, his nephew's close proximity could not, under the peculiar circumstances, but be embarrassing and disturbing on occasions; for the young man, besides being his nephew, was Sibyl's brother, and Sibyl, as a member of a royalist's family—for her father on his departure for Barbadoes had left his motherless girl in her uncle's charge—could not, of course, be allowed free intercourse with one who had placed himself in an attitude of active hostility to the royal cause.

When Sibyl was apprised of this dictum, she at once made passionate protest against it. "What harm do the King's soldiers think poor Eph can do then, by now and then paying a visit to his sister?" she asked her uncle, scornfully.

"Harm? You are very young, Sibyl, and don't understand these things. Your brother has chosen, very foolishly, to join

the rebel forces, and so has made himself one of our acknowledged enemies, and I never heard of declared enemies in time of war walking in and out of each other's houses like tame cats," answered Mr. Merri-dew, sarcastically.

"But Eph, such a boy as Eph—only nineteen, only two years older than I! What harm could he do now, more than he has ever done, by coming out to his uncle's house as a visitor?" still persisted Sibyl, rather foolishly.

"What harm!" exclaimed Mr. Merri-dew, impatiently. "What a child you are, Sibyl! Why, his coming here would com-promise me fatally with the royal govern-

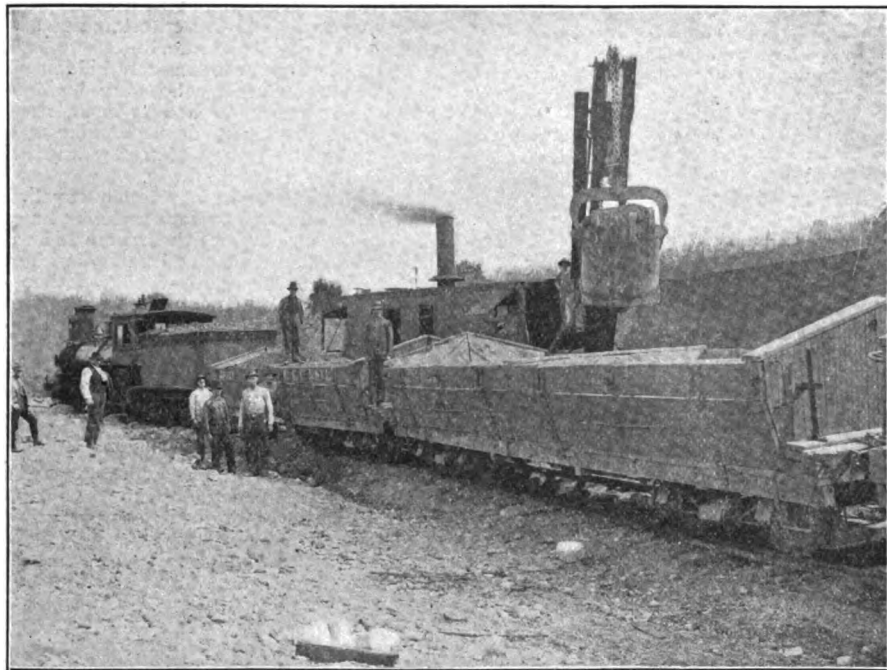
"And would you—would you, if you were in Ephraim's camp as a visitor, would you—"

"Tell tales?" laughed Mr. Merri-dew; "indeed I would, if I heard anything worth telling—anything that I thought would save the cause I believed to be a righteous cause." Then, more seriously: "Why, Sibyl, it would be my duty to do it."

"Oh! oh!" cried Sibyl, "it is odious, odious, all this war business."

"Yes, I grant you that; but who is to blame for bringing this odious business upon us? Who but those foolish malcon-tents, these rebels, like—"

"Like my father and my brother," broke



BRO. J. H. BROWN, OF DIV. 37, IN THE WINDOW, HANDLING BIG FOUR STEAM SHOVEL

ment. I should be suspected of disloyalty, and do you think that he, your brother, could be in any such communication with us and fail to see and hear many things that might bring us disaster if reported to his officers?"

"You think Eph would be so mean as to tell tales?" exclaimed Sibyl, in high indignation.

"Tell tales!" repeated Mr. Merri-dew, flinging back his head with irrepressible laughter at Sibyl's ignorance. "Why, my dear, the reporting of important facts, however gained, in times of war is part of war tactics; it is not called 'telling tales.'"

in Sibyl, hotly, as Mr. Merri-dew hesitated.

"Yes, like your father and your brother, I am sorry to say," concluded her uncle, gravely.

"No, no, no," cried Sibyl, excitedly. "It is not they who are to blame. They are good and brave and wise. They only want justice and fair play. It is the King's folk who are to blame—the King's folk who want to oppress the people with unjust taxes, that they may live in greater grandeur."

Mr. Merri-dew stared in silent astonish-ment at this unexpected outburst. Then, in a severer tone than his niece had ever heard from his lips, he said:

"So this is the treasonable talk you have heard from your brother—these are the teachings that he has been instilling into you? Ah, it is none too soon that you are cut off from the influence of that headstrong boy."

"But it was my father who instilled these teachings into my brother. They are his principles, and they are my principles, too!"

"Your principles!" and Mr. Merridew, his sense of humor immensely tickled at the sound of this fine word, that rolled off with such an assumption of dignity from those rosy young lips, burst into a great laugh. Yet then and there he said to him-

sir? I think you are forgetting yourself." And Miss Sibyl Merridew lifted up her graceful head with a little air of hauteur that was by no means unbecoming to her piquant beauty.

But young Sir Harry Willing was not to be put down by this pretty little provincial—not he; and so, lifting up his head with an air of hauteur, he said to Miss Sibyl: "I crave Miss Merridew's pardon, but perhaps if she will reflect a moment she will recall what she said to me yester morning when I begged her to give me the pleasure of dancing the last minuet with her to-night."

Waving her great plumy-feather fan to



A. J. LANDRY, B. of R. T. F. PAULE, B. of R. T. BILLY, M. ESTERL, B. of R. T. E. J. CONNELL, Div. 4. W. S. YARNELL.

Courtesy of Bro. Connell, of Div. 4.

self, "That jacknapes of a boy, to fill her head with this treasonable stuff! But, we'll see, we'll see if we can't crowd all such stuff out with livelier things when we have those fine doings at the Province House that Sir William is talking of. Her principles! The little parrot," and he laughed again.

II.

AT THE BALL—THE LAST DANCE.

"And you're to dance the last dance with me; remember, Miss Merridew."

"Indeed, Sir Harry, I will not promise you that."

"You will not promise? But you have promised."

"Have promised? What do you mean,

and fro, Sibyl looked across it at her companion and answered in a little sweetly impertinent tone:

"But I never reflect."

"So I should judge, madam," retorted the youth, wrathfully; "but, perhaps," he went on, "if Miss Merridew will begin to bestow a glance upon this"—and the young fellow pulled from his pocket a gold-mounted card and letter case, out of which he took a tablet, upon which was written: "Met Miss Sibyl Merridew this morning on the mall. She promised to dance the last minuet with me tomorrow night. Mem. Send roses if they are to be had in the town."

Sibyl blushed as she read this. Then, lifting the flowers—Sir Harry's roses—to

her face for a moment, she dropped a demure courtesy and said, with a gleam of fun in her eyes:

"If Sir Harry finds that it is necessary for him to recall his friends and engagements by memorandum notes, he certainly cannot expect an untutored provincial maid, who carries no such orderly appliance about with her, to charge her mind unaided."

"An untutored provincial maid!" exclaimed Sir Harry, all his wrath extinguished by her pretty recognition of his flowers, and his admiration of her ready wit; an untutored provincial maid! "By my faith, Miss Sibyl, you'd put to shame many a court dame. But hark, what's



BRO. ALEX. GOSSELIN.

One of the oldest members of Div. 142, Richmond, Quebec, looking much pleased with his Mack Seat.

that? As I live, the musicians are tuning up for the minuet," and smilingly he held out his hand to her.

"A very pretty pair," said more than one of the assembled company as the two took their places in the beautifully decorated ballroom; and, as the dance progressed, Mr. Jeffrey Merridew, watching his niece from his post of observation, said to himself, with a congratulatory smile, "Where now are Miss Sibyl's fine rebel principles? I scarcely think they would stand a test."

Almost at that very moment, Sir Harry, boy as he was, spite of his one and twenty

years, was giving vent to a little boastful talk about "army" and "those undisciplined rebels who would never stand the test against a full regiment of regulars."

"Why," Sir Harry declared, at length, led on by Sibyl's air of great interest, "we have positive information that their troops at Cambridge have neither arms nor ammunition to carry on a defense, and they are in a sorry condition every way—it is impossible for them to resist us successfully; we shall literally sweep them off the face of the earth if they attempt it."

"And you—the King's troops?" inquired Sibyl.

"We? Well, we have been a little straitened ourselves for the ammunitions of war," replied the young aid-de-camp, "but by tomorrow night a vessel will arrive for us that will relieve all such necessities. Ah," with a gay smile, "what would not these rebels give to get possession of this information and put their cruisers on the alert to capture such a prize."

"But there is no possibility of this?"

"Not the slightest. But you are pale—don't be alarmed, there is no danger. The rebels have no suspicion of the expected arrival, we are certain."

"But if they had?"

"Well, that might alter the case. Their seamen know their business better than their landmen."

All this in the pauses of the dance. When they started up again, the music had accelerated its time, and down the great hall they led the way at a fine pace. But in swinging about to return, Sir Harry felt his companion falter.

"What is it?" he asked, anxiously.

"My slipper," she replied, with a vexed laugh, and stooping as she spoke, she whisked off a little satin shoe, the high, hollow, metal heel of which had suddenly given way.

Certainly no more dancing that night. For that matter though it was near the end of the ball. But could not he do something, Sir Harry asked; he had tinkered gun-screws, why not a slipper? No, nothing could be done then and there; a new heel must be hammered and fitted on.

But—then and there, Sibyl had a sudden inspiration! Something could be done. She was to go to Madame Bontineau's rout the next evening. She needed these very slippers for that occasion. Would Sir Harry—on his way to his quarters that night—would he think it beneath his dignity to leave the slippers at Anthony Styles', the shoemaker's, it was just there by the tavern, at the sign of the gilded boot? He had only to drop the shoe—with a message she would write to go with it—into the tunnel-box, by the door, and Anthony would find it by daylight and set to

work upon it at once, that she might not be disappointed, for it was a longish job, she knew.

Beneath his dignity! Sir Harry laughed. He was only too glad to do her bidding.

And would he then give her a bit of paper and pencil and take her to the cloak room for a moment?

Alone in the cloak room, Sibyl wrote her message to Anthony Styles. Folding the paper in the slipper, and wrapping the whole in her pocket handkerchief, she fastened the parcel securely with the silken cord that had held her fan.

"And may I have the last dance tomorrow night?" asked Sir Harry smilingly, as he took leave of her a few minutes later.

"Perhaps—if I may depend upon you—and Anthony Styles," she answered. Her eyes sparkled like dark jewels as she spoke, her cheeks burned like red twin roses.

III.

AFTER THE BALL.

Robe of satin and brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons too,
Scattered about in every place,
For the revel is through.

And there, in the midst of all this pretty disorder of satin and lace and flowers, sits Sibyl, far into the night, or rather morning, turning over and over in her mind something that effectually banishes sleep.

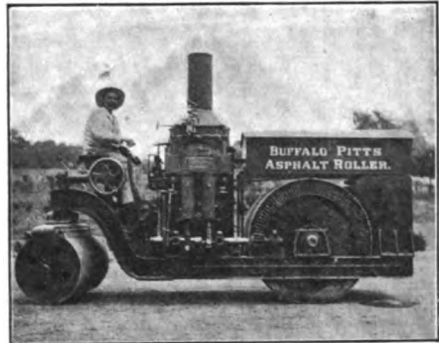
By and by, as she turns it over for the twentieth time, she says aloud to herself: "To think that it should be given to me to do—made my duty! Uncle Jeffrey taught me that, as he has taught me many things these past months—to keep my own counsel, for one thing.

"Ah, Uncle Jeffrey, you have fancied me all these months naught but a vain little poppet who could be led to forget anything in a round of routs and balls. Well, I like the routs and balls dearly, dearly, but I like something else better. I like what my father has taught us, and what my dear Eph is going to fight for, and perhaps die for, far, far better. Yet I felt like a cheat tonight as I led Sir Harry on to tell me what he did—Sir Harry, who thinks me, as all the rest do, a staunch little tory, for I have kept my counsel indeed, and no one suspects. But oh, it is odious, it is odious, this war business, yet I have been taught how to do my duty, and I have done it. Yes, I have done my duty, for—the reporting of important facts, however gained, in times of war, is part of war tactics.' Yes, these are your words, Uncle Jeffrey, and oh, how much they flashed up to me tonight when Sir Harry told me of the British vessel, and how they fairly rung in my ears like an order, when it suddenly came to me how I could get this important fact that I had gained sent to the

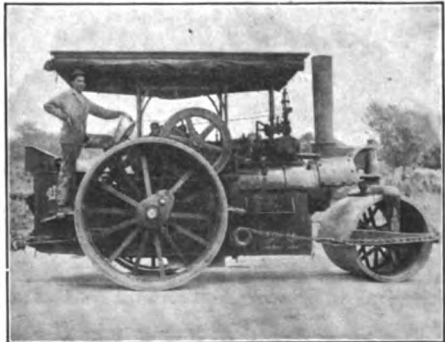
right quarter by means of good Anthony Styles and that parcel box of his through which so many messages have gone safely.

"Oh, I could laugh, I could laugh, if I didn't shiver so when I think of it! Sir Harry, Sir Harry of all persons, dropping that message into Anthony Styles' hands—Anthony Styles the staunch rebel whom they think a staunch tory! Oh, I could laugh, I could laugh! And now if everything goes well—if everything goes well, my dear rebels will not be swept off the earth by British arms quite yet!

"But, hark, that is the clock—it is striking one, and I out of bed and gabbling to myself in this foolish way of mine 'like a play acting woman,' as Uncle Jeffrey would



BRO. H. DEXHEIMER, OF DIV. 135, MAKING GOOD ROADS AT ORANGE, N. J.



CHAS DEXHEIMER, SON OF BRO. H. DEXHEIMER, STEAM ROLLERS, ORANGE, N. J.

say of me! But I will not stay up a moment longer, so good night, good night, my dear rebels, g—ood night."

* * *

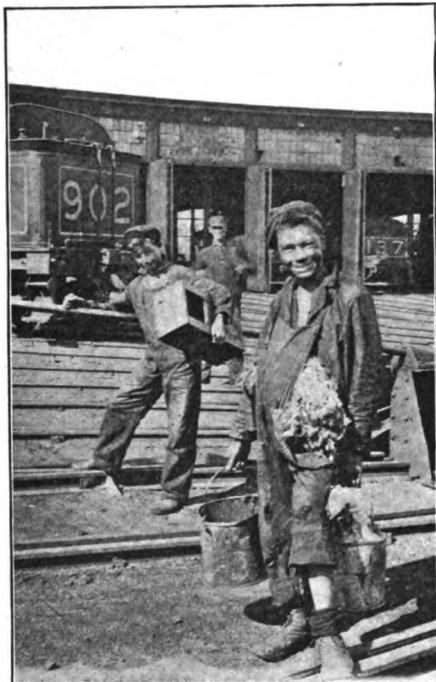
The clock was striking four the next afternoon, when a weather-beaten man, who had a look as if he had once been a seaman, knocked at the side door of Mr. Jeffrey Merridew's mansion and asked to see young mistress Merridew.

"It's shoemaker Styles," the maid informed Sibyl, "and he says you must come down and try on the slipper he has brought—he's not sure about the heel. He's in the hall room, mem."

It was with a wildly beating heart that Sibyl obeying this summons ran down to the little hall room where Anthony Styles awaited her.

He stood with the slipper in his hand as she entered the room, and before she could close the door behind her, he called out in a frank, loud voice: "I thought you had better try on the shoe, Miss—I wasn't sure of the heel."

"The moment the door was closed, however, he came forward eagerly, and in a



THE BOSS WIPER—C. & G. T. ROUND HOUSE, MICH.

low tone said: "It's all right, little mistress. I heard the click of the tunnel-box last night, for I hadn't turned in, and afore many minutes I was up and off in my boat with the message in my head—I burnt the paper! There was a stiff breeze, and I reached the cutter in the quickest time I ever made, and got back afore daylight, with nobody the wiser. Shoemaker Styles understands his old sailor business better than shoemaking," with a grim laugh, "and no tory knows these waters as I do."

"And it's all right, and will be all right," faltered Sibyl, anxiously.

"All right! You'll know for yourself by

nightfall perhaps; and now God bless you, little mistress; you've done a great service, and if ever Anthony Styles can serve you, he'll do it with a whole heart—God bless you, God bless you!" and with these words Shoemaker Styles hurried off, leaving Sibyl with the slipper still in her hand, and both of them quite oblivious of that important trying-on process!

The day after the ball was a busy one for Sir Harry Willing, and it was not until late in the afternoon that he found himself at liberty to take his accustomed saunter about town.

As he came in sight of the gilded boot, he smilingly thought: "I wonder if Shoemaker Styles has done his duty by the little slipper—if he has, I shall dance with my lady Sibyl at Madame Bontineau's this evening."

But Sir Harry did not dance at Madame Bontineau's that evening, for when at nightfall he returned to his quarters he was met by the disastrous tidings that the long-looked for, eagerly expected British brig, loaded with supplies for the King's army, had been captured off Lechmere's Point by the Yankee rebels!

It was not many months after this capture that the British evacuated Boston. When Sir Harry Willing took leave of Sibyl Merridew, he pleaded for some token of remembrance.

"You will not promise yourself to me," said he, in reproachful accents, "but give me some token of yourself, some gage of amity, at least."

"But what—what can I give you, Sir Harry?" asked Sibyl, not a little touched and troubled.

"Give me the little slipper you wore that night we danced together at the Province House."

"That—that slipper?" and Sibyl blushed and paled.

"Yes—ah, you will, you will."

A moment's hesitation, then with a strange smile, half grave, half gay, Sibyl answered, "Yes, I will."

Hail and Farewell.

The gray old year at last is dead;
The new year cometh in his stead,
A glad song singing;
Hail, pilgrim, from Time's morn'g land!
We welcome thee with open hand,
And joy bells ringing.

His smiling face is girlish fair,
Yet though he seems so debonaire,
His walk is mannish;
But so much like a dream is he,
Each moment I expect to see
The vision vanish!

Ah, even so the old year seemed
Twelve months ago—then, how we dreamed

Of life, love, glory !
As he came singing down the way,
To tell us (was it yesterday ?)
The same old story.

Fair promises he made us then,
How few fulfilled ! and yet, again
On hope relying,
Though well we know her tales deceive.
This youngster's flatteries we believe,
Not one denying.

God bless the old year, dead and gone !
We know the good that we have done.
Each brave endeavor,
Each noble deed, each holy trust,
Again shall blossom from the dust,
And live forever.

Hail, then, young year, life's new-born lord !
Yes, we will take thee at thy word,
And, without grieving,
Turn from the old year, dead and gone,
To shout, as thou dost mount thy throne :
"Hail to the living !"

—CHARLES W. HUBNER.

The Madness of Love.

It was springtime and noonday in England, and the soft breath of the year seemed laden with fragrant promises of bloom and color, while over the woods was stealing a fairylike mantle of green.

On such a day, and in such a scene as this, Evangeline Rohan felt as though the world should hold nothing of strife or pain or ugliness; indeed, the particular world in which she moved and breathed and had her being held little but the surface knowledge that such things existed, for fate had favored Evangeline, and not content with bestowing on her beauty of person and mind, had dowered her with the great gift of song in its divine perfection.

Now she sauntered down the winding pathway that led from her castle terrace to the copse beneath.

A man followed her with hesitating steps, as though he feared a repulse if he presented himself too suddenly, took courage to approach when the trees veiled them from the castle windows, and, though she made him welcome by neither word nor sign, walked at her side until the whim seized her to seat herself on a bank and search for the desultory flowers that were beginning to peep here and there.

It was at this moment that a visitor who had driven up to the castle in a dog-cart descended and asked for Mlle. Rohan.

"I am afraid she is unable to see anyone this morning," said the butler; "she is resting for tonight."

Dr. Harrowden knit his brows in perplexity. He remembered that the singer had generously offered to throw open her castle to the public on that night and to

give the first entertainment in her new theater for the benefit of a fund for wounded soldiers.

All the country were clamoring for tickets. Fabulous prices had been paid even for standing room, and report said the diva, having spared no pains nor expense to make the occasion a success, was about to eclipse herself in a new part, specially written and composed for her, in an operatic adaptation of "Othello."

"The matter is a very urgent one," said Dr. Harrowden, after a pause. "I have a request to make of Mlle. Rohan that can only be made personally. If you will risk her displeasure and allow me to make my way to her I will take all the blame. I may say it is a question almost of life and death."

The man, who knew Dr. Harrowden as one whose reputation, even in a village practice, gave weight to his words, yielded, and, telling him that mademoiselle had taken the path toward the copse, led him through the conservatory and directed him to the shortest way.

He came so suddenly upon the little clearing where Evangeline was that neither she nor her companion perceived him. She was standing up, a singular look on her beautiful face, which was bereft of its usual color, and both her hands were stretched out before her as though to ward off something that she dreaded, and that yet fascinated her.

His face, a dark-eyed, brown-skinned one, with something in its Southern intensity that marred its handsomeness, must have worn a threatening expression, for she recoiled with a little cry of alarm, and, turning, saw Dr. Harrowden as he stepped toward her.

"Ah, doctor!" she said, a little shaken still, but smiling, "it is a long time since I have seen you, which speaks well for my health, though not for my hospitality. But you are coming tonight, I hope?"

"You have asked me to the castle most kindly," he answered, quietly, "but I am a busy man, as you know, mademoiselle, and have to deny myself many pleasures. I have ventured to intrude on you, for which you must please lay the blame solely on me, because I have a little patient down there in the village whose recovery seems to depend entirely on you."

"On me!"

"My patient is a little child who has been at death's door through fever, and whose one desire, night and day, has been to hear you sing. We thought it a delirious fancy that would pass, but it seems that, had she been well, she was to have come up to the castle one day when you sang to the villagers, and that she lost her chance through this illness. She raves and weeps alternately, and will not sleep, beg-

ging always to be taken to you so that she might ask you to sing one little song to her."

"Where is she? Take me to her, doctor, and I will sing to her at once."

Half an hour later, with all her soul in her exquisite voice, she was standing in the cottage singing a song of life and love to the bewildered villagers, while the sick child, propped up by pillows to hear the desire of her heart, cried out that it was an angel who had come in answer to her prayers.

It was midnight, twelve hours since Eva had charmed away the shadow of death from the village home, and she was holding a great assembly hushed and spell-bound, while her voice, no longer softened and subdued, rang with all its glorious power through the large opera hall which she had lately added to her castle.

It was the moment of her crowning triumph, the moment when Desdemona, realizing to the full her danger, and the inflexible purpose of Othello, transformed by jealousy into a murderer, ceased to plead for her life, and instead, proudly and passionately declared her innocence.

Count Devas, the Italian singer, who had already won universal applause for his wonderful rendering of Othello, faced her, the madness of rage that was consuming him portrayed vividly in every feature of his face, in every movement of his tense, nervous fingers.

There was a silence, intense, dead silence for an instant as Eva's last note died away, and then, as she covered her eyes with her hands, the count, with one swift step, was at her side, pressing with ruthless hands the cushion on her upturned face, and the curtain began slowly to descend on the death scene.

An electric thrill ran through the audience; the horror and despair of the tragedy before them seemed suddenly real and tangible; the scream, strangled in its birth, that came from the beautiful singer seemed an appeal to them for help; and then an amazing thing occurred.

In the excitement of the scene no one had noticed the sudden arrival in the hall of Dr. Harrowden, who, pale and breathless, stood watching the descent of the curtain, until, apparently overpowered by impulse, he ran up the hall, leaped up to the stage, and, springing across the footlights, threw himself upon the count.

In the desperate struggle that ensued, momentary as it was, before the paralyzed onlookers rushed to separate the combatants, no one noticed that Eva herself had not moved, and lay still under the cushions.

There was the flash of a knife, an exclamation from Dr. Harrowden, and then, as he dropped, stabbed in the shoulder, a

dozen hands were on the count, and, though he fought with the limitless strength of a madman, he was overpowered at last by numbers, and carried off the stage, bound and helpless.

Dr. Harrowden, whose faintness was only temporary, had risen already, and, disregarding the help offered him, hurried to the couch and raised the cushions.

Eva lay there insensible, with the marks on her white neck where the count's fingers had gone near to suffocating her.

Dr. Harrowden bent and laid his ear to her lips and heart.

"She is not dead," he said briefly. "Carry her to her room. I will attend to her."

Wondering exclamations broke out on all sides. What had happened? Had the count really attempted Eva's life? How had the doctor been aware of her danger? And a thousand other questions and surmises. Later, when Eva, very weak and ill, had recovered consciousness, she told the story of the count's strange, wild love for her, an infatuation which had seized him when they first met in the opera house at Milan, of her inability to shake off the influence which he exercised over her, in spite of her dread and dislike of him, of his appearance at the castle when she was arranging the cast of "Othello," and imperious demand to be allowed to remain there and to play the title role.

"How can I ever thank you enough?" she said to Dr. Harrowden, when, after many days of suffering from the count's stiletto wound, he came, at her request, to see her. "It was a miracle that you should have saved me as you did. A moment longer, and it would have been too late. How did you guess that his acting was reality?"

"The thanks are due really to yourself," he said gently. "Your kindness in singing to that poor little child was the cause of your preservation. I went to see her that evening, and found her just awakened from a strange dream of you, which had left the impression on her mind that you were in danger. 'The beautiful lady with the angel's voice,' she called you. She would not be comforted until I promised to go up to the castle and assure myself that no harm threatened you. Her persistence gave me a touch of anxiety, and it came to me with a sort of intuition, as I watched the count, that he was mad. I felt sure he meant mischief. It seems almost as if the child had second sight: but these coincidences do occur sometimes."

"And still," said Eva, "it is to you I owe my life. You risked yours for mine. Oh! tell me how to thank you."

"I dare ask nothing," he said, "since I dare not ask too much."

And they were both silent.

But in their silence, a hope and a promise lay. And there are some who say that the most beautiful singer of the day will exercise the prerogative that her pre-eminence gives to her, and will make a romantic marriage entirely for her.—*Penny Pictorial Magazine.*

Where Are the Wicked Folks Buried?

"Tell me, gray-haired sexton," I said,
"Where in this field are the wicked folks laid?
I have wandered the quiet old graveyard through
And studied the epitaphs, old and new,
But on monument, obelisk, pillar or stone,
I read no evil that men have done."

The old sexton stood by a grave newly made,
With his chin on his hand, his hand on a spade;
I knew by the gleam of his eloquent eye
That his heart was instructing his lips to reply:

"Who is the judge when the soul takes its flight?
Who is to judge 'twixt the wrong and the right?
Which of us mortals shall dare to say
That our neighbor was wicked who died today?"

"In our journey through life the farther we speed,
The better we learn that humanity's need
Is Charity's spirit that prompts us to find
Rather virtue than vice in the lives of our kind."

"Therefore, good deeds we record on these stones,
The evil that men do, let it die with their bones;
I have labored as sexton this many a year,
But I have never buried a bad man here."

—*Richmond State.*

How to Win a Wife.

"I don't know how to answer you. Your news is very hard for me to bear. I feel angry, Herman."

Herman Clayton, himself the picture of sorrowful amazement, looked at his uncle in silence as the old man spoke with angry vehemence.

He was a tall, stalwart young man of twenty-four, with a fresh, handsome face, now deeply clouded. His uncle was not over fifty, but an appearance of ill health made him seem much older. His usual pallor crept once more over his flushed, excited face before he spoke again to Herman, and his angry voice was gentle as he said:

"I was hasty, Herman, hurt and surprised. Tell me, now, how did it happen?"

"I scarcely know how to tell you, sir," replied Herman, respectfully.

"Where did you meet this girl?"

"Miss Gordon," said Herman, "was very intimate with Mr. Delvine's daughters. I met her there. Mr. Delvine bade me welcome in his house as soon as I became his clerk."

"You met her at Delvine's? Well?"

"I loved her—that is all."

"All? Enough, I should think. And she loves you, I suppose, or I should not have heard all this?"

"She loves me," said the young man, with pardonable pride.

"Oh, Herman! Why couldn't you have fallen in love with one of the Delvine girls? Nice, domestic, homelike girls, that would have made a home for you. I know this is an idle, stuck-up girl."

"I think you misjudge her, uncle."

"She is John Gordon's daughter. I can never welcome her here—never."

"I hope you will not hold to that resolution, Uncle Noel."

"I suppose you were influenced some by the \$30,000 her mother left her."

"I didn't know that she had a cent."

"Her mother kept that safely enough, and left it to her daughter. I knew that at the time she died. Oh, my lad, think better of it! Money is not everything."

"I never heard of her money until this minute, uncle. I do so wish you would see her."

"I see her! Never! If you marry John Gordon's daughter, you may take leave of me and the farm."

"Will you tell me why one of Mr. Delvine's daughter's would have suited you any better?"

There was dead silence in the room for some minutes. After this, Uncle Noel spoke at last in low tones, as if he was reading instead of conversing.

"When I was a young man, Herman, not older than you, I was working on this farm for old 'Squire Ha,wood, who was very fond of me. I was only a farm hand, yet the old 'squire always chose me to drive him out, or to do any business that required a trusty person. He had no family, so it made quite a stir when his sister died in New York and her daughter came to live on the farm. She was the handsomest woman I ever saw in my life—only seventeen, but with the self-possession of a woman of thirty. I was, as I said, often about her uncle, and met Alicia frequently. She was so kind to me, and had so many winning ways, that she had my heart in her grasp in less than a week. Yet how was I, a poor country boy, to know it was skillful coquetry, the sport of a flirt?"

"Then John Gordon, the city lawyer, came, and he, too, loved her. I proposed to Alicia and was rejected. Gordon proposed and was accepted. I have outgrown that hallucination, my lad, yet at what a cost! Herman, do not ask me to welcome the child of John and Alicia here. I cannot do it."

"Her parents are dead," replied Herman. "She lives with her father's sister."

"I know John died insolvent and Alicia

only lived a few years after her husband."

"Uncle Noel, I cannot give Gladys up, but I promise never to bring her home as my wife until you consent to our marriage. Will you see her?"

"No, no, wait till I die. Herman, Dr. Dodge says I won't live long. I have never been confined to my room, still I grow weaker. I wish I had a good servant. Eliza is wasteful, impudent and inclined to be dishonest."

"I will drive over to Tournay tomorrow, and secure a good servant, uncle." He did so and escorted his companion to his uncle's home with manly pride, and introduced her as Gladys Grey. "She has been highly recommended and I am positive will suit us."

In about a week Mr. Clayton, Sr., began to wonder how he had ever existed without his new housekeeper. Gladys was untiring in her efforts to please and amuse Uncle Noel, and in his most painful moments of distress no hand was as soothing as was Gladys'.

The old man sat musing a long time. A vague mistrust of Gladys had crossed his mind, a wonder why a woman so gentle and refined, so evidently a lady, was serving in a menial capacity.

When Herman came in at tea time he found his uncle flushed and excited. In a few words the cause of the agitation was communicated to the young man. "You think Gladys is not what she seems, uncle?"

"You are right. She is under false pretenses, Herman."

"But putting that aside, what fault have you to find?"

"Fault? I could not find a fault if I tried. She is the most lovable, capable, domestic girl I ever saw, as well as a lady in every word and action."

"Then you would like her to stay here if I prove to you she is worthy of your confidence and affection?"

"Gladly."

"Gladys Grey Gordon! Will you forgive me the deception, Uncle Noel?"

"Will you forgive me for my willful blindness, Herman? "No wonder you love her! Bring her here and let me ask her if she will stay to cheer the short time I may live to see your happiness."

The wedding was not long delayed. Care and love are rejuvenating Uncle Noel, who threatens to prove Dr. Dodge a false prophet yet, and who dearly loves to tease Gladys about the way Herman won his wife—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

When My Sweetheart Thunders West.

There thrills a hopeless longing in my weary, aching breast,
When I watch the N. P. flyer swinging out toward the West.

She will sweep within the shadows of the mountains, rough and grand,
And, like a mighty serpent, wind across the table-land;

She will pass the hills and valleys, and the fertile, rolling plain,
Where I "punched" the herds of cattle I shall never "punch" again.

"Through the sunshine and the rain,
I shall flash across the plain
Where the old-time life is pulsing," says the swiftly-moving train.

Every morn her trail of smoke would dim the dawn of day;

Every morn I watched her thunder up and soar away.

With loyal, loving eyes I praised her beauty, grace and power,
As she went racing down the rails at sixty miles an hour.

She seemed a lost world's beacon, when her headlight, clear and bright,
Drilled the darkness of the defiles, as she rumbled through the night.

In a band of mellow light,
Her headlight, warm and white,
Streamed across the endless prairie through the velvet, clinging night.

She seemed to whisper to me of a world I did not know,
(I know it now too well, alas! and wish it were not so.)

She seemed to murmur: "Come with me. Leave the cattle and the plain.

If the city life grows tiresome, I will bring you back again."

But seven years of exile fail to still the wild unrest

That wakes the endless yearning when my sweetheart thunders West.

When my sweetheart thunders West,
In my aching, hopeless breast
Comes the longing for the prairie and the life I love the best.

—WILL E. MAIDEN, in *The Northwest Magazine*.

Wrecks on the Rails.

"In the course of my extensive travels," remarked the wholesale clothing drummer, "I've been mixed up in a dozen or more railroad accidents of various degrees of unpleasantness, and it's my opinion that people under such circumstances always act in the most unexpected way," says the *Springfield Republican*.

"Well, I don't know," said the railroad man. "Seems to me they're pretty unanimous in always blaming it on the railroad and howling for whatever damages might be coming to them. Human nature isn't all that it might be when it comes to a pinch."

"On the contrary," said the drummer, "people generally act better than you'd expect of them. After the first shock the average man who finds himself intact buckles down and hustles for the good of

the general public that's still mixed up in the wreckage. I've never yet seen what you'd call a panic in a railroad wreck; the sudden excitement and the necessity for action seem to pull a man together as soon as he gets time to think. But there certainly are queer performances in the first few minutes of a general smash. For instance, I was in a collision a couple of years ago in the middle of the night, and with my usual luck I discovered a couple of windows that had come together and made one big, comfortable exit right next to my berth. So I crawled out and looked to see what was going to happen next. First thing I saw was a pair of legs waving a signal of distress from another window, so I went down there and pulled on the nearest one. Naturally I didn't know what variety of legs they were, and I didn't care much, as I felt pretty sure there must be somebody at the other end of 'em. At the first haul I could feel that things were coming my way, and I'd just braced for a stronger pull, when a voice from the inside stopped me.

"Is that a man?" it said.

"That's what it is," I answered. "Didn't think it was the angel Gabriel, did you? Come out," and I gave another yank.

"Is the train on fire?" asked the voice. It was a female voice and there was a note of determination in it.

"I only just got out myself," said I, "and I don't know much about the situation, but if you'll come out you can see for yourself," and I gave a harder tug, but at that the legs began to kick.

"Let go, man!" says the voice. "I guess there's no hurry and I prefer to come out proper."

"Well, the feet wriggled and squirmed and there was a sort of twist and in a minute the finest picture of a comic paper old maid crawled out that you ever saw in a nightmare, and she came head first, too. In one hand she had a little bag.

"I'd have come quicker, but I couldn't find my satchel," she said, "and that made me just a little hot under the collar."

"You seem to have lots of time to go fussing around after your belongings," I said, "but as likely as not there's a lot of people needing help while you're wasting your time and mine."

"That's the very reason why I wanted that satchel," she said, as cool as a cucumber. "Don't you believe that you know everything, young man. Now, you go into that satchel and you'll find some good whisky and some lint and bandages and other things. I always bring 'em along when I travel in case of accident, and this is the first chance I've had to use 'em."

"There's one queer thing about most railroad accidents," remarked the railroad man. "There's always a much smaller

loss of life than one would expect from the looks of the wreckage. I've seen cars so chopped to bits that you wouldn't think a living soul could have come out of them, and yet in the midst of all the wreckage most of the people weren't badly hurt. In particular, I remember one collision out on the Jersey meadows in which a three-car local train got the worst of the deal. The rear car didn't look like anything in particular on the inside after the accident. The whole interior was just a mass of twisted seats and splintered woodwork, and nothing like an aisle was left in the place. Half an hour after the smash the superintendent was on the spot, and his first question was how many had been killed. We told him there were none dead and only one badly injured. Then he took a look at the rear car.

"It's a mighty good thing there was nobody in that car," said he, and it took the combined testimony of the conductor and two trainmen to convince him that there had been at least twenty persons in the car when the other train struck it. I must admit that the people weren't pretty to look at when they came out, and it took some prying to extricate some of them, but a broken arm and a sprained shoulder was the extent of the serious injuries. So far as I saw, though, there wasn't a man, woman, or child who didn't have a memento of the occasion in the shape of bumps and scratches. The flying glass from the windows was the cause of most of the trouble.

"The result of that accident was one death; a man who had been in the first car, the car that got off easy. He was walking down the aisle at the time, and when the shock came was thrown over against a seat and his skull was so badly fractured that he died a few hours later. The rest of the people in that car didn't average a bruise apiece."

"It's generally the man in the safest position that gets the worst of it," remarked the drummer, philosophically. "Once I was on a train that met a cow on the track and they both slid off together. We were all shaken up a good deal, and one of the cars tipped over, but the only real damage, besides that to the cow, was to a farmer's boy who had been sitting on a fence yelling at the beast. The cowcatcher flipped the fence out from under him and he lost a leg. The owner of the cow, I afterward heard, sued the railroad, and the boy sued the railroad, and the railroad put forward the plea that the boy ought to have sued the owner of the cow, as it was the owner's fault that the cow was on the track. I don't know how the case came out, but it struck me as a very pretty little mix-up."

"Talking of cattle," said the railroad

man, "did you ever hear of a rear-end collision with one of those track-hunting beasts?"

"That's what the one I just told you about was," said the drummer. "The cow was going ahead when we hit her."

"I don't mean that kind of a rear-end collision. I'm talking about a rear-end collision from the point of view of the train. Several years ago I was in one, and it resulted in a suit, too. We had just stopped because of a little washout in front when a frisky bull came prancing out of a field and up the track after us. Just then we started up slow, and the bull, seeing that, kind of said to himself: 'Here's where I chase that thing off the earth.' He came into us full charge and hit the rear platform. I never heard that it disturbed the engineer up at the other end of the train any, but the bull just lay down and died, and a shyster lawyer actually got the farmer to sue on the ground that the train had no business stopping there and blocking up the track anyway. The average farmer would rather lose money suing a railroad than make it in any other way."

"The worst case of fright and about the best case of nerve I ever came across," said the drummer, "was a chap who was traveling through the Middle West for a firm last spring. I met him on the train, and found he played a good game of whist, so, with two other men, we made up a little game. He was my partner, and was a very silent fellow. He didn't even mention what his line was, which is unusual. With him he had a satchel of very superior make, and the way he kept his eye on that all the time, sneaking little nervous peeks at it every two minutes, led me to suspect that he was a jewelry man and had a big lot of valuable stones in the grip, though I couldn't imagine why a man should take chances carrying such things in a satchel. Well, the smash came—it was my latest one, by the way—just as my partner was on his way back to the game from having gone to get some water. In all the excitement, I distinctly noted the yell he let out. It was the finest piece of vocal work of that kind that I had ever heard. As the car sort of crumpled up he made a dive toward us, and I figured that he was thinking of his satchel. My luck was with me, and I found a way out, with nothing worse than a scalp wound and a collection of bumps. Pretty soon he came crawling out after me. He wasn't hurt, so far as I could see, but he was whiter than a sheet. I gave him a swig of whisky from my flask and told him to brace up. He took an awful hooker, and then began to twist his fingers and kind of moan:

"'My satchel! my satchel! my satchel!'

"'Well, what's the matter with your satchel?' I said.

"'It's in there,' he said, and I thought by his tone he was going to cry. 'It's in there where I can't get at it.'

"'Say, you make me tired,' I said. 'You ought to be mighty thankful to be out yourself, without worrying about any satchel.'

"'I'll have to go in after it,' said he, looking around kind of wild, and prancing like a horse with sore feet.'

"'Not on your life,' said I. 'Everything's loose in there, and the whole thing may collapse at any minute, and then where'd you be? Besides, the car's afire down at the other end.'

"'My God!' he said. 'Afire? That settles it. I've got to get that satchel, then, if I die for it,' and he actually tore his hair. I'd never seen it done before, except on the stage, but he did it.

"'Oh, take a brace,' I said, getting disgusted with the man. 'I guess the fire won't do it much damage. If it's diamonds—'

"'Diamonds!' he said. 'Man, it's dynamite! Enough of it to blow us all into the sky.'

"'Dynamite!' I yelled. 'What are you, an Anarchist?'

"'No, I'm a dynamite agent,' he said. 'Don't keep me talking here. I've got to go in. I've got to do it. There's no other way. There may be people in that wreckage, and if that stuff goes off—'

"'Never mind explaining,' I said. 'Go in, and the Lord help you.'

"That's the sort of thing that takes nerve. I don't believe I could have done it. He flopped down and crawled in there, and I watched and waited for a week or so, as it seemed, and pretty soon he came out, looking like a dead man, and bringing the satchel between his teeth like a dog, because he needed both hands to crawl with. Well, we escorted that satchel across two lots and buried it in a furrow, and put a stone over it before we went back to work at the train. It happened that the fire was put out before it reached the place where the satchel had been. Why on earth the stuff didn't explode and blow us all to flinders when the crash came is more than I know, or the agent, either. He said dynamite was always doing things, and failing to do things, in the most inexplicable way, and that was what made the life of a dynamite agent one long round of excitement. He never dared tell what it was he had in the satchel, he said, because the railroads wouldn't carry him if they knew. He went back and dug up his traveling infernal machine and walked with it to the nearest town, and that's the last I saw of him or want to see, though he certainly did have good nerve. Ever since then, when I've seen a man with a satchel that he seems to think a heap of, I've quietly moved into the next car."

Does a Beheaded Man Live?

Recently there has been much argument aiming to prove that the decapitation of criminals is the most cruel form possible of inflicting the death sentence, says the *New York Press*. Some of the pronounced opponents of this form of capital punishment declared that the circulation of blood in the severed head did not cease for three hours, and that during that period the head could see, hear, and smell. Dr. Wurm, a German expert, has felt moved to reply to these statements. He says that he handled many heads of decapitated criminals, and that there is not the least doubt possible as to the fact of absolute death.

"Immediately after the execution," he says, "the heads were pale, entirely bloodless, and absolutely without life. Not even reflex actions could be produced, and only for a short period could the galvanic current produce them. But a most interesting inquiry would be that of remaining spinal energy in the decapitated body. Beheaded frogs, chickens, ducks, and even rabbits have been known to carry out independent movements, such as scratching of an irritated spot, jerking away an extremity when it was pinched, and going through the motions of running, swimming, and jumping." Apropos of this, Dr. Wurm quotes this queer tale told in a book published in 1688, in Hamburg, entitled "Greatest Things in the World, or So-Called Relations Curiosae."

"Emperor Ludwig, of Bavaria, in 1337, sentenced Sir Dietz, of Schauenberg, with four squires, to death for freebooting. At the place of execution Sir Dietz begged the judge to put him and his squires into a row, each man one foot from the next. Then he was to be executed first and his body would arise and run as far along the row of prisoners as he could. Each man whom he succeeded in passing was to be let free. The judges laughed and granted the request, saying that never before had they seen a beheaded man run. Thereupon Dietz put his men into a row, placing the one whom he liked the best nearest to him. Then he kneeled, the sword fell and took his head off clean, and in the next instant the body had risen and was darting by the four men. It ran past them all and fell prone a few feet beyond the furthest one. Then the Emperor pardoned the men as his judges had promised."—*Exchange*.

Twenty-Four O'clock.

According to a decree recently issued in Spain, the hours will be there counted, after January 1, from one to twenty-four each day, beginning after midnight. The

government offices, the telegraph, telephone, railroad, and steamship lines have been directed to observe the new method. On this continent it may already be seen in the time tables of the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

The change has long been urged in this country. Some years ago, when the railroads brought about the present system of "standard time," they desired to inaugurate the twenty-four hour scheme, too. The change was too radical to be popular, and rather than imperil the success of the other part of the program, the railroads abandoned it. Time tables are now usually printed with the afternoon hours in heavy type and the morning hours in light, and this device eliminates much confusion.

If one had nothing to do but to travel by rail and study time tables, the proposed change would be eminently desirable; but for ninety-nine of every hundred acts and appointments outside of those connected with the railroads there is no confusion arising from the present system. When we read that a lecture is to begin at 8 o'clock no one thinks it is in the morning, and if Mary Minns should write to say that she will drive over at 11 o'clock, almost anyone would expect to see her in the forenoon, even if she did not add "A. M."

In astronomical observatories the twenty-four-hour system is already in use, except that in them the day begins at noon instead of midnight.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Brave Act.

The life of a telegraph linesman is one full of peril; in stormy weather the workman holds his life in his hand. Some time since a shocking accident drew attention to the dangerous nature of the work. Two men were at work on a telegraph pole standing many feet above a line of railway. A wire had broken and they were busy repairing the damage. The wind blew fiercely from the east and the pole rocked to and fro in the blast. Suddenly a strong gust caused one of the men to turn in his position. In doing so he somehow pushed his companion, who, taken unawares, fell backwards. He clutched at his mate and both tumbled over amongst the wires.

For a moment the two men hung without speaking a word. Then one of them said:

"Bill, I can't reach the post, and I'm afraid if I move the wires will break." And as he spoke a wire broke.

"Well, mate, it's a big drop down into the grass," replied the other man, "but as you're a married man and have three kids, I don't see why I should stay here."

"No, don't do that, Bill. You'll get killed, surely. Let's hang a little longer."

But another wire broke, and Bill made up his mind.

"Good-bye, mate," he said to the other, who had tears in his eyes. "Good-bye."

Then he dropped—a fall of forty feet. He fell amongst some bushes and rolled down the embankment. When he rose, for he was not dead, he crawled up the embankment.

"I'm all right, mate; I'm going for help."

The station was half a mile distant. When the poor fellow who had risked his life for his mate told his tale he fainted away. The doctor said that he had broken his arms and a couple of ribs; but his noble action saved his friend's life and his own.—*The Working Boy*.

Hot Water as a Cosmetic.

Far better for the complexion than any cosmetic compound by a perfumer is the application of very hot water to the face with a woolen washrag, says the *Chicago Chronicle*. A matron of fifty, whose charms are the envy of those of her acquaintances of half her years, has used this application many years. "Every night and morning," she says, "I give my face a thorough washing with a piece of white flannel in hot water. Once in a great while I use soap, but not often, as I have found the hot water, persistently used, very satisfactory."

If the skin has not been exposed to a great amount of dust the water may be merely sopped upon the face at night, as once a day is often enough for the scrub. After the hot bath dash on a liberal quantity of cold water with the hands until the skin fairly glows. This is the cheapest and most wonderful cosmetic known. A month of such treatment will transform any complexion. My skin is much fairer and rosier now than when I was twenty. I had naturally a poor complexion, coarse and muddy. I tried many remedies, but they were very unsatisfactory until one day an old lady whose skin I always had admired for its youthful appearance gave me her recipe. I tried it faithfully, and before long saw with delight that my complexion was clearing.—*Leader*.

A Cure for Wounds.

A never-failing cure for wounds made by rusty nails, bites of angry animals, felons, wounds made by fireworks, inflamed and poisoned flesh wounds, generally. I have myself saved several lives of persons, and also of horses, from wounds in the feet and from stepping on rusty nails, and one man from death from the bite of an angry cat, where blood poisoning

threatened a quick death. It is an old Indian remedy, known in our family for several generations, and used so successfully that we have never had a felon or sore develop, as we used the cure in time. I am very anxious to have the remedy known—I wish it might reach every family in the land. Every time I hear of a death from lockjaw caused by a rusty nail, I feel guilty in not trying to tell the people this simple and sure cure. Here is the remedy:

Put equal parts of good fresh wood ashes and hot water in a pail or pan large enough to more than cover the hand or foot hurt. Keep it in some time. When the water cools, put fresh water in, as hot as can comfortably be used, sometimes renewing ashes and hot water, both. After a short time a soothing sense of relief from pain will come, but keep the treatment going on until the pain is soothed, the inflammation gone and the pus comes from the wound, and the flesh is white and wrinkled as from hot suds.

We keep a bag of good wood ashes in our home for a time of need.—MRS. ABBY A. DARLING, in *Chicago Record*.

How a Fly Walks.

Now, as to how flies walk upside down. They do not accomplish the feat by adhering to ceilings by means of little air pads attached to their feet, as many suppose, says the *Boston Herald*. They walk on the ceiling and on glass by means of capillary attraction, the operation of which is accentuation by means of little drops of oil which exude from hairs on their feet. Every time a fly walks over a window pane it leaves behind it a series of tracks, invisible to the naked eye, perhaps, but composed of little spots of this delicate oil.

One scientist counted the hairs on a fly's feet, and found an average of between 10,000 and 12,000, from each of which flowed the minute specks of oil. This oil is absolutely necessary to the fly when walking on a vertical surface. If a pane of glass should become wet or very dusty it would be impossible for the fly to walk over it, in the one case because of the flowing of the oil between the hairs of the feet and destroying the strength of the capillary action; in the other, because of the clogging of the hairs with the dust.

The effort of the fly to get rid of dust can be noticed by anyone. The insect will constantly stop and clean out the hairs on its feet by wiping them off on the wings, which are provided with wonderful little stiff hair brushes for this purpose.

Watt's patents were renewed by a special act of Parliament in 1775.

Legal News.

Laws of Various States Relating to Railroad Labor Enacted Since 1896.

NEBRASKA.—CHAPTER 77.—HOURS OF LABOR—RAILROAD EMPLOYEES.

SECTION 1. No company, corporation or person operating a railroad, in whole or in part, within the state of Nebraska, shall permit or require any conductor, engineer, fireman, brakeman, telegraph operator or any trainman who has worked in his respective capacity for eighteen consecutive hours, except in case of casualty, or unavoidable emergency, to again go on duty or perform any work until he has had at least eight hours for rest.

SEC. 2. Any company, corporation or person who shall violate or permit to be violated, any of the provisions of the foregoing section, or any officer, agent or employer who violates or permits to be violated any of the provisions of the preceding section, shall be fined not less than fifty dollars, nor more than two hundred dollars, for each and every violation of this act: Provided, however, That the proceedings to enforce the penalty, as provided in this act, shall be commenced within six months from the date of the violation of the same.

Approved April 1, 1899.

NORTH DAKOTA.—CHAPTER 129.—LIABILITY OF RAILROAD COMPANIES, ETC., FOR INJURIES OF EMPLOYEES.

SECTION 1. Every railroad corporation owning or operating a railroad in this state shall be liable for all damages sustained by any agent or servant thereof while engaged in switching or in the operation of trains by reason of the negligence of any other agent or servant thereof, without contributory negligence on his part when sustained within this state, and no contract, rule or regulation between such corporation and any agent or servant shall impair or diminish such liability. In actions brought under the provisions of this act, if the jury find for the plaintiff they shall specify in their verdict the name or names of the employee or employees guilty of the negligent act complained of. Provided, That nothing in this act shall be so construed as to render any railroad company liable for damages sustained by any employee, agent or servant while engaged in the construction of a new road, or any part thereof, not open to public travel or use.

SEC. 2. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act are hereby repealed.

SEC. 3. Whereas an emergency exists in that there is no law in this state fixing the liability of railroad companies or corporations owning and operating a railroad for injuries caused to employees thereof by the negligent acts of other employees thereof; therefore, this act shall take

effect and be in force from and after its passage and approval.

Approved March 6, 1899.

TEXAS.—ACT OF 1899.—CHAPTER 153.—PROTECTION OF WORKINGMEN IN THE RIGHT OF ORGANIZATION, ETC.

SECTION 1. From and after the passage of this act it shall be lawful for any and all persons engaged in any kind of work or labor, manual or mental, or both, to associate themselves together and form trades unions and other organizations for the purpose of protecting themselves in their personal work, personal labor, and personal service, in their respective pursuits and employments.

SEC. 2. And it shall not be held unlawful for any member or members of such trades unions or other organization or association, or any other person, to induce or attempt to induce by peaceable and lawful means, any person to accept any particular employment, or quit or relinquish any particular employment in which such person may then be engaged, or to enter any pursuit, or refuse to enter any pursuit, or quit or relinquish any pursuit in which such person may then be engaged; Provided, That such member or members shall not have the right to invade or trespass upon the premises of another without the consent of the owner thereof.

SEC. 3. But the foregoing sections shall not be held to apply to any combination or combinations, association or associations of capital, or capital and persons, natural or artificial, formed for the purpose of limiting the production or consumption of labor's products, or for any other purpose in restraint of trade. Provided, That nothing herein contained shall be held to interfere with the terms and conditions of private contract with regard to the time of service, or other stipulations between employers and employees. Provided further, That nothing herein contained shall be construed to repeal, affect or diminish the force and effect of any statute now existing on the subject of trusts, conspiracies against trade, pools and monopolies.

SEC. 4. Whereas, it is essential and desirable that this bill should go into effect at the earliest practicable moment, therefore an emergency and an imperative public necessity exists, requiring the suspension of the constitutional rule requiring bills to be read on three several days, and said rule is so suspended that this act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage, and it is so enacted.

Approved May 27, 1899.

MICHIGAN.—ACT NO. 110.—PREFERENCE OF LABOR CLAIMS, ETC., AGAINST RAILROAD COMPANIES.

SECTION 1. When any person shall have any claim for the labor of himself or any minor child against any railroad company or street-railway company, organized and doing business under any of the laws of this state, and which claim shall be

duly presented to the proper officer of said company, and shall remain unpaid for a period of ten days after such presentation, said claim shall constitute a lien upon all the property, both real and personal, of said corporation, and shall be a prior lien to any and all judgments or attachments which may be existing against said corporation, by reason of any other debt, claim or demand, than those claims or demands against said corporation for personal work or labor. All persons employed by said corporation shall have the advantages of this act, in whatever capacity they may be employed.

SEC. 2. All claims arising out of the death or personal injury of any person, when such death or personal injury shall result from the negligence of any street-railway company or steam-railroad company, organized and doing business under the laws of this state, shall, after judgment is obtained therefor, against any such corporation, constitute a lien upon all of the assets of said corporation, and all of the property thereof, and all of its rights and franchises, and over any and all other judgments, executions or attachments levied upon said property, except such as may be issued in favor of persons having obtained judgments for personal work and labor of themselves or their minor children.

SEC. 3. It shall be the duty of all courts of this state in which proceedings may be pending, for the foreclosure of any mortgage, trust deed or other lien upon any of the property of any street-railway company or steam-railroad company, doing business in this state, to cause said company, before final decree is entered in said cause, to file with said court, through the register thereof, a statement of all claims and demands made against said company, by any and all persons for personal work or labor, and for damages resulting from death or personal injuries, and which claim shall have arisen within six years prior to the date of filing the same with said court. And it shall be the duty of said court, upon the filing of the same, to notify any and all persons interested in said claims, or their attorneys, to be and appear before said court upon a certain day to present their said claims, and the proof thereof, when such claims are claims for personal work and labor, and to inform said court in case of claims for personal injury or death, whether it is the design of said claimant to prosecute the same to final judgment or not.

This act is ordered to take immediate effect.

Approved June 9, 1899.

Conspiracy Law, State of New York.

(Penal Code.)

SECTION 168. Subdivision 5. To prevent another from exercising a lawful trade or calling, or doing any other lawful act, by force, threats, intimidation, or by interfering or threatening to interfere with tools, implements or property belonging to or used by another, or with the use or employment thereof; or,

Subdivision 6. To commit any act injurious to the public health, to public morals, or to trade or commerce, or for the perversion or obstruction of justice, or of the due administration of the laws;

Each of them is guilty of a misdemeanor.

§ 170. No conspiracy is punishable criminally unless it is one of those enumerated in the last two sections, and the orderly and peaceable assembling or co-operation of persons employed in any calling, trade or handicraft for the purpose of obtaining an advance in the rate of wages or compensation, or of maintaining such rate, is not a conspiracy.

§ 675. Any person who shall by any offensive or disorderly act or language, annoy or interfere with any person or persons in any place or with the passengers of any public stage, railroad car, ferry boat, or other public conveyance, or who shall disturb, or offend the occupants of such stage, car, boat or conveyance, by any disorderly act, language or display, although such act, conduct or display may not amount to an assault or battery, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor. A person who willfully and wrongfully commits any act which seriously injures the person or property of another or which seriously disturbs or endangers the public peace or health, or which openly outrages public decency, for which no other punishment is expressly prescribed by this code, is guilty of a misdemeanor; but nothing in this code contained shall be so construed as to prevent any person from demanding an increase of wages, or from assembling and using all lawful means to induce employers to pay such wages to all persons employed by them as shall be a just and fair compensation for services rendered.—*Bureau of Labor Statistics.*

CHAPTER 224.—FORGERY, ETC., OF EMPLOYER'S LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION OF EMPLOYEES AND OF RECEIPTS FOR DUES OF MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATIONS OF RAILWAY EMPLOYEES.

SECTION 1. Any person who shall falsely make, alter, forge or counterfeit any card or receipt of dues purporting to be given or issued by any association of railway employees, or by any of its officers to its members, with intent to injure, deceive or defraud, shall be punished as hereinafter provided.

SEC. 2. Any person who shall falsely make, alter, forge or counterfeit any letter or certificate purporting to be given by any corporation or person, or officer or agent of such corporation or person to an employee of such corporation or person at the time of such employee's leaving the service of such corporation or person, showing the capacity or capacities in which such employee was employed by such corporation or person, the date of leaving the service or the reason or cause of such leaving, with the intent to injure, deceive or defraud, shall be punished as hereinafter provided.

SEC. 3. Any person who shall utter, publish, pass or tender as true, or who shall have in his possession with intent to utter, publish pass or tender as true, any false, altered, forged or counterfeited letter, certificate, card or receipt, the forging, altering or counterfeiting whereof is prohibited by either of the preceding sections of this act, with intent to injure, deceive or defraud, shall be punished as hereinafter provided.

SEC. 4. Any person violating any of the provisions of this act shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by imprisonment in the state's prison or county jail not more than one year or by a fine not exceeding two hundred dollars.

SEC. 5. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage and publication.

Approved at Madison, Wis., April 20, 1899.

Correspondence.

All contributions to our Correspondence and Technical columns must be in not later than the 10th of the month to insure insertion.

Articles must be written on one side of the paper only. Noms de plume may be used, but every article must be signed with full name and address of the writer to insure insertion.

We shall be glad to receive articles on any subject of general interest to the fraternity.

All communications are subject to revision or rejection, as the Editor may deem proper.

The Editor does not assume responsibility for the opinions expressed by contributors in this department. C. H. SALMONS, Editor and Manager.

To "An American Abroad."

I salute you, my lad, you are great with a pen,
You're a word-picture painter I greatly admire,
And a credit to all of us Brotherhood men,

This your articles prove; for I never would tire
Reading where you have been, and the sights
which you saw,

And your eloquent method of telling the same,
Terse and clean-cut your phrases, not showing a
flaw,

To prevent you from winning a garland of fame.

Had you made me your valet, I'd "go for my
keep,"

Throwing up my old hat while enjoying the
sights

So inspiring, to make one with thankfulness weep,
Just because one beheld such unequalled delights;
But, alas, I am poor, I can't muster the cash,

Which is needed to go to those countries beyond,
And a card I am told isn't "counted for squash"

On those lines that ply o'er the big creamy pond.

There is one thing you did, gave us counterparts
grand

Of magnificent places and temples of fame.

I for one now extend you my admiring hand,
Come and shake it, that's right! What? Your
arm it is lame,

'Tis a method I have of expressing regards,
Hypocrites never shake with a clasp one can
feel,

And a writer I know loves a shake that rewards
His endeavors to please, tho' it grapples like
steel.

What a change in our JOURNAL since dear long
ago,

When our order was poor and its patrons but
few!

Through its pages we now to all countries can
go,

And behold them when kodacked by writers
like you!

Those old temples of learning, of science and
arts,

Great cathedrals and palaces brought to our
doors,

And your eloquent pen to those pictures imparts
A fine setting, like sunshine that over them
pours.

When young kids, with their oil cans, a dozen
months old,

Have their ardent admirers, their ma's and their
pa's,

Please remember you've thousands to whom you
unfold

Architectural grandeur, and win their applause;

And I speak in behalf of an admiring throng

When I say you divide with us joys of the road,

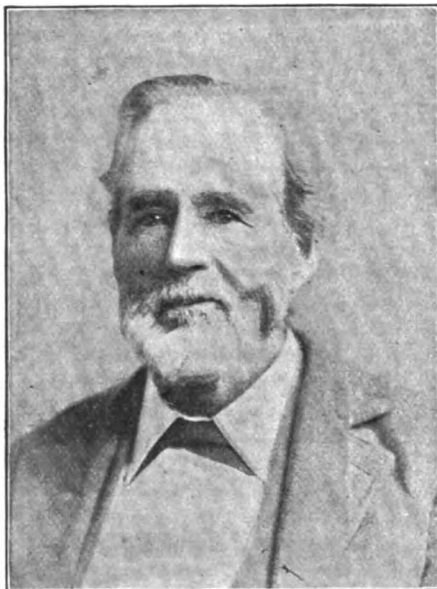
My dear scribler, that's why I am singing this
song,

You old modest pen-pusher, you Yankee abroad.

SHANDY MAGUIRE.

Experience Fifty-Four Years Ago.

The subject of this sketch, Bro. Wm. P. Harton, was born Jan. 29, 1825, and will be 76 years old this month. He commenced his railroad experience as a car greaser on



BRO. W. P. HARTON, OF DIV. 239.

the old Raleigh & Gaston Road, now a part of the Seaboard Air Line, and from that to fireman, and was promoted to an engineer in 1847.

When he began his experience the equipment was very primitive. The engines had no steam gage, no whistle, no pilots, nor cab, and Brother Harton says he has put in many a day on one of these early engines with his clothes frozen, and the only way he could get warm was to lean on the boiler, and that was so small and low that it

would not keep only the lower extremities warm. The rails were then the old scrap-iron on wooden stringers. The engines were named—as was the custom in those days, and the road owned five—the “Whirlwind,” “Spitfire,” “Tempest,” “Tornado,” and “Volcano.” The equipment of cars consisted of about a half dozen box cars, fifteen flat cars and three or four coaches. Mr. Wesley Holister was then President, and Mr. Albert Johnson, Master Mechanic. Two or three years later the company bought the “Sir Walter Raleigh” and the “Granville,” which were very powerful locomotives for that period. Bro. Harton has lived through all of the railroad period of the world and has seen and been a part of the developments, from the little uncouth locomotive without cab, pilot, whistle, or steam gage, to the monsters of the present, and has seen through the consolidation of the little road with more than thirty other roads the growth of what is now the Seaboard Air Line, which under the wise management of Mr. E. St. John has become not only a very large but one of the most popular properties in the South.

Brother Harton was a charter member of Div. 239, Raleigh, N. C., and still retains his membership in that Division. Within his life and coupled with his experience have come and materialized beyond possible expectation, when he commenced his railroad life, our great railroad systems and along with its development and necessities the B. of L. E., which he has seen grow from twelve members to its present thousands, with its proportionate benefits. No age preceding the nineteenth century and probably none to follow will give opportunity to any individual to see and be a part of such wonderful developments which carry with them like advancements and benefits to the human race.

—EDITOR.

Life.

TO BRO. FRED. A. BURGESS, OF DIV. 78.

Little bird, will you tell how my friends are today,
If I list while you're softly cooing?
You have seen them, I'm sure, in their flight far
away;

Are they well—are they weeping or wooing?
Do they stand at the side of a grave newly made?
At the last sad farewell do they falter?
Or, as bride and groom, are they gaily arrayed
To pledge heart and hand at the altar?

If we knew the heartaches our friends oft endure
While we're in pursuit of some pleasure,
Or the woes and the ills of the wretchedly poor,
Of joy we'd have but a small measure.
But we laugh while we can, driving dull care
away;

We may soon have a surfeit of sorrow;
For man's but “the earth of a dusty today
And the dust of an earthy tomorrow.”

There is sunshine and storm on the ocean of life,
A few ride the crest of the wave,
But the many are wrecked by misery and strife,
'Till they silently sink in the grave.
And so it was ever, so it ever will be,
We all have a part to perform,
Each one must work out his own destiny,
'Though he labors in sunshine or storm.

Some are born weak, and others are strong,
To all the same gifts are not given,
If we try to do right though we often do wrong,
We can trust to the Father in heaven,
If we reach forth a hand to a brother when down,
Or make some one's burden feel lighter,
'Tis the best way of all to win cross and crown,
And the world for such deeds will be brighter.

MICKEY FREE.

Bro. Alex. Gosselin.

EDITOR JOURNAL: The subject of this sketch, Bro. Alex. Gosselin, member of Div. 142, whose picture appears on page 18, who recently resigned from the employ of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, was probably one of the oldest express train engineers on the continent, and has had a very remarkable career. Commencing his railroad experience away back in the '40's as a water boy for the St. Lawrence & Atlantic, now the Grand Trunk, he found himself in 1848 firing a locomotive; the company at that time having at Longueuil, opposite Montreal, three engines, “The Princess,” “Britannia” and “Longueuil.” He continued firing during the construction of the road between Longueuil and Island Pond, and to Pt. Levi, which point was reached in 1854. In the month of May, 1855, he was promoted, and ran a construction train for a short time, then freight, and was given an express train in 1857 which position he held continuously until his resignation, March 31,

1900. He ran the only single driving-wheel engine ever seen here, an enormous one, too, 15x20 cylinders; they then purchased the "Birkenheads," 16x20.

He has drawn many notable personages, being chosen for the purpose, chiefly, the Prince of Wales special in 1860, the Marquis of Lorne, Princess Louise and many others. With the English Mail Special in 1875, three times in succession he covered the distance between Levis and Richmond, 96 miles, in one hour and forty-five minutes, considered remarkable at that time.

Speaking of early days, he relates of being thirty-one days going 125 miles in snow, from Levis to River du Loup, of engines with no steam gage, headlight or cab light, and of stations with no semaphores or switch lights. He has also in his possession two honorary certificates and a gold medal dated 1860, for efficiency and good conduct.

Brother Gosselin is a constant attendant at Division meetings, and does not know the taste of liquor. He is the father of eight children, three sons engineers on the C., M. & St. P. and one on the Canadian Pacific. Yours fraternally, ST. CYR.

Health Hints.

ED. JOURNAL: In my boyhood I enjoyed the acquaintance of a highly skillful physician and surgeon who talked to some of us boys in a chum-like fashion, and long ere this he would have become famous and wealthy, but for that arch demon intemperance. He was also very profane; in fact, he was never known to utter a whole sentence without an admixture of profanity. He used to say that "ninety-nine per cent of the people who die with consumption do so because they are too d—d lazy to take a long breath." He would then explain what benefit is derived from taking an occasional long breath. He said the lungs are composed of lobules and they are filled with air cells. Now, in ordinary breathing, the air cells at the top of the lungs are alone employed and the cells in lower part of the lungs remain inactive, thus rendering them an easy prey

to congestion and when congestion takes place that is the first stage of consumption. When the functions of the air cells in the lower part of the lungs become lost, it will not be long before the cells in the upper part of the lungs will be similarly affected, then death by that terrible scourge consumption. His advice in breathing was: Stand erect or lie prone on your back, fill your lungs to their full capacity, with shoulders thrown back or down; then expel the air suddenly. Ten minutes' exercise of this kind twice a day will keep you from filling a consumptive's grave. When you are breathing in this way it is imperative that you breathe through your nostrils in a cold air, as the passage of air through the nasal passage warms it before it reaches the lungs, which is a desideratum, as the lungs could not endure large gulps of cold air through the wide open mouth. When we asked him if violent exercise would not give the same benefit, such exercise as running, playing ball or coasting, he said: It would as far as deep breathing is concerned, but as each human body had a certain amount of energy, to draw on it unnecessarily would not be conducive to longevity; to husband energy means long life. Another reason against violent exercise: The patient may have a weak heart, and violent exercise is highly hurtful in that case. In regard to contagious diseases this old doctor used to say, if one's stomach is in good shape and blood pure, the most virulent and deadly of contagious diseases will not touch one. He was bitterly opposed to such violent purgatives as salts, calomel, blue mass, etc., but he always recommended a mild cathartic or purge. LOUGHREA.

Waste of Journal Space.

PORT WAYNE, IND., Dec. 3, 1900.

EDITOR JOURNAL: It does seem to me that the kid with the oil can has had his day and should step down and out. We have loving children of our own who would, no doubt, make as favorable an appearance with oil can in hand as others that grace the pages of our JOURNAL; yet, I fail to see in what way such illustrations

are either edifying or instructive to the average reader. Of course, at first sight, some will exclaim, Oh, how cute! but will the average reader say so? We are a large fraternity, and of various opinions, but I think I am correct in estimating that a large majority would willingly open the pages of our estimable JOURNAL, to something new in 1901.

I would mention another great waste of valuable space in the JOURNAL, and that is the Directory of Divisions and Auxiliaries and General Committees of Adjustment. As each member receives the JOURNAL, I should think the publication of the Directory, etc., annually, or semi-annually at most, would be satisfactory. Could not this space be used to better advantage? I think so, and so do we all. If not, cut down the size of the JOURNAL and thus curtail the cost of publication.

Fraternally yours,

CHARLES H. VAN GORDER., Div. 12.

The Protege of the B. of L. E.

BY MRS. JOHN STAPLETON.

[Written for the JOURNAL.]

One bitter-cold night, about three years before my story opens, as Robert Gray, an engineer on a branch of the T., O. & W., a little road that ran to some coal mines in the town of Elesville, was coming down from the mines on the last trip for that night, a broken rail threw the engine off the track. It plunged over the embankment, partly burying him under the engine. Every effort was made to release him, but it was impossible to move that huge mass of iron. It was nearly morning when the wreck train could get to their assistance, when he was taken out more dead than alive. His right arm was terribly crushed, and had to be amputated at the shoulder.

He never recovered from the shock and exposure of that dreadful night. It not only left him crippled and broken in health, but he could never run an engine again. He was insured in the Brotherhood for fifteen hundred dollars, which he received and started a little store, of which

there were already enough to supply the wants of the village. But it seemed to be the only thing he could do. Even this he could not have done without the help of his daughter Amy, a young girl sixteen years of age.

Her mother had died when she was a child. She had been her father's constant companion, and had always been a great help and comfort to him. They did fairly well for the first year and a half, but her father's health was failing rapidly; a cough had developed, which grew worse as the winter came on. There were days now when he was not able to leave his room. They had to hire some help, which, with their steadily-increasing doctor bills, soon ate up their fast-dwindling profits.

The last ten months they had given up the store entirely, and Amy devoted all her time in caring for her father. He made a brave fight, clinging to life with that tenacity so characteristic of consumptive people, saying, "If spring was only here, daughter, I would get well again." Amy would comfort him in every way—kissing his wasted hands and sunken cheeks, bidding him be patient, it would soon come, then they could get into the open air and sunshine and all would be well; and he would feel so encouraged he would think he felt better than he did yesterday, and would feel still better tomorrow.

But when tomorrow came he was much worse, and as the night drew near his mind wandered,—he was back on his engine again; then to Amy's babyhood days, when her mother was alive; then, as if awakening from a sleep, he said: "How cold it is," and those who were there knew the end was near.

It came in the early dawn of that cold winter morning. He felt feebly for those little hands that were always near and had been his guide and comfort always. He clasped them in his own, and then seemed to sleep. In a little while they gently unclasped her hands from those that would never need her loving care again and led her away, with a cry of anguish from the almost heart-broken orphan.

When her father's affairs were settled, Amy found herself possessed of four hun-

dred dollars. She had written to an uncle, her father's brother, who lived in a far-western city, and had received a prompt and kindly reply, asking her to come and make her home with them. So, one cold day in the latter part of January, Amy bade good-by to the friends she had known since childhood, and who had been so kind to her through her father's illness, and started on her long journey to meet strange people in a strange country; so it seemed to Amy, for in all the eighteen years of her life she had never been twenty miles from the little town where she was born.

All trains were late, and there were rumors of blizzards raging in the West and of trains being snowbound. But this did not trouble her. She was feeling sad. She was leaving all that had made up her life until the present day, and her thoughts kept turning to that newly-made grave on the hillside.

Two old friends went to the depot with her, and put in the seat beside her her satchel and a generous basket of lunch. "I have put in a little pitcher, so you can go out and get hot coffee at the stations along the road," said the old lady. "And your trunks are checked right through, and all you will have to take care of will be your satchel," said the husband. "Now, don't be afraid; you will get there all right." The train moved away from the little depot, and soon the town was left behind, and Amy turned to the window to hide the tears that rolled down her cheeks.

In her satchel, Amy had put everything she would be likely to need for a journey of three days and nights, and down at the very bottom was her father's red-morocco pocketbook, with her four hundred dollars in it—all the money she had, except a few dollars which she had put in her own little purse for her immediate use.

This was Thursday morning, and she would reach her uncle's home on Saturday evening.

The next day the storm had increased, and it was intensely cold. Trains were many hours late, and when Saturday morning came they had gone but a few hundred miles on their way.

The journey was long and dreary to Amy, for she could see nothing but snow as far as the eye could reach, and part of the time the car windows were so thickly frosted over she could not see out at all. She had brought some books and magazines with her, chief among them being the last number of the JOURNAL, which had come to her father a few days before she started. She had read it over and over again, until she almost knew it by heart. The JOURNAL had been a great pleasure to her father. As it came each month, she would read it to him from beginning to end. How he praised up the Brotherhood to her,—telling how they took care of the widows and orphans, and of Brothers in need. Then she would turn eagerly to the "Ladies' Department," where it told of their pleasant meetings and socials and of their many kind deeds, and wished engineers' daughters could belong to the G. I. A.

"This will be the last one I will ever see," she said to herself; and her eyes filled with tears, for she felt as if she was losing a dear friend.

That long day went by, and at 10 o'clock that night the train came to a standstill. They had run into a snowdrift as high as the coaches. The passengers were beginning to share their lunches, and Amy had shared hers with the rest.

The train made little progress that night, and the next day engines and snow plows came to their assistance, and by noon on Sunday they were out of the drift and on their way again.

It had been a trying night. All of the men passengers had taken their turn shoveling snow, and the anxiety being partly over, most of the passengers had made themselves as comfortable as possible and were trying to get some sleep. Amy wrapped an extra shawl around her, and leaning back in the corner of her seat was soon fast asleep. She dreamed someone was trying to get her money out of her satchel. She awakened, trembling, and looked around her. The car was very quiet, and everyone seemed to be sleeping. A man in the seat back of her had his hat pulled down over his eyes and his overcoat

collar drawn up about his ears. He was an ill-looking fellow, and had been very impatient at the delay; swore a good deal at the storm, and ended up by blaming the railroad company in general. He had made himself very disagreeable, and no one cared to talk with him, so he was left to his own thoughts, which did not seem to be pleasant ones.

Amy's dream troubled her. She opened her satchel and took a peep into it to see if her purse was there. It lay on top, where she had placed it. Then she slipped her hand down to the bottom of the satchel to see if the rest of the money was safe. Yes, there it was, and she drew a breath of relief. But she would be sure, and she drew it up until she could see the red morocco; then she drew it up still further, to see if it was fastened. Yes, it was just as she had put it in. Then, just for a second, Amy felt as if there was a face close to her. She turned quickly. The man behind her was still sitting with his face buried in his collar. But she thought she saw a gleam shoot from his eyes. It was gone in a second, and to all appearance he was fast asleep.

She felt uneasy, and thought she would keep awake, but very soon her eyes grew heavy and she slept again. She did not know how long she had been asleep when she awakened with a violent start, sitting upright in her seat, with her heart all in a flutter. The car was dark as night, and before she could collect herself enough to think they emerged into the daylight again, and she knew they had been going through a covered bridge or tunnel. But what was the noise that had awakened her? Surely she had heard a noise. It sounded like a sharp click.

But there was now bustle and excitement in the car, and she dismissed the thought of it from her mind. They were nearing the large city of Lessington, where she would have to change cars. The passengers were scraping the frost from the windows eager to get a glimpse of it. For many, it meant the end of their journey.

It was 3 o'clock on that Sunday afternoon when the train, literally covered with snow and ice, steamed slowly into a large cov-

ered depot. There was a deafening clanging of bells and dinner gongs, and news-boys were running hither and thither, all shouting at once. It was very confusing to Amy. She made her way through the gates to where a crowd was standing, and on a bulletin board she read, "no trains arrive or leave city tonight. All traffic stopped on account of storm."

Amy hardly knew what to do. Being very hungry, she went to a lunch counter and asked for a cup of coffee. While the woman was waiting upon her she opened her satchel to get her purse, but it wasn't laying where she had last put it. Thinking it had slipped down at the side, she felt along both sides, and then at the ends of the satchel, but it was gone. She stood up with a frightened face, and said, "I cannot take this. I have lost my purse." The woman looked at her suspiciously; then said, not unkindly, "Well, drink it up—it will warm you," and turned away to wait on someone else.

But she did not drink it; it would have choked her. She walked toward the street entrance, and sitting down on a bench she tried to think how and where she could have lost her purse. She was both frightened and bewildered. She would have to stay in the city all night. She would take some money out of the red-morocco pocket book and get a hackman to take her to some hotel. She opened her satchel again, and putting her hand down to the bottom, she felt all along where she had so carefully put it. She did not find it. She felt along both sides, then at the ends, but the red-morocco pocketbook too was gone.

Amy felt a deadly chill creep over her, as if every drop of blood had left her body. Like a flash the thought came to her. The man in the seat behind her in the car had taken her money while she slept, and it was the click of the satchel that had awakened her. She staggered to her feet, feeling faint and dizzy. What would she do? She felt as if she would suffocate if she stayed there. She went out to the street, where it was still snowing and the wind blowing a gale. But she was hardly conscious of it. Her senses seemed paralyzed. She only knew she was in a strange city,

among strange people, without one cent of money. She stood looking around her, when a hackman driving by reined in his horses, but Amy shook her head and he drove on. She had no money to take her any place.

She crossed the street, not knowing where she was going or where it would lead her to, the bitter wind piercing her through and through. She met few people. It being Sunday, and so cold, no one was out who was not obliged to be. The few she did meet were muffled up to their eyes, and hurried by, paying no attention to her.

It was growing dark now, but she still walked on and on. She was stumbling a little now. She could not guide her feet right; they felt so heavy, and she was so tired. Her satchel was very heavy and her fingers were getting stiff. She stopped a moment and tried to warm them. Looking across to the other side of the street, where there was a large building,—a business block,—she saw an open doorway, and thought she would go in there out of the storm, for it was still raging furiously. Picking up her satchel she took but a few steps when it burst open and its contents were scattered on the ground; she had not fastened it securely in her fright at discovering the loss of her money.

Gathering them up with her half stiffened fingers, she turned to go, when off at one side, half buried in the snow, lay the *ENGINEERS' JOURNAL*, and on the back the one word "Brotherhood" seemed to her tear-dimmed eyes to blazon forth in letters twice their usual size. She gave a glad cry. Surely help had come at last. "The Brotherhood," she whispered to herself, the tears streaming down her cheeks, "they will help me. Do they not always help those in need? If I can only find them. Surely, they must have a Division in this large city. If they have, I can find their address in this *JOURNAL*," and clasp- ing it tightly in her hand, she stumbled across the street into the open doorway she had seen and sank to the floor trembling with excitement.

Turning to the back of the *JOURNAL*, she scanned the names, page after page, all

the time saying to herself, "Perhaps this will not be their meeting day. Perhaps they do not meet on Sunday." She had now come to the last page. Her heart sank and a ringing noise was in her head. There were only a few names left, when almost the last one was, "'But the Greatest of These is Charity,' at Lessington, —, meets every alternate Sunday, at 3 P. M., in Morison Block, Baxter St." She read it over and over again. But where was Baxter street, and would this be their meeting day? Who would direct her? It might be a mile away. Her heart was beating almost to suffocation. Just then the wind tore past the door, blowing the snow in sheets, and something stumbled into the doorway and fell sprawling at her feet, and a lot of newspapers were scattered around her. It jumped nimbly up, and Amy saw a little newsboy, about ten years old. Seeing her, he grinned all over his little pinched face, saying: "Gee whiz! This is a hummer."

"Yes, it is cold. Are you hurt?" asked Amy.

"Naw," said the little fellow, and began to pick up his papers.

When he had picked them up, Amy helped him put them into a black oil cloth bag he had, hung over his shoulder.

"Can you tell me where Baxter street is?" asked Amy, hardly daring to think he would know.

"Why, it's the next street back of this," he said.

"And do you know where the Morison Block is?"

"Sure," he said, looking at her rather curiously; "this is the Morison Block."

Amy clasped her hands together. "Are you sure?" she said.

"Yes, 'em; I know 'tis."

"I want to find the Brotherhood. Can you tell me where their Division room is?"

"The Brotherhood?" the boy said, looking at her rather mystified. "What's that?"

"The engineers."

"Oh! them ingineer fellers. They're on Baxter street. They're up there 'bout every Sunday. They're up there today, too. I sold a paper to one of 'em, an' he

give me a quarter, an' told me to keep the change and get a pair of mittens with it. Gee! I wish I had 'em now," and he blew on his little red fingers to warm them.

"Will you show me the way?" she asked.

"Yes; 'taint fur—'round there."

Amy was trembling now, and her teeth were chattering so she could hardly talk.

They went out into the storm, around the end of the block on to Baxter street, and went up some steps into a hallway, where a broad flight of stairs led to the upper stories.

Amy thanked the little fellow, saying, "I would pay you, but I have no money."

"Oh, I don't want nuthin'," he said, grandly, drawing his slender little frame up straight. "'Taint nuthin' to show you this fur." And as he ran down the steps and into the street, she heard his shrill voice shouting, "*Dispatch or Post*," the sound growing fainter and fainter, until it was lost in the roar of the storm.

Amy climbed the stairs till she came to the third floor, where a little to the left was a door, and on the transom she saw, in large letters, "B. of L. E. Hall." In the center of the door was a bell, and a little further up was a little round hole, covered up on the inside.

Summoning up her courage, and shutting her teeth hard together to keep them from chattering, she rang the bell. In a few seconds a little slide was pulled back and one eye looked through the round hole at her.

"Is this where the engineers are?" asked Amy.

"Yes, ma'am," said a voice.

"Can I come in? I am very cold; I do not know where to go. My father was an engineer, an—"

But the hole was closed up with a click, there was a withdrawing of bolts, the door was opened, and a man stood looking at her in a very perplexed manner. Amy bravely tried to keep back the sobs that almost choked her as she told him of her coming in on a train and losing her money. The man told her to sit down and he would speak to the Brothers.

Concluded next month.

Railroad Employees' Home.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., Dec. 1, 1900.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Following is the statement of receipts for the Home for the month of November, 1900:

FROM B. OF L. E. DIVISIONS.

Div.	Amt.	Div.	Amt.
6	\$12 00	420	\$18 13
165	3 00	465	12 00
Total			\$ 45 13

G. I. A. TO B. L. E. DIVISIONS.

Div.	Amt.	Div.	Amt.
7	\$ 2 00	85	\$ 5 00
84	5 00		
Total			\$ 12 00

SUMMARY.

B. of L. E. Divisions	\$ 45 13
G. I. A. to B. of L. E. Divisions	12 00
O. R. C. Divisions	80 00
L. A. to O. R. C. Divisions	32 75
B. of R. T. Lodges	61 57
L. A. to B. of R. T. Lodges	105 50
B. of L. F. Lodges	14 50
L. S. to B. of L. F. Lodges	2 50
L. S. Coffin, per error	10 00
Grand Division, B. of L. E.	9 00

Grand total.....\$372 95

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Div. 137, L. A. C., 5 pairs of pillow-slips, 1 comforter, 1 quilt, 7 pairs of socks, 12 handkerchiefs, 4 cakes of toilet soap, 4 skeins of silk and 1 Roman-marked linen.

D. H. Holmes of the Highland Park Bank, 5 large, fat turkeys, that kept the boys "gobbling" for a week.

NOTICE—To all those sending remittances to the Home, please give the number of the Division or Lodge and order, as well as the street and number. I have received drafts placed in the envelope with nothing to show me where to place the credit.

The Home is now the possessor of a fine piano, which was contributed through the untiring efforts of Mrs. K. R. Wightman, of Evanston, Ill. Those contributing are as follows:

Mrs. Hartman	\$ 5 00
Conductors of Div. 1	24 00
Engineer Pieblo	3 00
Conductor Pieblo	1 50
Engineers of Div. 1	10 00
Mrs. Langton	6 00
North Chicago Union	50
Mrs. E. Z. Smith, Oskaloosa, Ia	1 00
Mrs. Whitlock	1 00
Ladies of Div. 100, O. R. C.	5 50
Mrs. Philip Hoffman, Oskaloosa, Ia	1 00
Mrs. Ben Buxton	10 00
Della Smith	8 50
Powerhouse men	5 00
Mrs. T. B. Watson	5 00
Men at Police Station	60
Mrs. Murdock	3 00
Ladies of Div. 1, G. I. A.	40 00
Miss Whitlock	50
Mrs. Stevens, President W. C. T. U.	50
St. Paul Railroad men	1 40
Mrs. Souey	25
Mr. Thmes	25
Mrs. Sargent	10
Mr. Birr	2 00
Mrs. Hobbs	1 00
Sale of iron holders	8 50
Mrs. Catlows, for supper	8 50
Mrs. Childs	25
Sister	25
Mrs. Goodman	25
Mrs. Bonning, knit and sold bedroom slippers	3 50
Mrs. Wightman, paying all interest on piano contract	40 00
The balance	16 98

was paid from the Home treasury.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. T. B. WATSON, Sec. & Treas.

Ladies' Department.

Communications for publication must be written on one side of the paper. Noms de plume are always permissible, but to receive consideration must be signed by the full name and address of the author, and addressed to the Editress, Mrs. M. E. CASSELL, 922 Dennison Av., Columbus, Ohio, not later than the 8th of the month.

The Editress reserves the right to revise, reject or use matter sent in, governed entirely on its merits.

The New Year's Bell.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

My throne is yonder belfry.
Hark, how I wake the world !
Oh, joyful be the message
That broadcast now is hurled !
A word of hope and triumph
Again I waft to you,
Ringing out the Old Year,
Ringing in the New !

I've marked the gains and losses,
The strivings of the hour,
Rank weeds I've seen upgrowing
Where should have bloomed the flowers,
The nobler path and purpose,
I bid ye all pursue,
Ringing out the Old Year,
Ringing in the New !

To all a heart of gladness,
To all a kindly thought,
Beneath Time's opening portals,
No good deed be unwrought !
How soon my voice 's silent,
Its moments, now, how few !
Ringing out the Old Year,
Ringing in the New !

May brightest sunshine gather
About each roof-tree fair !
God's blessing on the harvest,
That bounteously we share !
Joys blossom in life's pathway !
And thus I bid adieu—
Ringing out the Old Year,
Ringing in the New !

A Happy New Year.

Nature has made no marked division between the new year and the old, and there is practically no difference in weather between the last week in December and the first week in January. The year begins the first day of January in all Christian nations, except Russia and her dependencies, and it is not likely that any change

will be made in the future. Yet, although there is no natural division, custom has made one that we cannot help but notice.

In the business and financial world the end of the old year marks a distinct epoch, and the first of January is the beginning of new accounts and new books. There is a general brushing up, so to speak, and a number of new rules enacted, even if they are never enforced.

There seems to be no reason why there should not be a moral brushing up as well as a business one. On the first of January, why should not everyone take an account of stock? Why not foot up all the good and bad done in the old year, and find out on which side the balance lies? If bad, it is a subject for correction; if good, it is a matter for congratulation. It is not necessary to make the footings public, any more than a business man takes the outside world into his confidence, but a perusal may do a wonderful amount of good. Indeed, it is the only way by which one can learn to avoid a repetition of the errors of the old year.

The first of the new year is called "happy," doubtless on account of the good resolutions which inevitably spring from a contemplation of the past. It is the one day of the year when every right-minded person at least tries to do good, and it is an axiom that to be good is to be happy. Another reason springs from the time-honored custom of calling and renewing old acquaintances, and thus reviving many happy memories. Let no one be laughed at for making good resolutions on New Year's day. To make a resolution and keep it, if but for a single day, is better than to make none at all, and it renders each successive resolution easier to make and keep. But good resolutions may be kept, and then, indeed, is the new year a happy one. Resolve, then, on New Year's day to be something better and nobler than you have been in the old year, to correct some fault or develop some virtue.

Resolve to make some life brighter, or to do good in some way, however humble, and you will find your reward in a happiness equal if not superior to that which you have bestowed.

Anniversary of Div. 1.

"Nae man can tether time or tide."

Today, Dec. 6, 1900, is the thirteenth anniversary of Crescent City Div., 1. It is our meeting day, the first time that I can remember that a regular meeting fell on the date of our organization. It has been a happy day for our members, old and new. Div. 1 entertained the sister Divisions of Chicago and surrounding auxiliaries at an informal. The happy faces of our Sisters made us bless the cause that brought us together and made us friends. At a call from Sister Toops the charter members of Div. 1 stood up, and we found that of the thirty charter members enrolled upon our books thirteen years ago thirteen were present, while our books show that we have lost thirteen by death during our existence as an order—a strange coincidence.

Div. 1 sends greetings to all the Divisions. We trust that the Divisions that follow us closely in date of organization will find when reviewing the pages of their history as many reasons to be thankful as we have found today. The beautiful lessons taught by the G. I. A. have left their impression upon us. We sincerely endeavor to live and exemplify the motto of our order, and as we watch the wrinkles appear in each beloved face, and see the silver hair crowding out the brown, we realize that—

"The flush of youth soon passes from the face,
The spell of fancy from the mind departs;
The form may lose its symmetry, its grace,
But time can claim no victory o'er the heart."

We are on the threshold of a new century. What does the future hold for us? Let us hope for grace to conquer self whenever it steps before a duty to another. Duty is, in many instances, the influence that makes us humble, that makes us kind. Let us pray that in our lives the word *duty* may be changed to *desire*; then we may realize what true happiness is. Let charity be our watchword. Not simply giving of this world's goods, as is generally understood by the term charity, but giving tender consideration and good-will to our fellow-man.

If we would, at the beginning of this new

century, pledge ourselves anew to do all in our power to sustain our order and extend its usefulness, it would be well to heed the following lines:

"Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though both may gang a kennie wrang,
To step aside is human."

It has been my pleasure to visit the Divisions quite extensively during the past six months, and I am pleased to report an excellent condition generally. The one thing that seems to threaten the success of many Divisions is non-attendance. By studying this evil, I find several causes for it. In some cases, members have taken sides with some Sister who thinks justice has not been meted out to her and remain away. Some fail to see anything to gain by attending, and so spend their time in some other manner. Some are kept home by family ties, until they lose interest and forget when meeting day is. Some Sisters carelessly guard their feelings; they are stepped on by an equally thoughtless Sister, and the injured party denies us the pleasure of her company in the future, to the detriment of the Division.

There is one evil I find quite common, and one which will be the undoing of any Division if indulged in, and that is *criticism*. There are many who term themselves ardent workers in the G. I. A. who never miss a meeting, and still do the cause more harm than any other member, simply by acting as judge and jury for every member in the Division. It is a bad habit to nurture, and cannot fail to make us disliked and unpopular. The worst feature in connection with this evil is that one is apt to become so interested in the way others are working that she fails to work herself, but, like the drone in the hive, makes all the noise. She should be dealt with according to the law.

I am sure that all Divisions that have existed ten years have had to meet and conquer many if not every one of the above-mentioned conditions, and if they are a success they have sacrificed self to attain it. If each member would look well to herself, question carefully the impulse that prompts her actions, resolve to exemplify the obligation she has taken, and let others

alone to act out their lines according to their own judgment, there would be such an atmosphere of contentment and goodwill in our Division rooms that it would be a treat to be there. Let us try it.

Your sincere friend and servant,
MRS. W. A. MURDOCK.

Nineteen Hundred One.

Dear Nineteen Hundred is no more!
The year has gone, like years before.
With feelings foreign, sure, to none,
I write of Nineteen Hundred One.

Some lofty vows and high resolves—
Each wakened soul today resolves.
Will they endure, as now begun,
Through all of Nineteen Hundred One?

Oh, may more kindly words be said
Than in the year that now has fled,
May better work and deeds be done
Than then, in Nineteen Hundred One.

What do you hold of loss or gain?
Who knoweth? What of boon or bane?
Life's thread may bright or dark be spun,
Ah! shrouded Nineteen Hundred One.

But faith is strong though sight is dim,
We gladly leave the days with Him,
And, trusting, wait the sands to run
Of hopeful Nineteen Hundred One.

REV. PHILIP B. STRONG.

Thanksgiving Reminiscences.

About four years ago this Thanksgiving I was spending the winter in San Diego, Cal., and stopping at the same house was a merry lot of tourists, who were always ready for a good time. We decided that to have a real picnic would be a rather unique way of spending our Thanksgiving, and in less time than it takes to tell it a party of about twenty, representing I suppose as many states in the union, were packing baskets and filling demijohns, as none but the very latest tenderfoot would start on a picnic in Southern California without a few well-filled demijohns, but I can assure you those accompanying our party contained nothing stronger than water. Water is king in Southern California, and one might travel a great many miles and not be able to secure any that would do for drinking purposes or making

coffee, and for that reason the demijohns are always very much in evidence, but I could not say positively that they always contained water. Well, we decided to go to old Mexico, which is about twelve miles distant from San Diego. We had a tallyho with four horses, and it is just wonderful to observe the ease with which a native son will handle the lines, driving as rapidly down a narrow winding road of the mountain side as he does on the level, bringing from the ladies, of course, screams of terror, and causing some of the sterner sex to show signs of fear also, but not by screaming, oh, no!

In going, we had a delightful drive through the fragrant orange and lemon ranches, the first time many of the party having enjoyed that pleasure. In due time we arrived at Tia Juana, old Mexico, and one felt as though civilization had really been left behind when we beheld the natives sauntering around the streets, or standing in doorways, eyeing us curiously, with pistols and knives conspicuously displayed in their belts. We, of course, went to the postoffice and very willingly paid five cents for a postal card, and as much for a stamp, just for the novelty of sending our friends in the East a letter with the Mexican postmark. We visited the quaint curio stores, each one bringing away a souvenir, one of my own purchases being a salt spoon, the bowl of which is a Mexican five-cent piece; also a teaspoon with the name "Tia Juana" marking it. Many purchased the frail but beautiful filigree work, with which every curio store is well stocked. We ate our dinners, I might say, in a sand bank without a visible spear of grass, as grass only grows out there under irrigation. We did not at all miss roast turkey, cranberry sauce, mince and pumpkin pie from our bill of fare, as it was such a warm, beautiful day that we who were easterners found it hard to convince ourselves that it was really Thanksgiving. We drove home by the coast route, enjoying the gorgeous sunset, and passing the Mexican monument which is erected on the dividing line between that state and California. We arrived home after dark, quite tired, yet all proclaiming we had a

most enjoyable day. This, I believe, is one of my pleasant reminiscences of Thanksgiving. MRS. JOHN STRICKLER.
Oil City, Pa.

New Year's Gifts.

- " Oh, bonny New Year, pray tell me true,
While your birthday bells are ringing,
What beautiful work have you come to do?
How much of joy shall we find in you?
In your budget of blessings, all fresh and new,
What fairy gifts are you bringing?"
- " For field and the garden, asleep in the cold,
A wonderful story I carry,
Fresh robes for the snowdrops, first to unfold,
Pink ruffs for the daisies, fair to behold,
New cups for the crocuses, yellow as gold,
Wherein shall the sunbeams tarry
- " The words I will clothe in vestures bright,
Whose work shall be mine own doing,
Anemones there shall be found in white,
And blue bells ring by day and by night,
And girlies warble with new delight,
Old songs of loving and wooing!"
- " But what do you bring, oh, blithe New Year,
To human sorrow and sadness?"
- " For shrouded lives, an horizon clear;
For hearts that are desolate, friendship dear;
For midnight sufferers, starlight cheer,
And morrows of peace and gladness."
- " To those who have climbed when barely shod,
New guerdons for brave endeavor,
New flowers to bloom on the graveyard sod,
New visions of heavenly heights untrod,
Yes, the gifts I bring are the gifts of God,
And of love that shall last forever."

MARY ROWLES, in *Golden Days*.

A Bachelor on Babies.

BY COULSON KERNAHAN.

Heigh ho! what a world of delusions it is! Here have I been chuckling for the last ten years about the folly which makes all mothers or fathers entertain the belief that there is something so very extraordinary about their own baby as to distinguish it from every other baby in the land. And now I've a little niece of my own, who, I am firmly and impartially convinced—this time without any possibility of a delusion—is the most remarkable child in the United States or out of it. No other child that I have seen has such interesting ways, and I am absolutely positive that

none other has or could have such wonderfully beautiful eyes. To look into them is like gazing down a cool, shadowy, moss-fringed well, and catching a glimpse of the blue crystal heavens reflected from the depths below. Sometimes I almost lose myself in the silent and infinite world that I see shadowing itself forth behind the blue haze of those baby eyes, and her childish prattle is to me the quaintest and sweetest music that was ever made by two little lisping, laughing lips.

But I know I'm a fond, foolish, doting old uncle, all the same, and that at this very moment there are thousands of equally fond and foolish folk who are looking into the depths of their own children's eyes and wondering if there ever was such a child since the days when the Lord of Life himself lay on the lap of His young mother, a wee, helpless babe.

We bachelors, many of us, affect a cynical abhorrence of the nursery, but the thought of *that* babyhood and motherhood should sanctify and hallow every little cot or cradle in the world, if the memory of our own mother has not already done so.

I am afraid, however, that I have no right to speak as representing the great army of—I was going to say martyrs, but I mean, of course, unmarried; for, although I have never a chick or child of my own, I fancy there's a good deal of the father, if not the mother, in my heart of hearts, which may come to the surface some day. At least I hope so.

The thought of the Divine Babyhood, of which I have just been speaking, has often made me feel as if I did not wonder that nearly every woman (every mother, at all events,) should be born, as she seems to be born, with a sort of instinctive and intuitive faith in Christianity; and if that thought were not enough, what mother is there who could read of His taking the little ones in His arms and blessing them without praying that hers, too, might be led to Him—without her heart swelling up in a great stream of love and faith and trust to Him who was himself meek and lowly as a little child?

Yes,—to come back to my subject again, —I know that it's all one vast delusion,

and that my little niece, Theodora, is just like thousands of other little Mary's and Willie's and Rosie's in the world, whose parents and uncles and aunts are all victims of this same hallucination.

While I am wondering why my neighbor, Mrs. Williams, allows her little boy's hair to grow down upon his shoulders in that untidy fashion, she, with a mother's love and pride, is watching him go down the road to school, fully assured that everybody will, like herself, be struck with his resemblance to an infantile Hamlet or St. John; and, if we could look right into the depths of her mother heart, we should, I doubt not, find there as much love and thankfulness to God for giving her such a beautiful child, and as much kindness and affection to others, as if he really were such.

What a sweet and loving delusion it is! Although, when I come to think of it, I am not so sure that it is a delusion, after all. It may be that, instead of having hoodwinked and blinded us to the imperfections of our own children, our Father, and their Father, has but lent a new keenness to our vision—has but brushed away the cobwebs and dust that blinded us, so that we can see more truly and deeply into the hidden beauty and mystery which He has cast around each of his little ones. And so, though others may smile at our "delusion" and think our idolized darling only an "ordinary" baby, and in no way different from thousands of other little pink-fleshed, soft-dimpled scraps of humanity in the world, we yet know that she is none the less a special and loving gift, sent down to us from heaven by the Father of Light.

Yes, she is only an "ordinary" baby—only a little soul, fresh from the hand of God, and carrying with her some look and whisper of the far-off eternity, from whence she came. What the women leave unfinished in our moral education, says Goethe, the children complete in us, and I believe, with Oliver Wendell Holmes, that many of the noblest and most beautiful traits of a man's character are left undeveloped and unperfected, until he knows what it is to have a little child look up in his face and say "Father."

New Year Squibs.

Good-bye, old Nineteen Hundred,
You suited us first rate,
But now you won't quite do, because
You're hardly up-to-date.

Turner Van Newleaf—"I'm going to turn over a new leaf."

Jack Binthere—"Better turn down the corner, so you won't lose your place."

Anxious Mother—"Then you are sure, doctor, that he has no symptoms of Asiatic cholera?"

Doctor—"As he has been attending a New Year's festival, my diagnosis of his case is, that he is suffering from ice-creamatis, complicated with banania and peanuticus."

Papa came down on New Year's morn,
His face to mirth adjusted,
It was, indeed, a glad New Year,
For Willie's Christmas drum was busted.

The turkey shook his wattled head,
And passed around the grill.
Quoth he, "I'm very thankful that
I was too lean to kill."

A tramp is always willing to receive a cold shoulder, but he prefers a porter-house.

The Password.

The semi-annual password has been sent to the President of each Division. Any President failing to receive the work by January 6th will please notify the Grand President. The same circular will give to the Division the name of the Sister who will inspect their work. Divisions will please make an effort to conform to the desires of the inspectors as to time chosen for inspection.

MRS. W. A. MURDOCK, G. P.

Mr. Rickman Complimented.

The attention and valuable services rendered during the recent session of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, by Mr. P. O. Rickman, was highly appreciated by the ladies, and their appreciation was acknowledged in a substantial manner.

In a graceful speech at the B. of L. E. Hall, Mrs. J. G. Spruell, on behalf of a

committee of ladies, presented Mr. Rickman with a handsome \$25 carving set, the following note accompanying it:

Compliments of the recent assembly held in Montgomery, Ala., composed of J. I. McKinney, Division No. 207, our Grand President, Mrs. Murdock, and visiting members of the G. I. A., in appreciation of services rendered and encouragement received therefrom, and with very best wishes from all.

MRS. J. G. SPRUELL,
MRS. JACK WRIGHT,
MRS. W. A. RICHARDSON,
Committee.

LIFE AND THE YEARS.

Life is like the seasons of the years,
Sunshine and showers, joys and tears.
The youth of existence is like springtime,
When the earth is robed in flowers and vines.
Air castles have no broken columns to fall,
Life is an elysium, gay as a chanty ball.

Middle age is like harvest, ripening of golden grain.

Seeds of vegetation planted out of season do not appear again.

Success depends upon culture, crops upon the rain;
Present duties neglected, efforts henceforward in vain.

Old age is like the Autumn fall when snowy frosts
Rob the green verdure of its bright foliage—
The roses and pansies pass away,
Old age makes aged forms, dim eyes, hair turn gray.

'Tis Nature's laws being fulfilled;
Making ready for Judgment Day.

Death is like midwinter,
When the chilling blast sweeps out the earth,
And robs the sun of its bright, warm rays,
And summer is turned to cold, dark, dreary days.

Fear not the weird woof at mystery and death.
Be governed by Nature's laws, and guard thy health.

Mortgage not thy soul seeking after wealth.
And when the day of thy parting comes,
Fold thy hands in peace and go to sleep,
Like an infant on its mother's knee
Listening to a lullaby of a sweet song.

Respectfully dedicated to the Ladies' Auxiliary
to the B. of L. E.

P. O. RICKMAN,
Montgomery, Ala.

Study Club Program for February.

Subject: "China."

Roll-call—Quotations from Rudyard Kipling.

1. Give the topography of China.
2. What is the government of China?
3. What are the marriage customs? Describe a wedding.

4. Nurture and education of children.
5. Funeral rites.
6. What are the most important festivals celebrated by the Chinese?
7. Describe popular superstitions of this people.
8. The religions of China.
9. Give a sketch of peasant life.
10. Li Hung Chang—Character sketch.
11. Empress of China—Character sketch.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Cycle of Cathay.—W. A. P. Martin, LL. D.
Social Life of the Chinese.—Justice Doolittle.
The Real Chinaman.—Chester Holcomb.
Chin-Chin, or the Chinaman at Home.—Tchen Ki Tong, late of the Imperial Legation.
Among the Mongols.—Rev. James Gilmour, Peking.
Old Highways in China.—Isabelle Williamson.
China.—Prof. Douglass.

A New Division.

ALBION, ERIE CO., PA., Nov. 24, 1900.

DEAR SISTERS: I presume ere this you have all seen by the JOURNAL that vacant No. 217 had been taken and a Subdivision had been organized at this place. I will now tell you about our organization. The ladies of Fidelity Division, headed by Sister Wilcox, arrived in Albion at noon. As soon as acquaintances were made, we all marched to the Sherman House, led by Bro. F. Hunt, C. E. of Richardson Division, and his wife, where the Brothers had a bounteous dinner served for all, and I can say we did ample justice to that dinner. After dinner we returned to the hall, where we ten charter members were put through the work of the order by Sister Wilcox. After she was all through, we received the well wishes for our Division by all the Sisters, and our President, Sister Boyd, then presented Sister Wilcox, in behalf of the ladies of Bessemer Division, with a handsome Bohemian vase as a token of our esteem for her. Sister Wilcox was indeed surprised, but replied in her own beautiful way that we all knew she appreciated her present far more than she could express. By this time supper was announced and we all headed for the hotel, where supper was waiting, and we all did enjoy that supper. It being over, the horses' heads were turned home toward Conneaut, O. We were loath to part with these dear Sisters who had taught us so much that day, but we separated with feelings left each one that

only members of the G. I. A. can understand. So with the best wishes for the success of our Division and with promises to visit us soon we separated, being much wiser women than when they came. We wish to extend to all the members of Fidelity Division our sincere thanks for the assistance given us, and we all tendered the Brothers of Div. 282 a vote of thanks for their assistance and generosity in tendering us all such a lovely dinner and supper, and we hope to be able in the near future to return these favors to the Brothers, who are always ready and willing to come to the front when needed. I hope I have not tired our Editress or readers with this long letter; if not and I am permitted, I will come again soon.

A MEMBER OF DIV. 217.

Division News.

I see communications from various Divisions grace the pages of the JOURNAL each month, so it seems fitting that the doings of Kenerson Div., 224, Worcester, Mass., should receive a passing notice. It is by no means dormant, but, like others, has its social as well as business side.

The first event of the season was a lawn party, given by Brother and Sister M. H. Hamilton at their farm cottage at Bloomingdale. A very pleasant time was enjoyed. Refreshments were served by the host and hostess, and a jolly trolley ride by moonlight was a very satisfactory ending.

The next jollification was with Brother and Sister Sparks, at Webster. A long ride of sixteen miles by electric each way gave little time for household entertainment, but every moment was improved, and all voted it an enjoyable outing.

October 11, Brother and Sister Munn invited the B. of L. E. and the G. I. A., with their wives, husbands and children to assist them in the celebration of their crystal wedding. A large party gathered at their beautiful home. Various games were introduced, a graphophone dispensed its quaint music, and even a camera invited the guests to snapshots, and many fantastic groups were posed for the occasion.

A bountiful supper was served by Mr. and Mrs. Munn, the guests being so numerous that the tables had to be relaid several times, yet all were supplied generously, and everyone left feeling it was good to have been there.

The Sisters of the G. I. A. gave the couple a handsome cut-glass dish, which the chaplain presented with a few rhymes, which, by special request, supplement this communication, not for any merit, but as I have said, by request of friends.

MRS. ROYAL CHENEY,
Chaplain, Div. 224.

BROTHER AND SISTER MUNN:

The Sisters of the G. I. A.
Have gathered here with you,
And learning this is just the date,
When you, together with your mate,
Began a life so new;
And as you now, for fifteen years,
Have shared in all Life's smiles and tears
In bonds so fond and true,
It seems to us no more than right
That we should bring this crystal bright
And ask it be accepted,
With hope that only pleasant things,
With all the joys true wedlock brings,
May by it be reflected.

THE members of Venus Div., 192, Chicago Junction, O., gave a delightful surprise to their President, Mrs. Edgar Heacock, at her lovely home on Maple street. Mrs. Heacock has been President of Venus Division four years. She was also delegate to our last convention. The Division presented her with a beautiful oak rocker as a token of their appreciation. After the usual surprise greetings were over, supper was served. The evening was delightfully spent, and at a late hour, wishing all a merry good-bye, we wended our way homeward, hoping for many more such happy occasions. SEC. OF DIV. 192.

ON November 23, Brother and Sister Robinson celebrated their twenty-fifth anniversary at their pleasant home in Clinton, Ill. As Sister Robinson is President of Div. 86, the entire membership, with their husbands, were invited. At an early hour the house was filled, and all proceeded to have a grand good time. They received many handsome presents, one of the most novel ones being a silver teapot containing

the number of silver dollars corresponding with the number of their years of married life. This was from Div. 86, and was presented in a short speech by one of the members, in which was expressed the love and good-will of the members toward our genial President and her husband. Elegant refreshments were served, and all returned to their homes feeling that they had an enjoyable time. COR. SEC.

WE read of the pleasant times other Divisions are having, so please allow Border City Div., 206, Laredo, Tex., to tell of the pleasant time spent at the home of its President, Sister Periera, on Monday, November 19. This was our first benefit, and was a complete success, realizing twelve dollars. Dancing and card playing were the features of the evening, being enjoyed by all. Refreshments were served at midnight, consisting of sandwiches, cake, chocolate and coffee. Many Brothers, with their mothers, sisters and sweethearts, enjoyed the evening very much, and asked the ladies to continue the good work. Our President wishes to thank all the Sisters who tried so hard to make it a success.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

WELL, dear Sisters, I am here again to let you know what Bessemer Div., 217, Albion, Pa., is doing. We are a very small band, but willing workers, ever ready to do something for the good of our order. We have not been organized quite three months, yet we have held three suppers. The first, a dime social, held at our President's home, cleared us \$5; the second, an oyster supper, held in the banquet hall of our Division room, netted us \$17.50, and an oyster supper given in Greenville, where some of our Sisters reside, was also a grand occasion and a financial success, having cleared \$22. This, with the proceeds of the other entertainments, gives us a neat little sum in our treasury. We have just got rightly started, but have not all we need in our Division room, but now we will be able to get all needed supplies, and can pay cash for them, so we think we are doing very well; don't you? We have several applications in, and in time we hope to rank Bessemer Division among the largest of the G. I. A. We extend a cordial invitation to all Sisters to visit us at our Division room. We will be delighted to make the acquaintance of any Sister at any time. A SISTER OF DIV. 217.

DENVER Divs. 46 and 184 received an informal and cordial invitation from Columbine Div., 242, at Basalt, Col. (not a

large Division, but all in harmony, dropped down in the heart of the Rocky Mountains), to visit them. We responded by attending their regular meeting, November 20, nine of us in all, five from 46 and four from 184. We were met at the train by most of the Sisters and taken to their homes, and right royally entertained. We had a very interesting meeting the next day and a reception in the evening at B. of L. E. Hall. We went through with the ritual work excepting the burial service, which we were not very anxious to rehearse, as we had lost some of our nearest and dearest Sisters. We all met as strangers, but the G. I. A. drew us together, and we made some very pleasant friends. We hope they will be able to meet with us in the near future.

SEC., Div. 184.

ON Wednesday morning, November 21, a party of ten ladies, members of Star of 'Ninety-Three Div., 183, Jackson, Tenn., left in response to an invitation to visit the J. I. McKinney Div., 207, of Montgomery, Ala. The occasion of this visit was a school of instruction, presided over by our Grand President, Mrs. W. A. Murdock. The Montgomery ladies had cordially invited members from other Auxiliaries to be present, and the invitation was accepted by a number from Atlanta, Birmingham and Mobile.

The train on which the Jackson party left was delayed several hours on account of a washout on the road, but in spite of the long wait at the station in the gray morning hours the ladies were all in fine spirits and ready to enjoy the journey. The day's ride was delightful, and at 8:30 P. M. we reached Montgomery, and found a number of Sisters and Brothers waiting to receive us. All the visitors were entertained while in the city at the homes of members of McKinney Division, and to say that they gave us a cordial welcome is not sufficient. They entertained us royally at their homes and at one of the most fashionable cafes.

On Thursday evening a delightful reception was given at Engineers' Hall, and addresses of welcome were made by Governor Johnston, Mayor Joseph, Hon. B. H. Screws, Mr. Geo. W. Jones, attorney for the L. & N. Ry., and others.

Mrs. W. A. Murdock, our Grand President, was introduced by Bro. P. O. Rickman, the gallant master of ceremonies. She explained in her charming manner the object of the Ladies' Auxiliary, its usefulness and charitableness of purpose. Several fine selections of vocal music were rendered, and at the close of the evening delicious refreshments were served.

A delightful carriage drive through the city and to the parks was one of the most

enjoyable features of our stay. We visited the Legislature, the mint, the "Jeff Davis Room," and a number of places of historic interest.

It would be impossible in a limited space to tell of all the courtesies extended to us by this hospitable people. The ten ladies from Div. 188, will long remember this pleasant and instructive visit, and whenever Montgomery is mentioned they will recall not only the beautiful city of sunshine and flowers, but the gracious hospitality of its people. Long may they live and prosper.

MRS. L. B. BAILEY, Div. 188.

ON Tuesday evening, December 4, the Sisters of Cameron, W. Va., gave a social at the home of Brother and Sister George Howard for the benefit of Steenrod Div., 105, and, as it was our first attempt at Cameron, we were very much encouraged. The attendance was good, and we all spent a delightful evening. Music was furnished by the daughters of Bros. George and Frank Howard, and all kinds of games were indulged in by the young folks, and judging from their happy faces they enjoyed themselves hugely. We were also favored with some songs by Olive Howard, aged 3 years, of Newark, which were very much enjoyed. Then came the cake-walk, which added much to the amusement of the evening. Bro. Frank Howard and Mrs. Davis, wife of Brother Davis, of Cameron, captured the cake in the time cake walk, and Miss Stella Howard, of Newark, and Mr. M. McCracken, a prominent dentist, of this place, carried off the honors in the fancy cake-walk, which was fine, indeed. Refreshments were served throughout the evening, and before leaving for our homes we all voted the social a success, both socially and financially, and Brother and Sister Howard a most charming host and hostess.

PRES., Div. 105.

SPRING CITY Div., 146, formerly located at Waukesha, Wis., has not been heard from through the JOURNAL for some time, and for fear you will all think that we are on the retired list I thought best to send the word along that we are still with you and prospering. As the shops are being moved to Fond du Lac, and the Division was moved there some nine months ago, we who remain miss many familiar faces, and many a housewife will miss the old whistle, if for nothing more than to set her clock by. Since April we have held our meetings in Fond du Lac, and we are taking in new members and prospering in every way. Our Division sends greetings for 1901 to all sister Divisions.

M. REA A.

THE Division at Bucyrus, O., wishes to be remembered to the readers of our pages. We are working along in a most harmonious manner and trying to keep our finances in a good condition. Some time ago we made a beautiful sofa pillow and sold numbers on it. At the drawing, the Division at Fort Wayne, Ind., held the lucky number, and to it belongs the cushion. Our thanks are extended to all who helped us in this enterprise. We are also trying to keep up our social reputation, and entertained the Galion ladies a short time ago. We all enjoyed their visit, and feel that these visits do us all good. We send holiday greetings to all Sisters of our order.

BUCYRUS.

G. I. A. Voluntary Relief Association.

TOLEDO, O., Jan. 1, 1901.

To Division Insurance Secretaries, V. R. A.:

You are hereby notified of the death of the following members of the Association, and for the payment of these claims you are ordered to collect 50 cents from each member holding one policy, and \$1 from each member holding two policies, providing, however, that no one be assessed on a policy, if the application for said policy was dated later than Nov. 30, 1900:

ASSESSMENT No. 15.

Died Nov. 5, 1900. Sister Jennie M. Swain, aged 30 years, of Div. 154, Spokane, Wash. Admitted August 8, 1897. Cause of death, pulmonary tuberculosis. Held two policies, Nos. 4118 and 4119, payable to H. C. Swain, husband.

ASSESSMENT No. 16.

Died Nov. 28, 1900. Sister J. C. Dougherty, aged 42 years, of Div. 165, Chicago, Ill. Admitted April 9, 1900. Cause of death typhoid pneumonia. Held one policy, No. 6195, payable to husband, J. C. Dougherty.

Members must pay their Insurance Secretary on or before January 31, 1901, or pay a fine of 10 cents on each policy. Insurance Secretaries must remit to General Secretary and Treasurer on or before February 10, 1901, or forfeit membership. Three thousand and eighty-five members paid Assessments Nos. 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12; eighteen hundred and forty-six paying on one policy, twelve hundred and thirty-nine paying on two.

All claims are paid in full—\$500 on each policy.

The election of Insurance Secretary will not take place till time of regular election of officers in March, although the fiscal year of the Association closes on December 31, 1900. The new records for Insurance Secretaries were planned with that idea in view, and auditing committees should bear that in mind.

Payment for record books and all other supplies, purchased of General Secretary and Treasurer, should be made to the same person.

MRS. GEO. WILSON, Pres. V. R. A.

MARY L. ROBERTSON, Gen'l Sec'y and Treas.

Technical.

The Improved Feed Valve, or Train-Line Governor.

BY ROBERT H. BLACKALL.

The valve shown in Figs. 1 and 2 is known as the Improved Feed Valve or Train-Line Governor. In order to distinguish it from the older form of governor, it is commonly referred to as the slide-valve feed valve.

This device is now being furnished by

iar feed-valve attachment, only comes into play when the brake-valve handle is in running position, in which position main-reservoir pressure feeds through the rotary valve, into port *f* connected with *f'*, which latter port connects with port *f'* of the slide-valve feed valve. Main-reservoir pressure passes through these ports, and, as shown in Fig. 1, is free to pass into the supply-valve chamber F. Chamber F is separated from chamber E (Fig. 2) by the supply-valve piston 54, and from port *δ* by the supply valve 55 when in its normal position. Port *δ* (Fig. 1) is always in connection with port *i*, which is at all times

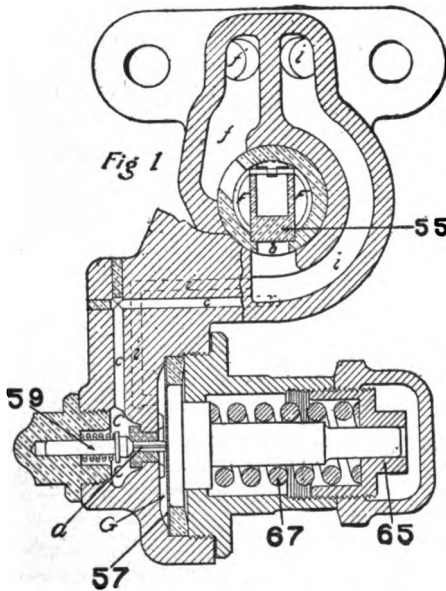


FIG. 1.—SLIDE-VALVE FEED VALVE.
Central Section Through Supply Valve Case and Governing Device.

the Westinghouse Company with what is known as the G 6 Engineers' brake valve. The upper holes, *f'* and *i*, shown in Fig. 1, correspond precisely in location with those in the feed-valve attachment of the D 5, E 6 and F 6 brake valves, so that the two are interchangeable, and no change was necessary in the brake valve proper.

Fig. 1 shows a central section through the supply-valve case and governing device, and Fig. 2 shows a vertical section through the supply-valve case.

This governor, the same as with the fami-

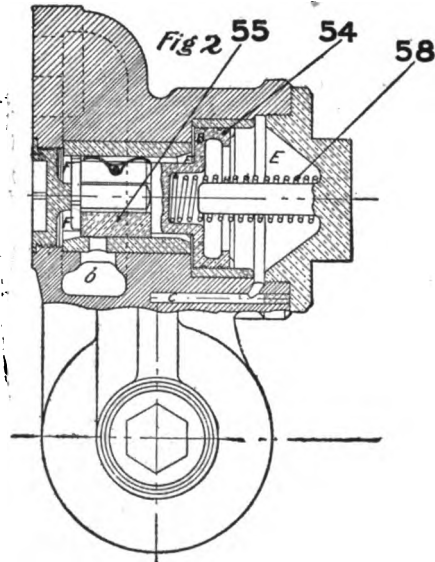


FIG. 2.—SLIDE-VALVE FEED VALVE.
A Vertical Section Through Supply Valve Case.

connected with the train line through port *i* of the brake valve.

The regulating spring 67 is adjusted by the regulating nut 65 to withstand a pressure above diaphragm 57 of seventy pounds, or any other amount desired. Screwing in on nut 65 will increase train-line pressure, and screwing out will reduce it. As long as the pressure in Chamber G, acting against diaphragm 57, is insufficient to overcome the tension of the regulating spring 67, regulating valve 59 is held from its seat, and chamber F is connected with

the train pipe through port *c c* (Fig. 2), chamber C, port *a*, Chamber G, and port *i i*, and the pressure in chamber E and the train pipe must then be equal.

When the brake-valve handle is placed in running position, main-reservoir pressure passes into chamber F, as described, forces the supply-valve piston 54 over, and this in turn carries the supply valve 55 with it, thus exposing port *b* to chamber F, and pressure feeds directly to the train line through port *i i*. As the train-line pressure increases there is a corresponding increase of pressure in chamber G until, when the predetermined amount of pressure is obtained, diaphragm 57 is forced down, compressing spring 67 and allowing the regulating valve 59 to be forced to its seat by the spring behind it. No more air can now escape from chamber E and piston 54, which is a comparatively loose fit, and allows the pressure in chambers E and F to equalize. At the instant of equalization spring 55 forces piston 54 and supply valve 55 back, closing port *b*.

Any leakage of train-pipe pressure allows the regulating spring 67 to unseat the regulating valve 59, and air is once more allowed to escape from chamber E. The preponderance of pressure in chamber F forces the supply valve and piston, 55 and 54, ahead, again exposing port *b* to port *i*. When air feeds through the slide-valve feed valve into the train pipe, port *b* is open to its full extent, so that train-pipe pressure can be raised faster than with the old device. It is also more sensitive, will feed train-pipe leaks better, and is practically devoid of troubles.

FREIGHT TRAIN HANDLING.

If brakes are dragging on a train, the usual method of releasing is to throw the brake-valve handle to full release position, but this method is not always successful in case there are a large number of air cars, if the main reservoir is a small one, if insufficient excess is carried, or if the main reservoir is not kept properly drained.

To release brakes that will not release by throwing the brake valve handle to full release position, place the valve in service position and apply the brakes with two or

three reductions; we should then have sufficient excess pressure to release all brakes when the valve is placed in full release position. If the trouble still continues, it is time to stop before the wheels become sufficiently hot to break. The troublesome brake should be bled off, and a test made, after the auxiliary pressure on this car has had time to equalize with that in the others, to see if the brake still fails to operate properly. If the brake is found to be defective, it should be cut out and bled; if it should work properly, the trouble probably lay with the engineer in trying to release brakes by using running position of the brake valve.

Imagination is also sometimes the cause of stuck brakes. An engineer happens to get hold of an extra hard pulling train, and it may be human nature, but he feels that a brake must be stuck, and begins throwing to full release every little while, or he may leave the valve there a few seconds; in either case what is likely to be the result? Eventually the train-line pressure is above that at which the train-line governor is set, and when the valve handle is returned to running position the leaks on the train line will not be fed until the train-line pressure reduces below seventy pounds. In the meantime the leakage has applied one or more brakes, and if the main reservoir is not very large there is trouble ahead. Very soon the train begins to drag, and when its speed is sufficiently reduced, the crew begins pulling on bleeders, adding fuel to the fire, and shortly the train stops "on account of the brakes," and the verdict is rendered with all truthfulness by all concerned, but they were wrong just the same.

In double heading the lead engineer should invariably handle the brakes, as he is the one who can see farthest ahead, and when the "helper" or "pusher" engine is coupled a few cars back in the train in case of danger ahead, the "pusher" man has to be signalled, or else time is lost while the head man is cutting in.

The pusher man should cut out, or, in case there is no cut-out cock under his brake valve, he should lap his valve; with the valve lapped there will be a flash at the

train-line exhaust every time the lead man increases train-line pressure. The train-line exhaust closes the instant the pusher man throws to full release, and he may leave his valve in this position long enough to help recharge, at which time he should again lap his valve or the engineer on the lead engine could not make a service application as the pusher brake valve is feeding air into the train line about as fast as the lead valve can take it. In case a pusher man neglected to lap his valve the lead man would have to use emergency position to apply the brakes, as in this position air can be taken from the train line faster than it can feed in through the pusher valve even were the valve in full-release position.

The practice of having the pusher man go down hill with his valve lapped instead of cut out, in order to help recharge, is sometimes necessary on very heavy grades where main reservoirs are small, but this practice should not be employed unless necessary as it is always better for one man to have absolute control. There is the chance for the pusher engineer to forget or be too slow in lapping his valve, in which case the lead man, if it is necessary to stop, has to use the emergency application. I remember seeing two such cases on one train inside of two hours.

The use of a proper size of main reservoir makes this practice unnecessary and does away with an element of danger.

The chief causes of runaways consist in making too many train-line reductions without recharging; reducing the train-line pressure too low; allowing leaks to run trains where the leak is gradually reducing train-line pressure and simply holding the train at a steady speed without reducing same; allowing trains to attain maximum speed after tipping over a summit before first ascertaining the holding power of the brakes; and not watching the air gage sufficiently.

It often happens that instead of depending entirely on retaining valves, the engineer has the crew apply a few hand brakes "lightly" at the head end. This practice not only tends to produce hot and broken wheels, but another element of danger enters. If the hand brake is applied on a car where the air and hand brakes work "opposite," all slack is taken up in the

brake rigging, and when the engineer uses the brakes the pistons on these cars cannot pass the cylinder leakage groove, and the air as it enters the cylinder simply passes through the leakage groove to the atmosphere. If the piston should get out sufficiently to close the leakage groove, the high pressure, due to short travel, would tend to produce flat or hot wheels, or both.

Another, and not uncommon practice on some roads, consists in running a train by hand when there are not a sufficient number of air cars, and then depending on the air to stop if necessary, the air to be used on the cars upon which the hand brakes have already been applied. The somewhat general idea that the engineer still has all the air-brake power left, even if the hand brakes are applied, is responsible for this practice. As was just said, in respect to the case where the hand and air brakes work "opposite," if the hand brakes were applied first and the engineer then applied the air brake, a momentary high cylinder pressure only would result while the air was passing through the cylinder leakage groove. If the hand and air brakes worked "together," and the air brake was applied after the hand brake was in use there might be some gain and there might not. If the air brake was stronger than the hand brake the gain would be the difference between the two, while if one was as strong as the other there would be no gain when the air was brought into play. As a rule it will be found that the air brake is somewhat stronger than the hand brake, as set by a man of ordinary strength, but there are not only occasional cars but classes of cars where the hand brake is as strong as the air, to say nothing of that "club" or brake stick that is not supposed to enter the question.

If it is to be a combination of air brakes and hand brakes, better use a few hand brakes immediately back of the air and be sure to use all retaining valves to aid while recharging and to let the slack out gently, or we may wonder what broke the train in two.

In making water crane stops with freight trains, the most successful way is to stop short of the crane, cut-off, and run up with the light engine. In this way time will be saved, the contents of the cars will not be shifted, couplers will not be cracked, and the conductor will be on the floor instead of up against the roof, or part inside the window and part out.

How many times does an engineer slow his train down to four or five miles an hour, and then drag along two or three hundred feet so that it will not be necessary to uncouple the engine? When the water crane is reached, the emergency is used if he thinks he is about to run by. If he does go by, and the grade is the

wrong way, it certainly makes things more interesting, for the rail is generally wet and has a fair amount of grease on it at a water plug.

If we want to save time, property, and hard feelings, we should try getting the slack well bunched, and then come right down to a stop, cut off, and run up after water. In doing this way, we should always leave the train brakes applied until the brakeman swings us ahead; by so doing, we cannot start the train when the engine is recoupled, if the brakeman has neglected to open both angle cocks.

If the crew persists in applying two or three hand brakes on the hind end, "to keep the slack stretched," they must expect to play leap-frog about the time the engineer figures on having the slack bunched and proceeds to make a heavier reduction.

A BRAKE APPLICATION.

Most air-brake people are in the habit of distinguishing between brake applications and reductions as follows: "Several reductions may be made during one application, but one application refers to the time from which the brake was first applied until released."

We all say that, but it really is not what is meant, for in descending a long grade where retaining valves are used, the brakes are not released entirely until after the retainer handles are lowered at the foot of the grade; and yet, if we were asked how many applications of the brake were made, we would govern our answer by the number of times we had recharged.

Would it not be better to say that several reductions could be made during one application, but that one application covered the time from which the triple pistons left release position until they returned to the same position? This would be absolutely correct, might be the means of removing a stumbling-block for beginners, and give a more intelligent idea of what an application really is.

QUESTION AND ANSWER COLUMN.

Q. W. N. My pump works all right when I first start it, but after the pump governor once shuts off the steam supply the pump will not start again until the red hand has fallen back five or ten pounds. I wish you would tell what could be the matter with a pump to make it act like this.

A. The trouble is probably with the pump governor, instead of with the pump. There is a small pin hole in the governor that occasionally becomes closed by particles of burnt oil or scale. The hole is in about the middle of the governor, and usu-

ally points toward the boiler. Take a pin, or a very small piece of steel pointed at the end, and open this relief port and the trouble will disappear. When this port is closed there is no way for the air to escape that is allowed to reach the chamber above the governor piston when the pin valve is unseated. The air above the piston forces it down, and thus closes the steam valve. When the pin valve closes, the air confined above the piston escapes to the atmosphere through the relief port; but, if it is closed, the air has to leak by the governor-piston packing ring and pass out at the drip-pipe connection, before the piston can rise and unseat the steam valve. As it takes time for the air to leak by the piston packing ring, according to its fit in the bushing, the piston is slow in rising and the pump acts as you described.

Q. J. A. S. I have an engine, and the air whistle blows all right on one train and responds only when it should, but on the other train I get every other day the whistle blows once in a while of its own accord when no one is near the signal chord and no one is on the engine. It never does it when the engine is alone, and only does it with one of the two trains I pull. If there is a leak, I don't see why the reducing valve doesn't supply it.

A. Your trouble probably consists of a combination of two things. On one of the trains there is a signal-line leak, while on your engine you have a tight-fitting stem 10 in bushing 9 of the signal valve, together with a sluggish reducing valve, which does not respond to a very slight leak. The leak is first felt above the signal-valve diaphragm, and the pressure below raises it, as, owing to the fit of stem 10 being too tight, the pressure in the chamber below the diaphragm cannot feed out by stem 10 sufficiently fast to keep equalized with the signal-pipe pressure. When the diaphragm is lifted the whistle is blown, and the sudden reduction of pressure causes the reducing valve to open, recharge the signal line and close the signal valve. It may be that the stem is simply dirty and needs cleaning.

Q. F. D. W. Why is it that wheels are always slid flat when a train is moving slowly? Why should they not be slid when going fast, if the brake-cylinder pressure is the same in both cases?

A. The slower a wheel is rotating, the less is the inertia, or force due to the rotation of the wheel, to be overcome; and the slower the wheel tread rubs against the shoe, the greater is the friction between the two. The friction between the wheel and the rail remains constant, regardless of the speed.

The above facts were evolved from a system of tests made some years ago, and known as the Westinghouse-Galton tests.

THE JOURNAL.

Published monthly, 307 Society for Savings Bldg.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CHARLES H. SALMONS, - Editor and Manager.

Articles for Correspondence Department should be written on one side of the paper only, and must be at this office not later than the 10th, and for the Technical Department not later than the 12th of the month, to insure insertion in current number. Noms de plume may be used, but name and address of the writer must be given, or matter will not be used.

All matters for publication, Division addresses, etc., should be addressed to the Editor. The Editor reserves the right to use or reject matter for the reading columns entirely on its merits. The reading columns will not be sold for advertising purposes.

All money matters should be addressed to T. S. INGRAHAM, F. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg. Send New York or Chicago draft, Express money order or Postal order, but never send personal check, it is useless.

Changes in Address of the JOURNAL subscribers and orders for Division supplies should be addressed to D. EVERETT, T. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg.

Advertising Department matter and all correspondence relating thereto should be addressed to W. N. GATES, 409 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.



JANUARY, 1901.

The New Year and Success.

With this issue begins the new year 1901 and the first of the new century, a condition that can come but once in a lifetime; and it would seem more than an ordinarily opportune time for resolves for higher moral and intellectual attainments, for more strict adherence to the principles of that true fellowship and the performance of those duties which give strength to society to guard its welfare, and strength to the Brotherhood to foster the interests of its membership, financially, socially and morally. One of the greatest essentials to the upbuilding of this social strength is social touch, which brings with it community of interest, and we cannot bring this about unless there is a general effort to be not only civil, but social in our intercourse with others. A stiff nod may be classed as civility, but it has no social strength, and in adversity would induce none to come to your aid by virtue of any good impressions you had yourself created; nor must we be too exacting in our choice. "All men have faults, and whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what

he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding the faults" we surely possess, though we do not care to point them out, even to ourselves, and we should be ready to overlook ordinary ones in others; and remember that to gain friends we must be one, and make that a demonstrated fact. As James Whitcomb Riley says in his poem, God will sprinkle sunshine—

If you should see a fellow-man with trouble's flag unfurled,
An' lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world,
Go up and slap him on the back, and holler,
"How d'you do?"
And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you.
Then ax him what's a-hurtin' him, an' laugh his cares away,
And tell him that the darkest night is just before the day.
Don't talk in graveyard palavar, but say it right out loud,
That God will sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain;
Some days are bright and sunny, and some all sloshed with rain,
And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds roll by
We'll know just how to 'preciate the bright and smiling sky.
So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat at the pores
Because the Lord's opinion don't coincide with yours
But always keep rememberin', when cares your path enshroud,
That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the cloud.

This is not so hard to do, and if we resolve to do it, it will soon become habituary with us and we will not only feel better ourselves for having done it, but we shall have done that which tends most to solidify the ties that give strength and power to our efforts for mutual benefits.

If every member of the B. of L. E. at the beginning of the new year and the new century will resolve that he will do what his conscience tells him he ought to do, and not to manufacture excuses for dereliction of duty which involves intolerance of other people's opinions, we shall have the grandest social institution extant, with unlimited powers for good. To be in fact what our law contemplates as consti-

tuting a Brother is all that is needed. May we hope that every Brother will resolve to be in fact what the law contemplates he should be, imbued with a desire for a brotherly, social fellowship, tolerant of others' opinions and liberal as to others' faults, which we all have in some degree. It is the one remedy for every weak spot in the organization, and will, if put in practice, let the sunshine of unity and strength into every Division room, and every member will carry a ray of happiness into his own home.

The Editor will give his best energies and thought for the upbuilding of the organization and the betterment of the JOURNAL, which extends New Year's greetings to all its readers.

Legal Propositions.

Our attention has been called to the fact that involved in Resolution No. 39, adopted by the Milwaukee Convention, appears this clause: *That our official JOURNAL, shall suggest and advocate each month the passage of laws by our State Legislatures beneficial to the members of the B. of L. E.*

The resolution does not define who shall accomplish this prodigious task, nor provide any financial means for carrying it out; and as the whole work of conducting the JOURNAL falls wholly upon the Editor of the JOURNAL, we have not attempted compliance, for we, of all things, do not desire to mislead. The resolution involves the presentation of twenty-four law propositions that are wanted by members of the B. of L. E. between the two conventions. Such work could not be handled by anyone other than a first-class lawyer, who has access to some law library which covers the law of every state in the union. For instance, an arbitration law proposition which might be a correct proposition for Ohio would conflict with one already in force in the state of Illinois, and a license law proposition for Ohio would come in conflict with one in the state of New York passed in the interest of stationery engineers. So it is readily seen that any proposition can only be presented and its merits discussed after a careful study of

the law of all the states, in order to know in which states any of the twenty-four propositions would stand the test of the state constitutional law.

As we said before, we are unwilling to attempt to do an impossible thing, or attempt to do something more likely to mislead than lead wisely. In this issue will be found two pages of law already in force, from which those who desire may make a choice. They are: Hours of Labor—Nebraska; Fellow-Servant Law—North Dakota; Protection of Workingmen in the Right of Organization—Texas; Preferences of Labor Claims—Michigan; and Forgery, etc., of Employers' Letters of Recommendation, Receipts for Dues, etc., of Railroad Employees—Wisconsin. We will follow these with such other laws as are now in force in states of which we can obtain record, and in doing this we shall feel that we are doing all that is possible for us to do to comply with Resolution No. 39.

The Journal.

Brother Van Gordon, in a letter in the Correspondence Department of this issue, corroborates the opinion expressed by many others, that there should be less pictures of children, ordinary engines, etc., of purely local interest, but goes further, and says he thinks the Division Addresses, G. I. A. Division Addresses, and that of the G. C. of A. should be eliminated, or, at least, not appear oftener than semi-annually. This leads us to discuss the question to some extent, for his letter might lead others to fall in line with this thought. We desire to say that we have presented this question at two different conventions, which resulted in a decision by the delegates that they should be left in, and at the Milwaukee Convention a motion prevailed that the Divisions should be put in by states, and this matter could not be eliminated except by an action of the convention.

We think as our correspondents do, that there should be less switch engines and matters of the character that are seen every day, and have neither novelty nor educational qualifications. We hoped that the opinions of the correspondents, expressed

so forcefully and all on one side of the question, would bring an end to this class of pictures, but we are afraid we are doomed to disappointment, as they still come. We should regret very much to be forced by public opinion as expressed by our correspondents to have to make a ruling against them, and we hope those who have pictures to send in will remember that when we invited them in the first place, we requested those of special interest, and the sender to write as much about them as they could, and we would add as much as we could to make the matter interesting and instructive, and thereby add to the value of the picture. But our good intentions soon got sidetracked and a wild train got the main line. We would like the help of our Brothers in presenting good things, accompanied by the best story they can tell about them,—something that will interest every reader,—and we will do all we can to add interest to it. Do not send pictures of wrecks, they are prohibited by action of our last convention. Do not send pictures unless of more than ordinary importance with request for their return. The Editor has added to the work of the department until long days are required to accomplish the task he has set for himself, and his time is too valuable to be consumed in hunting up soiled photographs and packing them for the mails. Give us your help in giving us matters of interest to all, and we shall all be able to look pleasant and feel so.

Third Assistant Postmaster General.

We have been favored with the annual report of the Third Assistant Postmaster General for the year ending June 30, 1900. It makes a book of 119 pages, showing the ramification of this great department of public service, with an income of \$102,354,579.28, and an expenditure of \$107,740,267.99, showing a deficit of \$5,385,688.70, which, however, is a decrease in deficit over 1899 of \$1,225,088.05, which is due primarily to Brother Madden's wise administration and rulings on matter admitted as third class in violation of the intention of the law governing that class of mail matter.

The privilege of sending "sample copy" at the one-cent-per-pound rate had grown into a glaring abuse, and tons of pure advertising matter, serial novels, and a long list of encroachments on the one cent per pound privilege never intended by the law makers. Brother Madden has gone about his reforms and other improvements in the service in a quiet, businesslike manner, and has succeeded in rooting out some of the evils that create deficits, and recommends amendments to the law looking to the eventual wiping out of the deficit and making the department self-sustaining. He has introduced a number of new devices and modes of transacting business that not only save time and expense, but have proven very pleasing innovations, both to the personnel of the Postal Department and the public who are inconvenienced by them.

We have felt more than a common interest in this report, from the fact that the Third Assistant Postmaster General, who makes such a splendid showing as a public official heading a department of extraordinary magnitude, is a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, the General Edwin C. Madden being a member of Div. 1, Detroit, Mich. Our Brother is deserving of the highest compliment for his untiring efforts and business success as a public official, bringing honor to himself and, indirectly, to the B. of L. E., which he represents, at least in a quasi sense, which pleases our whole membership, whom we feel sure will join us in wishing Brother Madden continued success and higher attainments.

Sunbury (Pa.) Union Meeting.

Under the auspices of the B. of L. E., B. of L. F., O. R. C., B. of R. T., B. R. C. of A. and O. R. T. there have been many pleasant gatherings in our history, and the remembrance of them fills us with delight as we ponder on the hallowed and blessed associations of the past, of the friendships formed, of new ties created, and renewed pledges given to perpetuate our Brotherhood. On Sunday, Dec. 2, 1900, at Sunbury, Pa., we had the pleasure to add another link in the great chain of happy memorials that surround our organization.

We left Harrisburg, Pa., Sunday morn-

ing at 7:30 on a special train, generously furnished by the General Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and arrived at Sunbury at 8:45 A. M. We were met at the depot by a committee of the various railway organizations, which extended us a most hearty and cordial greeting.

The secret meeting was held promptly at 10:30 A. M., in the Court House, which was attended by at least five or six hundred members of the several departments of train service, which of itself was an evidence of the importance of the meeting and of the intense interest manifested to keep alive the friendship and protect the welfare and future prosperity of the employees in general.

The public meeting was held in the Opera House promptly at 2:30 P. M., according to the following program:

Music.
Prayer.
Address of Welcome...by Mayor F. E. Drumheller.
Music.
Address—B. of L. E.....Deloss Everett.
Music.
Address—O. R. C.....C. E. Plum.
Duet.....Misses Carrie Kline and Ella Coder.
Music.
Address—B. of L. F.....Charles Wilson.
Address—B. of R. T.....P. H. Morrissey.
Solo.....Miss Carrie Kline,
with Orchestra accompaniment.
Address—B. R. C. of A.....W. H. Ronemus
Music.

Mr. F. E. Drumheller, who is not only the mayor of the city and proprietor of the leading hotel of the place, but also, as the writer has been informed, an eminent physician, made remarks, which were greeted with rounds of applause. After he made his address of welcome, the railroad boys of Sunbury were loud in their praises of their chief magistrate.

Bro. P. M. Arthur, Grand Chief of the B. of L. E., who could not be present, was represented by Bro. D. Everett, Third Grand Engineer, who delivered an address on patriotism and true manhood, and said in part:

The patriot is a man who loves his country, and true manhood represents courage, bravery, resolution and honor. There is an inspiration in that word, and we bow with reverence and respect when we speak of the immortal Washington and his noble band of patriots, who baptised the nation with their blood that we might enjoy the priceless liberty of American freemen. They thoroughly understood and practiced the true principles of patriotism. They knew it meant life or death, and the building of a nation where the spirit of liberty should exist or the downfall and destruction of a principle that was destined to raise mankind to the highest pinnacle of a sacred and honored manhood. That they succeeded is a matter of history, and their deeds have echoed the wide world over, until today the principles for which they fought and died have permeated every nook and corner of the planet on which we live, which, after the lapse of over one hundred and

twenty-four years, the nations of the earth have learned to look upon the true American citizen as the very incarnation of what constitutes honesty and patriotism. True patriotism is only developed through the crucible of trial, when some mighty issue is at stake, which either involves the happiness of a class or the interest of an entire nation.

The railways are the links in the mighty chain of trade and commerce that binds itself not only around our vast commercial affairs, but around the welfare and happiness of every home in the land. That the men who conceived and built the early railroads were truly patriotic, none will deny. They were undoubtedly men who, like the prophets of old, were imbued with the spirit of prophecy and could discern the coming events, and with patriotism in their souls and faith in their enterprise they put their wealth into these operations, trusting that the country would develop in such a way as to bring success as a reward for the sacrifice they had made; for it is a fact that many an honorable man lost every dollar he had in trying to build up the first railways of America, and the efforts of such men are to be appreciated and given a place in our memory as patriotic and heroic lovers of their country.

Coupled with these men, we now want to speak of that little group of patriots who first conceived the idea of founding the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Whether they were prophets or not has been fully demonstrated in our history. That they builded better than they knew is fully conceded by all who are acquainted with our organization. Their patriotism, like the founders of our republic, was tried in the fires of persecution, but happily they survived them all, and lived to build an organization which now extends over the whole continent of North America, and is an honor and a credit to their names. They were men who in that day represented the true spirit of the age, that of the betterment of their condition and the elevation of their profession. Their ideal was not imaginary, for the standard of principles they adopted have challenged the admiration of all mankind, from the dawn of civilization to the present hour. With a determination that had for its foundation the everlasting and immutable law of justice, they flung their banners to the breeze, and inscribed upon them in letters of living fire, Sobriety, Truth, Justice and Morality, and went forth to battle for a brighter day, and a more ennobling future for the locomotive engineers of this country. Those of us who are living today are reaping the fruits of their toil and labor, and as a class are blest beyond description as a result of the sacrifices they have made. The mountain tops and hillsides of the whole world are dotted with monuments dedicated to the heroes of the past of every age and clime, who have been conspicuous for their bravery on land and sea, and their fame is heralded today even from out the centuries of the past. To forget them would be an act of ingratitude, which in its very nature would baffle all description. While it would be utterly impossible for us to erect a monument on every hill top in

our land in memory of the departed heroes of the rail, yet we can come together in meetings of this kind, and as we lay our offering on the altar of gratitude, we can perpetuate their memories and hand their names down to posterity, as a band of men whose valor and honor remains unsullied, and the high ideal that they established we can well afford to emulate, cherish and respect. We are not living in the past only as it comes to us in memory; sacred as it may be, it will not suffice for the present. Ours is the duty of the hours in which we live, and we must meet it in a manly and honorable way, by practicing with true fidelity the principles as represented in our Brotherhood. To boast of our past achievements would be an exhibition of vanity that would detract in a great measure from the beneficent work that we have accomplished as an organization. Our record as it appears on the pages of history speaks for itself and needs no vindication at our hands, and I am not going to weary you with an elaborate address on this subject. Suffice to say I am happy to be with you, and trust I have been the means of contributing in some measure to the success of your meeting, and hope that our future will be characterized by a career that will be far more brilliant than the past, in an earnest endeavor to keep our standard on that plane of excellence that will receive the commendation of every honest man, and that we may be able to hand down its cares and responsibilities to those who come after us, trusting that they will perpetuate this Brotherhood that has been a blessing to the country, to the widows and orphans, and to the locomotive engineer.

In conclusion, I want to say a few words about the priceless benefits that have come to us through our Insurance Department, whereby it has made it possible to disburse over nine million dollars to the widows and orphans of this branch of our society. We cannot find language that would do justice in the eulogy that should be given to such an exalted and worthy cause.

Following Brother Everett, Bro. C. E. Plum, of the O. R. C., who had the honor of representing their Grand Conductor, Bro. E. E. Clark, made a short address, which was well received.

The speech delivered on this occasion by the champion of the trainmen will long be remembered by those who had the pleasure of being present. Bro. P. H. Morrissey, Grand Master of that organization, gave a most brilliant and forcible exposition of the principles of organized labor. His elucidations could not be misunderstood. They were clear and utterly devoid of anything that was misleading in their nature. That he did his subject justice was fully attested by all who heard him, for he received an ovation that would have been a credit to any speaker in the land.

The Brotherhood of Railway Carmen was ably represented by Bro. W. H. Ronemus, who gave a short sketch of their history.

The Hon. J. N. Weiler was to have appeared in behalf of the telegraphers, but owing to some unavoidable occurrence he was not present, and we will have to apologize by omitting their speaker, as we have forgotten his name.

The duet rendered by Misses Carrie Kline and Ella Coder deserves special mention. The writer has visited many union meetings, but at not one did he ever listen to any sweeter music or any that was given in a more artistic style than on this occasion. The solo given by Miss Carrie Kline, with orchestra accompaniment, was simply delightful, both a credit to the singer and the artists who assisted. Sunbury should deem it an honor to have such splendid musical talent as was represented at this meeting.

The last address of the day was given by Bro. Chas. Wilson, Second Vice-Grand Master of the B. of L. F., who presented the benefits of fraternal organizations in an able manner.

A parting word to the committee who acted so noble a part in caring for their guests. They were equal to the duties of the hour, and to their credit everything worked like a charm, and they have every reason to feel elated over the first union meeting ever held in Sunbury. At 7:30 P. M. the conductor shouted All aboard! and the Pennsylvania special steamed out of Sunbury homeward bound for Harrisburg, Pa., where we arrived at 8:50 P. M. Thus closes another gathering which is entitled to a green spot in our memory.

A VISITOR.

Newark, O., Union Meeting.

A successful union meeting was held in Newark, O., on December 1 and 2, under the auspices of the B. of L. E., O. R. C., B. of L. F., B. of R. T., and O. R. T., mostly employees of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

A secret session was held in the K. of P. Hall, on Saturday, for a general discussion of matters pertaining to the best interests of the organizations, lasting from 10 o'clock A. M. to 3 o'clock P. M., and after adjournment many listened to a concert on the square given by the Buckeye Band.

On Sunday evening, a public meeting was held at Memorial Auditorium, and by the time set, 7:30 P. M., the Auditorium was packed with probably the largest audience that ever assembled in it, and many were unable to gain admission. The stage was tastefully decorated with ferns and palms. Of this meeting we glean the fol-

lowing from the Newark *American Tribune*:

The meeting was presided over by Mr. U. G. Ferguson, Chief Conductor of the O. R. C., of Newark, who said:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It is a pleasure for me, on behalf of the railway men of Newark, to greet you tonight, and to express appreciation for your attendance in such large numbers at this meeting. It is a matter of pride that Newark has secured this representative gathering for railroad men from the entire B. & O. system and our surrounding states. The members of the committee in charge of arrangements of this gathering feel that they have been especially fortunate in securing the presence on this occasion of the Chief Officers of the five great railway organizations, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Order of Railway Conductors, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, and Order of Railway Telegraphers, and the several organizations, together with the citizens of Newark, feel highly honored by the presence of the distinguished Governor of the state, the Honorable Geo. K. Nash. An exceedingly interesting program awaits your attention, and without further consumption of time I again thank you for your attendance. I have the pleasure of announcing the program. The first number will be a selection by the Auditorium Band, entitled "Tanhauser's March," by Wagner.

The addresses were interspersed by the following: A solo, "His Last Run," by Miss Kittie C. Ferguson, was rendered in a sweet manner and touched the sympathetic chord of all. Mrs. Henry Hammond pleased her hearers in her rendition of "The Holy City," while the quartette, Messrs. Wall, Evans, Marshall and Dickinson, greatly delighted the audience with two songs, "Lead, Kindly Light," and "The Sweetest Story Ever Told," responding after the latter song to an encore.

Miss Ethelda Z. Perry very pleasingly rendered a piano solo, "Bartholdi Monument," while Miss S. Acenia Price, in her taking manner, recited "The Railway Crew" and "Johnny Bartholomew."

Mayor Atherton, on being introduced, said in part: "I consider myself highly honored to be able to speak to this vast audience here present tonight. I have been acquainted with the railroad men here in Newark for the past fifteen years, and have always found them upright in all their dealings and willing to help their fellowmen. I know from my own observation that the railroad men are more sociable than people in common, and that they are always ready to help one another. To those who are here as delegates and all others, I extend all the freedom of the city of Newark, and wish that they may all feel at home, and I am sure that you will find us all ready to welcome you. We hope you will all have a pleasant time and go away feeling that you will want to come again."

The Grand Chief of the B. of L. E., P. M. Arthur, was then introduced and received a cordial welcome. He said in part: "I am led to understand that it is the impression of the people

that the railroad men had gathered in Newark for the purpose of creating trouble, and I hope I may be able to say to all persons who entertain such thoughts that we railroad men have other work to do besides promoting trouble. We are not banded together for that purpose. I consider the immense gathering here as a great compliment to the organizations here represented. I have no prepared address for this evening, but will deliver a plain, practical talk, which I hope will be of benefit to the men and officials. Much grand and glorious work has been done for the railroad men in the last thirty-eight years, and I thank God that I have lived to see this day, and for the fact that I have had some small share in the building up of the order I represent, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers."

He then gave a history of the struggle for recognition and the benefits that have accrued from organized effort, and defined the duties of the individual members and the objects of the organization.

"We believe in justice, fair play and a just recompense for our work. If there be differences between the company and men, we say to the committee, investigate. We desire closer relations with employers and I can say that the relations of the Brotherhood today with the B. & O. Company are most friendly. The company has done much for the comfort of the men in the way of furnishing reading rooms, etc., which is greatly appreciated by the employees. The company is spending thousands of dollars yearly for the benefit of the men, and the organization claims the honor of being the cause of the improvements. If it were not for the Brotherhood you men would be receiving less than one-half the wages you now receive.

Mr. Arthur eulogized the Ladies' Auxiliaries, and spoke of the good work they are doing, and said the same of the other Brotherhoods. He also spoke of being in Newark in 1877, when everything looked so dark for the men, and how glad he was that everything had ended so well.

"Those who looked with distrust upon the gathering here I hope will go home without this thought. We believe that our greatest accomplishments came through kind words, fair dealing and a high moral standard."

Grand Master Sargent, of the B. of L. E., followed the Grand Chief with a pleasing address.

Then came one of the most important addresses of the evening, that of Governor Geo. K. Nash, on the subject, "What the Railroad Men are to the Nation." The Governor said:

"I came because I wanted to come, for I wished to meet the railroad men of the Baltimore & Ohio system, and those who have done so much for the nation. The number of men employed by the railroads in Ohio is about 57,000, and in the United States nearly 1,000,000. Men in such numbers can not but have a great effect in the important affairs of the nation. In Ohio there is paid out yearly to railroad employees, \$38,000,000, and in the nation \$600,000,000.

"The work done for the country is of the utmost importance and to be a railroad man a person

must be an intelligent man. The men now at the head of the great railway corporations were at one time the lowest and most humble employees of the road, and to become such trusted officials you must be careful in your work. That you are careful is evidenced by the fact that there have been but few great railroad disasters.

"The people of this country, when they enter the trains to travel, freely commit themselves to your care with a feeling of safety, for they know you will do your best to bring them safely to their destination. The products of the country are carried by your skill to the seaports of the nation, and from there dispatched to all parts of the world. We have become the richest and greatest nation on the globe, and greatly through the efforts of the railroad men. Of course, the other trades have done their share in upbuilding the nation, but unless we had had the railroads these products of their skill could not be transported from one port to another. In time of war, you have also done great service in transporting troops, etc. I believe that the condition of the railroad men is better than it was thirty-five years ago, and I wish to express the hope and desire that you railroad men will have all the benefit and happiness that your efforts can produce."

A. B. Garretson, Assistant Grand Chief of the O. R. C., made a short but interesting talk on Brotherhoods, and the railroad man in general.

Rev. B. M. O'Boylan was then introduced, who said in part:

"The subject you have assigned me is 'The Harmony that Should Exist between Capital and Labor.' Now, the question that has agitated the best minds ever since the formation of the civil state is the one that has regard to the proper adjustment of the means to right living. I will speak on this subject in its bearing on a people like ourselves, who live under the flag of a Christian republic. It may be asked: Is it not enough that capital gives to labor sufficient pay to enable the laborer to live decently? 1st. I answer: If by living decently is meant that a man lives like a Christian in a Christian commonwealth, I readily grant that the compensation which he receives in return for his labor to live in that way is both just and sufficient; for it means that he has enough, according to his position, to supply the wants of his body and mind, and also to enable him to take sufficient time and rest for the care of his immortal soul. 2nd. If, however, by decent living is meant that a man has sufficient to provide only for his body, without any care for his soul, or without taking into consideration the obligations he is under to the divine and natural law, I answer that such a provision and such a state of life are alike beneath the dignity of man and unworthy of citizens of a free country. You cannot divorce from his nature the duty one owes to his Creator without, at the same time, dissolving the ties and obligations by which he is bound to his fellow-man. Now, the man who is willing to work every day of the year without regard to the law of rest, or who is willing to work for a pittance which is barely sufficient to keep soul and body together, is not only unworthy of the name of man, but he is also

unworthy of protection from the oppressor; and he is as much accountable for human slavery and tyranny as the tyrant or despot who would crush him under his heel. Hence, if our country is to continue in its march of progress, growing in strength and wealth and influence, and withal advancing on the upward path of true liberty, its citizens without regard to cast, both those who rule as well as those who are governed, must never forget that there is a higher law than that which regulates commerce, and a Supreme Judge, before whom all judges, rulers and people must bend their heads and render humble obedience.

"In the light of these truths I can define my position. That which will bring about harmony between capital and labor is: 1st. On the part of capital the payment of honest wages, which will enable the laborer to do his duty toward his God, himself, his family, his fellow-man and his country. 2nd. On the part of labor the laborer must never voluntarily accept a wage that will not enable him to fulfill his duty towards his God, his neighbor and himself. To regulate this would seem at first sight to be impossible, but if men will thoroughly investigate the question, it will be found that it would be much easier to enforce the proposition I have advanced than it is to settle the troubles arising from the present state of the question.

"As the dishonest merchant who sells his goods at less than cost necessarily brings about disturbances and distress in commercial circles, so the dishonest laborer who accepts starvation wages from grinding and merciless capitalists of necessity brings about strikes and all the disastrous consequences that follow in their trail. But it may be objected. Would it not be infringing on the rights of the individual to permit the state to regulate the price of wages or the cost of the thing produced? And if so, is not this socialism? I answer: The state is supreme, and has a right to interfere with individual rights when the public good demands it. You know how it condemns the property of individuals and corporations when their rights stand in the way of the common weal. The authority of the state has its limits, and within those limits it never can be charged with socialism. The use of authority, like the use of food or drink, must not exceed its legitimate bounds. It must not, for example, infringe on the moral law; nor on the private property of its subjects, unless, as I have already indicated, in the case of the public good; it must not interfere with the free exercise of any religion when religion is exercised within the circle of common sense and right reason and does not conflict with the just laws of the civil government; but I cannot see why the state should not make laws to regulate the price of commodities and the price of labor, and also to protect innocent purchasers from extortioners. It makes laws regulating usury; why should it not make laws to regulate every other business? The unjust usurer is liable to punishment; why not punish every injustice? Moreover, there can never be any danger from the state that recognizes the voice of Him who said: 'By me kings rule and lawgivers dispense just things.' Nor can there be

any danger on the other side, from the citizens who believe that 'there is no power but from God. Therefore, he who resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God; and they who resist purchase to themselves damnation.'

"Give no ear to the socialist who tells you that all shall belong to the state. Would you be willing that the state should absorb the family and the individual? Would you be willing that it should confiscate your property which you earned by the sweat of your brow? If not, then close your ears to the socialist, and listen to Him who alone can make you truly free; to Him who will wreak vengeance on the heads of unjust rulers, and who listens to the cry of justice on the oppressors of the poor, as well as on those who wage rebellion against the governments and laws of Christian commonwealths. To the laborer I would bear this message: If capital will not respect your just demands, then band yourselves together into unions founded on the constitution and the moral law. Then formulate your righteous demands and place them in the hands of those who seek your suffrage, and pledge yourselves to vote only for those who will in turn pledge themselves to you that they will support your rights in the House and Senate of your capital. Have laws made that will protect you, not only against the unjust capitalist, but also against the unjust laborer. Liberty and a Christian state demand this. No man is deserving of the rights of citizenship who degrades either capital or labor. But never forget the words of the greatest of the evangelists: 'Where the spirit of God is, there is liberty!'

"To talk about developing social virtues without recognizing this principle in liberty would be like attempting to cultivate sapless branches that were lopped from the parent stem. Political economists, sociologists and philanthropists who seek for a solution to the knotty question of settling the troubles between capital and labor, may write very learnedly on the subject; but their learning, if not guided by the spirit of Divine Love, is but a barren field of theories which can never produce good fruit.

"The dual virtue of charity holds the key to the solution of my subject and is the only solid foundation on which to build a society or a state which is destined to endure the shock of political disturbances. This will make the ruling and the ruled respect each other's rights; this will bind the people of a country to their native land; this alone will produce true patriots and bring about that harmony which can make this earth what its Creator intended it to be, and under the reign of its holy sway, universal, God-given liberty will be the inheritance of every child born beneath the flag of our republic."

On account of the sickness of Grand Master P. H. Morrissey, T. R. Dodge, Vice-Grand Master of the B. of R. T., delivered an interesting address relative to the benefits received from the organization of the trainmen.

The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Lester S. Boyce, and one of the most successful union meetings ever held in Newark came to a close.

LINKS.

THE Indiana Legislature will convene on the 10th of January, 1901, and the B. of L. E. Legislative Board of the State will be called to the capital about the same date. There are twenty Divisions in the state, and each one should send a representative. It is expected that the conductors, firemen and trainmen will send representatives.

WM. M. BLYTHE, F. A. E., Div. II.

THE continued story in the Correspondence Department of this issue is written by the wife of one of our Brother engineers, and has in it a good lesson in charitable thought, especially in what is to come in the February number. The picture she paints is worthy of being put into practice in all our associations as members of a common family with common interests that should reach out to every member of each individual family if overtaken by adversity.—EDITOR.

OUR premium list of watches still holds good for 1901. They are first-class in every respect, and worthy of an extraordinary effort, which will not be required. Just a good ordinary effort will get one of these watches, and we do not know of another premium with anything like the value of these watches. We not only recommend them as good premiums, but first-class timepieces. Let us have a large list this year. Help yourselves to a watch. Help swell the widows' and orphans' fund and the circulation of the JOURNAL. See list at the end of Division Addresses.

BRO. S. D. HUTCHINS, of Div. 34, air-brake expert for the Westinghouse Company, delivered an interesting and instructive lecture on "Air Brakes" at the hall of Div. 34, B. of L. E., Columbus, O., Nov. 11, 1900, to which all employees in train service, whether members of the orders or not, and the operating officers of all roads, were invited. Brother Hutchins is so patient and painstaking that all appreciate and enjoy his lectures. We wish we could hear them oftener. He also presented the Division with three beautiful illustrated charts, for which he has the thanks of the

members of Div. 34. Come often, Sam, and give us a glimpse of your smiling face.
G. K.

BRO. C. B. HUTCHINSON, of Div. 61, Boston, Mass., has been honored with promotion to the position of Master Mechanic of the C. & P. Division B. & M. R. R., with headquarters at Lyndenville, Vt. Brother Hutchinson has been Traveling Engineer for the past three years. Division 61 wishes Brother Hutchinson the best of success in his new position for which he is well qualified.
G. R. D.

BRO. W. C. BATCHELDER, of Div. 335, has been honored with the promotion to Traveling Engineer for the Concord and White Mountains Divisions, Boston & Maine Railway. Brother Batchelder has been a loyal member of Div. 335 and has always been ready to do his duty by serving on committees to better our condition, and we believe he will be just to the employee without forgetting the interests of the company he serves, and that the officials will have no occasion to regret the selection they have made.
F. A. E., Div. 335.

BRO. GEORGE TAYLERSEN, of Div. 345, Olean, N. Y., has been honored with the promotion of Road Foreman of Engines of the Buffalo and Rochester Divisions of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a position which he had held for fourteen years under the W. N. Y. & P. system, and will have an office on Babcock street, Buffalo. Div. 345 and his many friends in Olean are much pleased with his promotion under the new management, and wish him continued success.
Fraternally yours,

JNO. C. HAMILTON, F. A. E., Div. 345.

BRO. EDWARD R. BREWER, a picture of whom, with his grandson, appears on page 762, December JOURNAL, writes us that he belongs to Div. 273 instead of 173, and says he is the oldest member of Div. 273 and the oldest on the Buffalo Division of the Nickel Plate Railway, having been in its employ during the construction period. He will be 69 years old on Jan. 19, 1901. Brother Brewer says some one "running wild" sent in his picture, but we think he has earned a right to space in the JOURNAL by long, honorable and successful service, both for the company he serves and as a member of the B. of L. E.

Div. 290 wishes to thank the members of Div. 304 for the interest and kindly assistance rendered at the burial of our deceased Brother, J. A. Creeper, at Clare, Mich.

C. J. WHEBATT, F. A. E., Div. 290.

Div. 299, Roswell, N. M., has just been the recipient of the handsome Bible which was donated some fifteen years ago to Div. 299, then located in Brooklyn, N. Y. Now Brother and Sister Booth, of Div. 269, and Auxiliary Div. 244, present the same to the members of the new Division, No. 299, located at Roswell, N. M., who received it with the greatest pleasure and they heartily thank the donors for their kindness, and they trust the Bible will admonish them to strive both for high moral attainments and the future success of Div. 299.

Fraternally,

M. D. CARLTON, F. A. E.

ON November 20th, members of Divisions 169, 267 and 441, of Syracuse, N. Y., and their wives, met at the rooms of Div. 169 to attend a public installation of officers of Union Auxiliary. The hall, under the management of the ladies, was beautifully decorated with palms and potted plants.

The ladies had met in the afternoon to organize with Sister Andrew Erhardt, of Rochester, who was appointed by Sister St. Clair as organizer.

After the ceremonies had been gone through with Bro. Edward Burns and Bro. J. M. Watson delivered addresses. Presentations were made to Sister Erhardt, Organizer, and to Sister Fogarty, President, of beautiful chrysanthemums, after which the party adjourned to the dining-room, where a sumptuous banquet was served. The remainder of the evening was taken up by social intercourse. Union Auxiliary starts in with a membership of forty-five and extends a cordial invitation to all other Syracuse ladies who are eligible to join them. ONE WHO WAS THERE.

ANOTHER mark of respect and recognized ability has been shown to one of our members in the promotion of Bro. R. Peters, of Div. 441. Brother Peters, who for many years has been Engine Dispatcher on the West Shore Division of the New York Central, has been honored by his appointment to a more important and lucrative position, to fill the place made vacant by the death of our honored Brother, S. A. Brayton, as Engine Dispatcher of the New York Central system at Syracuse, N. Y. Bro. Chas. H. Hogan, our worthy Master Mechanic, recognizing the ability of Brother Peters, made no mistake in putting him in charge of one if not the most important point under his jurisdiction, where his interests and those of his men will be well cared for under Brother Peters' charge; and while his former friends and associates who, by his just and impartial ways, and whose respect he had enjoyed for so many years, were loath to lose him, are well pleased at his

good fortune in receiving well-earned and worthy promotion. T. F. F., Div. 441.

THE *Courier-Journal* special on the Southern Railway in Kentucky broke all records Wednesday morning, October 7, by making the run from Louisville to Lexington, a distance of 80 miles, in 86 minutes, with three slow-downs to six miles per hour and one stop for water, which would make the actual running time 80 miles in 80 minutes, or a fraction better. This is considered by the public and press the fastest long-distance run ever made in Kentucky, or south of the Ohio River. The train consisted of one baggage car, one combination car and Baldwin engine No. 999; Engineer H. Muir and Fireman A. C. Ransdell. In several places the speed reached 65 miles an hour, which is equal to the fastest trains in the country. The first 19 miles was run in 17 minutes, the first 32 miles in 31 minutes, and the first 63 miles in 60 minutes, with two slow-downs. We have carefully noted time of race trains, record breakers, etc., but under the circumstances the Southern is not far behind the times in record-breaking with this run. Great credit should be given Supt. H. B. Spencer for fine condition of roadbed, track, etc., and Mr. R. M. Boldridge, Master Mechanic, for fine condition of motive power.

THERE had been a notice posted on the board that there would be a special meeting of John Hill Div., 248, B. of L. E., Elkhart, Ind., on the evening of December 3rd. It also stated that our Grand Chief Engineer was expected to be present. There was much conjecturing on the part of the Brothers as to what the meeting was called for, but it all remained a mystery. However, thirty-five of the Brothers got together at the specified time, and after the meeting opened, Bro. J. Klopp, our Chief Engineer, informed us that he had heard from our Grand Chief Engineer, who informed us that it would be impossible for any of the Grand Officers to be with us. The mystery grew deeper. An alarm was then heard at the door. We then adjourned, and it was found that forty-six members of Div. 143, G. I. A. to the B. of L. E., and two visiting members of the G. I. A. at Toledo, O., were in waiting. Upon being admitted they presented Div. 248, B. of L. E., with a very fine and costly set of regalias. They were presented by Mrs. W. E. Clement, President of Div. 143, G. I. A., with a few well chosen words, and accepted by John Klopp, our Chief Engineer. Brother Klopp then read a letter from our Grand Chief Engineer, P. M. Arthur. Brother Arthur in his letter, gave some fine expressions of the very high

esteem in which he holds the G. I. A. all over the country. Remarks were made by several Brothers in which they expressed the voice of the members of this Division of the B. of L. E., that of surprise and thankfulness for the beautiful present. We were then informed by the G. I. A. that all must remain, as refreshments would be served. The Brothers did not need any further invitation, and judging from the smiling faces, the refreshments were very much enjoyed. After a happy social hour was spent we went to our homes feeling very thankful that we had a G. I. A. to our B. of L. E., especially one that took so deep an interest in our welfare, and it is the earnest desire of the members of John Hill Div., 248, that the G. I. A. may "grow and prosper." F. E. P.

Div. 492 is in a prosperous condition, having an enrollment of 110 members. Our business is being conducted on a sound financial basis, and our treasury is in good condition. We have established an air-brake school, to which we devote an hour each meeting.

At our last regular meeting, November 25, we opened in due form, and during the transaction of our business our Guide announced an alarm at the door, and upon answering found a number of visiting members from Div. 11. Our worthy Chief declared a recess in order to welcome our Brothers, who made some very pleasant remarks, to which our Chief and Brothers responded.

At the conclusion of our regular business our Guide announced another alarm at the door. This time he found the ante-room filled with ladies. Chief Martin instructed the Guide to admit the ladies, who we found to be a delegation from Div. 128 of the G. I. A. Our Chief received them in behalf of Div. 492, and instructed the Guide to escort them to seats, which they all politely declined.

Sister Mahan, with a neat little speech, introduced their President, Mrs. Simms, who made such an eloquent address that our Brother orators had not the courage to respond. The Sisters then notified us that our presence was desired in the dining room. This was a surprise, but with cheerful willingness we withdrew to the dining room, where we found the tables laden with the choicest of eatables. Then the Brothers turned the tables on the ladies by surprising them with the rapidity of the disappearance of the lunch.

The luncheon over we adjourned to the Division room, where Sister McKibben kindly favored us with piano selections, which we all enjoyed. The remainder of the evening was spent in a social way. After thanking the Sisters for their kind

entertainment, and expressing our appreciation for their thoughtfulness, we adjourned to our respective homes.

The Brothers will never forget the ladies of the G. I. A. and their kindness, and our Guide has instructions to always admit them and give them the key to the dining room.

D. A. B.

A PARTY of railroad men of the Portsmouth Division of the B. & O. S. W., many of them accompanied by ladies, assembled at the Town Hall, on Saturday evening, November 24th, where they had previously arranged to meet Mr. J. C. Barbour, a member of Div. 65, of Chillicothe, and a former employee of the Portsmouth Division of the B. & O. S. W., but severed his connection with the above road about one year ago, after thirty-five years of service as an engineer, and is now located on a farm near Quincy, Ky.

The boys on this occasion planned quite a nice little surprise for Mr. Barbour, while the ladies had not neglected to remember his estimable wife.

In behalf of the railroad boys, Rev. Geo. Mellor presented Mr. Barbour with a handsome lantern, bearing the following inscription: "Presented to J. C. Barbour by the railroad employees of the Portsmouth Division, 1900." As Mr. Barbour is now located on a farm, the boys thought this would be a useful and appropriate gift, and, as the Rev. Mr. Mellor suggested, would be very useful in case he visited his own or someone else's henry after dark.

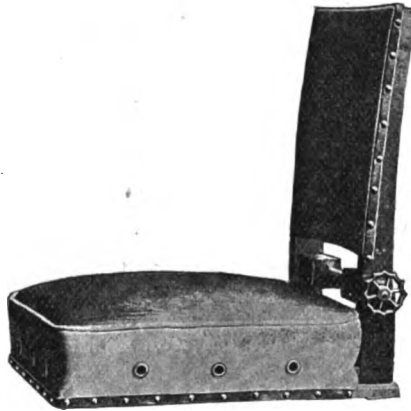
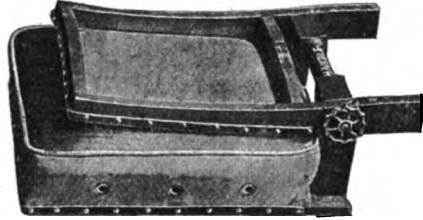
Mr. Barbour was taken quite by surprise, but said since they had decided to make him such a gift they could not have pleased him better, and he assured the boys, above the beauty and value of the gift, he appreciated the love of his former associates whose friendship he prized highly, and after thanking them one and all for the kind remembrance, he said he hoped this light would never go out and leave him in darkness.

It was then Mrs. Barbour's turn to be surprised. Rev. H. E. Brill, in behalf of the ladies, presented her with a very handsome pin, in token of their esteem for her, well knowing that during all these years that Mr. Barbour, better known as "Uncle John," had been on the road, his better half had spent many anxious hours when the train was late, and with late suppers, early breakfasts, and planning something for a full dinner pail for the next day, also deserved to be remembered.

Mrs. Barbour, in a few well-chosen remarks, thanked the ladies, one and all, saying she would always cherish and appreciate this gift. After an informal reception all returned to their homes.

A. E. M.

BROTHERS STANNARD & WHITE, of Appleton, Wis., whose cab seats have become widely known, have gotten up a new design with a folding back intended for the use of those that run in a pool. The seat is shown in the cuts open and closed ready to be removed when the run is finished. They also have this seat without back, with handle to carry it by. They are made with double wire springs, and the ventilators keep them cool. A spring seat is not only a great comfort, but conduces to the good health of whoever uses them.



Bros. Stannard and White have worked up quite an extensive business in seats and other novelties, and the JOURNAL wishes them greater success in the future.

If we can arrange with them we will offer the above seat as a premium for JOURNAL subscriptions. Watch the February number for premium list.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Traveling card of Bro. O. F. Brannon has been stolen. If presented, please take it up and forward to S. W. Wasner, F. A. E. of Div. 210.

Traveling card of Bro. J. B. Peters has been lost. If found, please return to F. A. E. of Div. 452.

Wanted—To know the whereabouts of Lorenz Wambach. When last heard of was in Topeka, Kans. Anyone knowing anything concerning him will greatly oblige by notifying Anna M. W. Strangeman, 1450 Superior St., Cleveland, O.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Chas. Kimball—when last heard from was running a

switch engine on the L. & N. R. R., at Birmingham, Ala.,—will confer a favor by addressing D. H. Badgley, F. A. E. of Div. 156, 711 North 15th St., Birmingham, Ala.

Members of the following Divisions will correspond with the F. A. E. of their Divisions immediately:

Division—
420—T. S. Harrington.

OBITUARIES.

[In accordance with the action of the Ottawa Convention, no resolutions of condolence, obituary letters or poems will be published in the JOURNAL. All deaths will be listed under obituary heading only, with cause and date of death.]

Massillon, O., Nov. 18, 1900, killed in collision, John A. Summers, member of Div. 360.

Algiers, La., Nov. 9, killed by the overturning of his engine, Walter T. Ryan, member of Div. 531.

Providence, R. I., Nov. 6, Bro. E. E. Paine, member of Div. 57.

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 5, Bro. Frank Kline, member of Div. 66.

Albuquerque, N. M., Nov. 20, Bro. Horace W. Tilton, suicide, member of Div. 425.

Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 16, Bro. W. C. Thomas, injuries received in wreck, member of Div. 239.

New Haven, Conn., Nov. —, of apoplexy, Bro. C. C. Lowell, aged 64. Brother Lowell was a charter member of Div. 77, and has held membership since it was organized, March 19, 1866.

Grafton, W. Va., Nov. 28, of abscess of the stomach, Bro. Anthony Cannon, member of Div. 284.

Madison, Wis., Nov. 18, of paralysis, Bro. E. E. Thompson, member of Div. 73.

Rock Island, Ill., Nov. 15, Bro. M. E. Murrin, member of Div. 60.

Phillipsburg, N. J., Dec. 3, killed in wreck, Bro. Wm. Müller, member of Div. 157.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 2, of Bright's disease, Bro. Chas. Oberhart, member of Div. 404.

Weaubleau, Mo., Nov. 25, killed in wreck, Bro. Daniel Lyons, member of Div. 83.

St. Albans, Vt., Dec. 3, of typhoid fever, Bro. James A. Stack, Ins. Agt. of Div. 330.

Princeton, Ind., Dec. —, Miss Catharine V. Clare, daughter of Bro. John Clare, member of Div. 343.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 28, of typhoid pneumonia, Mrs. J. C. Daugherty, of Div. 165, G. I. A., wife of Bro. J. C. Daugherty, member of Div. 302.

Fremont, Neb., Dec. 1, killed in wreck, Bro. Jas. M. Gerver, member of Div. 389.

New York City, Dec. 7, of consumption, Bro. Archie Campbell, member of Div. 105.

New York City, at residence of Phillip Seelig, Frederick Seelig, father of Bro. Chas. F. and Phillip Seelig, members of Div. 105.

Aurora, Ill., Dec. 6, of carcinoma of pancreas, Bro. J. C. Porter, C. E. of Div. 32.

Chillicothe, O., Nov. 30, of heart trouble, Bro. S. K. Mosher, member of Div. 65.

Fort Gratiot, Mich., Nov. 22, of lung trouble, Bro. James Kelly, member of Div. 122.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 26, of congestion of the brain, Bro. Jas. N. McGill, member of Div. 327.

Altoona, Pa., Nov. 16, killed, S. S. You, father of Bro. Geo. You, member of Div. 287.

Cleveland, O., Dec. 9, Bro. Oliver Rogers, member of Div. 167.

Olean, N. Y., Dec. 12, from injuries received in wreck, Bro. Joseph Kidd, member of Div. 173.

Steubenville, O., Nov. 21, from injuries received

by falling from a bridge, Bro. Arnold Wallcamp, member of Div. 255.

Massillon, O., Nov. 20, S. H. Cowan, brother of Bro. A. D. Cowan, member of Div. 255.

Vera Cruz, Mex., Nov. 9, by drowning, Bro. Wm. Griffin, member of Div. 497.

New Castle, Pa., Dec. 13, killed by accidental discharge of gun while hunting, Bro. Geo. H. Henderson, member of Div. 148.

Baltimore, Md., Nov. 24, Bro. Wm. Hilton, member of Div. 97.

Mt. Clair Junction, Md., Nov. 20, killed, Bro. A. I. Hitchcock, member of Div. 97.

Toledo, O., Dec. 10, of heart failure, Bro. C. E. Whipple, member of Div. 4.

Manila, P. I., Dec. —, Bro. Chas. Gorsuch, member of Div. 399.

New York City, N. Y., Dec. 7, Bro. Archibald Campbell, member of Div. 105.

New York City, N. Y., Dec. —, Mrs. Jencks, mother of Bro. W. L. Jencks, member of Div. 105.

Desarc, Mo., Dec. 11, killed in collision, Bro. James Britt, member of Div. 123.

Summit, Cambria Co., Pa., Dec. 15, Mrs. Arthur Condon, aged 74, mother of Bro. D. A. Reagan, member of Div. 287.

Louisville, Ky., of heart failure, Mrs. Annie M. Lane, wife of Bro. C. E. Lane, member of Div. 95.

Parkersburg, W. Va., Dec. 15, of cancer, Bro. Thos. Ingram, aged 73 years, member of Div. 481. The deceased was well known on the B. & O. east of the Ohio River, having been one of the veteran engineers of that road. For the past fifteen years he was employed on the Ohio River Railroad, being one of the oldest engineers on the road.

Aurora, Ill., Dec. 6, of cirrhosis of liver, Bro. J. C. Porter, member of Div. 32, aged 63 years. Brother Porter held a prominent place in the B. & O. E. and Div. 32 for many years, and was always a staunch defender of the principles he thought to be right, in Brotherhood, business, and social affairs. He represented Div. 32 as its delegate at the San Francisco Convention in 1884, and again at New Orleans in 1895, when the C., B. & Q. Committee was reorganized and Brother Porter chosen its Chairman, and acted as such when the settlement was made in 1886 with Mr. T. J. Potter, then General Manager. He attended the New York City Convention in 1886 as the delegate of Div. 32, and at that session was chosen Third Grand Assistant Engineer, and served in that capacity at the Chicago Convention in 1887. He was also a member of the Committee of Arrangements for that convention. At the next session of the C., B. & Q. Committee Bro. Porter declined to serve further as its chairman because of complaints too common to such positions, and Brother Hoge was elected. The C., B. & Q. strike followed in 1888, and Brother Porter, true to his convictions, not only gave up the fast mail, but gave his best energies to the B. of L. E., resulting in a very grave sacrifice to him at his age, as it marked the end of his railroad experience, and with it a serious business problem very difficult to solve, for one whose life and experience had been devoted wholly to the duties and responsibilities of an engineer. He had been assistant engineer at the pumping station of the Aurora Water Works for some months, but failing health obliged him to give it up, about two months before his death. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and a member of Aurora Post, No. 20, G. A. R., having served in the Civil War, in Company D, Eleventh Iowa Volunteers. He leaves behind a devoted wife, and hosts of friends wherever he was best known, and his death creates a large void in the ranks of the staunch defenders of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, which he honored by his membership and made great sacrifices to defend. He was a man of such high moral attainments that we shall believe "death to him is but the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell." In sympathy with the living, and in honor of our dead Brother, whose suffering we witnessed, *Requiescat in Pace.*

ADMITTED BY TRANSFER CARD.*Into Division—*

- 339—Thos. Elliott, from Div. 189.
 L. Ferrell, from Div. 85.
 O. L. Naylor, from Div. 314.
 64—Arthur B. Morse, from Div. 57.
 18—G. C. Foster, from Div. 421.
 372—C. N. Mittlemore, from Div. 80.
 323—W. S. Carmichael, from Div. 207.
 177—James Bruce, from Div. 130.
 S. W. Bergen, from Div. 219.
 425—E. T. Roseatte, from Div. 28.
 566—W. S. King, Wm. Abbey, T. B. Jackson, W. S. Gibbons, J. L. Maloney, C. E. Thompson, W. F. Peaslee, J. A. Leedy, G. F. Stillwell, D. E. Grash, G. A. Ramsey, E. W. Price, Arthur Fitzpatrick, E. W. Hobson, D. F. Warth and A. Madison, from Div. 192.
 565—S. A. Barnes, from Div. 411.
 110—F. S. Munn, from Div. 415.
 429—F. P. Pomeroy, from Div. 47.
 516—M. T. McMillen, from Div. 103.
 256—T. B. Cleary, W. M. Gaffney, from Div. 85.
 T. O. Powell, from Div. 323.
 488—C. C. Price, from Div. 371.
 N. V. Foster, from Div. 556.
 18—W. W. Dancy, from Div. 421.
 126—D. B. Bunnell, from Div. 383.
 D. M. Poole, from Div. 28.
 539—Martin Lansdown, from Div. 17.
 E. P. Madden, from Div. 326.
 G. H. Strong, from Div. 134.
 Jeff Cornish, from Div. 432.
 Melville Lund, from Div. 29.
 385—A. T. Norbury, O. R. Sell, J. W. Hardy, from Div. 546.
 537—Richard W. Darden, from Div. 100.
 B. M. Brown, from Div. 449.
 366—T. J. Pledge, from Div. 453.
 M. Huddleston, from Div. 245.
 J. M. Sullivan, from Div. 446.
 392—Geo. N. Martin, from Div. 80.
 302—A. Cruikshanks, from Div. 122.
 55—A. C. Pettingill, from Div. 221.
 405—H. A. Jones, from Div. 96.
 103—H. W. Bethel, from Div. 196.
 E. F. Gilman, from Div. 98.
 224—W. H. Bickford, from Div. 40.
 93—Mark Lawrence, from Div. 143.
 228—J. B. Bell, from Div. 68.
 248—Samuel Alcott, from Div. 545.
 11—Chas W. Rossiter, from Div. 396.
 161—Fletcher Smith, from Div. 362.
 420—Wm. H. Blake, from Div. 369.
 525—J. J. Roach, from Div. 91.
 H. Fehr, from Div. 181.
 126—F. O. Barto, from Div. 309.
 554—H. L. Foster, from Div. 29.
 251—E. T. Shear, from Div. 98.
 385—J. B. Whittlock, from Div. 83.
 221—Jas. Douglass, from Div. 16.

FINAL WITHDRAWALS.*From Division—*

- 512—E. Bischof.
 396—Joseph Bohner.
 20—J. V. McCarty.
 173—J. A. Kennedy.
 111—C. G. Leach.

From Division—

- 19—Ed. S. Downs.
 225—H. Thornburg.
 22—John A. Johnson.
 399—J. C. Kendall.

RE-INSTATED.*Into Division—*

- 171—James Harris.
 359—Ino. C. Fletcher.
 113—W. E. Newlove.

Into Division—

- 497—J. B. Baker.
 16—J. B. Lovett.
 395—Martin Cline.

- 273—E. F. Bynane.
 57—Arthur B. Morse.
 139—Joe E. Brown.
 323—John W. Radford.
 James R. Murden.
 492—B. E. Flaherty.
 221—Floyd Helms.
 154—O. P. Miller.
 380—Edward Turner.
 256—J. R. Massett.
 485—C. L. Chamberlin.
 224—Frank L. Kirk.
 152—Chas. Ferry.
 265—J. L. Farmer.
 279—Frank Schurmeyer.
 352—Robt. McAdams.
 18—Edward Huck.
 22—U. S. Wells.
 219—A. A. Fuller.
 242—Henry Gentry.

SUSPENDED.*From Division—*

- 59—Laurence Murray, S. Hanley, H. Seeley.
 374—W. J. Thompson, six months for unbecoming conduct.

EXPELLED.**FOR NON-PAYMENT OF DUES.***From Division—*

- 63—Geo. A. Mayou.
 174—J. S. Sullivan.
 92—C. E. Entwistle.
 492—P. E. Hammell, H. K. Winslow, A. F. Means.
 387—Jacob H. Schuck.
 148—Fred P. Winton.
 98—Chas. S. De Lapp, E. J. Moore, Chas. F. Melker, Jos. L. Lefevere.
 500—Geo. James, Thos. McNeely, John Quill.
 180—O. M. Leonard, Frank Gibbons, E. J. O'Neil.
 29—E. R. Curl.
 61—A. Quimby, W. A. Knox.
 163—W. H. Graves, Frank Eaton, Bert Hartwell, Henry Lewin, C. S. Noble.
 98—Dean R. Houston.
 397—M. Kearns.
 162—John D. Vennil.
 97—J. W. Spurrier.
 60—D. Hotchkiss.
 220—O. Smachtenberger.
 399—L. G. Bagley, Wm. Rush, E. J. Shepherd.
 135—Frank Mandeville.
 105—C. A. Tyler, Geo. W. Pierce, W. M. Marks, Geo. Freeman.
 279—J. B. Karns.
 221—J. E. Adams.

L. W. Fairburn was listed as expelled from Div. 116, in December JOURNAL, which is an error. It should have been Div. 114.

FOR OTHER CAUSES.

- 113—John Redden, for violation of obligation.
 66—John Kingston, P. J. Langley, for non-attendance.
 338—F. Potter, for violation of obligation.
 148—David Wohl, for intoxication.
 98—L. I. Meserve, for unbecoming conduct.
 215—John Murphy, for forfeiting insurance.
 261—James A. Lucas, for intoxication.
 517—G. W. Bouchard, for forfeiting insurance and non-payment of dues.
 4—John Manley, for unbecoming conduct.
 323—J. H. D. Mount, for intoxication and unbecoming conduct.
 162—W. F. Good, for unbecoming conduct.
 258—John Daugherty, for forfeiting insurance.
 77—G. E. Anderson, for forfeiting insurance.
 4—C. L. Berry, for keeping a saloon.
 49—W. E. Salsbury, for violation of obligation.
 350—Wm. Kenefick, for keeping a saloon.
 309—A. W. Kroft, for intoxication and unbecoming conduct.
 485—H. J. May, for forfeiting insurance.
 G. T. Price, for intoxication.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS' MUTUAL LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Official Notice of Assessments 767-771.

SERIES D.

OFFICE OF ASSOCIATION, ROOM 803 SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING, }
CLEVELAND, OHIO, Jan. 1, 1901. }

To the Division Secretaries L. E. M. L. and A. I. A. :

DEAR SIRS AND BROS. :—You are hereby notified of the death or disability of the following members of the Association:

Five Assessments for payment of these claims are hereby levied and Secretaries ordered to collect one dollar and twenty-five cents from all who are insured for \$750, two dollars and fifty cents from all who are insured for \$1,500, five dollars from all who are insured for \$3,000, and seven dollars and fifty cents from all members insured for \$4,500, and forward same to the General Secretary and Treasurer.

Members of the Insurance Association are required to remit to Division Secretaries within thirty days from date of this notice, and the Division Secretaries to the General Secretary and Treasurer within ten days thereafter, on penalty of forfeiting their membership. (See Article XI. of By-Laws.)

Secretaries in sending remittances will send same to and make all drafts, express money orders or postoffice money orders payable to Wm. B. PRENTER, General Secretary and Treasurer. Secretaries located in Canada will please remit by draft or express money order. We will not accept packages of money sent by express, unless charges have been prepaid. The JOURNAL closes on the 18th of each month. Claims received after that day will lie over until the succeeding month.

Month and Year	Name.	Age	Div.	Date of Admission.	Date of Death or Disability.	Cause of Death or Disability.	Amt. of Ins.	To Whom Payable.
735	O. J. Barnard.....	52	433	May 1, 1894.	Dec. 4, 1899.	Blind right eye.....	\$1500	O. J. Barnard.
736	A. Galloway.....	59	260	Apr. 20, 1887.	Oct. 21, 1900.	Heart disease.....	1500	Emma Galloway, w.
737	O. O. Wood.....	41	413	Feb. 6, 1891.	Nov. 1, 1900.	Pneumonia.....	1500	Mrs. O. O. Wood, w.
738	Chas. W. Moses.....	65	153	Dec. 31, 1889.	Nov. 7, 1900.	Dropsy.....	3000	Mrs. C. W. Moses, w.
739	Floyd Bue.....	37	557	Jan. 15, 1891.	Nov. 7, 1900.	Phthisis.....	1500	Mrs. Floyd Bue, w.
740	A. McCollm.....	30	95	Sept. 21, 1900.	Nov. 8, 1900.	Suicide.....	1500	Nettie M. McCollm, w.
741	W. H. Drennan.....	33	476	Oct. 15, 1898.	Nov. 8, 1900.	Rt. arm amputated.....	1500	W. H. Drennan.
742	S. Hendricks.....	38	476	Feb. 28, 1898.	Nov. 8, 1900.	Killed.....	1500	L. B. Hendricks, b.
743	Jas. Meldrum.....	65	315	Aug. 10, 1872.	Nov. 13, 1900.	Heart disease.....	3000	Allice Meldrum, w.
744	Geo. T. Shaw.....	28	386	July 16, 1899.	Nov. 14, 1900.	Killed.....	1500	Samuel G. Shaw, b.
745	J. I. Vaughn.....	43	7	Feb. 12, 1887.	Nov. 15, 1900.	Acute mania.....	1500	Mrs. J. I. Vaughn, w.
746	Wm. C. Shover.....	42	74	Aug. 24, 1892.	Nov. 16, 1900.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. W. C. Shover, w.
747	W. W. St. John.....	48	358	Aug. 2, 1896.	Nov. 16, 1900.	Killed.....	1500	Isabel St. John, w.
748	Wm. C. Thomas.....	30	239	Feb. 12, 1900.	Nov. 16, 1900.	Killed.....	3000	{ Mrs. J. Thomas, w. Wm. H. Thomas, s.
749	Chas. H. Walters.....	36	370	Nov. 12, 1899.	Nov. 17, 1900.	Killed.....	1500	Laura Walters, w.
750	P. R. Oldham.....	29	223	Sept. 30, 1898.	Nov. 17, 1900.	Killed.....	750	Ida V. Oldham, w.
751	D. Wilson.....	42	468	Dec. 24, 1888.	Nov. 18, 1900.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. David Wilson, w.
752	John A. Summers.....	43	360	Oct. 28, 1889.	Nov. 18, 1900.	Killed.....	3000	His lawful heirs.
753	Jas. Eikenroad.....	53	221	Apr. 1, 1891.	Nov. 20, 1900.	Rt. leg amputated.....	1500	Jas. Eikenroad.
754	Isaac Blauvelt.....	67	358	May 15, 1868.	Nov. 20, 1900.	Cancer of stomach.....	3000	{ Alice & Mattie Blau- velt, ds.; Mrs. Hat- tie Van Houten, s.
755	Robt. M. Gray.....	43	34	Jan. 18, 1898.	Nov. 21, 1900.	Killed.....	3000	Mary R. Gray, w.
756	G. W. Wrightson.....	55	441	Apr. 8, 1894.	Nov. 21, 1900.	Right eye removed.....	1500	Geo. W. Wrightson.
757	Wm. Abbey.....	34	192	Sept. 3, 1899.	Nov. 23, 1900.	Left leg amputat'd.....	3000	Wm. Abbey.
758	Chas. Riley.....	40	2	Mch. 23, 1891.	Nov. 24, 1900.	Typhoid fever.....	1500	Mrs. Mary Riley, w.
759	Chas. C. Lowell.....	65	77	Feb. 1, 1868.	Nov. 28, 1900.	Apoplexy.....	3000	Kate M. Lowell, w.
760	A. J. Wilder.....	28	210	Jan. 21, 1900.	Nov. 28, 1900.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. S. F. Wilder, w.
761	Jas. M. Zuver.....	38	389	May 21, 1900.	Dec. 1, 1900.	Killed.....	750	Rita E. E. Zuver, w.
762	Chas. Oberhart.....	50	404	Apr. 21, 1884.	Dec. 2, 1900.	Bright's disease.....	3000	Mrs. E. S. Oberhart, w.
763	Jas. Stack.....	41	330	Jan. 14, 1889.	Dec. 3, 1900.	Typhoid fever.....	3000	Mrs. Jas. Stack, w.
764	Wm. Miller.....	59	157	July 14, 1886.	Dec. 3, 1900.	Killed.....	3000	Elizabeth Miller, w.
765	P. A. Moynihan.....	44	452	Jan. 19, 1898.	Dec. 6, 1900.	Suicide.....	3000	{ Mary Moynihan, w. George & Cecilia, ch.
766	Jos. C. Porter.....	63	32	Jan. 12, 1871.	Dec. 6, 1900.	Cancer of pancreas.....	3000	Amelia E. Porter, w.
767	A. Campbell.....	47	105	Feb. 26, 1891.	Dec. 7, 1900.	Phthisis.....	1500	Mrs. A. Campbell, w.
768	C. Rogers.....	42	167	Feb. 13, 1887.	Dec. 9, 1900.	Typhoid fever.....	1500	Ellen V. Rogers, w.
769	O. E. Whipple.....	62	4	Apr. 4, 1886.	Dec. 10, 1900.	Heart disease.....	3000	Mrs. C. E. Whipple, w.
770	Jos. Kidd.....	51	173	Nov. 6, 1895.	Dec. 12, 1900.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. Joseph Kidd, w.
771	G. H. Henderson.....	40	148	Feb. 5, 1900.	Dec. 13, 1900.	Shot.....	1500	Mrs. A. H. Henderson, w.

Total number of claims, 37. Total amount of claims, \$78,000.

Acknowledgments.

Acknowledgments have been received from the following Beneficiaries for amounts stated in settlement of claims paid:

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
Nov. 26, 1900.	E. F. Boam and Louisa Boam.....	578	L. Sisco.....	125	\$3000
" 30, "	Mrs. Sarah Douglass.....	581	Thos. Sheean.....	268	1500
Oct. 20, "	Mrs. F. V. Smith.....	605	C. L. Black.....	6	1500
Nov. 6, "	Mary K. Plance.....	623	J. B. Hotchkiss.....	179	750
" 26, "	{ Mrs. R. A. Groninger..... } C. E. Groninger.....	*625	J. I. Kennedy.....	74	1000
" 16, "	Mrs. Ida M. Bowen.....	626	Wm. Huff.....	259	3000
" 13, "	Maggie Somervall.....	630	J. G. Nash.....	187	3000
" 19, "	Mrs. Matilda Hepford, Guardian.....	639	J. I. Kennedy.....	74	1500
" 6, "	Mrs. Bertha A. Leary.....	641	A. J. Pike.....	335	1500

Acknowledgments—Continued.

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
Dec. 6, 1900.	John McDonald.....	647	H. Hancock.....	297	\$3000
" 8, "	Mrs. Ella McGreevy.....	648	W. C. Jones.....	360	1500
" 8, "	Mrs. Ida E. Fish.....	649	Patrick Kelly.....	286	1500
" 7, "	{ James, George, Raymond and Howard Wortendyke..... Mrs. Katie Graves..... }	650	W. E. Zimmerman.....	95	3000
" 10, "	Mrs. Geo. J. Nichols.....	651	Jay Walker.....	185	3000
" 5, "	Catharine E. Donovan.....	652	Thos. Cherry.....	273	1500
" 4, "	Mrs. S. Broadwater.....	653	Jas. A. Robertson.....	86	1500
" 4, "	Mrs. Emma Davis.....	654	E. R. Hart.....	237	4500
" 3, "	Mrs. T. M. Scott.....	655	H. M. McFeaters.....	454	1500
" 8, "	Mrs. Mary Swarner.....	656	F. A. Leiberger.....	50	750
" 5, "	Barbara Woodward.....	657	Geo. W. Kintzel.....	75	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. W. F. Ca. oll.....	659	C. F. Densel.....	9	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. W. C. Warner.....	660	C. P. Ashelman.....	276	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. Annie B. Barrett.....	661	C. P. Diehr.....	424	1500
" 4, "	Miss Mary L. Hitchcock.....	663	W. W. Revel.....	11	3000
" 4, "	Ellis C. Emerson.....	664	R. J. McCool.....	201	1500
" 12, "	W. H. Hulsey, Executor.....	665	W. H. Taylor.....	432	1500
" 13, "	Ellen E. Fortner.....	666	Wm. Huff.....	259	1500
" 5, "	{ Robert Temple, and S. Mason, } Executors.....	667	H. E. Crouch.....	68	3000
" 8, "	Mrs. Isaac C. Shute.....	668	T. H. Joiner.....	22	1500
" 4, "	Mrs. Gertrude Stanton.....	669	H. W. Schlager.....	230	3000

*NOTE.—Balance \$500 due Edna B. Groninger, minor, on Assessment No. 625, held by request until she comes of age.

Financial Statement.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Dec. 1, 1900.

MORTUARY FUND FOR NOVEMBER.

Balance on hand Oct. 31, 1900,	\$ 73,930 43
Paid in settlement of Claims,	60,000 00
Balance on hand Nov. 1, 1900,	\$ 13,930 43
Received by Assessments 667-669, and Back Assessments,	48,773 40
Received from members whose insurance was carried by Association,	1,044 50
Received by Assessments 696-699,	169 16
Total in Bank Nov. 30, 1900,	\$ 63,917 49

EXPENSE FUND FOR NOVEMBER.

Balance on hand Nov. 1, 1900,	\$ 12,629 10
Received by Admission Fees and Arrears,	214 57
Received by Special Assessment,	11 50
Total,	\$ 12,855 17
Expenses during month of November,	982 96
Balance in Bank Nov. 30, 1900,	\$ 11,872 21

Statement of Membership.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1900.

<i>Classified Represents:</i>	\$750 00	\$1,500	\$3,000	\$4,500
Members who paid Assessments 667-669	1,960	12,972	7,154	1,296
Members from whom Assessments 667-669 were not collected,	301	1,635	285	60
Members carried by the Association,	128	281	14
Applications and reinstatements received during month	80	162	73	7
Totals,	2,341	14,897	7,793	1,377
From which deduct Policies terminated by death, accident or otherwise,	4	126	15	1
Total Membership Nov. 30, 1900,	2,337	14,771	7,778	1,376
Grand Total,				26,262
W. E. FUTCH, President.		W. B. PRENTER, Gen'l Sec'y & Treas.		

NATHAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

92 and 94 Liberty Street, New York,
and 180 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ills.

MANUFACTURERS OF

The "Monitor" and other Locomotive Injectors.

INJECTORS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR HIGH PRESSURE.

The new "88" MONITOR, with Lever
Patented August 7th, 1888.

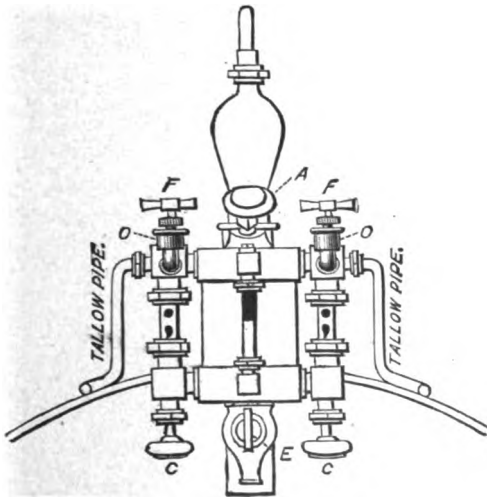


**"NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED
LUBRICATORS,
Ejectors or Water Elevators,
New Sanding Apparatus,
New Steam Fire Extinguishers,
Boiler Washers,
Rod and Guide Cups,
Etc., Etc.**

For instructions, see Engineer's
Card, which is furnished with each
Injector.

NOTE.—The "88" Monitor is also made with a quick motion Screw Starting Attachment.

THE "NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED CYLINDER LUBRICATOR FOR LOCOMOTIVES.



Oils both Cylinders.

*No possibility of feeding over
in one cylinder or
into boiler.*

**ALSO,
AIR BRAKE,
SIGHT-FEED
LUBRICATORS.**

NATHAN MANUFACTURING CO., New York.

CATALOGUES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE SANDER COMPANY,

N. E. Corner Thirteenth and Willow Sts., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**PROPRIETORS
AND MANUFACTURERS**

**LEACH, DEAN, "SHE,"
HOUSTON, SHERBURNE AND CURTIS PNEUMATIC SANDERS.**

When writing to advertisers, mention this Journal.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900



TRADE-MARK.

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

Always uniform in quality, absolutely pure, delicious and nutritious.

The genuine goods bear our trade-mark on every package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.,

Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.



Absolutely Pure.

**Reject Alum Baking Powders—
They Destroy Health.**

Vose PIANOS

are receiving more favorable comments to-day from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined.

WE Challenge Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information.

VOSC & SONS PIANO CO.

161 Boylston Street, - - - Boston.



No. 86 Summit Ave.,
Plainfield, N. J., April 5, 1899. }

**The Piso Company,
Warren, Pa.**

Gentlemen:—We have great faith in Piso's Cure for Consumption and we are now giving it to the baby, two and a half years old. My husband has just used two bottles, and is rid of his cold. He has tried other medicines, but always had to fall back on Piso's Cure for relief. We have used it for 14 years. Yours truly,

MRS. W. W. MILLS.

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS JOURNAL

PRICE, \$1.00 BY MAIL



THE PIETA (COMPASSION) OF MICHAEL ANGELO, ST. PETER'S, ROME.

ENTERED AT THE CLEVELAND, OHIO, POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Air Brakes

**Endorsed by all leading
railway authorities**

**The
Westinghouse Air Brake Co.**

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Over 1,250,000 in use

Air Brakes

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS MONTHLY JOURNAL

C.H. SALMONS, EDITOR AND MANAGER
307 SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING CLEVELAND, O.

VOL. XXXV.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

No. 2.

An American Abroad.

Everyone can appreciate the futility of an effort to describe Rome in a single article in the space possible in one issue of the JOURNAL. A subject that can be made interesting in a book as large as the Bible makes one feel that he hardly knows where to commence or end the subject condensed into an article of 5,000 words,

but we will do the best we can with the space at our command, and if we succeed in painting a picture that will feed the appetite sufficiently to induce some of our readers to desire to know more of Rome and to read its wonderful and instructive history, we shall feel that our effort has not been entirely lost in writing upon this almost endless subject, which to us is intensely interesting.



PROSPECTIVE VIEW OF ROME FROM THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S.

We have presented on the cover of this issue a picture seen in the first chapel to the right of the main entrance to the Basilica, or Cathedral of St. Peter's, the *Pieta* of Michael Angelo, representing the dead Savior upon the knees of the Madonna (*Compassion of the Madonna*), a work of the great artist in his 24th year, and which is in keeping with that sentimentality that has made Rome famous as the center of religious thought, art and sculpture.

Rome differs from any other city. Its scenes are, though strange, yet familiar. When we arrive at Rome, we naturally gravitate toward that which has been made

but recent explorations prove the existence of a town with considerable population long before the date ascribed by tradition, reaching back to the ninth or tenth century B. C. In the time of the kings, 753-510 B. C., the city occupied seven hills, whose summits rise from 80 to 120 feet above the river and intervening valleys. These hills were named the Palatine, the Capitoline, the Aventine, the Caelian, the Esquiline, the Quirinal and the Viminal, and these names are essential to the sight-seer now as common divisions of Rome. The Palatine and Capitoline, being the most desirable sites, were doubtless first

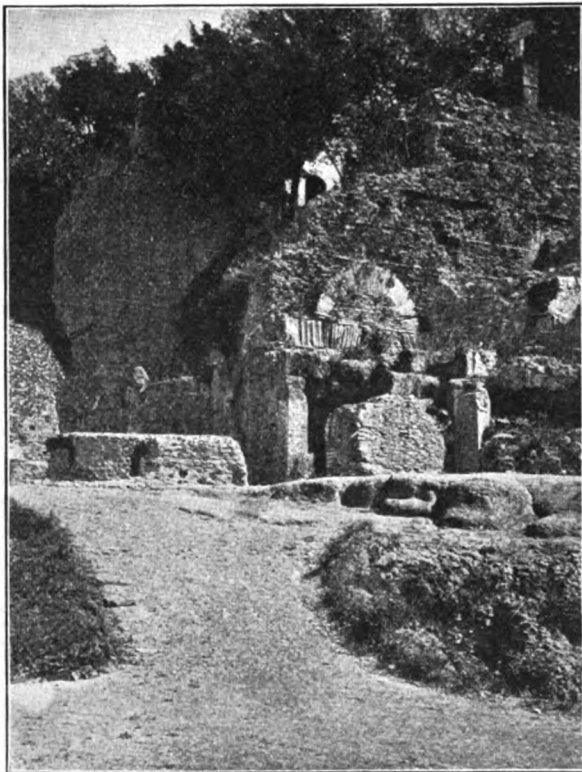
occupied. Roman legend assigns the Palatine as the site of the primitive city founded by Romulus, the Capitoline being at that time occupied by a rival, Ancus Martius, the fourth Sabine king.

The Palatine was fortified about the date ascribed to founding the city. The steep slopes were scraped, and a retaining wall, consisting of large stones fitted together without mortar, was built up from the base of the slope, rendering the hill almost impregnable. Our illustration shows a part of the "Wall of Romulus." The wall, which bears the name of Aurelian, is to a great extent identical with the present walls. It inclosed the suburbs which had grown up beyond the Caelian, the Esquiline and the Quirinal, the Pincian and part of the Janiculum, as well as the low-lying ground near the Tiber called the Campus Martius, which now forms the busiest and most densely populated part of the modern city.

The Aurelian wall, as it is called, was begun by Aurelian in 271 A. D., and completed by the Emperor Probus in 280. It was restored and partially rebuilt by Honorius, and repaired by Belisarius. It is 12 miles in circuit.

The Leonine wall, inclosing the Vatican Hill and the remainder of the Janiculum, was built by Leo IV. in 848. In 1527 some additional space on the Vatican was inclosed. At the present time populous suburbs have been built to the east and north beyond the walls, while to the north considerable space is uninhabited.

To the period of the kings, 753-510 B. C., belongs the *Cloaca Maxima*, a huge arched



WALL OF ROMULUS, ROME.

familiar to nearly all readers—the Colosseum, and long before it is reached, from any of the heights, the well-known figure may be seen and recognized. St. Peter's is equally as well known in picture, and each appeals strongly to the imagination and desire to see it and study it as a reality.

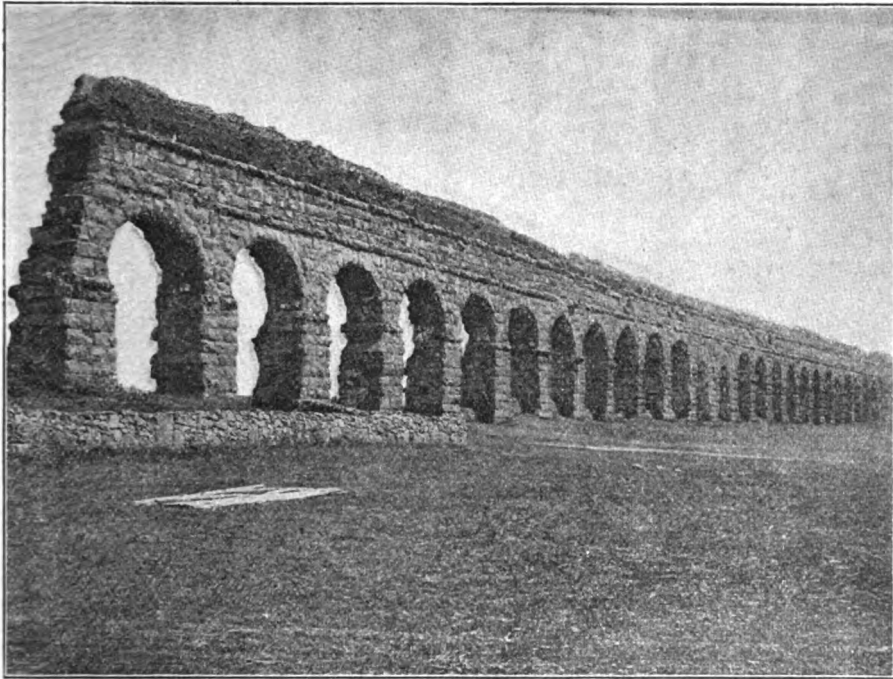
Rome, the capital of the modern Kingdom of Italy, stands on the Tiber, about 15 miles from its mouth. Roman legend ascribed the foundation of the city to Romulus, at a date corresponding to 753 B. C.,

sewer of Etruscan masonry, which drained the marshy hollow between the Capitoline, Palatine and Esquiline hills. Running from the Valley of the Subura, under the Forum along the Velabrum, it opens into the Tiber in an archway still 11 feet wide and 12 feet high. Though the oldest and best known, it is rivaled by two other ancient sewers, which enter the Tiber at nearly the same point. So thoroughly was the city undermined by these large sewers that Pliny called it *urbs pensilis*, a city suspended in air rather than resting upon the earth.

The aqueducts are the most notable

the city was the Forum Romanum.

It is just as impossible for a traveler, who only spends a week or ten days in Rome, to see a tenth part of the interesting sights which it contains, as it is for us to tell of them in the space allotted to us. Those who profit most by a sojourn in Rome whatever its length, must put away all prejudice, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, and must believe that it is not in one class of Roman interests alone that much is to be learned. Every period of Roman archaeology and history leaves lasting impressions whether it be of Pagan heroes, Latin poets, inspired sculptors and



RUINS OF ONE OF ROME'S MANY ANCIENT VIADUCTS.

remains of the Republican period. The oldest was the Aquia Appia, constructed by Appius Claudius Caecus in 312 B. C., which brought water from springs seven miles distant from the city. The Anio Vetus, 43 miles long, was commenced in 273 B. C., and brought water from the river Anio. The Aquia Mercia, 62 miles long, was constructed in 144 B. C., and brought water from the Alban hills at a level sufficiently high to supply the capitol. The Aquia Julia, the Aquia Claudia, and the Anio Novus, constructions even more gigantic, date from the Imperial age, beginning 28-27 B. C. Our illustration is of one of these aqueducts.

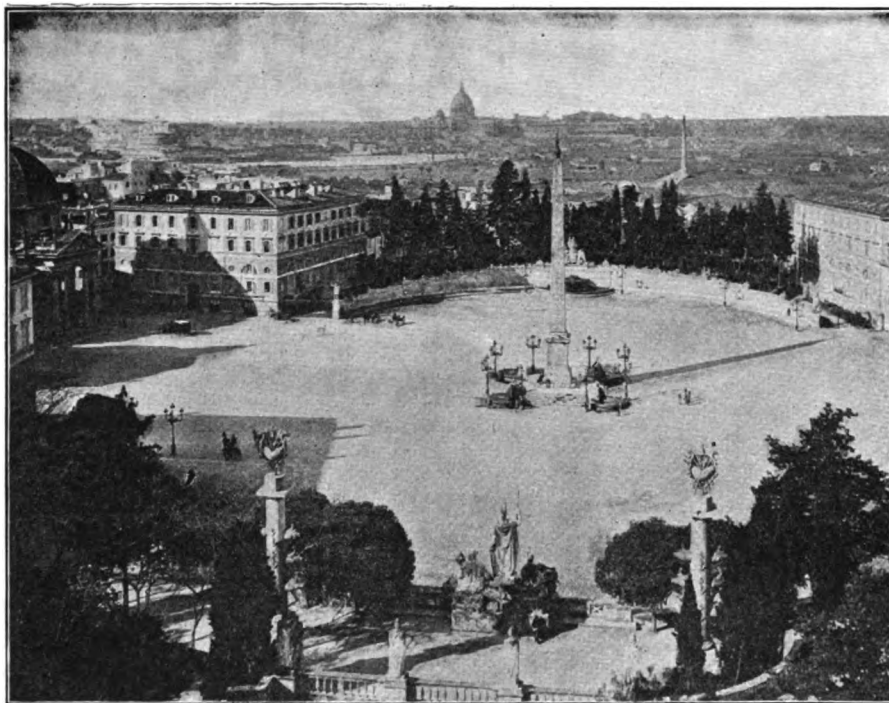
In the time of the republic the center of

painters, or saints, who have suffered martyrdom for the cause of Christianity. To us, ancient, mediæval and modern Rome are inseparably connected. As one looks at the ruins of the past he will likely wonder what the city was like when the great amphitheaters were thronged with the people of its age. He doubts if Rome was not then more wonderful than now. Cardinal Mai, in a monumental record of A. D. 540, mentions 324 streets, 2 capitolis, the Tarpeian and the Quirinal, 80 gilt statues of gods, 66 ivory statues of gods, 46,608 houses, 17,097 palaces, 13,050 fountains, 3,785 statues of emperors and generals in bronze, 22 great equestrian statues of bronze, 2 colossi, 9,026 baths, 31 theaters,

and 8 amphitheaters. And if he does not dismiss it because it was Pagan, he will find his interest well divided between relics of the past and the eternal city as we see it today.

The stranger's first lesson in Roman geography is usually learned while making the Piazza del Popolo, shown in our illustration, the starting point. Three streets branch off the Corso in the center leading toward the capitol, beyond which lies ancient Rome; the Babuino, on the left, leading to the Piazz di Spagna and the English quarter, and the Rippetta on the right, leading to the castle St. Angelo and

in speaking of this, says: "This red granite obelisk, oldest of things even in Rome, rises in the center of the Piazza, with a four-fold fountain at its base. All Roman works and ruins (whether of the empire, the far off republic, or the still more distant kings) assume a transient, visionary and implacable character when we think that this indestructible monument supplied one of the recollections which Moses and the Israelites bore from Egypt into the desert. Perchance, on beholding the cloudy pillar and fiery column, they whispered awe-stricken to one another. And now that very obelisk with hardly a trace



PIAZZA DEL POPOLO, ST. PETER'S IN DISTANCE, ROME.

St. Peter's. The space between the streets is occupied by twin churches erected by Cardinal Gastaldi. There is a Protestant Chapel just outside the grounds. The churches built by the Cardinal are believed to occupy the site of the magnificent tomb of Sulla, who died at Puteoli B. C. 82, and who was honored at Rome with a public funeral at which the patrician ladies burnt masses of incense and perfumes on his funeral pyre.

The obelisk of the Piazza del Popolo was placed on this site by Sextus V. in 1589, but it was originally brought to Rome and erected in honor of Apollo by Emperor Augustus. Hawthorne's *Transformation*,

of decay upon it, is the first thing that the modern traveler sees after entering the Flaminian Gate." The column is flame shaped and was a symbol of the sun and originally bore a blazing orb upon its summit. At the left of the Piazza, at the foot of what was then called the Hill of Gardens, Nero was buried in A. D. 68. "Suetonius tells that when Nero was dead, his nurse Eclaga, with Alexandra and Acte, the famous concubine, having wrapped his remains in rich white stuff embroidered with gold, deposited them in the Domitian Monument, which is seen in the Campus Martius under the Hill of Gardens." Church tradition tells that

from the tomb of Nero afterward grew a gigantic walnut tree, which became the resort for innumerable crows, and that in the eleventh century Pope Paschal II. dreamed that these crows were demons and that the Blessed Virgin commanded him to cut down and burn the tree and build a sanctuary in its place. A church was built by means of collections among the common people. Hence the name, S. Maria del Popolo (St. Mary of the people). The church was rebuilt in 1480, and very richly adorned, and is well worthy a careful study of its interior. The Augustine Convent adjoining this church, was the residence of Luther while he was in Rome. Here he celebrated mass immediately on his arrival, when, prostrating himself upon the earth, he said: "Hail, sacred Rome! thrice sacred for the blood of the martyrs shed here!" Here also, he celebrated mass for the last time before he departed from Rome to become the most aggressive of her enemies.

From the east side of the Piazza rises the Pincio, which derives its name from the Pinci family who once had a magnificent palace there. It is terraced and handsomely adorned with columns, statues and marble bas-reliefs, and cypress and pine trees. A winding road leads to the upper platform laid out in public drives and gardens. In the middle ages it was believed that the ghost of Nero wandered here.

From this point may be had an enchanting view of Rome. Looking westward beyond the Tiber, we see the Castle of St. Angelo, the immense tomb of a Pagan Emperor with the arch angel on the summit. Still farther off, an array of buildings surmounted by the vast dome of St. Peter's, of which Hawthorne said, "It requires both faith and fancy to enable us to feel what is nevertheless so true, that yonder, in front of the purple outline of hills stands the greatest edifice ever built by man, painted against God's loveliest sky," and still beyond, a silver line marks the sea melting into the horizon.

This is the favorite resort of the Roman aristocracy, and of foreigners of all nations. The garden is very small, but beautifully laid out, and at a central point is an obelisk brought from Egypt, which late discov-

eries in hieroglyphics prove to have been erected there in the name of Hadrian and his empress, Sabina, to their beloved son, Antinous, who was drowned in the Nile in A. D. 131.

From a corner of the garden we look down upon a fragment of a wall known as Muro Torto, believed to have been defended by the Apostle Peter in person during the siege by Vitiges. In early imperial times the site of the garden was occupied by the famous Villa of Lucullus, the great general of the Roman armies, and here in his villa Lucullus gave his celebrated feast to Cicero and Pompey. We



VILLA ALBINI GARDENS—FRONT AND REAR VIEWS.

find legendary and historic interest enough in this one spot to fill our whole space. From the garden a terraced road (beneath which are the long-closed catacombs of St. Felix) leads to the Villa Medici, in which lived Cardinal Alessandro de Medici, afterwards Pope Leo XI. At the end of the terrace stands the Obelisk of the Trinità de Monti, erected here in 1822 by Pius VII., who found it near the Church of St. Croce in Jerusalem. The Church of the

Trinita de Monti stands near, where in the evenings people go to hear the nuns sing from the organ gallery, which is said to sound like the singing of angels.

Three streets lead out toward the central part of the city from the Piazza del Popolo—the Via Ripella, the Via del Corso and the Via Babuino, the latter deriving its name from a multitude of figures on a fountain. A short street behind this, the Via Margutta, is almost entirely inhabited by artists and sculptors. The Babuino ends in the central square of the Piazza del Spagna, where many of the best hotels and shops are located, and which is considered

Rome. This street ends at the steps of the Capitol, and follows the line of the ancient Flaminia, and was once spanned by four triumphal arches, those of Marcus Aurelius, Domitian, Claudius and Gordian, but all these have disappeared. The Corso is completely lined with balconies, which during the carnival are filled with gay groups of maskers flinging confetti. These balconies are relics of imperial times, and, were originally called "Moeniana," from the tribune Moenius, who designed them to accommodate spectators of processions in the streets below. On the left of the Corso is the Augustine Church of Il Gesu Maria, and almost opposite is the S. Giacomo degli Incurabili. It is attached to a surgical hospital, which will accommodate 350 patients.

Three streets to the right and near the Tiber stands the remains of the Mausoleum of Augustus. The first funeral here was that of Marcellus, B. C. 23. The next, Agrippa, B. C. 12. Then came Octavia, sister of the Emperor and widow of Anthony, the oration being delivered by Augustus himself. Then Drusus, B. C. 9, and in A. D. 14 the great Augustus died at Nola, and his body was burnt here. Then came Germanicus, son of the first Drusus, said to have been poisoned, A. D. 19. A. D. 23, Drusus, son of Tiberius, poisoned by his wife Livilla and her lover Sejanus. Then the Empress Livia, A. D. 29. A. D. 33, Agrippina, widow of Germanicus, who starved to death, and her two sons, Nero and Drusus, who were murdered by Tiberius. Then Tiberius, A. D. 37. The ashes of Caligula, murdered A. D. 41. A. D. 54 Emperor Claudius, murdered by Agrippa; his son, Britannicus, A. D. 55, murdered by Nero, and the Emperor Nerva A. D. 98,—a horrid record, surely. Plenty of legends are associated with



CHURCH OF S. MARIA SOPRA MINERVA—INTERIOR.

as the center of what is called the "English quarter" of Rome. The Church of the Trinita de Monti stands on an elevation to the left, and is reached by a most magnificent flight of steps. At the side of this Piazza di Spagna stands the Collegio di F. opaganda Fide, founded by Gregory XV. and enlarged by Urban XIII. It is a college for the education of youths of all nations as missionaries.

We cross over to the Corso, which, though narrow, is the finest street in

the mausoleum, but nothing remains now to testify to the former magnificence of this building.

The Church of S. Carlo in Corso stands a little farther on, next the street (Corso), and is the church of the Lombards. Near this is the Via Condotti, a short street lined with jeweler shops. The Trinita de Monti is seen beyond, and at the eastern end the Palazzo Borghese, a magnificent palace, built 1590-1621, stands at the side of the street in the other direction. In the reign

of Paul X. the Borghese became the wealthiest family in Rome. The Borghese picture gallery is the best private collection in Rome. Near this is the Ruspoli Palace, built in 1586. Beyond this are the Fiano, Verospi, Teodoli and Bernini palaces, which are of an insignificant character.

The Piazza of S. Lorenzo opens out of the Corso on the east side, at one end of which stands the Church of S. Lorenzo in Lucina, founded in the fifth century, and rebuilt in its present form by Paul V. in 1606. Much of interest is to be seen in this edifice, especially the picture of Guido Reni, over the high altar, the Crucifixion

X., Innocent XII., Clement XI., Innocent XIII. and Clement XII., besides other notables.

It is but a short distance to the Church of S. Maria in Via Lata, founded by Sergius I. in the eighth century, but twice rebuilt, the second time under Alexander VII., in 1662. This subterranean church is shown as the actual place in which St. Paul lodged when he was in Rome. A fountain in the crypt is shown as having miraculously sprung up in answer to the prayers of St. Paul, that he might have the wherewithal to baptize his disciples. Opposite this church is the immense Palazzo



APPIAN WAY AND TOMB OF CECILIA METELLA, ROME.

seen against a wild, stormy sky.

A little farther down on a cross street is the S. Silvestro in Capite, one of the three churches in Rome dedicated to the same Pope of the time of Constantine. A convent attached to the church was founded in 1318, and is now used as the postoffice. There are numerous piazzas, or squares, palaces, fountains and churches, but our space will not admit of even mention of them all.

A little distance from the Corso stands the Collegio Romano, founded in 1582 for Gregory XIII. The college is entirely under the superintendency of the Jesuits, and has produced eight popes—Urban VIII., Innocent X., Clement IX., Clement

Doria, connected with which is a picture gallery which contains a vast collection.

Near this is Palazzo Colonna, a palace of vast dimensions, begun in the fifteenth century, which also has an extensive gallery of art collections. Near by is the Bonaparte Palace, where Lætitia Bonaparte, mother of Napoleon I., died Feb. 2, 1836. The Church of the Santi Apostoli, founded in the sixth century, in which is the tomb of Pope Clement XIV.; the Church of St. Mark's, founded in the time of Constantine; the vast Church of Gesu and convent; the Venetian Palace, and the Altieri Palace, in which Cardinal Altieri died from the cholera in 1867, are the principal ob-

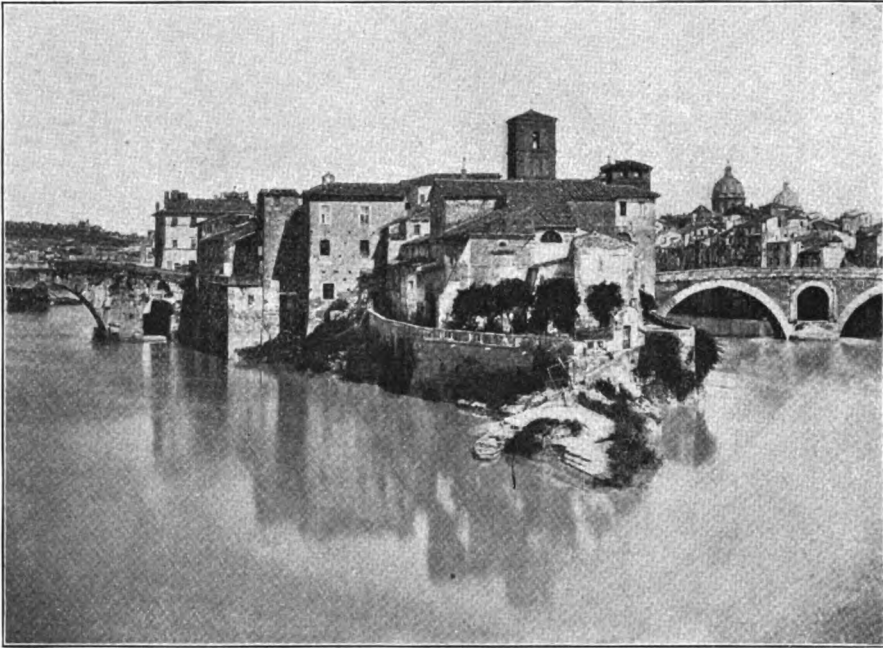
jects of interest from our starting point to the Capitoline.

The Capitoline was the hill of the kings and the republic, as the Palatine was of the empire. Its history reaches back into mythical lore. Up to the time of the Tarquins the hill bore the name of Mons Saturnius, from the mythical King Saturn, who is reported to have come to Italy in the reign of Janus, and to have made a settlement here. But it would be impossible for us to follow the historic lines to its present development—that would require pages.

When Romulus had fixed his settlement upon the Palatine, he opened an asylum for fugitive slaves upon the then deserted Saturnius; but later, the Sabines, under

foundation, the head of a man was found, still bloody, an omen which was interpreted to portend that Rome would become the head of Italy, and in consequence the name was changed and has remained to the present Mons Capitolinus, or Capitoline.

The Temple of Jupiter occupied a platform on the summit of the rock leveled to receive it. It was nearly square, 200 by 185 Roman feet. The temple was divided into three compartments and the figure of Jupiter occupied that in the center, Minerva the right, and Juno the left. Its facade was decorated with three rows of columns, and its sides by a single colonnade. There are many legends connected



THE ISLAND OF THE TIBER, ROME.

Titus Tatius, besieged and took the hill. From this time the hill was completely occupied by the Sabines, and its name became partially merged into that of Mons Tarpeia, which its southern side has always retained. After the death of Tatius, the Capitoline again fell under the government of Romulus, and his successor, Numa Pompilius, founded here a temple, a place of sacrifice, and to Numa is attributed the worship of the god Terminus, who had a temple here in very early ages.

Under Tarquinius Superbus, B. C. 535, the magnificent Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus which had been vowed by his father, was built with money taken from the Volscians in war. In digging for the

with this temple and the people associated with it. The gates of the temple were of gilt bronze and the floors of mosaic. The building of Tarquin lasted 400 years and was burned down in the civil wars, B. C. 83. It was rebuilt by Sulla, and dedicated by Q. Lutatius Catulus, B. C. 62. This one was burned down by the soldiers of Vitellius A. D. 69, when they dragged forth Sabinus, the brother of Vespasian, and murdered him at the foot of the capitol near the Mamertine Prison. Domitian, the youngest son of Vespasian was in the temple at the time, but escaped in the dress of a priest, and in commemoration erected a chapel to Jupiter Conservator, and Vespasian rebuilt the temple and in this build-

ing Titus and Vespasian celebrated their triumph after the fall of Jerusalem. The ruin of this temple began in A. D. 404, when the plates of gold were stripped by Emperor Honorius, and finally plundered by Vandals in A. D. 455, and the statues carried to Africa.

Other temples were built here. The Temple of Fides is said to have been founded by Numa, in which the senate was assembled at the time of the murder of Tiberius Gracchus, his blood being the first spilt in a civil war. Near this were the twin temples of Mars and Venus, and close to the Jupiter Capitolinus, the temple of Jupiter Tonas, built by Augustus. At another point the temple of Honor and Virtue, built, B. C. 103, and several others are mentioned, one with date, B. C. 345. Some parts of this building still remain.

To Pope Boniface IX. 138-94 is due the erection on the ruins of the Labritarium a residence for the senators and his successors. Paul III. 1544-50, employed Michael Angelo to lay out the Piazza del Campidoglio (shown in our illustration), and the Capitoline Museum and Capitol of the Conservators. Pius IX., Gregory XIII. and Sextus V. added the sculptures and other monuments which adorn the slips and balustrade. It was down the staircase which originally existed on this site that Rienzi, the Tribune, fled, and close to the spot where the left-hand lion stands that he fell, his wife witnessing his death from a window of the burning palace above. A passageway between the two staircases leads to four vaulted brick chambers, remnants of the substructure of the temple of Jupiter, and in this space is a small garden in which are kept living wolves to commemorate the nurse of Romulus.

At the head of the stairs are colossal statues of the twin legendary heroes, Castor and Pollux, statues of Constantine the Great and his son, Constantine II., and milestones of the Appian Way. In the center of the square Piazza del Campidoglio, is the famous statue of Marcus Aurelius, the most perfect ancient equestrian statue in existence. It is said that while Michael Angelo was standing in fixed admiration before this statue he bade the horse "Caminina" to walk. Here in this space Brutus harangued the people after the murder of Julius Cæsar, and here the people rejoiced upon the elevation of Rienzi to the tribuneship, and it was the scene of his murder. The tower of the Capitol contains the great bell of Viterbo, carried off from that tower during the wars of the middle ages, but it is never rung except to announce the death of a sovereign, or the opening of the carnival.

On one side stands the Museo Capitolino, which is divided into many rooms and cor-

ridors, in which is a mammoth collection of art and ancient inscriptions. In one room there are eighty-three busts of Roman emperors and empresses and their relations, and a hall of illustrious men, etc., one of the most interesting collections in the world.

The opposite side of the Piazza is occupied by the Palace of the Conservators. This contains an extensive picture gallery and various other treasures. The hall of the Conservators consists of eight rooms. The first is painted in fresco from the history of Roman kings. The second is adorned with subjects from Roman republican history. The third with subjects of wars. The fourth with names of public officers from Romulus to Augustus. The fifth, sacred geese, etc., while the sixth is the Throne room, hung with faded tapestry, and having a frieze of fresco representing the triumphs of Scipio Africanus. The seventh is decorated with the history of the Punic wars, and the eighth is the chapel containing a masterly fresco of the Madonna and Child with angels. Then there is the picture gallery of the capitol and very many other objects of interest associated with it that space will not admit of mention.

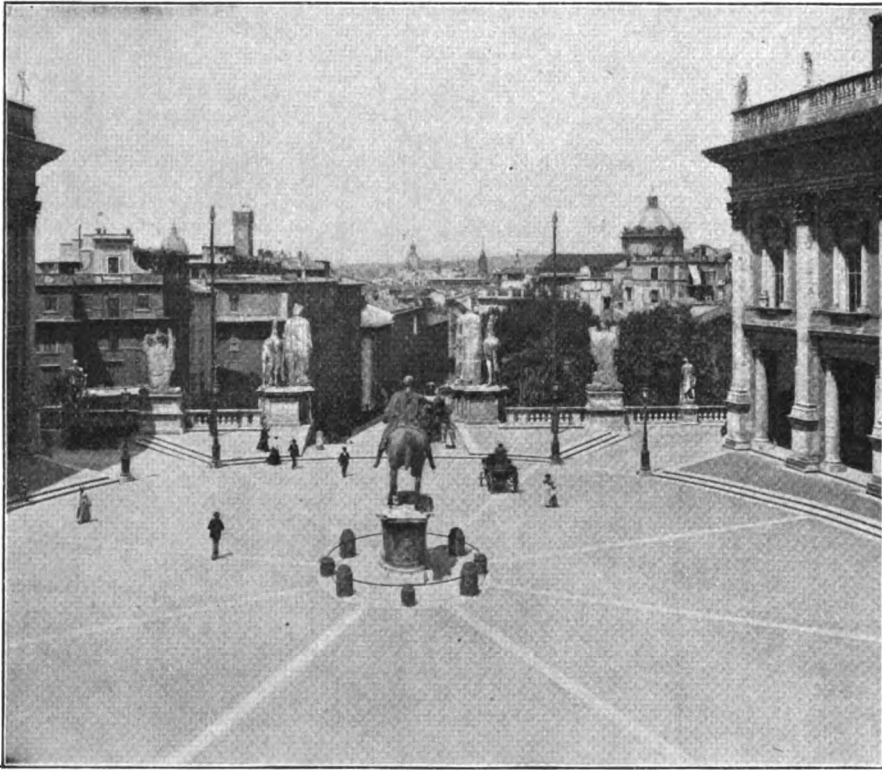
To reach the principal portion of the southeastern height of the capitol it is necessary to ascend the staircase beyond the Palace of the Conservators, which leads to the highest point of the Tarpeian rock. It was upon this side that the different attacks were made upon the capitol. The first was by the Sabine Herdonius in B. C. 460. He succeeded, but on the fourth day his army was routed and Herdonius, with nearly all his army, was killed. The second attack was by the Gauls, who, according to the story, climbed the rocks and had nearly reached the summit unobserved when the cries of the sacred geese of Juno aroused an officer named Manlius, who rushed to the defense and hurled over the precipice the first soldier, who dragged down others, and thus the capitol was saved. This was the same Manlius, the great friend of the people, who was afterward condemned by the Patricians on a pretext that he wished to make himself king, and was thrown from the Tarpeian rock on the same spot where Spurius Cassius, an ex-consul, had been thrown before. This spot faces the Forum.

Having had a glimpse of Roman ruins, we return by the stone staircase to the Corso, where it ends at the Ripresa dei Barberi, and but a short distance finds us at the Forum of Trajan, which lies nearly north of the Capitol. This Forum was erected for the Emperor Trajan on his success in defeating the Dacians, who had ravaged part of the empire and demanded tribute of Rome about A. D. 100. The beautiful Column of Trajan was erected by

the senate and people of Rome, A. D. 114. It is composed of thirty-four blocks of marble and is covered with a spiral band of bas-reliefs illustrative of the Dacian wars. It was formerly crowned by a statue of Trajan holding a gilt globe, which latter is still preserved in the Hall of Bronzes in the Capitol. At the foot of the column was a sepulchral chamber intended to receive the imperial ashes, which were, however, preserved in a golden urn upon an altar in front of it. Trajan was one of the best of Roman Emperors. On the north of this forum are two churches, S. Maria di

Augustus' reign when he retired and named Tiberius as his successor he ordered the census of Rome to be taken which showed the population to be 4,137,000.

The Temple of Mars stands at the north-east corner of the Forum of Augustus and surpassed in size the forum of Julius Cæsar which it joined. Near by is the ruin called the Colonnade, part of the Portico of Pallas Minerva, which decorated the Forum Transitorium, which was dedicated to the short reign of Nerva. Of this but little now remains. The Forum of Julius Cæsar was elaborately decorated in its time and is



PIAZZA DEL CAMPIDAGLIO AND CAPITOL, ROME.

Loreto, founded by a corporation of bakers. The other, S. Maria di Vienna, which commemorates the liberation of Vienna from the Turks in 1683.

Leaving this forum and passing the convent of the Nunzialina we come to several beautiful pillars which are now declared to be the remains of the Temple of Mars Ultor, built by Augustus in his new forum, which was erected in order to provide accommodations for the crowds which overflowed the Forum Romanum and Forum Julium. To make this necessity plain it may be well to state that at the close of

said to have been more beautiful than the Forum Romanum. The only remains of this forum are some square blocks of stone in an unkept court. Part of the original site of the forum is now occupied by the Academia di San Luca, which has a ceiling of very good frescoes. We now come to the Forum Romanum, the central figure of ancient Rome and history.

"The origin of the forum goes back to the alliance of the Romans and Sabines. It was a space surrounded by marshes, which extended between the Palatine and Capitoline, occupied by the two colonies

and serving as a neutral ground where they could meet. The forum was surrounded by a portico of two stories, the lower of which was occupied by shops or stores. In the beginning of the sixth century of Rome two forces destroyed part of the edifices with which it had been embellished; basilicas and temples were raised along its sides which in their turn were partially destroyed in the fire of Nero. Domitian rebuilt a part and added the temple of Vespasian, and Antonius that of Faustina, but time has made sad havoc with nearly the whole of these structures. Our illustrations of the forum, the Basilica of Constantine, and Arch of Constantine being among the best of the ruins. The study of the ruins in the forum is complicated by the succession of public buildings by which it has been occupied, in each period of Roman history having a different set of buildings, and each in a great measure supplanting that which went before. The visitor who is interested in the early history which centers here and which is intensely interesting will need to devote much time to the searching of history as well as to the ruins. It will then be found one of the most interesting spots in the world.

The Basilica of Constantine, shown at the bottom of page 78, was 320 feet in length, and 255 feet in width. The ruins shown are only those of the aisles of the Basilica. The roof was supported by eight Corinthian columns, of which one remaining here till the time of Paul V. was removed by him to the Piazza of S. Maria Maggiore, where it still stands. The site was previously occupied by the Temple of Peace, burnt down in the time of Commodus. This temple was the great museum of Rome under the empire and contained the seven-branched candlestick and other treasures brought from Jerusalem, as well as all the works of art which had been collected in the palace of Nero and which were removed to this temple by Vespasian. The building of Constantine is the last which bears the impress of the grandeur of ancient Rome.

We are now at the Arch of Constantine which is well preserved. The lower bas-reliefs upon the arch refer to the deeds of Constantine. The upper illustrate the life

of Trajan, which has led some to imagine that the arch was originally erected in honor of Trajan. They were removed from the arch of Trajan and appropriated by Constantine for his own arch.

The Colosseum was originally called the Flavian Amphitheater. This building is on the site of the reservoir of Nero, and was begun A. D. 72 by Emperor Vespasian who built as far as the third row of arches, the last two rows being finished by Titus after his return from the conquest of



FORUM OF TRAJAN.

Jerusalem. It is said that 12,000 captive Jews were employed in the work and that the external walls cost a sum equal to 17,000,000 francs, about \$3,000,000. It consists of four stories, the first Doric, the second Ionic, the third and fourth Corinthian. The circumference of the ellipse externally is 1,790 feet, its length 620, its width 525, and its height 157 feet. It contained seats for 87,000 spectators, beside reserves for the Emperor, his family and the



THE FORUM ROMANUM.
BASILICA OF CONSTANTINE.

vestal virgins. It was inaugurated by 100 days of gladiatorial combat in which 5,000 wild animals were killed. It is said that the arena on occasions could be filled with water for naval combats. The gladiatorial craze had such a hold of the people that even the Emperor Commodus, in A. D. 180-182, himself frequently fought and killed both gladiators and wild beasts, a degradation of imperial dignity equal to, if not worse, than Nero's theatrical performances.

The first martyrdom here was that of St. Ignatius, said to have been the child specially blessed by our Savior. Soon after

up with earth, and the peaceful cross planted in the center; to climb into the upper halls and look down on ruin—ruin, ruin all about; the triumphal arches of Constantine, Septimius, Severus and Titus, the Roman Forum, the Palace of the Cæsars, and the temples of the old religion fallen down and gone, is to see the ghost of old Rome, wicked, wonderful old city, haunting every ground on which its people trod. It is the most impressive, the most stately, the most solemn, grand, majestic and mournful sight conceivable. Never in its bloodiest prime can the sight



THE ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, ROME.

this 115 Christians were shot here with arrows. Under Hadrian, A. D. 218, the first victims were exposed to the wild beasts. The Colosseum and the scenes enacted in it which it recalls caused Dickens to exclaim: "To see it crumbling there, an inch a year; its walls and arches overgrown with green; its corridors open to the day; the long grass growing on its porches; young trees sprouting up on its ragged parapets and bearing fruit, chance produce of the seeds dropped there by the birds that built their nests within its chinks and crannies; to see its pit of fight filled

of the gigantic Colosseum, full and running over with lustrous life, have moved their hearts as it must move all who look upon it now—a ruin. God be thanked a ruin." We cannot touch upon all, or even a part, of the bloody history of the Colosseum, but must confine ourselves to the subjects of our remaining illustrations. After we make mention of the Pantheon, the most perfect pagan building in the city, built, B. C. 27, by Marcus Agrippa, the bosom friend of Augustus Cæsar. In A. D. 397, the Pantheon was closed as a temple, and in 608 was consecrated as a church by Pope

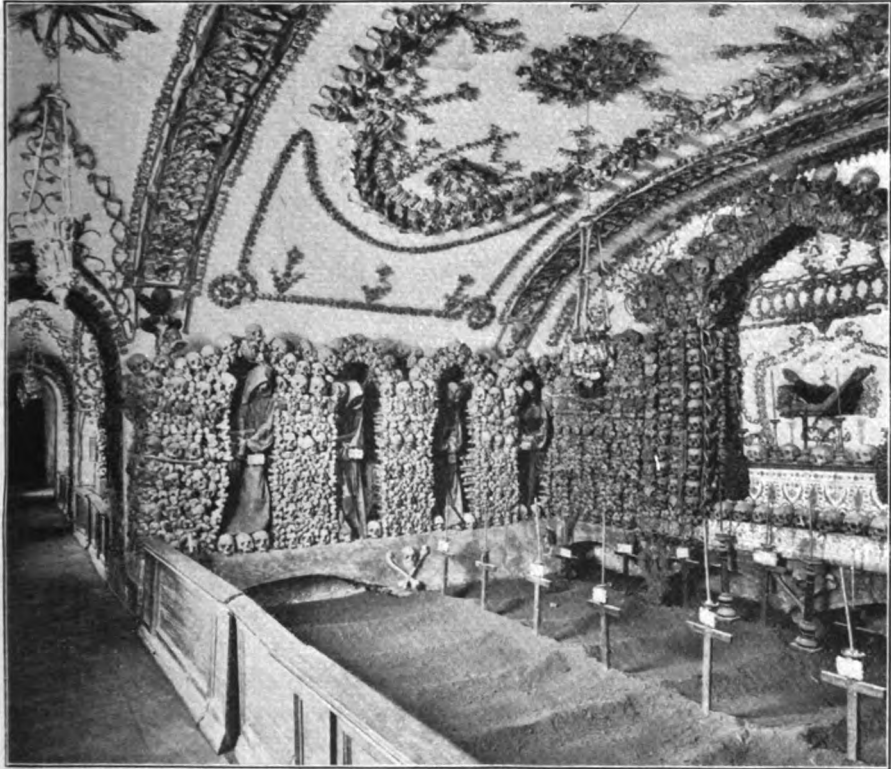


THE COLOSSEUM, ROME.—INTERIOR AND EXCAVATIONS.

Boniface IV. under the title of S. Maria ad Martyres, but it has had a turbulent history, and was used by anti-Pope Guibert as a fortress, 1087, and anti-Pope Sylvester IV. was elected here in 1101. It was eventually repaired by Pope Martin V. and other improvements made by Eugenius IV., but it was partially plundered to ornament St. Peter's and the cannons taken to the Castle of St. Angelo. The interior is a rotunda 143 feet in diameter, covered by a dome, the only light being from an aperture in the center 28 feet in diameter, left open by the pagan worshippers to admit the angels.

and the architecture, as seen in our illustration on page 72, borders on the magnificent.

The Via Appia (or Appian Way) is a magnificent promenade amongst ruinous tombs, massive remains of which extend for many miles over the Roman Campagna. About two miles from the city gates stands the subject of our illustration on page 73, the Tomb of Cecilia Metella, daughter of Quintus Metellus Creticus and wife of Crassus. It is a round tower 70 feet in diameter, originally covered with a marble coating, but that on the base was carried off by Urban VIII. to make the fountain of



THE CATACOMBS OF THE CAPUCHINS, ROME.

The removal of a number of small buildings at the back of the Pantheon in 1882 laid bare some masses of ruin belonging to the Baths of Agrippa. Behind this the Piazza della Minerva, and at the side of the piazza the Church of S. Maria Sopra Minerva, built in 1370 upon the ruins of the Temple of Minerva, founded by Pompey. This is the only Gothic church in Rome of importance, and its exterior appearance is quite inferior, but in spite of this the interior is very interesting and its chapels are a museum of relics of art and history,

Trevi. Along this road stands the noted milestones of ancient Rome.

Along the road Porta Salaria, by which Alaric entered Rome through the treachery of the Isaurian guard on the 24th of August, 410, stands the Villa Albani, built in 1760 by Cardinal Alessandro Albani. The Casino is a magnificent palace, built after Cardinal Albani's own designs, and the Cardinal filled it with a lifetime of art collections. The gardens, seen in our illustration on page 71, are the most beautiful in Rome, and the scene of the

surrounding distance is most enchanting.

Connected with the Conventual Church, founded by Cardinal Barberini, the old monk-brother of Urban VIII., in 1624, is the famous cemetery Catacombs of the Cappucini, which consist of four chambers, ornamented with human bones in patterns, and with mummified bodies. The earth was brought from Jerusalem. As the cemetery is too small for the convent, when any monk dies, the one who was buried longest is ejected to make room for him. This is done to give each a period of rest in the holy earth brought from Jerusalem.

The Piazza di San Giovanni is surrounded by a remarkable group of buildings. In

moved to its present site in 1588 by Fontana for Sextus V.

The Lateran derives its name from a rich patrician family, whose estates were confiscated by Nero, when their head, Plautius Lateranus, was put to death for taking part in the Conspiracy of Piso. The buildings have been successively destroyed and rebuilt many times.

Our illustration is of the western facade of the basilica, built in 1734. The statues ornamenting the balustrade are of Christ and the Apostles.

The foundation of this church is said to antedate that of St. Peter. A. P. Stanley, in *Christian Institutions*, says: "The Lateran is the true Pontifical throne, and



BASILICA OF ST. JOHN, LATERAN, ROME.

front are the Baptistry and Basilica of the Lateran; on the right, a hospital for women, with room for 600 patients; on the left, beyond the modern palace, are the buildings which inclose the Santa Scala and some broken arches of the Aquia Mercia, while in the center of the piazza is the Obelisk of the Lateran, 150 feet high, and the oldest object in Rome, being referred by translators to the year 1740 B. C., when it was raised in memory of the Pharaoh Thotmes IV. It was brought from the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis to Alexandria by Constantine, and removed by his son Constantine to Rome and used to ornament the Circus Maximus, and re-

over its front is inscribed the decree, 'Papal and Imperial,' declaring it to be the mother and mistress of all churches." The ancient Palace of the Lateran was the residence of popes for nearly a thousand years. Five general councils have been held at the Lateran—1123, 1139, 1179, 1215 and 1512. The skulls of Saints Peter and Paul are said to be preserved here, and the altar incloses the greater part of the famous wooden table upon which St. Peter is supposed to have celebrated mass in the house of Pudeus. In the attached Convent of Passionist Monks is preserved the Scala Santa. This staircase, supposed to be that of the house of Pilate, ascended and de-

scended by our Savior, is said to have been brought from Jerusalem by Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, and has been regarded with special reverence by the Roman Church for fifteen hundred years. There is an opportunity for a lengthy description of this church, with its large collection of ancient and modern sculpture, art and legends, one of the most interesting subjects in Rome.

Another very interesting subject is the Piazza Navona, a vast oblong square, said to occupy the site of the ancient Circus Agonatis, decorated with three handsome fountains, that in the center supporting an obelisk brought from the Circus Maximus, where it was erected in honor of

we read, she left the Vatican secretly by night, accompanied by several porters carrying sacks of coin, the proceeds of the week's extortions and sales, to her own palace, and during the short absence she used to lock the Pope into his chamber and take the key with her."

On the opposite side of the piazza is the modernized Church of S. Giacomo degli Spagnuoli, dating from the fifteenth century.

As one wanders through Rome, he naturally wonders how so many churches—over 300—can be supported. They seem to be everywhere, and nearly all of the Catholic order; though the visitor may, if he desires, attend the English Protestant



PIAZZA NAVONA AGONATIS AND ST. AGNES' CHURCH, ROME

Domitian. Around the mass of rocks which supports the obelisk are figures of the gods of the four largest rivers—Danube, Nile, Ganges and Rio de la Plata.

The front of the Church of St. Agnes, built in 1642, is seen on the left, opposite the obelisk. There is connected with this church a long line of history and some exceedingly interesting legends, especially those relating to St. Agnes. The next building, with the colonnade, is the Palace Pamfili, built for Innocent X., in 1650. Olympia Maldachini, sister-in-law of Innocent, lived in this palace, and became notorious as a negotiator for the sale of bishoprics and benefices. Anthony Trollope, in his *Life of Olympia*, says: "Once a week,

Church, near Porta del Popolo; at Piazza S. Silvestro, and in the Via Babuino, and an American church at Via Nazionale.

The Island of the Tiber will be found an interesting subject for a full day of the sightseer's time. The formation of this island is ascribed by tradition to the produce of the cornfields of the Tarquins cast (contemptuously) upon the waters after their expulsion, which accumulated here till soil gathered around them and a solid piece of land was formed.

On this island, anciently known as the Isola Tiberina, were three temples, of Esculapius, of Jupiter, and of Faunus. It has been in turn the place of altars of Sabine gods; in imperial times, a prison.

In the reign of Claudius, sick slaves were left here to die; and there was a law that any slave so exposed who recovered should have his liberty. In the middle ages it was under the jurisdiction of the Cardinal Bishop of Porto, who lived in a Franciscan convent. Under Leo X. a fete was held here, and in 1656 the whole island was appropriated as a hospital for those stricken with the plague. The center of the island is now occupied by the Church and Convent of S. Bartolommeo. The whole island is full of historic interest. The bridge of S. Bartolommeo leads to the city across the Tiber, a portion of Rome

one hundred pages to do justice to this one subject.

The bridge of S. Angelo is the Pons Aelius of Hadrian, built as an approach to his mausoleum, and only intended for this. It is entirely ancient, except the parapets. The statues of St. Peter and St. Paul at the extremities were erected by Clement VII. Statues of ten angels adorn other pedestals. Facing the bridge is the famous Castle of S. Angelo (Angel), built by Emperor Hadrian as his family tomb. The first funeral here was of Hadrian's adopted son, Aelius Verus. Buried here are the Emperor himself, ashes of Nerva, Antonius Pius, A. D. 161; Aurelius, A. D. 180; Commodus, A. D. 192; Septimus Servius, A. D. 211, and Caracalla, A. D. 217, the last of the emperors buried here.

It was in 530 that the event occurred which gave the building its present name. "Pope Gregory the Great was leading a penitential procession to St. Peter's in order to offer up prayers for the staying of the great pestilence which followed the inundation of that year, and, as he was crossing the bridge, he looked up at the mausoleum and saw an angel on its summit sheathing a bloody sword, while a choir of angels around chanted with celestial voice the anthem since adopted by the church in her vesper service." — Defoe's History of the Plague; Hare's Walks in Rome.

A bronze statue of St. Michael the Archangel is seen on the summit. The history of the mausoleum in the middle ages is almost the history of Rome. It was turned into a fortress by Honorius in A. D. 423.

In 537 it was besieged by Vitiges, and when the defending garrison were reduced to the last extremities, they hurled down all the magnificent statues, which decorated the cornice, upon the heads of the besiegers. It had an important part in the belligerent conditions in 931, 936, 974, and other dates. Within its walls two popes were murdered—Benedict VI. and John XIV., and it was from St. Angelo that Rienzi fled to Bohemia in 1347. Running behind and crossing the back streets of the Borgo are two covered passages intended for the escape of the popes to the castle. The



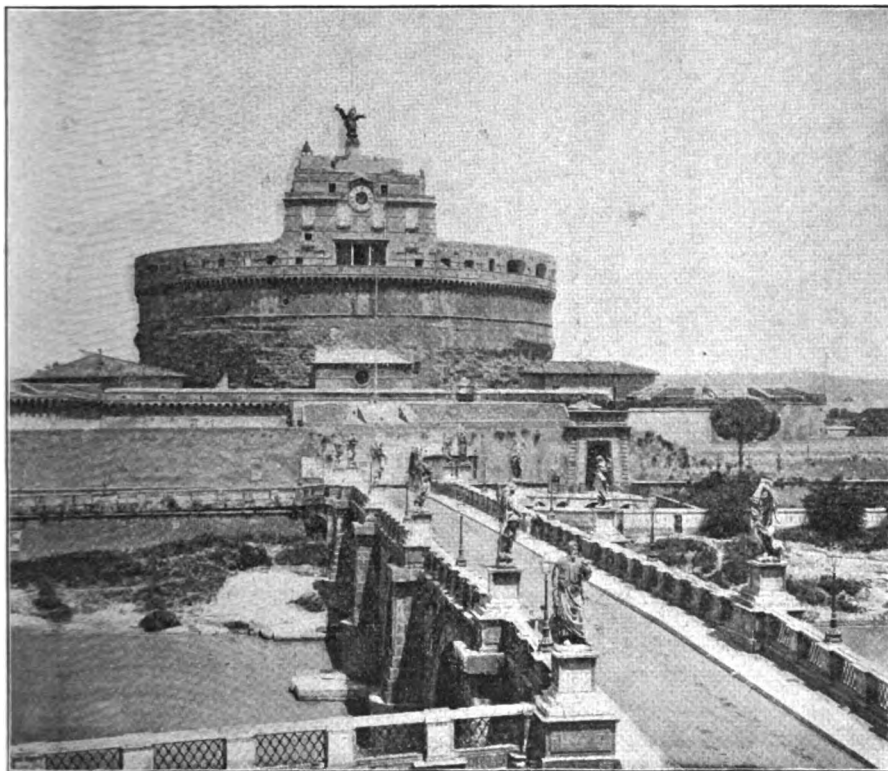
STATUE OF MOSES, BY MICHAEL ANGELO, CISTINE CHAPEL, ROME.

most unaltered from mediæval times, whose inhabitants differ in many respects from those on the other side of the Tiber—a people who claim to be direct descendants from the ancient Romans, and seldom intermarry with their neighbors, and speak a dialect peculiarly their own. A description of this section would require as much space as is allotted to us in this issue; and we will turn to that inexhaustible subject, St. Peter's and its environs. In this, much to our regret, we must confine ourselves to that which pertains directly to our illustrations, for it would take something like

upper one is open like a street, while the lower one is covered, and only lighted by loopholes.

We cannot follow the description from the castle to St. Peter's, as our article is already much too long, and we can only take a glance at St. Peter's and the Vatican Palace. As will be seen in our prospective view, at the beginning, the street leads directly into the facade of St. Peter's, in the middle of which is seen the obelisk, 132 feet high, the shaft being 83 feet. The obelisk was first used as a pagan idol, and brought to Rome from Heliopolis, and was used to adorn the Circus of Nero, and

had suffered in the circus under Nero. In 306 Constantine the Great began the erection of the early Basilica, which measured 395 feet in length and 212 feet in width, its naves and aisles being divided with eighty-six marble pillars, a great part of which were brought from the Sephzonium of Severus. This suffered partial destruction in the Saracenic invasion in 846. Of the old Basilica, the crypt is now the only remnant, with a few relics preserved of the endless works of art with which the old church was filled. In 1506 the new St. Peter's was begun from designs of Bramanti, the work later taken up by Michael

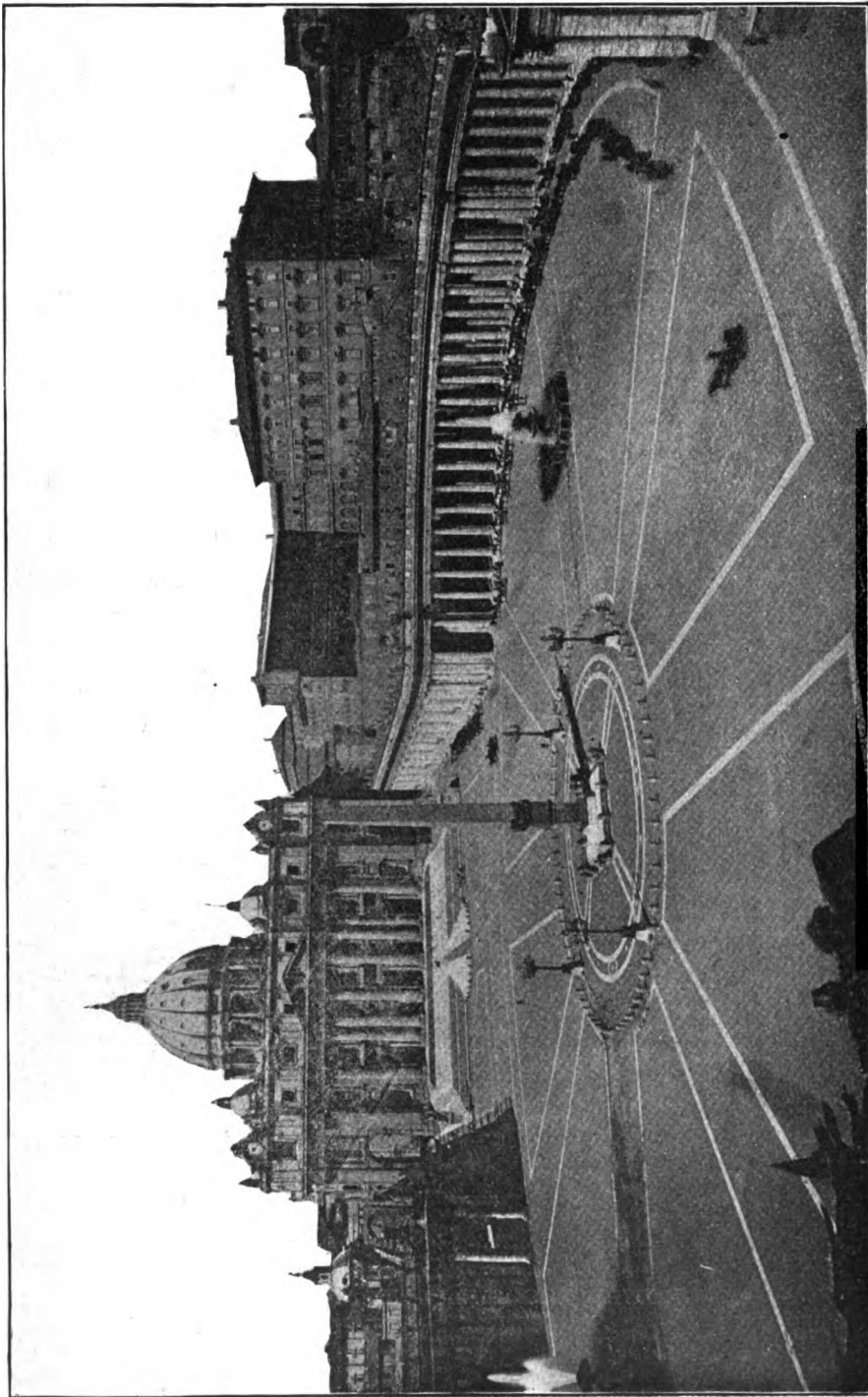


BRIDGE OF ST. ANGELO AND TOMB OF HADRIAN, ROME.

placed in its present position by Pope Sixtus. There are two beautiful fountains on either side, and the colonnades are 61 feet wide and have 284 columns 64 feet high. They inclose an area of 777 English feet. They were built by Bernini for Alexander VII. in 1657-67.

The first church which existed on or near the present building was an oratory founded in A. D. 90 by Anadetus, Bishop of Rome, who is said to have been ordained by St. Peter himself, and who thus marked the spot where many Christian martyrs

Angelo and completed by Bernini. There were seven changes in popes before its consecration by Urban VIII. on November 18, 1626. It is in the shape of a Latin cross and the largest church in the world, it being 615 feet long; height of nave 150 feet, and of the cross which surmounts the dome 435 feet. The facade of St. Peter's is 357 feet long and 144 feet high. It is surmounted by a balustrade six feet high bearing the statues of the Savior and the twelve Apostles. Over the entrance is the loggia (balcony), where the pope is crowned.



PIAZZA, COLONNADE, AND CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER'S, ROME.



**LA CATEDRA (PULPIT), BASILICA OF ST. PETER'S.
TOMB OF BENEDETTO XIV.**

**TOMB OF GREGORY XIII.
TOMB OF CLEMENT XIII.**

The wide flight of steps, at the foot of which are statues of St. Peter and St. Paul, lead by five entrances to the vestibule, which is 468 feet long, 66 feet high and 50 feet wide. On the right is a statue of Constantine, and on the left that of Charlemagne. Over the principal entrance is the celebrated Mosaic of the Navecella (ship), executed 1298. The dome is 300 feet above the roof, and 613 feet in circumference. An inside iron staircase leads to the ball, which is capable of containing sixteen persons. To follow a description of this great edifice would portray that which is of intense interest to us. The effect upon one on entering St. Peter's is well described in Eton's Rome,

terwork of art, and will keep one some time studying the beauty of design.

There were eighty-seven popes burned in the old basilica, the greater part being destroyed in its destruction, and only the monuments seem to have been replaced in the new. The beauties of many to be seen in St. Peter's, may be seen in our illustration the tombs of Gregory XIII., Benedetto XIV., and Clement XIII. Several different visits must be made to St. Peter's in order to become even slightly familiar with the long array of art it contains.

On the street, just behind the Colonnade, is the Palazzo del Santo Uffizio, or palace of the Inquisition. This, says the guide-



SISTINE CHAPEL, VATICAN, ROME.

when he says: "As I walked slowly up its long nave, empaneled with rarest and richest marbles, the lofty arches opening views of chapels, tombs, and altars of surpassing beauty, I felt that it was, indeed, unparalleled in magnitude and magnificence, and one of the noblest and most wonderful of the works of man." In fact, it surpasses any powers of description that we possess, and we will confine ourselves to our illustrations.

Entering the Cathedral, in the first chapel to the right is seen the *Pieta* of Michael Angelo (seen on the cover of this issue), before mentioned.

The *La Cattedra* (a pulpit), is a mas-

book, was established here in 1536, by Paul III. for inquiry into cases of heresy, and for the punishment of ecclesiastical offenses. It was by the authority of the "Holy Office" that the "Index" of prohibited books was first drawn up. Paul IV. recommended the continuance of this tribunal, and it was protected and encouraged by all succeeding popes, and the Inquisition frequently exercised its powers with extreme severity. The tribunal was formerly abolished by the Roman Assembly in 1849, but re-established by Pius IX., the meetings now taking place in the Vatican.

The interior of the building is a lofty hall with gloomy frescoes of Dominican

saints and there are many dungeons and cells in which the victims could not stand erect, their ceilings being lined with reeds to deaden the sound, but this is seldom seen. There are also several churches in this quarter.

The principal entrance to the Vatican Palace is at the end of the right Colonnade of St. Peter's. The first residence of the popes at the Vatican was erected in A. D. 498-514. During the twelfth century this ancient palace having fallen into decay, it was rebuilt in the thirteenth century by Innocent III., but greatly enlarged by Nicholas III. in 1277-81; but the Lateran, as we have before stated, continued to be

allude to it without an attempt at description. The wonderful statue of Moses by Michael Angelo is in the Sistine Chapel. This chapel is beyond the power of pen to describe. The gallery of statues was once a summer house, but transformed into a gallery of statues by Pius VI. of which our illustration shows only a part.

Beyond the Museo Chiaramonti is the Galleria Lapidaria, a corridor 2,131 feet in length. Its sides are covered on the left with pagan, on the right with early Christian inscriptions, with many other relics. On the right of this gallery is the entrance to the Vatican Library.

The Papal Library was founded by the



VATICAN LIBRARY, ROME.

the papal residence, and the Vatican was only used on state occasions.

In order to increase its security John XXIII. constructed the covered passage to S. Angelo in 1410. Many of the popes made additions to it, and now the length of the Vatican Palace is 1,151 English feet, and its breadth 767 feet. It has eight grand staircases, twenty courts, and is said to contain 11,000 chambers of different sizes.

The decorations are wonderful to behold. The guidebooks describing the Vatican contain from 60 to 100 pages as large as those of the JOURNAL, so we can merely

early popes at the Lateran. The Public Library was begun by Nicholas V. and greatly increased under Sextus IV., 1475, and Sextus V., 1588, who built the present halls. Our illustration is of one section of the great library,—nearly as interesting from its artistic designs as from the wonderful collection it contains.

Our subject is of such magnitude that we found it exceedingly difficult to make it short, and even touch upon the various subjects, but if we have painted sufficient of the picture of Rome to whet the appetite of our readers to continue the subject on a larger scale by reading its whole his-

tory, which is intensely interesting, we shall feel that we have not entirely failed in presenting the subject of the Eternal City.

The Electric Rose.

BY R. MAUDE BUFFUM.

Charlie Frost stood in the H. & D. Roundhouse on a cloudless September morning, but there was a scowl on his face, that, if it had been transferred to the blue dome of heaven, would have been an indication that the man who went out without his rubber jacket would get a wet-

rather skittish. But, young man, I like the looks of you, and I believe you can keep her on the track. At least, I feel that I can trust you to blow the whistle all right."

And Charlie had strengthened that faith by setting her safely down at her journey's end.

But this morning he looked ugly. He flecked an imaginary bit of dust from the jacket of the "420," and then continued his argument with an old engineer who had seen as many years' service as Charlie had life.

"Such running weather as this, to hold a man's engine in to put on a new-fangled



GALLERY OF STATUES, VATICAN, ROME.

ting, and it was all on account of the "420" that stood clean and shining in her stall, impassive to the feelings of her driver.

Charlie was a good and wholesome fellow, tall and manly, and there was a gleam of steady light in his blue eyes, and the broad shoulders spoke of endurance.

Once an old lady, who was about to take her first railroad journey, had walked up to his engine, and, after carefully looking it over, went to the cab and said to Charlie: "That engine looks as though it might be powerful headstrong, and I feel safer to ride after Pa's sorrel team, for all the off horse, since she is blind of one eye, is

headlight,—something to worry about. Just about the time you need a good, clear light, it is liable to go out on you. I never saw the night yet that I thought I needed a better light than the old oil light. I wish they had taken another engine."

"Softly, softly, Charlie," said the old man. "You have not seen as many nights of anxiety as I have; and you would not speak that way if you had felt the darkness pushing and crowding you when not a star was lit to show you the slippery, treacherous rails, and the light of the old lamp did not throw a shadow beyond the pilot. I firmly believe if the 151 and the 230 had had the electric headlights, that

head-end collision would not have happened at Brady's curve. I figure it this way: Before both engines struck the curve, the rays of light would have been thrown out on the country for miles, and both men would have seen them in time to have come to a full stop. But, Charlie, it costs less to hire new men to take the place of dead ones than it does to equip the road with electric headlights. God knows I hope poor Billy and Sandy are where there is a light brighter than any built by man."

"Well, I tell you now," answered Charlie, "it will have to be a mighty powerful light that will get a good report out of me, and it will get no extra attention either. After awhile the duties of an engineer will pile up so that he won't need a fireman."

Just then the Master Mechanic came in with a stranger. He called Charlie over to him and said: "This is Mr. Randall, who is putting the electric headlight on the 420."

Charlie growled, rather than asked: "How long will she be held in?"

"I expect she will be ready to go out on her regular run tomorrow night," the stranger answered, pleasantly.

The balance of the day and the next the men were busy putting on the light. The engineers crowded around the engine, speculating on how far it would throw the light, but Charlie had nothing to say.

That night as he pulled out he could not put down a feeling of pride, and he felt that the 420's nose was tilted just a little higher as she proudly carried the first electric headlight on the H. & D. road.

* * *

At Galesboro lived "Old Man" Allen. He ran an eating house, which was liberally patronized by the H. & D. men,—perhaps on account of the good meals, and possibly on account of the old man's daughter, Margery. To all the men she was known as "Allen's flower."

She was as sweet and graceful as a lily that nodded its head in the old man's garden and shared the soil with the heading cabbage bordered by the sweet mignonette; and the spreading, pompous lettuce tried to curl itself up to make room for the soft-eyed pansies she loved so well. Margery was never without flowers. The possession of flowers in her belt as the months went by was invariable. First came the daffodils; the pansies next; then the June roses and sweet peas; nasturtiums for weeks, and then the blossoms of the chrysanthemums. Many a grimy blouse while on duty wore a sweet blossom given freely from Margery's belt. This was why she was known as "Allen's flower."

In a shy way, she had shown more preference for Charlie than any of the men. The fattest cookies and the biggest piece

of pie found their way to his lunch box, which was filled every day at the junction. But Charlie's time was limited to minutes at the junction, and the love in his heart for Margery never had the opportunity to pass his lips.

As the 420 steamed into Galesboro that night, Charlie swung himself off of the engine and hurried across to the house. Margery met him at the gate.

"O, Charlie, ain't that light fine! Why, do you know, we saw it coming 100 miles. I am so glad you got it on your engine."

"Why?" Charlie's dirty hand closed over Margery's as she still held the bucket. "Why, Margery?"

"Because it is safer for you to run at night. It seems to me, Charlie, that with a light as strong as that you could see so far ahead that you would have plenty time to keep out of danger, and it would be much safer for the passengers."

"Tell me, Margery, is it just for the passengers that you are glad?"

Charlie's hand, that was still clasped over hers, trembled as he asked the question; but this was the month to wear roses, and Margery's face was bent over the bunch pinned in her belt, and it was too dark for Charlie to see the pink ones in her cheeks.

"Answer me quick, Margery; the conductor is giving me the signal."

But love had sealed her lips.

"If it is just for my sake that you are glad, give me a rose."

She did not stop to select him one, but slipped the bunch into his hand.

"God bless you, Margery," and the honest lips were pressed to her pure ones.

For the balance of the night the candle power was doubled, and no doubt he could have seen to run by the light of a pair of eyes shining before his. The roses were tucked in his blouse, and as the wind blew the scent to the fireman, he stole a glance at Charlie's happy face, he hummed an old love song. As luck would have it, his engine was ordered to another part of the road by the breaking of another engine, and it was a week before the 420 was back in her stall again. The Master Mechanic met him and asked:

"How do you like the light?"

"O, pretty well," was his indifferent answer.

"Can you see the distance that they claim you can?"

"Well, I have hardly had a chance to tell yet, but I can see a good ways." Charlie was honest, and that was as little as he could say for it and be truthful. The rain was dashing against the cab windows and big clouds hung low. The wind blew the rain in blinding sheets. It was the kind of a night that you hurry into a well-warmed, comfortable car, and thank

the progressive age that you don't travel on the outside of a four-wheeler.

Charlie pulled his rubber jacket close to him as he hurried across to his lunch at Galesboro. It had been a month to him since he had been there. As he stepped on the porch, one of the girls met him.

"Here is your bucket."

"Where is Margery," he asked, in a surprised tone.

"O, yes." She darted back into the house and handed him a bunch of beautiful dark roses.

"Margery has gone to her aunt's, who is not expected to live. She went this morning. She said if you came tonight to give you these."

"Thank you." He took the bucket and paused in the shadow of the garden to press the roses to his lips. "Dear little Margery, I do not know how much I love you until I feel the disappointment of not seeing you. I feel as though these roses were a token of your love. I must not build too many air castles on the kiss I took unasked, but if you can love a big, rough fellow like me I will be the happiest and best man in God's country."

"Going to be a wild night, Charlie," the conductor said as he met him at the engine; "and I reckon that light will come in all right, for all you kicked so hard against it."

"Yes, it is the first dark night since it has been on. I can tell what it is worth tonight."

Up and down the grades, and over bridges and trestles, never slackening her speed, the 420 was making her time. The powerful shaft of light aroused the cattle contentedly chewing their cud. It flashed on sheep huddled together close to the fences to protect them from the beating storm. It showed the farm houses that in the night looked like great gray moths clinging to the side hills. The farm dogs, aroused by the flash of light, gave utterance to long, mournful howls. It cut the clouds of rain that swept in front of the engine, and enabled him to see objects with startling vividness. He watched the shaft of light reach out over the country and slowly swing back as he rounded the sharpest curve on the road. A straight line of track was now before him. What was that? In the distance was a road crossing. Both sides of the track were in heavy shade, but near the crossing, and apparently half on the track, was a dark object. It looked like a bundle of clothing. Could it be a human being? No, on a night like this, who would go to sleep on the track? Over him swept a strange feeling. The cab was hot and the perfume of the red roses seemed to float around him, and whisper danger. Before he realized it the 420 was reversed and he was struggling for

the mastery. Panting, gasping, apparently trembling with rage, she gave in to her master. Locked, the cruel wheels dragged and ground along, and at last, with a shriek, as of many demons, stopped.

"Get off and see who it is," he shouted to his fireman. He watched him raise the limp figure. A cloak covered the face and shoulders, and as he threw it back the light showed him a bunch of dark red roses pinned on the white waist.

"My God, Margery!" She was in his arms and he was wiping the blood from a cruel wound on her forehead. This clipping was taken from a morning paper:

Train 12 on the D. & H. Ry. avoided taking the life of a young woman at the Geneva crossing last night about midnight. There is no doubt but that her life was saved by the new electric headlight lately put on the engine for trial. The engineer saw a dark object on the track, and was enabled to stop before reaching the crossing. The young lady is a resident of Galesboro, but is on a visit to her aunt, who is ill. She was taken suddenly worse, and the other occupant of the house being a young man who was suffering from an attack of the rheumatism, the young lady started for the doctor alone, although the night was very dark and stormy. The horse became unmanageable and she was thrown on the track, her head striking the rail, rendering her unconscious. Around the accident is woven a pretty romance. The passengers who were brave enough to face the rain saw on the engineer's blouse a bunch of dark red roses, and pinned to the unconscious girl's waist was a similar bunch, without doubt picked from the same bush. One of the trainmen gave the information that the young lady was the engineer's sweetheart, and but for the electric headlight he would have been powerless to have saved her. We do not understand why the railroad companies do not take up this matter. When it comes to saving lives, the public should demand it.—*C. Tribune.*

A few days later Charlie handed in his report, and said earnestly to his superior officer:

"If you feel the company will not keep this light, I will pay for it myself before I will have it taken off. I have made the report as strong as I could."

"No doubt, no doubt," and in the Master Mechanic's eyes was a twinkle. "I hear you are going into the flower business."

"Yes, sir," was the answer, "and that light saved for me the sweetest flower of all."

The Black Tiger.

"Out of the trapeze biz, Charley?"

"Yes. I've grown too heavy for that. I'm 'Lion King' now."

"How do you like it?"

"Oh, it pays, and I've got the best kind of a keeper;" and Charley Buckley indicated the man by a twirl of his head.

"Where in the name of conscience did

you get that great brute from, Charley?"

"Picked him up nearly starving in a canebrake up the river. He is a runaway slave, I reckon, is strong as a horse, patient as a mule, does all kinds of work without grumbling, and I don't believe has any feelings, without they may be bodily ones, and he glanced contemptuously at the form of a negro who was stretched at full length beneath one of the cages, and apparently sound asleep.

"Don't make so certain of his being so dumb as you imagine. I have lived too many years in the South not to know better. It is true, some of them will bear a great amount of abuse, but once get them fairly aroused and there is no more passionate or revengeful race on the earth. And that would be the last man I should like to trust."

"He's very powerful. When he chooses to exert himself he is stronger than any half a dozen men in the concern. He makes no more of lifting the cages than the elephant."

"I never saw such a head and neck."

"Like a great buffalo bull!" was the laughing suggestion.

"You are right, and puts me very much in mind of one with the great crop of wool growing so low down upon the forehead, the heavy brows and—but there, I must stop. The mouth denies the likeness."

"Oh, that is like an alligator, and armed about as well. Such tusks of teeth you never saw. He can raise as much with them as an ordinary man with his hands."

"And bite as fearfully as an alligator!"

"You would judge so if you saw him eat! I'd bet on him against the hyena. But he is stirring, getting up, and you can have a better look at him."

"A Hercules!"

"That's what the boys named him, and he has adopted it. Come here, Her!" and Charley Buckley whistled to him as if a dog.

The negro stretched himself, yawned, stared for a moment, and then came slowly forward. He was in every respect a giant—could easily look over the head of the tallest man in the company, and was more than double their weight. The breadth of shoulders and chest was enormous—so was the circumference of the bundle of muscles above the elbow. His head was uncommonly large and the neck like that of an ox. His hands and feet were large, as were also the mouth and teeth, while the eyes were small and the iris naturally bloodshot, giving him a ferocious appearance. But this character was denied by the almost constant smile upon the thick lips and the hearty laughter, and it was evident, at the most casual glance, that unless something very far out of the common aroused him, he would serve with brutelike affection and fidelity.

"What a splendid cannon-ball performer he would make!" said the friend of Buckley, as he looked with a professional eye at the negro.

"Yes! And I think I must train him this winter to something of the kind. Haven't time now, but if next season you see 'The African Hercules' on the bills you will know who the man is. One thing is certain"—with a laugh—"there would be no danger of a cannon ball crushing his skull, even if it struck fairly upon it."

"Too t'ick for dat, massa!" and the negro joined heartily in the laughter, displaying an amount of ivory unprecedented in man, and with a noise that made the animals rise from their midday nap. And, as if to give a touch of his quality, he picked up one of the iron rods used in controlling the animals and bent it between his fingers as easily as if it had been willow.

"Take care and not make that Samson angry with you," was the injunction of his friend as they were about to separate. "I would as soon fight the whole cage of performing animals, with the hyenas thrown in."

"Have no fear. Give him plenty to eat, plenty of tobacco, and now and then a drink of whisky, and he is perfectly satisfied. I wish I was one-half as easily satisfied."

"Better leave the whisky out entirely. When such a man loses control of himself on account of it the sequel is terrible."

It was a good caution, but Buckley had his own idea of the fitness of things and did not take advice kindly from anyone. Besides, he believed the negro so bound to him that nothing could disturb his affection, and, even more, he fancied he could rule him, as he did the lion and tiger, when in sullen moods, with an actual rod of iron.

And, like many men of his class (thank Heaven, more in the past than the present), he was at times over-fond of his cups, and indulged in them more deeply than was safe to a man engaged in such a dangerous calling, and when under the influence he was apt to be overbearing, careless, and to desperately take chances that at another time he would have shuddered even when thinking about.

"Dar's de debbel to pay in de big cage," said the negro, coming to him one afternoon just after the close of the performance, and the "Lion King" was refreshing himself in a manner that threatened to put a sudden end to sobriety.

"Then why the devil don't you quell the disturbance without bothering me?" was the growled-out answer.

"De brack tiger, massa, am—"

"Isn't half as black and ugly as you are!"

Go along," and as the negro insisted upon his coming, he snatched up a whip that lay upon the table and struck him a stinging blow over the face.

"Don't do dat. It hurts, massa!"

"Glad of it. I'll teach you to come molesting me," and the blow was repeated again and again.

It seemed as if a volcano was confined within the huge breast of the sable giant and struggling to find an outlet. The iris of his eyes became more bloody, and his teeth were ground together, clamped as those of a wild boar, until the foam fairly hung upon his thick lips. For an instant it appeared as if he would spring upon his insulter and rend him as a furious beast might have done. But he sullenly turned away without a word, and again sought the canvas, where some unusual disturbance was going on among the animals. To that, however, he gave no heed. He simply crawled beneath one of the cages—that of the black tiger—and remained motionless, though growling savagely to himself.

"Massa Buckley better not strike me ag'in, dat's all. He's drunk now, so I forgi him. But he musn't do it any moe. Gess he don't know I kill my old massa for jess such a ting befoe I took to the canebrake. Gor Almighty! I strangle him jess as easy as I could a little pickaninny. No; he better not do dat any moe."

There seemed to be something of satisfaction in the thought of his power to revenge, and soon his grumbling ceased and the ominous scowl disappeared from his face, and his eyes lost something of their strange crimson coloring. And well would it have been if permitted to rest undisturbed until the volcano of passion had entirely smoldered away.

But it was not so. Half crazed with drink, the "Lion King" came staggering into the arena, having been compelled so to do by the report of others as to the state of affairs. He glanced at the cages, then at the recumbent negro, and something in the former awakened his wrath, and, reeling to where he lay, he kicked him with his heavy boot and with an oath demanded:

"Why haven't you cleaned out those dens? Is it any wonder the beasts are raising such a rumpus when the bones have been left for them to fight over?"

The Negro did not stir in the least—still lay with his head pillowed upon his arm and his face always hidden.

"So you pretend not to hear me, you black dog? Take that and that!" and the severe blows with the boot were repeated.

The giant sprang to his feet, and his face would have been an intense study for a painter. Every hellish passion in the human soul was pictured upon it; every muscle worked convulsively, while his eyes

flashed with an unnatural light. He glared around him as does the mighty king of the forest when first caged, and the life of his tormentor hung upon the most slender of threads. But there were numbers of the company present; he knew they were armed, and, crushing the boiling torrent within him to a more steady flow, he started to do the work he had neglected.

But even then he was not permitted to be in peace. Buckley, perhaps as much enraged at the want of retaliation as he would have been at it, seized one of the goads used upon the elephant and made the flesh of the negro quiver beneath its sharp point.

"Don't do dat, massa. It hurts."

"Hurrah! the black brute has feeling. Hurts? Well, I'll teach you a lesson you won't forget!" and, as if to boastfully show his power, he was about to use the weapon again, when the Negro caught it from his grasp and sent it whirling to and through the opposite side of the canvas.

But it would have been of no avail had not the others interposed and dragged him away. Although they might have little pity for the negro, yet they feared Buckley might arouse a spirit that would in the end result in his injury.

The black giant watched him as he disappeared, with drunken bravado shouting what he would do when he came back. Then, smarting from his wounds, he again crawled beneath the cage and lay like a great bulldog, with his eyes inflamed and form trembling with passion.

Twilight soon came, and every object grew indistinct beneath the canvas. There would be no exhibition that night, and the negro remained until a late hour revolving in his mind how much plunder he could secure before escaping, as he had resolved to do, when he heard a footstep coming, and soon after the voice of Buckley quieting the dog at the entrance. It was his custom to take a farewell look before giving up the charge for the night, and the negro knew he would be alone.

A gleam of savage satisfaction shot with almost the vividness of lightning from his eyes—his massive fists were clenched—he seized one of the heavy bars of the cage door and half arose. One blow—it would need but a slight one from such an arm—and with crushed skull his enemy would lie at his feet. But even when he was about to put his terrible plan into execution a noise outside caused him to change his idea of vengeance, and with noiseless movements he unbolted and slid back the door of the cage in which was confined the black tiger!

In an instant she stood free—had leaped into the circle—her long and flexible body gliding along as noiselessly as a black serpent, with her eyes like balls of fire—her

lips drawn back so as to plainly reveal the teeth—her claws half unsheathed and her lithe tail curling about her sleek sides, while her low growling resembled the purring of a cat that had already secured and was playing with her prey.

Then she crouched for her spring and waited the coming man—coming on unconsciously to doom—to be almost instantly torn limb from limb! It would be a fearful revenge even for as gross insults as he had been guilty of.

Still on he came. But even when it seemed as if beyond human power to save him his ears caught the low growling—knew by intuition that something was wrong—became comparatively sobered in an instant—dashed for a trapeze, caught the lower bar, and, thanks to his early training, swung himself beyond reach of harm, even as the furious beast leaped wildly at him.

Thus baffled and rendered still more angry by failure, she became aware of the presence of the negro, and quick as thought was upon him, grappling with him, and they rolled over and over, locked together.

The cries of Buckley quickly brought lights and assistance. But they came too late to be of any avail. The hands of the giant negro had clasped like a vise around the neck of the beast and strangled out all of life, though weeks after many unhealed wounds told of the fearful struggle through which he had passed.

But he was kindly nursed by Buckley (who for years knew nothing of his part in the matter), and who from that day tampered no more with drink, always declaring that at the bottom there lurked a "loosed tiger."—*Illustrated Record*.

A Century Poem.

BY EDWARD MARKHAM.

Written for Labor's Greeting to the New Year,
New York, Dec. 31.

We stand here at the end of mighty years,
And a great wonder rushes on the heart.
While cities rose and blossomed into dust,
While shadowy lines of kings were blown to air,
What was the purpose brooding on the world
Through the large leisure of the centuries?
And what the end—failure or victory?

Lo, man has laid his scepter on the stars,
And sent his spell upon the continents.
The heavens confess their secrets, and the stones,
Silent as God, publish their mystery.
Man calls the lightnings from their secret place
To crumple up the spaces of the world,
And snatch the jewels from the flying hours.
The wild white smoking horses of the sea
Are startled by his thunders. The world powers
Crowd round to be the lackeys of the King.

His hand has torn the veil of the Great Law—
The law that was made before the world—before
That far first whisper on the ancient deep;
The law that swings Arcturus on the north
And hurls the soul of man upon the way.
But what avail, O builders of the world,
Unless ye build a safety for the soul?
Man has put harness on Leviathan,
And hooks in his incorrigible jaws;
And yet the perils of the street remain.
Out of the whirlwind of the cities rise
Lean Hunger and the Worm of Misery,
The heartbreak and the cry of mortal tears.

But hark, the bugles blowing on the peaks;
And hark, a murmur as of many feet,
The cry of captains, the divine alarm!
Look, the last son of Time comes hurrying on,
The strong young Titan of democracy!
With swinging step he takes the open road,
In love with the winds that beat his hairy breast,
Baring his sunburnt strength to all the world,
He casts his eyes around with jovian glance—
Searches the tracks of old tradition; scans
With rebel heart the books of pedigree,
Peers into the face of Privilege and cries:
"Why are you halting in the path of man?
Is it your shoulder bears the human load?
Do you draw down the rains of the sweet heaven
And keep the green things growing? * * Back
to hell."

We know at last the future is secure;
God is descending from eternity,
And all things, good and evil, build the road.
Yes, down in the thick of things the men of greed
Are thumping the inhospitable clay.
By wondrous toils the men without the dream,
Led onward by a something unawares,
Are laying the foundations of the dream,
The kingdom of fraternity foretold.

The Boy and the Hen.

Not more than a dozen persons were in the car, says the *New York Sun*. These were a sharp-nosed man, who divided his time between glaring discontentedly out of the window and asking the conductor why the train did not go faster; an elderly and benevolent-looking old lady, who sat across the aisle from the sharp-nosed man; three or four men, who lounged back in their seats and dozed, and a quartet of young people, two men and two girls, who were amusing themselves by singing college songs.

As the train pulled out of one of the country villages, a poorly-dressed boy, who might have been 16 or 17 years old, came into the car and took the seat across the aisle from the four young people. Under his frayed coat was a big bunch, suggesting that he was carrying something concealed there. As the young people struck into another song, he looked anxiously at them and then down at the bunch under his coat. Presently, at the end of a verse, there sounded quite emphatically from the coat this remark:

"Cut-cut-cut-cut-cut-cudawcut!"

"Goodness!" exclaimed the girl who had been singing the alto part, turning wide brown eyes upon the youth. "He's got a hen there. Did you hear it?"

"Cutta-cutta cudduck!" made itself sufficiently audible for everyone in the car to hear it.

"She's a good hen," said the boy, apologetically, "but she don't like music. I was scairt that you'd wake her up."

"Cudduck cuddacut!" in rather tart tones from beneath the coat, seemed to indicate that the good hen was tired of being good, and wanted to get out and fly around the car awhile for a change.

"Shut up!" said the boy, poking the bunch with no great gentleness, a performance which brought forth a wrathful cackle.

By this time all the people in the car were craning their necks toward the seat occupied by the boy. The old lady put on her glasses to see better, and the sharp nose of the discontented man fairly glowed with indignant surprise. He pointed a bony finger at the place whence the hen language seemed to proceed.

"Look here!" he said. "Do you mean to say you've got a hen under your coat?"

The youth turned a deprecatory glance upon his questioner, but evinced no signs of meaning to say anything. It wasn't really necessary that he should.

"Cluck-cluck, cul-luck, cul-luck, cutta-cudawcut!" was a highly adequate reply.

The sharp-nosed man's proboscis spread its glow over his other features.

"It's an infernal shame!" he cried.

"Ain't it?" exclaimed the benevolent old lady, bestowing an approving glance upon him. "I wouldn't wonder a mite if the poor thing smothered."

"Darn the poor thing!" ejaculated the man, with such emphasis that the old lady's glasses fell off in consequence of the shock to her system. "I ain't kicking on the beastly chicken's account. What I object to is that young idiot making a cattle train out of this car."

"Hens ain't cattle," suggested the old lady, with evidently pacific intent; but, strange to say, this veracious and soothing statement failed to mitigate the complainant's wrath.

"Might just as well be," he said.

"Cudduck, cluck, cluck!" came in protest to this statement.

"Say, you!" cried the man again, aiming his loaded forefinger at the youth. "What d'you mean by bringing a hen into this car?"

"What hen?" asked the boy, innocently.

"Don't you try to fool with me. That hen under your coat."

He wagged his forefinger at the bunch, which promptly responded:

"Cut-cudaw-w-w-wcut!"

"Oh, that hen!" said the boy placidly. "I brought her along so's I could get a fresh-laid aig for my lunch."

The quartet across the aisle burst into laughter, and the sharp-nosed man swore softly but comprehensively.

"Don't you let him frighten you," said the brown-eyed girl encouragingly to the boy.

The benevolent old lady was so surprised at the boy's statement that her glasses fell off again, and as she groped for them she said, in rather awe-struck tones:

"Goodness me! Does he eat the egg raw?"

"Yes'm," replied the boy, politely. "Raw aigs is the only kind this hen knows how to lay. I had a hen to home we used to feed on sulphur matches, and she laid hard-boiled aigs, but the other day she drank some kerosene oil an' just naturally busted."

"I don't believe it!" exclaimed the old lady, quite violently, and the quartet almost collapsed with glee.

A look of sadness overspread the plain features of the youth, but before he could reply to this aspersion upon his veracity the bundle under his coat attracted his attention, as well as that of everyone else, by observing in resonant tones:

"Cutta - cutta - cutta - cut - cudaw - w - wcut!"

"Keep still!" cried the boy, administering a second poke to the covering coat.

"The society that looks after cruelty to animals ought to be told," announced the old lady. "I know that hen's suffering."

"Hen ain't an animal," snapped the sharp-nosed man, getting back at her for her previous information. "I know I'm suffering, and unless—"

"Well, the society might look after you, then," retorted the old lady with some asperity.

"The aged person," observed one of the young men of the quartet, "is not so easy as she looks. That was distinctly the retort rotten."

"I'll speak to the conductor," the sharp-nosed man was declaring meanwhile. "I didn't pay my money to ride in a hencoop. We'll see if this young rascal can bring his cackling chickens among decent people."

"Cluck-cluck-cul-luck-cutta-cut," sounded in rather derisive tones.

The brown-eyed girl leaned out over the aisle and looked at the boy.

"Won't you please let me see the hen?" she said.

"I'd like to miss, but I dassent," said the boy.

"Do you think I'd frighten it?" she said, reproachfully.

"No'm, but this is an awful intelligent hen, an'" with a look of direct admiration

"like's not if she once seen you she'd want to leave me right now and never come back no more."

"Now will you be good?" said the young man who sat with the girl.

She smiled entrancingly at the boy.

"I don't believe you've got any hen at all," she remarked, challengingly.

In reply, he prodded the bundie, which promptly replied:

"Cutta-cut, cutta-cut!"

"There! Did you hear it?" cried the sharp-nosed man to the conductor who had just entered the car. "What kind of a road do you call this, where the passengers have to roost with the chickens?"

"Where is it? Which one's got it?" asked the conductor.

"Cutta-cut! Cutta-cut cudaw-cut!" proclaimed clearly the location.

"Look here," said the official, striding up to the boy, who was nervously fumbling at his coat. "I've got a mind to stop the train and fire you off right here."

"What for?" inquired the youth, in injured tones. "You got my ticket."

"You throw that chicken out of the window or get out."

"What chicken, mister?"

"Under your coat there. Come, no nonsense, now. I won't stand it."

The boy drew his frayed coat closer around the bundle.

"Tuck-a-tuck-a-tuck," came in smothered tones from it.

"Mercy! The poor thing's near dead," cried the old lady. "What a shame!"

"Come, get out," ordered the conductor, taking the boy by the shoulder.

The train was slowing down as it drew near a station, and the proprietor of the assortment of barnyard noises got up remarking:

"This is my station where I get off, anyway."

"Cluck-cluck-cluck, tuck-a-tuck!" evidenced the fact that it was the station where the bundle under the coat wanted to get off also.

"I should like to have seen what kind of a hen that was," said the brown-eyed girl plaintively.

The youth paused, turned and looking directly into the brown eyes, delivered himself of this surprising remark:

"I'll-cluck-cluck-cluck-tell you, miss. Just because I tuck-a-tuck-a-tuck a bundle under my coat-cudaw-cut, an' it's cutta-cutta-clucks like a hen; that don't cut-cut-cudaw-cut no ice. Looka here!"

He threw open his coat, and behold there was nothing there but a pair of skates fastened together with a strap.

"Cluck-cluck-cluck, cutta - cutta - cut ; whur-ruck-a-doodle-doo-ooo-oo-oo-oo!" he chanted triumphantly as he marched out of the car.

"He didn't have no hen at all!" cried the old lady, her surprise getting the better of her grammar.

The sharp-nosed man hastily went into another car, but not in time to escape hearing the brown-eyed girl announce:

"We will now sing that beautiful and highly appropriate hymn tune, 'The World Is All a Fleeting Show for Man's Illusion Given.'"—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat*.

Something to Do This Century.

"I saw by the morning paper," said Rev. Ernest E. Baker, pastor of the Woodland Avenue Presbyterian Church, as he was leaving the service of prayer which had been held all day at the Euclid Avenue Presbyterian Church, "that the twentieth century began first on uncivilized islands in the 180th meridian. Well, I am glad that there is something left for us to clean up in the next century. With the world perfect there would be no employment for newspaper reporters and ministers."—*Leader*.

FOR praise that's due does give no more
To worth than what it had before ;
But to commend without desert
Requires a mastery of art ;
That sets a glass on what's amiss,
And says what should be, not what is.

—BUTLER.

Five Toes the Limit.

No living representative of the animal kingdom has more than five toes, digits or claws to each foot, hand or limb. The horse is a type of the one-toed creation, the camel of the two-toed, the rhinoceros of the three-toed, and the hippopotamus of the four-toed animal life. The elephant and hundreds of other animals of different orders belong to the great five-toed tribe.

The Source of His Courage.

Like most men of high courage, General Joseph E. Wheeler is a deeply religious man. He was brought up in the Episcopal Church, with reverence for sacred things and faith in the efficacy of prayer. One of his former secretaries tells in the *Chicago Record* that some years ago, when the general was engaged in a canvas for Congress, he spent the night at the house of a constituent.

His host accompanied him to the room at bedtime, and bade him good-night, but being reminded that the general might want a glass of water before retiring, he

carried a pitcher to the room and entered without knocking. He was surprised to find General Wheeler on his knees before the bed engaged in his devotions. He waited reverently until the general rose, and apologized for the intrusion.

"Don't mention it," said General Wheeler. "I think all of us ought to kneel before we retire and thank our Maker for his mercies."

The members of General Wheeler's staff say that during the Santiago campaign he never lay down to sleep without offering a prayer, and never rose in the morning without thanking God for his protection.—*Unknown.*

Passing Unhurt Through Life.

It is a wise saying of Bernard: "Nothing can work me damage except myself. The harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault." There is no power in the world that can really injure us. Temptation can harm us only when we let it into our heart. We cannot evade life's ills—bodily infirmities, hard toil, adversity, trial or care—but we may so meet them that instead of harming our life they become means of grace to us. An enemy may do us cruel wrong, but if we keep our heart full of love, not growing angry, not seeking revenge, not cherishing resentment, the wrong has not hurt us.

We carry about with us the only possibilities of harm to ourselves. If we lift the latch to temptation the evil will come in. If we grow bitter in suffering adversity or meeting trial, hurt comes to us from the experience—the hurt is in the bitterness, not in the experience. If we fail in the spirit of forgiveness, the unkindnesses of others have left ugly wounds on our spirit, but it was not the unkindness, but our own wrong way of enduring them, that was the cause of the hurt.

The great problem of living is, therefore, to pass through all struggles, all sorrows, all life's experiences of whatsoever kind, keeping the heart meanwhile pure, sweet, loving, and at peace. Then nothing amid all the world's mighty forces of evil shall have power to hurt us.—*Foreword.*

Swearing Off.

One day the engine of a Western freight train broke down, and the only passenger, a traveling preacher, got out and worked with the train crew, pulling, hauling, and heaving as vigorously as the rest. He knew something about the machine, and was, indeed, quite capable of running an engine himself; so he was able to consult

with the men, and advise them to some purpose. The work was carried on under a vigorous flow of profanity, which seemed to be quite unconsidered—a mere matter of habit.

"Finally," says the Rev. C. T. Brady, who tells the story, "I suggested an interruption in the swearing, adding that I was a preacher. The head brakeman dropped his crowbar with a look of abject astonishment. Everybody else let go at the same time, and the engine settled down. The men looked at me with amusing consternation.

"You are a what?" repeated the conductor, with an oath.

"A preacher."

"Well!" said the official, with a long whistle of astonishment. Then, after regarding me thoughtfully for a moment, he added: "Well, sir, you work like a man, anyway. Ketch hold again!"

"All right," said I, "but no more swearing on this trip."

"None!" was the laconic reply, and that promise was kept.

"When the work was done, and all hands stood panting but successful, the engineer remarked:

"Well, this is the first time I ever saw a preacher that knowed a reversing lever from a box car. Come up and ride with me the rest of the way."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Making of Good Resolutions.

"What good resolutions have you made for the new year?" asked a young man of a friend yesterday.

"That is a practice I do not indulge in the 1st of each January," was the reply.

"Rather a self-satisfied individual," put in the first speaker. "I presume you think your conduct is above reproach and you could not improve upon your present self?"

"Nothing quite so high sounding. I have a better plan."

"Indeed? You ought to enlighten the world upon it."

"Willingly, if the world will listen. Each day begins a new year, does it not? On the same basis each night ends a year. Is not that true? Well, I consider my conduct when it becomes noticeably bad and enter a solemn resolution in the morning that such a besetting sin shall be put behind me. It is a poor man who cannot live up to his good resolutions for one day. At night when I retire I consider that the morning being the beginning of a new year, the night is the end of an old year. By the way I argue, if I have fulfilled my vow during the day I have both begun and ended a year with good resolution, not

having broken it during the interim. According to my philosophy, that is about as far ahead as a man can trust himself."

Reveries of a Spinster.

Anyhow, it's my own fault.

I've had plenty of offers in my time.

That's more than that sneaking Delia Hykes can say.

Men used to rave about my complexion. It hasn't changed so much.

I've never seen a man that was worth sitting up till after midnight either with or for.

I could have had Lal Quinby if I had wanted him, but who would marry a man that had swallowed his chin?

I don't have half as much trouble as Mag Sputterwell has, and she's only been married ten years. Looks a hundred years old.

Still, I don't like to see impudent men get up and offer me a seat when I go inside a street car. I take the seat, but I look daggers at 'em.

There's some married women that don't want to acknowledge they're growing old. Mrs. Higginsworthy tries to dress like a young girl, and she makes a perfect guy of herself. She is fifty-seven if she's a day.

I suppose some men would laugh at me because I think so much of Tabby, but I would rather have a clean cat about the house than a man with a nasty old pipe and a three days' growth of beard. I don't have to sew anybody's buttons on, either. —*Chicago Tribune.*

Comma in the Wrong Place.

A misplaced comma has got a Greeley county, Kas., paper into a peck of trouble. The journal in question recently published an item in which the following sentence occurred: "Two young men from Leoti went with their girls to Tribune to attend the teachers' institute and as soon as they left, the girls got drunk." The comma belonged after the "girls," and the latter are making it hot for the editor."

At the Ticket Window.

"When does the next train that stops at McAllistersville leave here?"

"You'll have to wait four hours."

"I think not."

"Well, maybe you know better than I do, ma'am."

"Yes, sir; and maybe you know better than I do whether I'm expecting to travel on that train myself or whether I am inquiring for a relative that's visiting at my house and wanted me to call here and ask about it and save her the trouble because

she's packing up her things and expects to take that train herself and not me and she'll have to do the waiting and not me and maybe you think it's your business to stand behind there and try to instruct people about things they know as well as you do if not better but my idea is that you're put there because they couldn't use you in the switching department and perhaps you'll learn some day to give people civil answers when they ask you civil questions young man my opinion is you won't!"

(With a gasp) "Yes, ma'am." —*Chicago Tribune.*

Love Laughs at Locksmiths.

An El Paso, Tex., special to the *Chicago Record* of May 12 says: For love's sweet sake, Senorita Maria Gonzales, a beautiful descendant of the house of the Montezumas, aided by her sister, broke open the dungeon at Jimulco, Mexico, last night and liberated Frank A. Howard, an American conductor on the Mexican Central Railway. Five days ago, Howard was arrested by the Mexican authorities because a jerk of his train had slightly injured one of the brakemen, a native. He was placed in prison, and while his friends were seeking to secure his trial by the slow and uncertain methods of the Mexican courts his pretty sweetheart was maturing a plan of her own for his release. Assisted by a roundhouse employee, she forced the door to Howard's cell with a crowbar, and the American was liberated. He was told to board a train which was waiting for him a block away, and arrived here tonight. He says that the average American prefers liberty at any risk to risking his fate to Mexican laws.

What True Friendship Means.

Between friends there must be close sympathy, and one must be able to give to the other what she lacks, but even between those friends who are nearest and dearest it is not necessary to lay bare one's heart. Such confidence is too apt to be greeted with a curious satisfaction, and even from a friend this gratification makes one feel as if one's bruises had been touched with vitriol. A real friend asks no questions. She takes the best that comes, the best that is in you, the best that you care to offer her, and demands nothing more. She has long ago learned, being wise, that to all of us there comes a time when nothing should be said; it is true there is a time when something should be said, but there is never a time when everything should be said. There is very often a silence between two women friends that means rest, and she is unwise who breaks that silence. —RUTH ASHMORE, in *Ladies' Home Journal.*

Correspondence.

All contributions to our Correspondence and Technical columns must be in not later than the 10th of the month to insure insertion.

Articles must be written on one side of the paper only. Noms de plume may be used, but every article must be signed with full name and address of the writer to insure insertion.

We shall be glad to receive articles on any subject of general interest to the fraternity.

All communications are subject to revision or rejection, as the Editor may deem proper.

The Editor does not assume responsibility for the opinions expressed by contributors in this department. C. H. SALMONS, Editor and Manager.

Retrospecting at the Fireside.

We sat last night in placid mien,
My dear old wife and I,
With heart-throbs normal and serene,
My dear old wife and I;
We talked of long-forgotten days,
When both our lives were in their ways,
When skies above our heads were blue,
And things looked kindly to the view
Of my old wife and I.

We ransacked mem'ry o'er and o'er,
My dear old wife and I,
Of cruising near life's hither shore,
My dear old wife and I;
We thought of vows we fondly made
While climbing youth's extended grade,
When targets, lights and flags were white,
To guide us onward day and night,
My dear old wife and I.

A little stranger soon there came
To my dear wife and I,
To fan the heart's post-nuptial flame
Of my dear wife and I.
I toiled, and she did well her part,—
The stranger found a mother's heart.
The years sped on with footsteps fleet,
They'd come and go, we did them greet,
My dear old wife and I.

To talk of youth seemed like a dream
To my old wife and I,
So far we've drifted down life's stream,
My dear old wife and I.
I said: "The rainbows of our youth
Evanished, love; we're now, in sooth,
A grizzled, ancient pair of beaux,
Our features tracked by flocks of crows,
My dear old wife," said I.

"You're not so young as once you were,
My dear old wife," said I;
"Nor are your features half so fair,"
Again with spite, said I.
"I'm younger twenty years than you."
She answered back—I lead her two.
Just then a knock came at the door;
She knit her brows, but said no more.
Nor for a spell did I.

A nine-year-old came bounding in
To greet my wife and I,
Upon his face an impish grin
A blind man most could spy.
"How are you granny?" Charlie said.
In sullen mood she tossed her head.
She didn't like the name I knew;
The kid knew well 'twas hated too,
As well as Kate or I.

"Comb out your bangs, put on a cap,
My dear old wife," said I:
"You're granddame to that manly chap."
Again with spite, said I.
"I know you're proud of him, but, say!
Don't queen it over me today;
We're not so far apart in years
That you should flag me with your jeers,
Old darling wife," said I.
The New Year's bells began to ring
To greet my wife and I;
They told that time was fleet of wing,
Away from wife and I.
"A century dawns, old girl," I said,
"And ere 'twill close we'll both be dead;
Before that time, I hope you'll boast
How old you are, ere being a ghost,
My dear old wife," said I.

SHANDY MAGUIRE.

Oil Cans and Switch Engines.

CABLE, Wis., Jan. 3, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I have read the articles in the JOURNAL relative to the oil-can kid and switch engines, and the various suggestions about what the JOURNAL should contain, etc., and with your kind permission I would like to say a few words on the subject. In so doing, I do not wish to criticise what others have written, but to simply air my views.

You say in the December JOURNAL that all letters received so far are against the kid with the oil can. As I employ from thirty to forty kids every summer on my berry farm, I am naturally a friend of the kid; but we are a queer people, and have our likes and dislikes, and also our good and bad qualities, consequently we are not easily satisfied, and because we favor a certain feature we should not condemn the opinions of others because they cannot agree with us. So, at the best, the Editor has a hard time trying to satisfy us all.

I think some of the Brothers were a little strong in their denunciation of the oil-can kid. As some of us are very sensitive on small matters sometimes, it should be the

aim of all who air their views to be liberal.

Personally, I enjoy the JOURNAL in all its branches, but I will say I would like to see a limited amount of photographs of the kid with the oil can. I think I am safe in saying it would please a great many, and it is simply impossible to suit everyone. So, Brother Salmons, I hope you will decide to give us some of each kind of illustrations, and let us all work to make the JOURNAL as attractive to its many readers as possible.

Faternally yours,
FRANK HAMMILL, Div. 369.

The Law.

What a beautiful thing is the law,
The best thoughts of seers and of sages,
We have it 'thout speck or 'thout flaw
Handed down from remotest of ages.

There was Moses the first man who tried
To act for mankind as lawgiver,
His wisdom has long been denied,
They claim something wrong with his liver.

And then the old wise men of Greece,
The grease was no doubt "mutton suet,"
Gave us an opinion apiece
And told us how best not to do it.

Old Draco came first with his plan,
He sent many a wretch to the devil,
For all the offenses of man
By him were placed on the same level.

If only an apple you stole
And ate it at once you were tried
And hanged too, of course, bless your soul,
It ranked with the worst homicide.

Then Solon advanced a new scheme—
From it we yet largely draw;
He gave to the rich man the cream,
He gave to the poor man the law.

And Blackstone, that man of deep thought,
Gave many learned opinions,
Some claim they were mostly bought,
And that he was the worst of king's minions.

We had other men of great note,
No doubt as divinely sent.
Coke, Littleton, Chitty and Choate
With Livingston, Walworth and Kent.

There are other judges today,
Though some of them are but poor sticks,
We heed not what Taft has to say
And pay less attention to Ricks.

If you want a day of rich sport
Just list how the lawyers will quarrel,
One would think they would tear down the court,
But at night they sit round the same barrel.

If a witness should let drop a word,
Upon which a juror might reflect;
Almost before it is heard,
You should rise to your feet and object.

If a wretch no doubt would get justice
Where the crime was committed, why then you
Must boldly proclaim you can't trust us,
And demand from the court change of venue.

And list how the little bird sings,
Its song is exceedingly funny;
The laws which were made for the kings
Are still guarding the cause of king money.

Oh, Justice, 'tis well thou art blind,
Being such, thou art not to blame
For the wrongs which are done to mankind,
Or the crimes that are done in thy name.

MICKEY FREE.

Running a Locomotive.

LOUGHREA.

Running a locomotive is labor—skilled labor, if you will; but labor, nevertheless. I think, when looked at aright, it is superlatively the most tiresome and exacting labor in existence. It is an occupation in which those following it must have their five senses keenly acute. Seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting and feeling, all have their peculiar functions in running a locomotive. Keen eyesight is a grand blessing, and has averted many a disaster by the argus-eyed engineer, who is always on the alert for rear-ends, open switches, open draw-bridges, sleepy fellow-employees, dangerous crossings and pedestrians on the track. The engineer never sleeps at his post; he takes his rest between trips, instead of drinking and carousing. Hearing is also a blessing, because it enables the engineer's practical ear to discover sounds not in harmony with the regular working of the locomotive. Smelling has also its uses, as it enables the engineer to determine if any of the bearings subject to friction are getting hot or cutting for want of oil, or on account of bad workmanship in shop. The olfactory organ comes in handy in detecting the lagging or other wood-work afire. A highly praiseworthy practice is now in vogue on some railroads—that of using asbestos lagging beneath the casing. Tasting does not cut a great figure in running a locomotive, except to render

the engineer able to determine when he is getting wholesome food in order to keep his body healthy. The sense of feeling is highly necessary when the engineer inspects his engine on the road or after a trip, to find if the bearings are getting warm for want of a lubricant. The habit of feeling the bearings becomes second nature. I have caught myself feeling the bearings of an engine which had not turned a wheel for a month—ha! ha!

Coupled with good, clear judgment, the exercising of the senses will avert many a disaster; but if the poisonous gases of intemperance pervade the brain, the senses are dulled to insensibility; then disaster after disaster will follow, and perhaps the ignoble death of the erstwhile good engineer will be the end. Eternal vigilance is the price you must pay for a good record.

The Heroes of the Cab.

BY ED. E. SHEASGREEN.

I care not where you look for men,
As heroes true and brave,
Who shrink not from a danger when
It leads close to the grave;
Just so you don't forget the ones
Who ride ahead the many runs.

For 'tis these men up there ahead,
Begrimed with oil and dust,
Who chase the daylight, long since fled,
And with their precious trust,
Ride lone and silent down the night
Till eastern hills are streaked with light.

The silent heroes, riding there,
Full well the perils know,
And oft breathe forth an earnest prayer,
As o'er the threads they go,
That God will keep all dangers back,
Nor let them crowd the crooked track.

"For duty's sake," it often reads,
These heroes ride to death,
And do their brave and noble deeds
Out in the storms fierce breath;
And there alone with lips close pressed,
They meet their fate—they've done their best.

And so whene'er you look for those
Who heroes are and brave,
Pick out the one in overclothes,
Who travel near the grave;
The heroes of the cab so true
With bravest hearts 'neath clothes of blue.

—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Educational Illustrations.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Much has been said about the switching engine and child pictures, and, personally, I am satisfied with what appears in our JOURNAL, because I am of the belief that what appears there is the best that the Editor has at hand; therefore, I am led to believe that we members do not take that interest in our JOURNAL that we should. How many try to convey a thought that would be of benefit to us all? The ladies appear to have solved the problem, by the interest they show in their department; and I have long been satisfied that, in some way, they get the better of us, but the reason is, their interest is not allowed to slacken.

I am in favor of educational illustrations. They are what make the JOURNAL articles interesting. Without them, the articles are like dry lectures. But the thing should not be run into the ground, like the baby pictures. I well know that each mother has the sweetest and the prettiest baby in the world, and as they all look alike to me I am satisfied with seeing the children themselves. If there is no limit made, after a time you will see our Brothers in Canada sending in pictures of big snow banks; our Brothers in the West will send pictures of corn and wheat fields; our Brothers in the North will contribute prize-ring and dog-fighting scenes; our Brothers in the South, Negro ox-carts, in all conditions; and, with switching engines, oil cans and baby faces, how much more will we know?

The oil can and the engine as illustrations are practically worn out, but the dear little, loving baby faces are always a welcome sight, and it would appear cruel not to give all the fathers a chance to have them in the JOURNAL. But I go farther than that, and in order to bring it before the JOURNAL readers, I move that hereafter all illustrations of baby faces for our JOURNAL, which are desired to be printed by their parents, shall be accompanied by the history of the baby's father, written by the mother of the child, in which she shall state if he has cold feet and a warm heart; how late he stays out at night; if he flirts

with other women; if he has the last word when the family fight is on; if he plays poker, bucks the tiger in any way, bets on horse races, smokes, chews, or drinks; if he goes to church on Sunday, and if the baby looks like him. If all these questions are favorable to the man, for goodness' sake print the child's picture at once, for it won't be likely to live long.

Yours in fun, BRAKE SHOE.

A Happy New Year.

BY MILAWA NILAS.

Through city and hamlet, in steeple and tower,
Sleepless eyes are awatch for the lone midnight
hour;
For the waits play their sweetest, and choristers
sing
To the New Year's debut, when the merry bells
ring.

On the mantel, the old clock that struck at its
birth
Strikes again: and its voice peals forth sadness
and mirth;
For the cadence that heralds the New Year's first
day
Mourns the last of a century passing away.

How much we forecast—how little one knows
Of the year just begun—how we'll fare ere it
goes.
All winds are auspicious when first we set sail,
But how few will reach port—how many will
fail.

Not alone in the belfry—not all in the tower—
Are they who await the New Year's natal hour.
Brave men stand alert, their shrill whistles to
blow.
Where the steam-horses rest, on the old B. & O.

Ye brave ones with courage for heroic deeds,
Will your girl wear the ring? or your widow the
weeds?
Know you now if your strong hand shall yet guide
the train—
Or your corpse strew the wreck—ere it whistles
again?

Your hand grasps the throttle; it yields to your
will;
You speak—it peals forth. You command—it is
still.
Ere a year—'neath some trestle, in cutting or
creek,
Your cries may be lost in its deafening shriek.

Our life ends not here—all death's not "to die;"
We but pause; then are changed in the glance of
an eye
From seedtime to fruit, like the year that has
flown;
In that part we reap what in this part we've sown.

Then ring, ring the bells—blow the whistles
awhile—

For the old year a sigh, for the new one a smile.
But remember—if wisdom you seek, or despise—
This truth, "To be happy, you first must be wise."

Published by request of Bro. W. R. May, of
Div. 370.

Give the Space to the Technical Department

WESTON, W. VA., Jan. 7, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I am of the same opinion as Bro. Van Gorder, of Div. 12. The space that is taken up with the "kid with the oil can" should be added to the Technical Department, and then we would have a more interesting JOURNAL. In this age, if an engineer expects to keep up to date he will have to put on his thinking cap and take some good mechanical paper besides. We have three as nice little would-be railroaders as ever breathed, but do not think it either instructive or entertaining to the average reader of the JOURNAL to illustrate them in the pages of the JOURNAL. Fraternally,

R. E. SMITH, Div. 284.

Brother Smith seems to think that the space used for some of our illustrations would, if devoted to the Technical Department, add more to the interest of the JOURNAL. If the interest of our readers is very much centered upon the Technical Department, we would like to know why the many good things that appeared in that department during the year 1900 from the pens of two experts, and several other good writers, should, at least seemingly, fail to produce sufficient interest to induce our members to write and commend, condemn, or even to ask questions. Does the department get a general reading? Is all that is presented read? If there were sixteen pages instead of eight, would it all be read and be thought about, and do the good that is intended as an educational feature? These are questions that confront the Editor. They are not only important, but serious to him. He desires to do that which will create the most interest for the readers of the JOURNAL, and thereby accomplish the most good. Will more technical matter do that? If it will, tell us what you know on technical subjects.

There are very many of our members who can write intelligently and acceptably, and the thought necessary in preparing copy for publication will be of incalculable benefit to those who write as well as imparting knowledge to others; and if you have troubles you do not understand, tell us what they are and thereby introduce subjects of interest. We will see that no pictures of children or oil cans get in the way of space to accommodate technical subjects whenever an interest is manifest that demands increased space. We shall be exceedingly pleased with this manifestation and helpfulness.—EDITOR

The Protege of the B. of L. E.

BY MRS. JOHN STAPLETON.

[Written for the JOURNAL.]

In the preceding number we traced the trials and tribulations of Amy Gray to the anteroom of the Division at Lessington, where we left her waiting, benumbed with cold and in doubt as to her future, while the outer guard presented her case to the inner circle.

The room into which Amy had been admitted was almost bare, and rather cheerless. A few chairs comprised the furnishings, on which were numerous hats and coats. All was still, except a buzzing in her head from exposure and mental anguish. But she soon heard the murmuring of voices; then a movement of chairs, followed by the tramp of feet as they came near the door, which was soon opened, and Amy stood looking into a sea of eager, curious faces.

In front of them all stood an old man, with gray hair and beard and a kindly face, looking at her over his glasses. She drew herself up with an effort and faced these men, as if they were a judge and jury and she pleading for her life. She tried to speak, but no sound came forth. She made another effort, and said:

"I came in on a train. but can get no farther because of the storm. All of my money has been stolen, and I did not know where to go. I got your address in the ENGINEERS' JOURNAL, and thought, per-

haps, you would help me. as my father, Robert Gray, was an engineer, but he is dead now," and as she mentioned her father's name she bowed her head and sobbed convulsively.

"There, now, miss," said old Martin Casey, the Chief of the Division, "don't cry; come right in. You did right to come to us." And taking her gently by the arm he led her into a big room. Placing a chair before the fire, he said: "Sit down and get warm; it is a dreadful day to be out."

When Amy had gotten warm, and had sufficiently recovered her composure, Martin Casey said:

"Now, miss, tell us all about it, and how you came to be traveling in this storm."

Then Amy told them of her father's accident; his long illness and death; that she was on her way to her uncle's home, and of being delayed by the storm, when she discovered the loss of her money, and whom she thought had taken it; of wandering around in the storm, and how she got their address in the JOURNAL; and, looking appealingly at the kindly faces grouped about her, said: "My father's name is on the JOURNAL, and that is all the proof I have that Robert Gray was an engineer and that I am his daughter."

"Sure, 'tis enough proof," said Martin Casey, his voice a little husky; and, turning quickly, he brushed his hand across his eyes and stirred the fire vigorously, while others turned away to hide their feelings. "'Tis enough," he said, turning around, with the poker still in his hand, "and 'tis the good sense you had, miss, to come to us; for who should take care of the engineers' children but the engineers themselves? Where is Brother Stanlope?" he said, looking around.

A tall, broad-shouldered, handsome man stepped forward.

"Phil, will you and Brother Brown go and fetch a cab? I am going to take this young lady home with me."

"I would like to take her home with me," said one of the Brothers.

"And I."

"And so would I," said another.

"But their Chief said: "No! I will take her home to Mrs. Casey; and right welcome you will be, miss."

Amy could not answer a word. Her heart was full to bursting, but her eyes were dry and glittering, and a bright-red spot glowed on each cheek.

The Brothers came back in a short time, and Philip Stanlope said: "Brother Chief, we have a cab down at the door."

Amy fastened her jacket and furs closely about her, and they went down the stairs, that only a short time before she had ascended with such fear and trembling. They got into the cab and were rapidly driven to Martin Casey's home. When they arrived, he ushered her into a pleasant room, where a cheery coal fire burned in a grate; and, as Mrs. Casey came in, he said:

"Katie, I have brought a young lady home to you. She is delayed in the city by the storm. She has no friends here, so I brought her home with me."

"You did right, Martin," said Mrs. Casey. "You are very welcome, miss. Come to the fire; it is a dreadful day without."

She helped Amy off with her wraps, and Martin Casey drew up a big, chintz-covered chair, saying, "Sit down in this chair, miss; it's not a rocking-chair, but it's a deal more comfortable, to my way of thinking."

"Now, Martin, if you will get the fire going, I will get a cup of tea," and bidding Amy rest herself, she went out of the room, closing the door gently behind her.

Then her husband told her Amy's story.

Kind Mrs. Casey, with tears in her eyes, bustled around and soon had a tempting supper ready.

When Amy had eaten and drank, she felt refreshed, for it had been many hours since she had eaten anything; and when she said good-night at bedtime, Martin Casey said: "Don't think about anything, but get a good night's rest. You can write to your uncle in the morning; and you are welcome to stay with us till the storm is over, and the trains go through without delay."

Mrs. Casey took her into a comfortable

room, and when she had tucked her into a good warm bed she left her.

Amy soon drifted into a troubled, restless sleep. She was wandering about the streets again, shivering with cold. Then she thought she was burning up, and something heavy was laying on her chest and she could not breathe, and she would wake up with a start, but only to fall asleep again and dream it all over.

The next morning, Mrs. Casey, slipping into her room to see if she were awake, found her in a high fever. She could not speak above a whisper, and breathed with great difficulty. A doctor was hastily summoned, who, after prescribing for her, said: "You must keep very quiet, and do just as Mrs. Casey will tell you, and we will try to have you well in a few days." But to Mrs. Casey, when they had gone into the little parlor, he said: "She has pneumonia, and her case is serious."

Amy grew rapidly worse, and then it was that she was to learn of the kindness of the Sisters of the G. I. A. They came from all parts of the city, willing and eager to assist Mrs. Casey in caring for her. Some watched at night, while others watched during the day. Amy's mind wandered at intervals. She was back in the little village with her father. Then she was wandering about seeking her money that she had lost, and would spring up in fear, and be conscious of firm but gentle hands holding her and of strange faces hovering about her.

Then there came a day when that little parlor was filled with Sisters, with anxious, tearful faces; and not a few of the Brothers were there, too. The doctor said there would be a change in a few hours, but gave them little hope. Late in the afternoon, one of the Sisters watching at her bedside saw her looking at her rather curiously, and, bending over her, she caught a faint whisper—"Where am I?"

"You are with kind friends. You have been very sick. Do not talk now, but go to sleep and rest, and you will soon be well again."

Amy dropped off to sleep, and when she awakened the doctor was there. He said: "She will get well with good care." But

her recovery was slow and she suffered a great deal as her lungs healed. The good Sisters of the G. I. A. vied with each other in their attendance upon her, and all kinds of delicacies were sent to tempt her appetite. Beautiful flowers came, with Philip Stanlope's compliments; and later on, baskets of choice fruits from the same source.

Amy lay weak and helpless for many long days. Then, one day, she was dressed and brought out into the little sitting room, and few would have recognized her as the Amy Gray of a few weeks ago.

There were letters exchanged between Amy's uncle and Martin Casey. Her uncle wished to bear the expense of Amy's illness; but after a meeting of the Brotherhood one Sunday afternoon, the secretary wrote him a letter saying that one of the missions of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was to care for the orphans of Brotherhood men; that she had come to them in her need, and it was their duty, as well as their pleasure, to care for her.

Philip Stanlope spent many pleasant evenings in that pleasant home during Amy's convalescence.

Finally the doctor pronounced her well enough to travel, and one mild spring day in March Amy bade good-bye to the dear friends who had watched with such loving care over her. As the train moved slowly out of the depot Philip Stanlope hurried into the car and laid in the seat beside her a basket of choice fruit and the latest magazine saying, "To help you pass away the time," and wished her a safe and pleasant journey.

That spring and summer Mr. and Mrs. Casey received many pleasant letters from Amy freighted with loving messages to the Brothers and Sisters who had been so kind to her. There may have been another who received letters also, but no one knew for sure; nor was any one sure where Philip Stanlope went, in the early part of June, for a vacation of ten days, unless it might have been Mr. and Mrs. Casey.

Spring and summer had gone by, and one September evening Philip Stanlope knocked at Mr. Casey's door. To Mrs. Casey, who opened it, he said: "Is Brother Casey at home?"

"He is. Come in, Phil;" and Mrs. Casey gave him a keen look, for she knew when he addressed her husband as "Brother," there was something important on hand.

She ushered him into the well remembered sitting room where Martin Casey was sitting in his big easy chair, reading the evening paper.

"Good evening, Phil," he said. "You are just the man I want to see; and it's in no pleasant frame of mind I'm in, either. What's this I saw in the shop as I came out of it, but your name marked up for a two weeks' lay-off. It's plain to be seen you have neither wife nor child depending on you, or you couldn't be running about the country like this. Here we are fixing the Division room over, and there is so much to be done, and so many things to be seen to, and nobody to see to them," and his chief looked severely at him over his glasses.

Phil sat looking down at the floor, and, to all appearances very guilty, but anyone observing him closely would have seen a smile lurking around the corners of his mouth.

Looking up, with no little confusion, he said: "Brother Casey, it is about my lay-off I came to see you. I am going to be—I am going away to be married."

Martin Casey laid down his paper and took off his glasses.

"Well, well, well. Katie, do you hear this?"

"Hear what, Martin?" said Mrs. Casey, emerging from a place suspiciously near the door.

Then Philip told them of Amy's promise to be his wife; that he was going away the next day, Saturday, and Tuesday was to be their wedding day.

They congratulated Philip heartily, Mrs. Casey saying it was the best news she had heard for many a day, and that they would be glad to have her back again.

The following two weeks were very busy ones. At a meeting of the G. I. A. there was business of great importance to transact. Committees were appointed for this and for that,—likewise in the B. of L. E.,—and one evening they had a "union"

meeting, as one of the Brothers called it, at the home of Brother and Sister Casey, where something was discussed at great length and with much satisfaction.

The work of decorating and refurnishing the B. of L. E. Hall was pushed forward vigorously, and the day before Philip Stanlope was to bring home his bride all the arrangements were completed.

They arrived in the afternoon of the next day, Tuesday. In the evening Martin Casey called upon them, and when he had congratulated them and kissed the bride, whom he had grown to love as his own daughter, he said he had come to take them "to see Mrs. Casey," who was anxious to see them.

They were soon ready. And on their way, as they went down Baxter street, Martin Casey said: "Phil, would you mind going up into the Division with me? I am sure Mrs. Stanlope would like to see it. It is all finished, and it looks just grand."

They went up the stairs that Amy had climbed that bitter, winter Sunday, hungry, cold and friendless. But how different everything was now. They went into the anteroom, and as they advanced toward the inner door it was thrown wide open and the beautiful room was filled to the door with the Brothers and their wives, who, with eager smiling faces, were waiting to welcome the bride and groom. They were led to the seat of honor on the rostrum, and when Martin Casey, their Chief, had rapped for order, he said:

"Brother Stanlope, it is with great pleasure we welcome you back to your home; and especially do we welcome this dear lady, your wife, back to us again. It was in this hall she came to us one day, and came right into our hearts,—and stayed there, too. We feel as if she belongs to us; and we will always be interested in her welfare. And now, Brothers and Sisters, I have the pleasure of introducing to you Mrs. Philip Stanlope, the *Protege of the B. of L. E.*"

Such a burst of applause as greeted the Chief as he finished will hardly ever resound in that beautiful hall again.

Amy, for the second time, was mute before that room full of people. Turning to her husband, she said: "Philip, thank them for me. I don't know what I have done that they should be so kind to me."

And Philip Stanlope, with a little break in his voice, said: "Mrs. Stanlope wishes me to thank you all. She does not know what she has done that you should be so kind to her."

"I can tell you what she has done," said a merry, little Sister, coming forward.

"She has married a Brotherhood man, and made herself eligible for membership in the G. I. A."

Then there was more applause, followed by congratulations and well-wishes.

Then Martin Casey took Amy and led the way to the supper room, followed by Mrs. Casey and Philip and her host of friends, where there was a bountiful spread, bright with beautiful flowers and glittering silver. Toasts were drank to the bride and groom, and to the G. I. A. and B. of L. E., in the delicious tea the Sisters had prepared.

When they all departed for their homes, everyone thought it had been the most delightful event in the history of the Division. And today the G. I. A. has no more earnest or faithful member than Mrs. Philip Stanlope.

Railroad Employees' Home.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., Jan. 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Following is the statement of receipts for the Home for the month of December, 1900:

No.	FROM B. OF L. E. DIVISIONS.	Amt.
33.....		\$ 12 00
231.....		23 00
244.....		12 00
253.....		4 25
451.....		12 50

Total.....\$ 63 75

No.	FROM G. I. A. DIVISIONS.	Amt.
12.....		\$ 8 00
102.....		2 50
184.....		12 50
212.....		5 00
228.....		5 00

Total.....\$ 33 00

SUMMARY.

B. of L. E. Divisions.....	\$ 63 75
G. I. A. to B. of L. E. Divisions.....	33 00
O. R. C. Divisions.....	151 00
B. of R. T. Lodges.....	70 02
B. of L. F. Lodges.....	13 50
L. A. to O. R. C. Divisions.....	49 50
L. A. to B. of R. T. Lodges.....	5 00
Personal—W. G. Edens.....	1 00
Sale of veal calf.....	7 02

Grand total.....\$393 79

CONTRIBUTIONS.

L. A. to O. R. C.—Div. 96, 15 plated tablespoons, marked "L. A. C. 96"; Div. 122, box of canned goods; Div. 25, large basket of canned fruit.
L. A. to B. of R. T.—Lodge 32, one comfortable; Lodge 172, one comfortable.
L. S. to B. of L. F.—Lodge 25, box of groceries; Lodge 66, box of canned goods and a comfortable.
Div. 95, O. R. C., 50 chickens.
C. & N. W. Ry. Conductors, 1 barrel of apples, 1 box of oranges, 3 turkeys, 1 flour sack of mixed nuts.

Unknown, 4 cases of canned goods.
P. H. Morrissey, 3 boxes of cigars.
L. O. Van Riper, packages of books.
October 6th we received a beautiful quilt from the ladies of Div. 91, G. I. A., which was overlooked in my last report.

Respectfully submitted,
MRS. T. B. WATSON, Sec. & Treas.

Ladies' Department.

Communications for publication must be written on one side of the paper. Noms de plume are always permissible, but to receive consideration must be signed by the full name and address of the author, and addressed to the Editress, MRS. M. E. CASSELL, 922 Dennison Av., Columbus, Ohio, not later than the 8th of the month.

The Editress reserves the right to revise, reject or use matter sent in, governed entirely on its merits.

St. Valentine's Day.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

"St. Valentine's Day! St. Valentine's Day!
We must choose our mates," sang a blue-winged jay;

"For the leaf-buds will soon begin to grow,
The crocus will peep through the melting snow,
The king-cups will spangle the hills with gold,
And the ferns their graceful fronds unfold.

"And soon we shall greet the violet shy,
When the dead oak-leaves in the woodlands lie;
And the wild puccoon, with its creamy cup,
In sunny by-ways will soon look up;
The cuckoo-flowers will dot the hill,
And the cat-tail flags fringe the pebbly rill.

"The catkins will show on the hazel green,
And the cottonwood's tassels will soon be seen;
The wild witch-hazel will show its bloom,
And the plum-bough scatter its sweet perfume;
And the nesting-time will not long delay,
So we must be choosing our mates today."

Then a flutter was heard through the woodlands bare,

And the twitter of song-birds filled the air.
The robin came with his crimson breast,
The oriole nodded his scarlet crest,
The blackbird gurgled a liquid note,
And the wood-dove tuned her plaintive throat.

The phoebe-bird called, "Pee-wee! pee-wee!"
And the little brown wren sang "Tee-to-tee!"
And over the lone, tree-crested hill
Came the lute-like tones of the whip-poor-will;
And "Heed-lily! heed-lily!" cried the jay,
So they chose their mates on St. Valentine's Day.

February.

The month of February in our climate, March not excepted, is the most disagreeable one in the year, and it has good reason to be so. It has been the most ill-used of all the months. At first it has no existence in the Roman calendar, and then it was introduced by Numa, as the closing month of the year. In 452 B. C. the de-

cemvirs changed February from its position and placed it after January as the second month.

At this early period the months had twenty-nine and thirty days alternately, while the days thus lost were regained by inserting an additional day in certain years between the twenty-third and twenty-fourth of February. When Julius Cæsar reorganized the calendar, he ordered that each alternate month from January on should have thirty-one days, and the intermediate months thirty, with the exception of February, which was given thirty days in leap-year and twenty-nine in the other years. This orderly and sensible arrangement was destroyed by the vanity of Augustus, who, not willing that the month named after him should be shorter than the one named after his predecessor, took a day from February and added it to August, and in order that three months of thirty-one days should not come together he reversed the lengths of the four succeeding months. It was thus that February came to have its present length, and the succession of lengths in the other months to be so annoyingly irregular.

All Christendom suffers still from the vanity of a Roman emperor. February derived its name from the word *februare*, to "expiate" or "purify" in consequence of the Roman festival of expiation and purification celebrated on the fifteenth of this month. The ancient saxons called it sprout-kale, from the sprouting of the cabbage at this season. Afterward it was known as Sol-monat (sun month), the sun having now returned from the low latitudes to its higher course.

An Old-Fashioned Girl.

"I've been watching an 'old-fashioned girl' for quite a long while," says a writer in the Fitchbury *Sentinel*, "and I want to tell you something about her. Her dresses were made in modern style, but, bless you! she was so old-fashioned that she arose in the morning when her mother did, helped set the table neatly, and cooked one or two dishes daintily her own self. She had 'graduated,' yet she did not think because

of that fact that the kitchen was not good enough for her, oh, no! She was so much behind the times that she actually washed the dishes, made her bed, dusted, and then began preparations for the pudding for dinner. Now, wasn't she absurd, when she, following the accustomed rut, should have been lying on the parlor sofa with the latest novel in her hand and her pug dog beside her? When her little brother came in crying because his kite was broken, instead of calling him a 'horrid boy,' as it is the 'fashion' to do in some homes, she helped with her own hands to mend it. How could she be in such small business? After dinner had been cleared away, she produced a small work-basket and proceeded to mend the family stockings. Dreadful! After her task was completed, she accompanied her mother on a shopping expedition, and although she met many fine-looking gentlemen, she did not 'flirt' with any of them, for, don't you know, she was so antiquated she would have been shocked at the idea. As if it was not elevating to the intellect to be on the watch for some masculine person to fascinate.

The girl of whom I am telling you was pretty looking, with a bright, fresh color in her face brought on by plenty of exercise in the open air and in the kitchen. But I can't begin to tell you half this queer girl did, for you know she was so old-fashioned that she did whatever good deeds came into her heart to do. And her heart was such an antique affair that only pure, noble thoughts entered it. Her home was made bright and sunny by her presence, and yet she was not so perfect that she 'died young.' Oh no! She lives today a girl who has no secrets from her mother."

Ambition.

Ambition is a spirit in the world that causes all the ebbs and flows of nations; keeps mankind sweet by action. Without that the world would be a filthy, settled mud.—*Crown.*

Ambition ruled by reason and religion is a virtue. Unchecked and maddened by vanity and covetousness, it is a vice. Without ambition no great deed was ever accomplished. It is a guiding star to the

wise and good; only a snare to the vain and foolish. Ambition is the strongest incentive to perseverance, and difficulties will sink before it, where they had appeared mountain high. It is ambition which keeps alive hope and courage. Without it man would be content to be a poor, debased creature; allowing the powers of his brain to rest for want of energy to cultivate and apply them. He could never rise in his profession, having no ambition to reach its highest point. Ambition appears to me the pure, honest desire to excel in whatever we undertake, provided, always, that we do not suffer our selfish desire to lead us into doing wrong to our fellow-men or violating the command of God. Like every other good gift, it is the abuse and not the use of ambitious fire that leads to sin. Kept within proper bounds, it is a noble quality, leading to perfection.

STERNE.

Boys Make Men.

When you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trousers,
Dirty face and bare, red feet,
Pass not by that child unheeding;
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
He's grown old, he'll not forget it;
For, remember, boys make men.

Have you never seen a grandsire,
With his eyes aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness—
Something said to him, a boy?
Or relate some slight or coldness
With a brow all clouded, when
He recalled some heart too thoughtless
To remember boys make men?

Let us try to add some pleasure
To the life of every boy;
Show each child a tender interest
In its sorrows and its joy.
Call your boy home by its brightness—
They avoid the household, when
It is cheerless with unkindness;
For, remember, boys make men.

—Anonymous.

Do Your Part.

The reading of G. I. A. affairs in the past two months has set my brain in motion. How I love to read of the active

affairs of Divisions scattered about us, and wonder why we, too, don't be up and stirring. But we have been doing something, only we have not reported it, and we hope to do more. How some of us long for the secret of bringing forth our non-attending members! One Sister writes that our society should be next to our church. I read it and opened my eyes wide. Then the ideas began to frame themselves into, well, almost firm resolutions. Her suggestion is good, for our church should be a school where we could learn to be so broad and expansive and big-hearted that we who belong to societies should long for the day to come when we could go among our Sisters and, by our cheerful presence and kindly words coming from the heart, eradicate all harsh feelings, if any exist, and teach all the beautiful lessons we learn from the pastor, even though it takes time to do so. Yes, and our neighbors should feel our influence also. Let the year 1901 be full of resolves to do better, to forgive, —even to ask forgiveness if we have uttered a little word that hurts. Let us begin with ourselves and root out our weeds henceforth, and be patient, thoughtful, and so kind to others at all times that they will know and feel that we have been "sitting low at the Master's feet" and are heeding His word to go forth to show the world His goodness, His "peace on earth; good-will to men." Let us once more think of our obligation, and all it implies; and may our noble order be a blessed one in every place where it exists—an order to be looked up to, and, in the words of the most beautiful English poem,—

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for *any* fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

FIDELITY.

Our Journal.

Well, the JOURNAL has just arrived, and in looking over it hastily I see another complaint against the pictures of "the kid with the oil can." (And by the way, is not that one of the ugliest expressions to apply to a little child?) Why will not the

Brother let that subject alone? It is simply a *fad* and will die a natural death as all fads do.

It does seem as if there is a surplus of children's pictures in our widely read JOURNAL, but why be so sarcastic about them? They are *our* children, (I have no small children, therefore, have no personal interest in the matter).

No doubt, it will be a good thing when "the kid with the oil can" fad dies out, and along with it might go some of the engineers with their engines, for they are about *as willin' to be took* as "the kid with the oil can," thinks I to myself.

I think the space is used very judiciously in the JOURNAL. I also think "The American Abroad" is very entertaining and instructive, and the views are fine and much to be desired in the JOURNAL, by the educated and cultured, still we do not wish our own matter crowded out or considered as "a great waste of space." To use a slang expression, the JOURNAL is "all right." Long may it live, and a happy new year to it and all Brothers and Sisters.

DIV. 179.

Study Club Program for March.

"Pealing, the clock of Time
Has struck the Woman's Hour.
We hear it on our knees."

Subject: "Woman and the Higher Education."

Roll-call—Quotations from female writers.

1. The Education of Women in the Eastern, Western and Southern States.
2. Woman in Literature and Journalism. Local character sketches.
3. Woman in Medicine. Character sketches of Harriet K. Hunt and Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell.
4. Woman in Law. Sketch of life of Mrs. Bella Lockwood and local characters.
5. Woman in the State. Give character sketches of Mrs. Mercy Warren and Abigail Adams.
6. Woman in Industry.
7. Women as Philanthropists. Charity; care of sick; criminals; interest in Indians; work of W. C. T. U. and work of Red Cross.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Woman's Work in America. By Annie Nathan Meyer.

Woman and the Higher Education. By Annie Brackett.

Some Ideals in the Education of Women. By Caroline Hazard.

Woman's Journal.

Our Woman Workers. By Mrs. E. R. Hanson.

Division News.

ONE of the most delightful events in the history of Snow Drop Division, G. I. A. to B. of L. E., Galion, O., was the reception given Thursday afternoon and evening to the members of Laura Anna Div., 76, of Bucyrus, at the residence of Mrs. Ed. L. Homberger on North Union street.

In the afternoon at 2 o'clock the reception began and continued until 4 o'clock when the two Divisions went into joint secret session.

At 7 o'clock a grand social session was held, which was attended by a number of Bucyrus and Galion members of the Brotherhood and quite a number of guests of the two Auxiliaries. An impromptu program of musical and literary numbers was given. Several numbers were rendered by Master Harry Tracht, violinist, Mrs. F. E. Tracht, pianist, Master Gaylord Homberger, mandolinist, and Master Frank Homberger, vocalist.

At 8 o'clock all present sat down to a sumptuous banquet. Congratulatory addresses were made by Mrs. Emma Ludwig, President of the Bucyrus Division, and by Mrs. Mary Stewart Past-President. They were responded to by Ed. Cavanaugh, Chief of Div. 16, B. of L. E., of this city, and by Mrs. Homberger, President of Div. 167, of the Auxiliary. A German song by John Ludwig, of Bucyrus, was greatly appreciated.

The menu was a good selection of substantial and dainties and was enjoyed by all.

Just at the conclusion of the banquet Mr. Homberger presented Snow Drop Division with a handsome gavel and block.

The interior of the residence was made pretty with a dress of floral beauty, including palms, ferns, smilax, carnations and chrysanthemums. The souvenirs at the banquet table were chrysanthemums.

The affair was undoubtedly the most pleasant ever participated in by Snow Drop Division and marks an era of companionship with the sister Division of this county.

In all fifty guests were present in the evening, among them Mrs. Emma Ludwig,

President of the Bucyrus Division; Mrs. Mary Stewart, Past-President; Mrs. Mary Keekstein, secretary; and Mrs. Adda Thorton, Mrs. E. R. Cramer, Mrs. William Risher, Mrs. Traub and Mrs. Haines and Messrs. Traub, Cramer, Stewart and Ludwig, all of Bucyrus.

As the communication from Div. 74, Boone, Ia., escaped the waste-basket, we will try to tell the Sisters how we entertained the railroad orders. Dec. 7 being our meeting day, the committee decided to entertain on that date, and at 2:30 the guests began to arrive. As it was a perfect day, the crowd was by no means a small one, about one hundred responding to the invitation. Conversation and a guessing contest were some of the forms of amusement. Pictures cut from magazines and papers were pinned on flags and the ladies had to guess whose articles they advertised. To "cap the climax," a two-faced drill was announced. Of course, all waited in breathless awe, because we had heard of two-faced people, but a drill of that kind was something new. The musician led the way, dressed in a Mother Hubbard, with two false-faces on, a bonnet tied under her chin and one arm around the waist in front and one behind. Then followed fourteen ladies dressed in the same manner, and arms in same position, only some of the costumes looked as though they had been out to a "witches dance." After the ladies had gone through the drill the applause was so deafening that they came back and repeated it to the amusement of all present. The next thing on the program was refreshments, and all did ample justice to the dainty viands. When the guests departed they felt they had been royally entertained. The ladies who took part in the drill had their pictures taken, and I assure you they looked very natural. We felt like the poet who wrote, "O! wad some pow'r the giftie gie us, to see oursel's as ithers see us." These entertainments are very helpful, as they keep the railroad people in touch with one another. Wishing all Divisions success in a worthy cause, I am,

Yours in F., L. & P.,

COR. SEC., Div. 74.

BUCKEYE DIV., 65, Cleveland, O., held its bazaar Christmas week, which was a very successful affair, both financially and socially. The articles for sale were mostly made and contributed by the Sisters. A few generous donations were made by Mr. Webb C. Ball, Brunner Bros., Scribner & Loehr, Fuldheim, Kirby, and other merchants. One hundred dollars was realized from the sale, and the chairman, Mrs. Wm. Jolly, had cause to feel elated, as the amount exceeds that of last year.

In November Div. 65 celebrated the tenth anniversary of its organization. There are now eighty members. A fitting program had been prepared under the direction of the President, Mrs. Chas. Ross, and the members with their husbands enjoyed the feast which followed. All voted as having had a delightful evening.

As the year is almost at its end, we thought we would send our final communication for 1900. Carnation Div., 246, Joliet, Ill., is still keeping up its interest in a social way. October 31 being the birthday anniversary of our President (we won't say which one), the Sisters and their husbands had a surprise on her. To say that all enjoyed themselves in regular Hallowe'en style, would but feebly express it. The Sisters brought with them a very tempting lunch, and while this was being partaken of, Sister Russell, in behalf of the Division, presented Sister Dolph with a very handsome silver jelly spoon and a cold-meat fork.

On November 17, the members of the Division and their families were invited to a hard-times party at the home of Brother and Sister Thayer, it being their wedding anniversary. Everyone was fined that wore an ornament of any kind, and a goodly sum was realized for our flower fund. Our President, in behalf of the Division, presented them with a handsome water-set.

The crowning success of the year was our bazaar, held on December 17 and 18. It was a decided success socially and financially. We took in \$219.45. Over and above our expenses, we cleared \$150.68. Fifty dollars of this was realized from the

handsome vase painted and donated by our Grand President, Mrs. Murdock. Ticket No. 292, held by Charles Johnson, of Joliet, won the vase. We had a contest for a solid gold chain and B. of L. F. charm, to be voted to the most popular fireman running out of Joliet. The successful contestant was Charles Rayburn, of the C., R. I. & P. Ry. The chain and charm was the donation of our popular jeweler, Geo. E. Fagan. We also had a contest for a handsomely-dressed doll, which was won by Grace La Cloche, the daughter of a fireman on the C., R. I. & P. Ry. Our ladies feel very much elated over our success, as this is our first undertaking of this kind. But much of the credit is due to the substantial aid given us by our Brothers of Div 478.

We have moved from Harris Hall to Castle Hall, and any of our Sisters who are passing this way and can make it convenient to visit us, will always find a cordial welcome. Our meeting day is changed to the second and fourth Thursdays, at 2 P. M. Wishing every Division a happy and harmonious New Year, I am,

Yours in F. L. & P.,

COR. SEC., Div. 246.

On the 6th of December, at our regular meeting of Div. 41, Newark, O., we were agreeably surprised by our Secretary reading an invitation from the Sisters of Div. 52, Columbus, O., to meet with them on the 18th, which was unanimously accepted. On the appointed day, nineteen of our members left for the Capital City, with the expectation of spending an ideal day, and we can assure you they were not disappointed. Our worthy Grand Vice-President with several of their Sisters met us at the depot, and entertained us at dinner, after which we were escorted to the hall to attend the Division meeting. Sisters, we all felt as though we were Grand Officers or Past Presidents seated in state on the rostrum, which was a suggestion of Sister Cassell, as it gave the visitors a better chance of seeing their work, which was beautifully done. After the meeting, we had the pleasure of mingling with the Sisters and becoming better acquainted. After the serving of ice-cream and cake we left

for home, followed by the good wishes of Div. 52. We hope that ere long we will have the pleasure of recording a visit received from the Sisters of Little Miami Division.

Our Division is in a prosperous condition, and every meeting is well attended. During the year we have received thirteen new members, have had several banquets, and are always having a good time in general, and we can assure you, Sisters, that peace and harmony reign supreme in Div. 41. We have not disposed of our silk quilt yet, as the returns from it would not justify us in disposing of such a handsome article, but we will chance it off in the near future, when we have a social. We have just purchased a drill book from our Grand Secretary, and so for the next three months, I suppose we will be marching and counter-marching to show off at public installations. I do not envy our President, Sister Cole, the time she will have trying to make us turn square corners and wait on our partners, as we have a failing of leaving them behind us on our marches.

MRS. F. M. K., Sec. Div. 41.

LAKE Div., 165, Chicago, Ill., was organized April 3, 1900, at the home of our President, Sister Ross, by our Grand President, Sister Murdock, with 25 charter members. By a vote of the Division the charter was to remain open for sixty days to receive charter members. April 17 we were met at our hall by our Grand President and Sisters from each of the Chicago Divisions to install our officers; also to obligate three more charter members. Our charter was closed the first meeting in June with 32 charter members. Since then we have initiated two members and have more applications at hand. Among the members of our Division we are carrying 36 policies in the V. R. A. of the G. I. A. On May 30 we gave our first reception, the grand march being led by our Grand President and Bro. James Fitzmaurice M. M., of the Chicago Junction Railway, assisted by our President, Mrs. H. G. Ross, and her husband. From the above we realized \$59.20 for our treasury. On October 31 we gave a dime social; also had a grab-bag,

after which refreshments were served. From the social we realized \$44.20 for our treasury. At present we have all regalia that is needed in the work of the G. I. A.

We are an Auxiliary to Lake Div., 302, of the B. of L. E. On April 17, at the time of our installation, there was an alarm at the wicket. When the door was opened we found Bro. Theo. Lowe, who had come in behalf of Lake Div., 302, to present us with \$10. He stated that if we were successful with our Division, as 302 thought we would be, they would be willing to assist us in all of our undertakings. Our Grand President thanked Bro. Lowe in behalf of Lake Div., 165. The organizing of Lake Div., 165, is due to our President, Mrs. H. S. Ross, formerly a member of Anchor Div., 40, of Chicago.

Yours in F., L. & P.

MRS. D. B. ANNAN, Sec'y.

WE read of the good times other Divisions are having, so please allow me to tell of the pleasant time spent by the members of Div. 25, B. of L. E., Terre Haute, Ind., with their wives and sweethearts, on the evening of December 7 at B. of L. E. Hall. After a special meeting held by the Brothers on that evening, the ladies were admitted to the hall, and the evening was passed with an impromptu program of recitations and music until about half-past 10, when they adjourned to the Crystal Palace Cafe, where a substantial repast awaited them, to which 27 Brothers and 29 Sisters sat down. Brother Wood acted as toastmaster, and Brother Davis proposed a toast, to which Brother Idler responded. Sister Davis also proposed a toast, and Brother Idler was again called on to respond. After supper they returned to the hall, where dancing and other amusements made the time pass all too quickly, after which they wished each other a merry good-night and wended their way homeward, hoping for many more such happy occasions. ONE WHO WAS THERE.

ON November 14, the ladies of Auxiliary Div. 113, Des Moines, Ia., and their husbands were invited to the home of our President, Sister J. J. Spellman, to take

dinner, and of course, we all responded promptly to the invitation. When the conveyances that Sister Spellman provided arrived there was a sufficient number to fill each one full, and we were taken out to their pleasant suburban home, and at 2 o'clock sat down to one of the lovely dinners, for which our President is so justly celebrated. We all agreed that we should not fail to respond to any of Sister Spellman's invitations in the future. After doing justice to the bountiful spread, two or three hours were spent in pleasant conversation, after which we all returned to our homes, voting Sister Spellman and family delightful entertainers, and feeling that our organization is helpful in more ways than one.

MRS. E. D. BRIGHAM, Sec.

RIVERSIDE Div., 172, Baltimore, Md., paid a pleasant visit to Merchant Div., 70, Connellsville, Pa., on November 14. The Sisters were met at the train by a committee and taken to breakfast, and then prepared to attend their meeting. Their drill work was done in a manner that was creditable to its members, after which luncheon was served and then a trip to the coke ovens taken, which was enjoyed by the visiting Sisters. On November 15 a trip was taken to Pittsburg, and after a time spent in sightseeing we were taken to a hotel for dinner, after which we took the cars for Glenwood, where we witnessed an initiation, which was performed in a delightful manner. Here we met Sister Wilson, of Allegheny, President of Insurance, and Mrs. Hyder Riley, President of Div. 105. After the meeting closed a lunch was served, which was enjoyed very much. Then it was time for the visitors to take the train for Connellsville again, where a reception was tendered them at the home of Sister Kerns, where singing, music and dancing were indulged in, after which refreshments were served. The time arriving for a return home, after such a delightful time, the Sisters accompanied the visiting Sisters to the depot, where they took the train for home. But before bidding good-byes the beautiful hymn, "God be with us till we meet again," was sung with a fervor that showed there was an interest in the

hearts of those present. All returned safely to their homes, cherishing in their hearts a memory of what the G. I. A. means to those who are members thereof. We hope to see the Sisters soon again in our own city, and we will always cherish kindly feelings for the Sisters who so beautifully entertained us, and look forward to many more such meetings.

SEC.

It has been a long time since Div. 134, Hornellsville, N. Y., has been heard from, but the new century finds us well and prospering. New members are coming into our order, and socially we are not behind the times. Eighteen of the Sisters, on invitation of Sister Edwards, spent the afternoon at her pleasant home, five miles from the city, on the 9th of October. We entertained the Sisters from Bradford, and on the 19th of October we were entertained by Fall Brook Div., 23, Corning, N. Y. You can see we are alive yet, if we have been silent. These fraternal visits tend to bind us more closely in the bonds of sisterly love. Wishing the Sisters, one and all, a prosperous year, I will say good-bye.

SEC., Div. 134.

LAREDO, TEX.—When the close of the year draws nigh and also the end of a century, full of grand achievements in science and literature, one looks back on the past year and wonders if she, too, contributed anything to make those of this world happy and joyous. We, in our Ladies' Auxiliary, have been encouraged by our financial success in the shape of a 25-cent social, given at the home of our President pro tem., Mrs. J. I. Pereira, whose charming smile and graceful manner made everyone feel at home and enter into the fun immediately. Eleven dollars were put into the treasury. All the members and guests reported having a good time, and thank Mrs. Pereira, who is ably acting as President in the absence of our elected President.

Mrs. Murray, a member from San Luis Potosi, Mex., passed through Laredo on her way home from the North, and was the guest of Mrs. Phil Scott, who planned a delightful surprise, which passed off very

pleasantly, the only regret being that all the members were not present. Mrs. Scott proved an admirable hostess, and Mrs. Murray was completely surprised.

Wishing all Ladies' Auxiliaries in our land a prosperous and happy New Year.

NAUGHTY SISTER.

PRUDENCE Div., 160, of Murphysboro, Ill., had the pleasure of entertaining a few invited guests December 5, at their Division room in honor of their three new members, Mesdames Frank Wilson, Robert Minton and Rollin Thornton, who were initiated that day, and their visiting member, Mrs. Frank Legg, of East Cape Girardeau. After some time spent with music, dancing, games and social converse, those present were summoned to the supper room, where a bounteous repast had been prepared for them. The evening was spent so pleasantly that the unmarried engineers will surely turn benedict in order to give Prudence Division more new members. The success of the affair was due to the untiring efforts of the committee in charge, Sisters Hilleary, Fox and Delano, aided by their able President, Sister Naylor, and their gallant Brothers, Naylor and Delano.

SEC.

Drv. 179, East St. Louis, Ill., had a very pleasant visit from our Grand President, Sister Murdock, on October 26. Our President, Sister Horstman, met her at the Union station and entertained her while here at her home. She was present at a special meeting called for 1:30 P. M., and gave us a great deal of praise and many kind words for the rapid progress we have made since coming to East St. Louis, which encouraged us to work still harder to build up our Division and have it rank among the foremost in sociability and good work. On account of so short a notice we had no time to arrange any special form of entertainment, but we attended the theater at night in a body. Next day at noon Sister Murdock departed for her home, leaving us impressed more than ever with her capability of managing the affairs of our beloved order.

SEC., Div. 179.

THE members of Bessemer Div., 217,

Albion, Pa, wish to extend a most cordial invitation to all wives of Brothers of Div. 282 to join them. They would be pleased to have them send in their names and become members of the G. I. A.. As these Brothers live all along the line of the P., B. & L. E. R. R., and we do not know their addresses, we thought an invitation through the JOURNAL would reach all. We hope many will respond, and wish all a Happy New Year.

MRS. GEO. BOYLE, Pres.

G. I. A. Voluntary Relief Association.

TOLEDO, O., Feb. 1, 1901.

To Division Insurance Secretaries V. R. A.:

You are hereby notified of the death of the following members of the Association, and for the payment of these claims you are ordered to collect 75 cents from each member holding one policy, and \$1.50 from each member holding two policies, providing, however, that no one be assessed on a policy, if the application for said policy was dated later than Dec. 31, 1900:

ASSESSMENT No. 17.

Died Nov. 18, 1900. Sister Dora R. Noonan, aged 35 years, of Div. 101, Missoula, Montana. Admitted March 26, 1900. Cause of death, chronic Bright's disease and hemorrhage in the brain. Held two policies, Nos. 6073 and 6074, payable to John Noonan, husband, and Winnie G. Noonan, daughter.

ASSESSMENT No. 18.

Died Dec. 24, 1900. Sister Diana Hart, aged 74 years, of Div. 11, Rochester, N. Y. Admitted Feb. 10, 1892. Cause of death, angina pectoris and locomotor ataxia. Held two policies, Nos. 690 and 2956, payable to Mrs. Minerva C. Resseguie, daughter, and Mrs. Hattie D. Ducker, grand-daughter.

ASSESSMENT No. 19.

Died Jan. 7, 1901. Sister Mabel G. Anderson, aged 36 years, of Div. 44, Slater, Mo. Admitted June 2, 1898. Cause of death, heart disease. Held two policies, Nos. 4860 and 4862, payable to William Anderson, husband.

ASSESSMENT No. 20.

Died Dec. 28, 1900. Sister Orpha E. Robinson, aged 31 years, of Div. 214, Oneonta, N. Y. Admitted March 9, 1898. Cause of death, pleuro pneumonia. Held one policy, payable to George L. and Seward D. Robinson, sons.

Members must pay their Insurance Secretary on or before February 28, or pay a fine of 10 cents on each policy. Insurance Secretaries must remit to General Secretary and Treasurer on or before March 10, 1901, or forfeit membership.

Assessment No. 20 will be paid from the Death Assessment Fund.

Three thousand two hundred and seventy-four members paid Assessment No. 14; eighteen hundred and ninety-three paying on one policy; thirteen hundred and eighty-one on two policies.

All claims are paid in full—\$500 on each policy.

MRS. GEO. WILSON, Pres. V. R. A.
MARY L. ROBERTSON, Gen'l Sec'y and Treas.

Technical.

Larger Pumps.

BY ROBERT H. BLACKALL.

One of the topics which is at present receiving considerable attention in railroad circles is that of larger air pumps. While there is no doubt that there are times when an engineer would like to have a larger pump, the question arises, Does the seemingly apparent necessity warrant the displacement of the present pump, the increased expense, and will not the present pump do its work with a sufficient factor of safety if fairly treated?

Most of the calls for larger pumps come primarily from the engineers, and they thoroughly believe that on long freight trains the larger pumps are a necessity. But are they a necessity, and have the engineers counted the cost, or considered the question from its many points of view?

Two ideas are advanced in regard to increasing the size of the pumps. One is to increase the size of both steam and air cylinders; the other is to leave the size of the steam cylinder as it is and increase the size of the air cylinder, the latter idea being based upon the fact that the more modern engines carry one hundred and eighty pounds of steam, or thereabout. The steam cylinder is now nine and one-half inches in diameter, and increasing this dimension means an extra tax on the boiler, a larger hole in the coal pile, and more work for the already overtaxed fireman. It also means harder work getting over the road and a longer run on a poor steaming engine.

If the steam cylinder is allowed to remain as it is, and only the air cylinder is increased, the speed of the pump is reduced, and when the steam pressure is low, as is often the case at the summit of a hill after a hard pull, a stop will be necessary to "blow up" and get sufficient steam with which to operate the pump at a proper speed.

In either of the above cases the diameter of the air cylinder has been increased and

more air will be compressed with each stroke of the pump. The more air compressed in a given space of time the more heat, and as the radiating surface of the pump has not increased in a like proportion to the amount of heat, it must be expected that more hot pumps will be found in service.

It is not theory but experience which has conclusively demonstrated that in a few months, or in one or two years at the outside, that with larger pumps some roads would be in just as serious a plight on the air-pump question as they are today. This is clearly shown by the air-brake practice on different roads, where in one case fifty air cars may be coupled together, and the complaint is made that the air pump is not large enough; while on another it is a common occurrence to see from eighty to one hundred air cars coupled, and no complaint. There can be but one explanation to this, and, to a large extent, maintenance of equipment is the secret of success or lack of it. Three or four years ago a nine-and-one-half-inch pump was sufficient for a fifty air-car train. Why should it not perform the same satisfactory work today, with the brakes taken care of according to the M. C. B. rules?

If a large pump is put on freight engines and leaks are allowed to increase throughout the brake system, what will be the ultimate result, and its effect upon the operation of the brakes? While the brakes are inoperative the larger pump will supply the increased leakage, but just as soon as the air brakes are applied and the brake valve is "lapped," the train-line pressure will creep the brakes on rapidly, cause irregular runs, more frequent releases, and generally bad results. What is needed is good brake maintenance and a large main reservoir, and the present pump will do the work.

The main reservoir capacity on freight engines should never be less than forty or fifty thousand cubic inches, the latter capacity being preferred. It is the size of the main reservoir chiefly and not the size of the pump which determines the quickness of the release and recharge, and a large main reservoir is one of the greatest friends

an engineer has, as it allows the pump to work more slowly, the pump is less liable to overheat, a quicker release and recharge is possible, and with a large reservoir fully charged, a release and recharge to seventy pounds can usually be accomplished with a train of ordinary length, if the pump stopped entirely after maximum pressure had been obtained.

Other things which call for unnecessary work of the pump, aside from leakage, is long piston travel and poorly maintained air appliance, commonly spoken of under the head of "parasites;" under this head comes bell ringers, sanders, water-raising systems on parlor and sleeping cars, some simpling devices on compound engines, etc. If steam were used where practical on the "parasites," and the pipe joints and valve seats were properly maintained, the present pump would produce still better results.

The extra amount of work put upon a pump due to long piston travel is very evident, when it is considered that the longer the travel the more expansively the auxiliary reservoir pressure is used, and the greater must be the reduction of train-pipe pressure to produce a certain retarding power at the brake shoes. Another point seldom considered in regard to piston travel adjustment, which has a direct effect upon the pump, is that the piston travel is always from one to two inches longer when a car is in motion than when standing, this being due to spring in the brake rigging, movement of brasses in boxes, boxes in pedestals, etc. The only way to properly overcome this effect is by the use of a slack adjuster which does its work while the car is in motion. This device is used somewhat extensively in passenger service and it is to be hoped that it may soon be more generally found in freight service.

Poor quality of hose is also adding a burden to the pump, and some roads in testing trains have adopted the plan of also testing hose and removing the porous ones. A good hose at a fair price is certainly cheaper in the end.

Poor piping and poorly located angle cocks so located that a tendency to cause a leak at the hose couplings when the train

is stretched are also responsible for a per cent of the leakage.

The question of using a larger pump seems to be on a par with a water company having a leak in a main which their pumps will not overcome unless the leak is stopped or larger pumps used; the larger pumps may replace the small ones and the leak allowed to remain. The larger pumps perform the work satisfactorily until the leakage has grown to such a proportion that the two cases are parallel, notwithstanding the extra outlay, and it is then necessary to fix the leak.

Summing the case up, a large pump will supply greater leaks at a correspondingly greater cost, but poorer handling trains must necessarily follow; while with leaks and piston travel well maintained, using a large main reservoir and the pumps now in general use good results are obtainable.

From the manufacturing standpoint air-brake companies would gladly supplant the present with larger pumps; but when the efficiency of the brake is considered and the matter is carefully gone over in detail do the railroad men and the railroad officers want a larger pump?

QUESTION AND ANSWER COLUMN.

Q. W. S. Will you please inform me through the air-brake department of the B. of L. E. magazine as to what effect the emergency valve of the triple would have if it leaked?

A. In response to your query as to the effect produced by a leak in the rubber-seated or emergency valve of a quick-action triple, would say that different effects are produced. The effect to a certain extent is governed by the number of air cars in a train and the size of the leak. With this valve leaking there is a direct feed from the train-line by the train-line check, thence by the leaky emergency valve and into the brake cylinder. The air thus finding its way to the brake cylinder may escape in two ways if the triple valve is in release position; it may pass through the leakage groove in the brake cylinder to the atmosphere, or it may pass through the exhaust port in the slide valve to the atmosphere. If, however, the retaining

valve handle happened to be turned up on this car, and air was leaking by the emergency valve faster than it could escape through the cylinder leakage groove, the brake would apply on this car closing the leakage groove; the cylinder pressure would then increase until sufficiently strong to force the weighted valve in the retainer from its seat, when all over fifteen pounds would escape through the small port of the retainer; but if air leaked into the cylinder faster than it could escape through the small port in the retaining valve, the cylinder pressure would gradually become equal to that in the train-line, and broken or flat wheels would be likely to result, or the train might be stalled if on a hard pull. This also explains why it is not best to raise the retaining valve handles too soon in approaching the summit of a hill.

If the emergency valve were held from its seat, due to the emergency piston being stuck in its lowest position, air could reach the brake cylinder faster than it could escape through the cylinder leakage groove and the triple exhaust, and as a result the brake would apply on this car as soon as air was turned into it and there would also be a heavy blow at the retaining valve or triple-exhaust port. Jarring the triple will sometimes cause the valve to seat; cutting the car out, and then in quickly, may also accomplish this result.

If a car having a triple with a small leak across the emergency valve is cut into a long train of air cars, the trouble, as long as the brakes are not being used, simply causes the pump to work harder to supply leaks. As soon as the brakes are applied, the escape of the air reaching the cylinder, due to the leaky emergency valve, is cut off, and the brake cylinder pressure on this car equalizes with that in the train line. On a long train, which necessarily has a large volume of air in the train line, wheels may be slid from this cause.

In general, it may be said that a leaky emergency valve causes the pump to do unnecessary work, the same as any leakage of train line when the brakes are not applied; but if the brakes be applied, the leaky valve allows the cylinder pressure on this car to equalize with that in the train

line, the air taken from the train line tending to cause the triples on the other cars to apply the brakes on their cars slightly harder. This latter effect would be much more noticeable on a short air train with a small volume of air in the train line than on a long train with a large volume. It may also be said that leaky emergency valves are productive of flat wheels and sometimes do the damage for which an engineer or crew may get the blame.

To avoid flat wheels, a car should be cut out and bled if a poor emergency valve is causing a blow at the retaining valve. Such a blow is usually due to a leaky slide or rubber-seated valve and the following method usually determines satisfactorily which it is: If there is a blow at the exhaust when the brakes are released, and not when applied, the trouble is usually with the emergency or rubber seat; if the blow continues regardless of whether the brakes are applied or released, it is quite safe to ascribe the trouble to the slide valve not seating properly, or to a poor seat.

Q. J. G. S. I had a train a short time ago and when I made a reduction the equalizing piston would rise OK. and seat, and then with my brake valve on lap, the piston would rise and lower without my touching the brake valve, the black hand would drop slowly and the brakes apply harder. I reported the trouble, but did not get that engine on the next trip. Can you enlighten me as to the cause of this performance?

A. The pipe leading to the equalizing reservoir or to the gage connection for the black hand in all probability leaked. In running position this leak was supplied, but when your valve was lapped air was escaping from the equalizing reservoir the same as you would take it from the same reservoir when you place the valve in service position.

Q. F. D. B. What is the new kind of a triple valve I see being put on tenders; is there anything new connected with it?

A. It is just the same as the old plain triple valve that you are accustomed to seeing, except that the plug valve and handle have been removed. The new triple is practically the same, as the ports

at the point where the plug formerly was are cast to correspond with the ports in the plug when the triple was cut in. A cut-out cock is now placed in the crossover pipe from the train line to the triple. Trouble was sometimes occasioned with the older form of triple due to leakage by the plug. The elimination of this valve simplifies the triple and takes away a chance of trouble.

You will remember that the older form of plain triple valve was designed that it might be used either as an automatic or straight air brake, and a valve to meet such conditions, you of course appreciate, is unnecessary these days, hence the change.

Q. J. H. N. Can you tell me what is the largest number of air cars that have been coupled up and operated successfully?

A. I can at present only tell of the largest number I ever knew of "being coupled up and operated successfully." This number was one hundred and six, the air pump being a nine-and-one-half inch Westinghouse, and the main reservoir had a capacity of 34,000 cubic inches. I believe even longer air trains than this have been coupled together and operated successfully. It is the maintenance of leaks rather than the size of the pump that has most to do with this subject. When you know of a road where one hundred air cars can be operated successfully, you know of a road where the air-brake maintenance is being looked after.

Steam-Heating Equipment.

MONCTON, N. B., Nov. 18, 1900.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Where the Mason reducing valve is used in connection with the steam-heating equipment of passenger trains, there are several things that may happen to it that will prevent the steam from passing through it into the main steam pipe. Perhaps the most common sources of trouble in this direction are a broken spring and the piston becoming corroded and stuck down in the dash pot. The port leading from the auxiliary valve to the piston being stopped up—which, however, is not likely to occur—would cause the same trouble. But if, from any

cause, steam cannot be made to pass through the valve in the regular way, the dash pot can be unscrewed from the body of the valve, and by putting a piece of wood about one inch square by one-half inch thick on top of the piston and screwing it up again, the main valve will be held open and the steam will pass freely through to the heating system, the pressure being regulated as nearly to the required amount as possible by the throttle valve.

Yours fraternally,
B. C. GESNER, Div. 162.

Why Did it Prime?

CORNWALL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Being exceedingly puzzled, I would like to ask if there is any Brother who can throw any light on the following subject: I ran a mogul of the Mother Hubbard style. She would work water with only one gage without raising it in the water glass (water column all clear) or the back gage cocks. The dry pipe was OK. After having boiler washed out, engine worked OK. Why should it foam without raising water all over the boiler?

L. C. ALDRICH, Div. 292.

Will some of the Brothers acquainted with the conditions, or possible conditions, of water in the section of the above writer give their views on the above problem, open, of course, to all Brothers?—EDITOR.

Continuous Draft.

Continuous draft for a locomotive while working seems to be considered the proper thing by those in authority. I do not know where the idea originated, nor how it became so universally accepted by all the mechanical heads throughout the country. To create a continuous vacuum in the smoke-box of, say, from one to three pounds, was accomplished by the use of a draft pipe (petticoat pipe) in addition to the standard front end fitted with a diaphragm plate. This would be about the same thing as putting a very long smoke-stack on instead of the usual short one. Now, let us see what the difference will be in the amount of heat absorbed by the

flues and sheets of the fire-box under the new and old styles of draft.

With the old standard front end, we use a diaphragm plate to let an even draft on the fire. Each exhaust creates a vacuum in the smoke-box. This causes a rapid rush of heat into the flues. The intervals between the exhausts allow the vacuum to break, which, in turn, allows the heat to remain in and be absorbed by the flues for the instant, when the following exhaust will create another vacuum, drawing the heat from the fire-box into the flues, there to be absorbed, as in the former instance. This might be properly called making and breaking a vacuum. You have all, no doubt, noticed that with this style of draft the engine will "dance her fire," as the saying is,—that is, when you open the fire-door, the small particles of live coals are jumping up and down. This can only be accomplished by the making and breaking of a vacuum. A diaphragm plate should be low enough to keep the smoke-box clear of cinders. I have run them as low as 9 inches and as high as 16 inches with a single nozzle $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches in size, which is large enough to relieve a cylinder 18×24 , unless the engine is worked in full stroke all the time.

Let us see how the continuous draft compares with the foregoing. We will take an engine with cylinders 19×26 , with a draft pipe and a single nozzle $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. We start out of town and work the engine full stroke for 100 feet, and find that we have a space of about 2 feet at the fire-door that has had all the fire and cinders pulled off the grates. We shorten the cut-off to 8 inches, full throttle, and it takes more coal than one man can shovel to keep the grates covered. The steam pressure, 180 pounds, cannot be maintained. There is scarcely any smoke issuing from the stack. We open the fire-box door, but there is no dancing of the fire; just a continuous pull on the fire and a roar like a cyclone. Why does this engine not steam when she burns such a large amount of coal? Just because the heat is drawn through the flues so fast and continuously that they cannot absorb any of the heat.

We will take this same engine and reduce the size of the nozzle to $4\frac{3}{4}$, and we have no trouble keeping fire on the grates at the door. She does not have such a hard pull on the fire, and does not burn as much coal, although she is not a free steamer. The reason of this is, that the small nozzle carries the exhaust steam

higher into the stack before filling it, and, therefore, reduces the amount of vacuum in the smoke-box. This is about the same thing as putting on a shorter smokestack. Brothers, jump onto— "ME."

Rest for Handle of Engineer's Valve.

MUNICH, N. Y., Dec. 23, 1900.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I do not know what experience others have had, but some two months since I was much bothered with my engineer's brake valve sticking to such an extent that it was a matter of guesswork whether I could make a proper stop or not. I reported the trouble, and the valve was taken down and oiled, which would last until the hostler had made a few stops in the yard with it. The valve sets very high on the boiler, as most all do on Mother Hubbard engines, and possibly a pull downward had something to do with its leaking and sticking. At all events, I discovered that when I pulled the handle around it caused a slight leak of air, and I had a circular rest made for the handle, which stopped the downward pull on the valve, and it has worked very nicely ever since. This has proved a remedy for a very disagreeable fault. Possibly the suggestion may be of benefit to others having a like experience with high brake valves.

Fraternally yours,
S. T. SEAMANS, Div. 152.

Wide Fire-Box Locomotive for Mexico.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works recently built for the Southern Pacific Company, for use on the Sonora Railroad, a 10-wheel locomotive having cylinders 19×24 inches and a wide fire-box of the modified Wootten type. Mr. H. J. Small, Superintendent of Motive Power, states that a large deposit of anthracite coal has been found in the state of Sonora, Mex., about 60 miles from the main line of the Sonora Road, and that the engine was built to burn this coal. Before ordering the engine about 100 tons of the coal was hauled by wagons to Los Angeles and tested. It was found that while the coal was of good quality it would be necessary to have a locomotive with large grate area to burn it. The locomotive is described as being in many respects similar to engines of the general type that are used on the Reading, the Lehigh Valley and other Eastern roads. It has no combustion chamber. Mr. Small states that one thing demonstrated to his satisfaction by the use of this locomotive is that increasing the grate area, even for bituminous coal, is a step in the right direction. —*Railroad Gazette*.

THE JOURNAL.

Published monthly, 307 Society for Savings Bldg.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CHARLES H. SALMONS, - Editor and Manager.

Articles for Correspondence Department should be written on one side of the paper only, and must be at this office not later than the 10th, and for the Technical Department not later than the 12th of the month, to insure insertion in current number. Noms de plume may be used, but name and address of the writer must be given, or matter will not be used.

All matters for publication, Division addresses, etc., should be addressed to the Editor. The Editor reserves the right to use or reject matter for the reading columns entirely on its merits. The reading columns will not be sold for advertising purposes.

All money matters should be addressed to T. S. INGRAHAM, F. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg. Send New York or Chicago draft, Express money order or Postal order, but never send personal check, it is useless.

Changes in Address of the JOURNAL subscribers and orders for Division supplies should be addressed to D. EVERETT, T. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg.

Advertising Department matter and all correspondence relating thereto should be addressed to W. N. GATES, 409 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.



FEBRUARY, 1901.

The Passing of the Queen of England.

Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, was the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent (fourth son of George III). She was born at Kensington Palace, May 24, 1819. Her mother, Victoria Maria Louisa, was the daughter of Francis, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and sister of Leopold, King of the Belgians. Her first husband, the Prince of Leiningen, died in 1814, and in 1818 she married the Duke of Kent. The Duke died in 1820, leaving his widow and infant daughter, who had been baptized with the name of Alexandria Victoria. As heir to the throne, she was thoroughly educated, and specially instructed by Viscount Melbourne in the principles of the British constitution.

Victoria had celebrated her 18th birthday a month previous to the death of her uncle, William IV., who died at 2:20 o'clock A. M. on June 20, 1837. Later in the morning Victoria was waited upon by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain and hailed as Queen. The Princess was greatly affected, and it went

forth to the world as an omen of the happiest augury that the young girl had "wept to learn that she was Queen." Her first request was that the Archbishop invoke divine blessing on the era about to open for the Princess and the people of Great Britain, and her reign practically began by prayer. England has felt the benign influence of a most estimable sovereign ever since. Victoria's predecessor, William IV., was not an ideal character. He had been a Whig all his life up to the time of his ascending the throne, when he turned Tory, which was quite natural. As king he did as much as he could to obstruct the passing of the great liberal measures of his reign—the first reform act (1832), the abolition of colonial slavery (1833), the reform of the poor laws (1834), and the municipal reform act of 1835.

The change with the advent of Victoria was immediate and most gratifying. A new era was ushered in, when court profanity and court extravagance was at an end, and no former monarch had so thoroughly comprehended the great truth that the powers of the crown are held in trust for the people, and are the means and not the end of government. The coronation took place on June 28, 1838. The first year of her reign she paid her father's debts, and in the second year paid her mother's debts, and never incurred any debt herself, nor asked Parliament for any addition to her income.

Her marriage was the central event of her life, and on which her whole after life hinged. It was not, as was usual with monarchical families, a policy match, but one dictated by true womanly love; and as it was the province of the Queen to make her own selection, it presented some trying difficulties. But she chose Albert, the youngest son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, and told him of her love on the 15th of October, 1839. But that was not the worst: she had on a later day to tell of her choice to the Privy Council. The wedding was celebrated on the 10th of February, 1840.

The marriage was immensely popular, it being considered a true love match, and the people rejoiced as though no such monarchical union had ever been made be-

fore. Victoria was the mother of four sons and five daughters, and the queen was revered as no other English monarch had ever been before for domestic virtues. She was known as a good mother and her husband Prince Albert as a good father, and these rather unusual titles to popular affection gave strength and popularity to the throne itself.

Her husband, Prince Albert, died on Dec. 14, 1861. Since the death of her husband the queen, while not neglecting state affairs, has lived to a large extent a retired life, the ceremonial duties falling chiefly to the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The administrators (Prime Ministers) during her reign have been, Lord Melbourne, 1835; Sir Robert Peel, 1841; Lord John Russell, 1846; Earl of Derby, 1852; Earl of Aberdeen, 1852; Lord Palmerston, 1852; Earl of Derby, 1858; Lord Palmerston, 1859; Earl Russell, 1865; Earl of Derby, 1866; Mr. Disraeli, 1868; Mr. Gladstone, 1868; Earl of Beaconsfield, 1874, Mr. Gladstone, 1880; Marquis of Salisbury, 1885; Mr. Gladstone, 1886; Marquis of Salisbury, 1886; Mr. Gladstone, 1892, who resigned on March 3, 1894, who was succeeded by the Marquis of Salisbury. These changes represent the political struggles during the sixty-three years of the queen's reign, political conditions that did not always commend themselves, and some of which were quite distasteful to American ideas of right and justice, but in these struggles the monarch had little part, generally speaking. Yet, it is a well-known fact that she exercised her sense of justice in the interest of the United States when the bounds of international law were being overstepped by her subjects. She was America's most faithful friend among the monarchs of Europe, and she deserved the tribute given her by an American orator as "the queenliest of women and the most womanly of queens." Of all the long line of monarchs of England, the name of Victoria will stand out above and beyond all others, surrounded with a diamond setting of a moral, intellectual and beneficent life that will live while the annals of England last.

The passing of the queen means a new

king and queen for England, but we believe portends no lowering of the standard of moral excellence. The Princess of Wales is commended on all sides, and the Prince of Wales, as King Edward VII., though he has been much talked about, ascends the throne a capable, serious, well-balanced man, and with the responsibilities thrust upon him will surely rise to the dignity of the supreme occasion, and we believe that the time will come when their form "God save the King" will express the genuine wish and sentiment of the English Empire.

Editorial Paragraphs.

THE indexes to the JOURNAL for 1895-6-7-8-9 and 1900 may be had by sending a 2-cent stamp for each number wanted to the editor. Those within the vicinity of Cleveland who desire to have their volumes bound can have it done in a nice cloth binding for 75 cents a volume at the Cleveland Printing & Publishing Company, Caxton Bldg., Huron street. Deliver or send your JOURNALS direct to them. We cannot attend to such matters, but we are always pleased to send the index to those who desire to preserve their JOURNALS when postage is sent, which only covers cost of sending it out.

A BROTHER employed on a very large system of road writes us that when favors are solicited for a traveling Brother, he must hold himself entirely responsible for the character and standing of the traveling Brother, and as he must judge of these qualifications by the traveling card and other evidences that one might give within the limits of the card, though he be expelled for cause, the Brother desires us to call attention to Article V., Section 1, of the By-Laws relating to letters in addition to the traveling card.

We think this a good suggestion as such a letter virtually vouches for the character of the traveling Brother as well as his ability as a locomotive engineer, and every Brother ought to take pride in throwing every safeguard around a Brother from whom he is soliciting favors, remembering

that he is a stranger and though entitled to every courtesy by virtue of his card, the card relieves him of no reasonable demand for evidence that it is genuine. And as there are cases of the practice of fraud by virtue of a card forged or otherwise, we think the letter would be a very commendable addition to the evidence and the standing of a member seeking favors.

OUR illustrated subject for this month is of so unusual length and accompanied by so many illustrations that we found it impossible to find room for the several fraternal subjects in hand, but will have more space in March, and will use quite a number of those sent in by members of the order. We have a fixed amount of space, and when we have more matter than will fill it we must disappoint someone, but we will get to all as soon as it is possible. Some subjects are not injured by waiting, while others are practically destroyed, and we give subjects preference over pictures. We are in receipt of several letters asking why their pictures are not used, and others accompanying photographs requesting us to have them appear in the next issue. We cannot add space, and pictures must be subject to delays until room can be found for them.

THE thirty-fifth annual ball will be given on February 14, 1901,—Valentine night,—under the auspices of Divs. 61, 312 and 439. This marks the thirty-fifth anniversary of Div. 61, which is the nucleus of the other Divisions which now join hand and heart in celebrating this important event. Important to everyone who is fortunate enough to be a part of the festive gathering, which will doubtless aggregate several hundred, and likely be the acme of the long list of these pleasant gatherings, where nothing is left undone that will conduce to the pleasure of those who participate. We have been honored with a cordial invitation to join our Boston Brothers and Sisters on this occasion, but owing to pressure of business we must be content with wishing success to this gathering of our Boston Brothers and Sisters to celebrate the founding of an institution for a

common good, and fostered by friendship, harmony and hospitality.

BRO. W. C. HAYES, Locomotive Superintendent on the Baltimore & Ohio Ry., made the Grand Office a pleasant call on January 10th. Brother Hayes has a very important and responsible position with the B. & O., having charge of all "engine-men and engines when on the road," and the traveling engineers are appointed by and report to him. It was an innovation in railroad management when the appointment was made on April 24, 1899. But it is evident Brother Hayes' management of affairs has met with general approval, and that he has demonstrated much more than ordinary executive ability. We naturally take special interest in the success of our fraternal Brothers, who, by their fitness are called to higher places, and feel a fraternal pride in their success, for in honoring themselves by it they indirectly honor the B. of L. E. The JOURNAL congratulates Brother Hayes and wishes him continued success. Call again, Brother Hayes.

BRO. JAMES C. CURRIE, S. G. A. E., was in Cleveland on Jan. 19, looking after the interests of the Nathan Manufacturing Company which he represents, and made a pleasant call at the Grand Office where he is always welcome. On Sunday the Editor had the pleasure of a real old-fashioned visit with him. Brother Currie represents a splendid company, and we think the honors are even. Come again, Brother C.

WE are in receipt of a very nicely formulated report of the Legislative Board representing the railway employees of Massachusetts composed of the B. of L. E., O. R. C., B. of L. F., and B. of R. T. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, C. D. Baker, O. R. C.; Vice-President, James T. Callahan, B. of R. T.; Secretary, Fred McGregor, B. of L. F.; Treasurer, A. J. Desoe, B. of L. E.; Board of Trustees, W. S. Shaw, O. R. C.; F. A. Wilson, B. of R. T., and Clarence Mitchell, B. of L. E.

From the report of the president it is evident that the necessity of guarding against

evil legislation is as urgent as is the work for that which is beneficial. Their expense bills are very light, and the board voted a per capita tax of five cents upon each member of the four orders, which would not seem to create much of a hardship, though some of the lodges have failed to meet that small obligation, a condition that though somewhat prevalent, ought not to be. The members use their time and energy in working for the common interest of those they are elected to represent and there should be no question as to their payment. It is not only a debt of honor, but one of constitutional law governing the orders to which they belong.

A VERY deserving tribute of esteem was paid Bro. J. H. Hall, of Div. 241, Altoona, Wis., on Jan. 6. We say very deserving because Brother Hall has served his Division energetically and faithfully, occupying one, two, and even three official positions at once, having served his Division three years as First Assistant Engineer, eight years as Chief Engineer, fourteen years as a member of the General Board of Adjustment, twelve years as its representative on the Legislative Board, and as delegate to the St. Louis and Milwaukee Conventions.

That is a record that can only be made by those who are willing workers for the sake of the good they can do for the organization and those they immediately represent; and one who renders such service deserves some token of the appreciation from those he so long and faithfully serves, and the members of Div. 241, appreciating Brother Hall's services, hit upon a happy plan of making him feel that they were not indifferent to his efforts, and at their regular meeting on Jan. 6 gave him a pleasant surprise, when Brother Washburne, on behalf of the members, in a neat speech reminiscent of past as well as present services and assurances of brotherly esteem, presented him with a handsome diamond ring. Such surprises do not leave one in the best condition for response, but Brother Hall expressed his heartfelt thanks; and it needed no words to tell that he was highly pleased with the love

and good-will expressed in the circular token with its pure setting.

We should never forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect, and that not the station itself but the worthy fulfillment of its duties honors the man who performs them, and the reward of one duty done is essential to the power to fulfill another; and if more Divisions would follow the example of our Brothers in Div. 241 and show appreciation for duties done, there would be more willing hands and hearts ready to assume responsibilities.

THE *Wheeling Daily News* has some very complimentary things to say about McMechen, W. Va., the home of Div. 477, B. of L. E., and Div. 203, G. I. A. Bro. J. M. Garvey writes us that two-thirds of the members own their homes, and that they take great pride in their little city of twelve hundred inhabitants. The *News* says:

McMechen is supported by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company, as almost the entire population is made up of employees of the road. The railroaders own the town, and fortunately they are the best class of railroaders in the country. It is true that there are some mill men living there, but they are very few. The remainder of the citizens not in the employ of the B. & O. Company are in business, and depend on "getting" their share of the "checks."

One of the most striking features of the strange town is that there is very little social distinction among the people, and at times all the young folks turn out in a body at a social event. One is just as good as the other, as long as they are respectable. The four good church buildings and large congregations are evidences of the pious disposition of the people. The St. James Catholic Church, recently completed there, is a model of architecture, and cost \$15,000. The Methodist Episcopal and Church of God congregations are the largest. The Christian Church has not so large a congregation, but is a strong church, with many prominent people as members. The church building is one of the latest of architectural design and is very handsome.

The public schools are of the best, and the children attend almost unanimously. As the town is known to have a larger per cent of small children than any other town in this section, the result is there is a very large enrollment at the school. The usually large number of smaller children is accounted for by the fact that about all the railroad men are comparatively young, and, as a rule, the best of them married.

The young men of McMechen, will, as a rule,

follow their father in their vocation in life. They will be railroad men, and many have already entered the service. They study railroading from their infancy up, and almost any small boy in the town is fairly well versed on the trainmen's rules, signals, etc. Of the many B. & O. passenger engines that run through the town, they know the number of almost any of them by the whistles. In speaking of a train it is distinguished by the number and not the time it is due at that station, as is the custom generally in other places. The boys know all about when the many different freight trains are due to leave for the east or arrive.

The engineers living there and running on the fourth division must run past their home to the Benwood yards to complete their trips. In order to save carrying their dinner pail or probably a large package back with them, they each have a certain way in which they blow the whistle so their wife or family will know they are coming, and will be out ready to receive the package or dinner pail. They know, too, in their way, when to get a meal ready for the tired and hungry engineer after a long trip.

The greatest day of the month is the day on which the B. & O. checks arrive and pay day is on. The bills for the entire month are paid within the few days following the arrival of the checks. If there be one thing the McMechen people should be criticized on it is this. With the majority of them no effort is made apparently to keep money from one pay day to the next. They pay their bills and are anxious to get them settled after the check arrives.

There are no better paying people to be found on earth than these, and that appears to be the trouble,—they are too free to pay out while the money lasts.

We are not much surprised that newspaper men should think it strange there should be such haste to pay debts. Some people don't know how good it makes one feel, but railroad men usually do, and we think it a great credit to them. That they are free with their money is true, and we admit they as a class do not think sufficiently of laying by for the rainy day. But our Brothers in McMechen have a right to feel proud of their city, and above all the fact that two-thirds own their own homes.

LINKS.

We desire to call special attention to section 22, page 67, standing rules. The Grand Office has occasional opportunities to help Brothers out of work to secure positions, and it is unfortunate that there should be any indifference relative to the

above section, which requires that the names of members who desire employment should be sent to the First Grand Engineer. We trust that the officers of every Division will give this their attention and comply with the instructions in section 22 of the standing rules.

THE Grand Office has received quite a number of requests for Quarterly Password. The committee on the work at the Milwaukee Convention did not recommend quarterly changes. Use the password you have until otherwise notified by Grand Office.

DETROIT Div., 1, which heretofore has held its annual memorial service at the first meeting in February of each year, owing to the uncertainty of the weather during that month has changed the date to the first meeting in April. Those who contemplate attending this very commendable and interesting service will please keep this date in mind.

BRO. JOHN W. FOGG has been appointed Traveling Engineer of the Chicago Terminal Transfer Railroad. Brother Fogg is a member of Chicago Div., 372, and has for several years pulled one of the suburban passenger trains of this road.

Very truly yours,
GEO. ROYAL, JR.

BRO. HENRY BROWN, of Newark Div., 36, has been appointed Division Master Mechanic at Chicago Junction, O., B. & O. R. R. Brother Brown is justly due this promotion. He has always been a hard worker and one among us. We highly appreciate his promotion and also that of Bro. Walter Scott Roibinette, who has been appointed Traveling Engineer of the Ohio Division B. & O. R. R.

Fraternally yours,
ELIAS DEW, F. A. E. Div. 36.

THE New Orleans and Western Railroad Company, Chalmette, La., issued the following bulletin on November 19, 1900:

Mr. Kenneth R. Gordon is this day appointed Master Mechanic of the above

road; also of the New Orleans, Spanish Fort and Lake Railroad and as such has full charge of locomotives, cars and shops, and all employees pertaining to same.

CHAS. W. TOWSLEY, Supt.

Approved: W. C. DOTTERER,

Receiver and General Manager.

Kenneth R. Gordon is a member of Div. 193.

BRO. WM. A. BUCKBEE, one of Div. 59's most enthusiastic workers, has again been promoted. Three years ago he was appointed Traveling Engineer of the B. & A. R. R., which position he successfully filled to Jan. 1, 1901. He resigned this position to accept a more lucrative one with the Schenectady Locomotive Works, to take effect at once. This company recognized in Brother Buckbee lots of push and energy, and ideas right up to date. He is a very popular young man, and to be placed in such a position of trust speaks well for him. Div. 59 and all the engineers and firemen of the B. & A. R. R. congratulate Brother Buckbee in his new field of work.

A. HAS BREN.

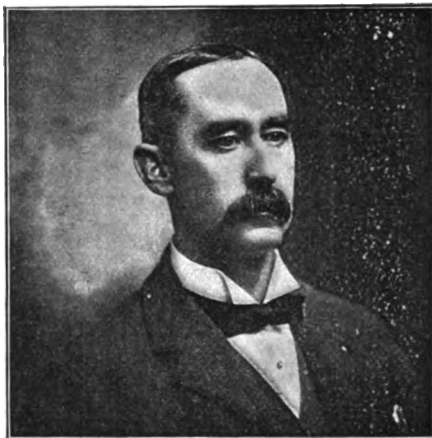
THE following appointments as superintendents and assistant superintendents of the Western District of the N. Y., N. H. & H. Ry. will take effect Feb. 1, 1901: J. V. A. Trumbull, Superintendent of the Shore Line Division; C. C. Elwell, Assistant Superintendent. W. A. Waterbury, Superintendent of the Air Line—Northampton Division; R. G. Curtis, Assistant Superintendent, with office at Westfield, Mass.; J. E. Martin, Assistant Superintendent (vice Edward Curtis, deceased), with office at Hartford, Conn.; and P. E. Bowman, Superintendent of the New Haven Terminal.

C. H. PLATT, Gen. Supt.

W. E. CHAMBERLAIN, Gen. Man.

BRO. J. P. HICKEY, a member of Div. 492, Indianapolis, Ind., who was honored with the appointment of Traveling Engineer on the Cleveland, Indianapolis, and Michigan Divisions of the Big Four in 1899, evidently demonstrated both executive and mechanical ability to the satisfaction of the company, resulting in his

further promotion, this time to that of Master Mechanic of the St. Louis Division, with headquarters at Mattoon, Ill. The members of Div. 492 are greatly pleased with Brother Hickey's good fortune, though we shall greatly miss his presence in the Division room and elsewhere on the road. The writer has had a personal ac-



BRO. J. P. HICKEY.

quaintance with him for several years and found him always the same—genial and obliging, and our best wishes go with Brother Hickey, hoping that he may continue to climb upward until he shall have reached the top rung of the official ladder.

J. M. BRIGGS, Div. 492.

ON Christmas Day, the engineers of the L. C. and L. & Ky., Central Divisions of the L. and N. Railroad, Covington, Ky., gathered in the office of the Roundhouse Foreman, where John L. Brady, in a neat little speech, presented Foreman William S. Gray with a valuable gold watch, chain and jeweled appendage, as a token of the appreciation and esteem in which he is held by them. The chronometer was a beautiful piece of work, and bore the following inscription: "Presented to W. S. Gray by the Engineers of the K. C. and L. C. and L., Dec. 25, 1900."

Although Mr. Gray was taken very much by surprise, he was able to thank them in a few appropriate remarks, after which a pleasant hour was spent amid smoke and

the exchange of mutual greetings. An elaborate illuminated address, a very artistic piece of work of T. R. Dickerson, the Cincinnati pen expert, was also prepared, mounted and framed, and now adorns the walls of the roundhouse office.

Fraternally,

JOHN H. BUTLER, F. A. E. Div. 489.

EDITOR JOURNAL—Dear Sir: On the 8th of January, I, as ex officio chairman of the B. of L. E. Indiana State Legislative Board, convened the same, having a representation of 15 out of the 19 that are eligible. Brother Cummings, of Div. 248, was elected permanent Chairman, and Brother Torrance, of Div. 461, Secretary. Brother F. B. Alley, of Div. 11, made his report as to his efforts as Lobbyist during the 61st session of the Indiana State Legislature, months of January and February, 1899, which gave entire satisfaction to the board, which tendered him a vote of thanks. The board was in session four days, and elected the F. A. E. of Div. 11 as Lobbyist for the 62nd session of the Legislature, January and February, 1901, with power to employ an assistant. Yours fraternally,

WM. M. BLYTHE, F. A. E., Div. 11.

At a special meeting of Greenbrier Div., 101, B. of L. E., held at Hinton, W. Va., Dec. 24th, 1900, we learned with feelings of deep regret that our Superintendent, Mr. J. W. Knapp, had been transferred to Richmond, Va.; and as our relations with Mr. Knapp have been peaceful and harmonious, in business as well as social affairs, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in the transfer of Mr. Knapp we keenly feel our loss, he having been with us eleven years, holding the offices of Chief Dispatcher, Trainmaster, Assistant Superintendent and Superintendent; that we have always found him ready and willing to adjust differences, rendering a fair and impartial decision; and be it further

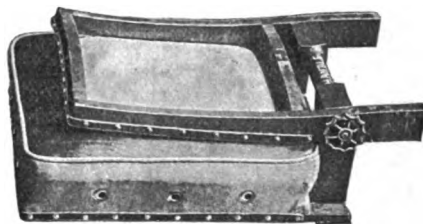
Resolved, That in the transfer of Mr. Knapp we consider it a promotion much deserved; that of moving to the capital of the "Old Dominion State" from the mountains of West Virginia being a great consideration of itself; and as our loss is other's gain, we heartily commend Mr. Knapp to our fellow members, trusting that they will give him their hearty support in his new field of labor,

and that their relations with him may be as pleasant as ours. Therefore, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mr. Knapp, a copy forwarded to Divs. 38, 513 and 26 of the B. of L. E., located at Clifton Forge, Charlottesville and Richmond, Va., a copy sent to our JOURNAL for publication, and a copy spread upon the minutes of our Division.

C. W. BEARD,
D. L. ENBANK,
E. F. SMITH,
Committee.

In addition to our splendid list of Webb C. Ball Co.'s watches found on last page of Division Addresses, we have arranged with Brothers Stanard and White, Appleton, Wis., whereby we can offer the seat illustrated on page 62, January JOURNAL. These seats are 14 x 20 and 16 x 20 inches in size, and are just the thing where engines are pooled. They will be packed and forwarded by freight, freight to be paid on delivery, which, however, is a small



matter, ranging from 25 cents to \$1, average not more than 50 cents. The price of these seats is \$6.

Anyone desiring to obtain one may do so by sending us the names of 12 bona fide subscribers to the JOURNAL, \$1 each, twelve dollars accompanying the order. This is a good opportunity for the wives of engineers who desire to please their husbands and with little effort.

ON Sunday, December 23, Forest City Div., 318, held a very successful open meeting. Having obtained the consent of our esteemed Brother, Samuel D. Hutchins, of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company, to deliver a lecture on "The Air Brake and Its General Use," invitations were sent out to the different Divisions and Lodges of the several orders of men employed in railway train service in the immediate vicinity of Cleveland, resulting in a very good attendance.

The subject is one of the most important of today for the consideration of all intelligent men employed in railway train service, and it is necessary that they should become sufficiently proficient with the construction of the brake so that they may handle it intelligently. Brother Hutchins, having made a special study of the air brake, imparted some valuable information to those present, and illustrated his lecture with drawings of the full engine and train equipment, thus making it very plain to understand.

Div. 318, being progressive in its ideas, and having in view the educating and enlightening of its members on all matters pertaining to their occupation as locomotive engineers, has arranged for a series of similar lectures to be delivered during the winter season.

At the conclusion of his lecture, Brother Hutchins very kindly presented the Division the drawings used in illustration. A unanimous vote of thanks was tendered him, and the hope expressed that we might soon have the privilege of hearing him again.

Fraternally yours,

C. F. HARRIS, F. A. E.

THURSDAY evening, Dec. 27, 1900, will long be remembered by many Brothers of Div. 382, and Sisters of auxiliary Div. 230, B. of L. E., at Buffalo, N. Y., with pleasure second to none in their reminiscences, it being the occasion of a grand rally of Brothers and Sisters at the beautiful home of Bro. J. H. Wales and wife, No. 552 N. Division street, to commemorate the 25th anniversary of their marital relations. The Brothers and Sisters present fully demonstrated their ability in the preservation of old customs that attend gatherings of this character, exemplifying a condition that should harmonize with the thoughts of those that are matrimonially inclined. The presents were numerous, excellent judgment being exercised in their selection as to beauty and usefulness, chief among them being an elegant silver tea service, which invites special comment, it being elegantly designed, and on each piece of which was beautifully engraved the letter "W." The menu provided for the evening beggars description.

We simply say it was splendid, establishing the fact, however, that Brother Wales and wife were fully equal to the occasion. Cards and other social games closed one of the most enjoyable evenings in our recollection. We separated for our several homes at a late hour, all trusting that Old Time may indulge them and their family with many returns of the day.

Fraternally, N. W. S.

At a regular meeting of Little Rock Div., 182, on Dec. 20, 1900, after the regular order of business, a delegation of ladies of G. I. A. Div., 37, presented themselves and desired admission, which, of course, was readily granted, when, with the President, Sister Seymore, heading the delegation, they marched to the front of the Chief Engineer's station, and in behalf of Div. 37, the President, in a neat address, presented Div. 182, B. of L. E., with an elegant set of regalia, handsomely decorated with the proper emblems of our order. Bro. J. W. Stansbury, C. E. of the Division, on behalf of Div. 182, accepted their elegant token of esteem in a short able address, several other Brothers present also voicing their sentiments of approval of both the present and the G. I. A., after which the Brothers were invited to the anteroom, where they found the tables laden with those things so much appreciated by the hungry engineer, which were very much enjoyed. The gathering was a happy one all around, and all went to their homes much pleased with the social demonstrations of good-will.

E. M. K.

THE members of the B. of L. E. employed on the Pennsylvania system have adopted a very commendable plan—that of holding union meetings whenever there are five Sundays in the month, thus giving all an opportunity to attend without interference with local attendance. The last one of these meetings was held on December 30, in Altoona, Pa., when more than one hundred of the Brothers employed on that system were present, coming from as far west as Logansport, Ind., as far east as Brooklyn, south as Baltimore, and north as Olean and Buffalo.

The meeting was held in I. O. O. F. Hall, and was called to order at 2 o'clock P. M. by Brother Levi Fisher, C. E. of Div. 287, when Bro. W. Coover, of that Division was elected chairman of the meeting, who appointed Brother Routh, of Div. 325, and Brother Winebranner, of Div. 287, as secretaries. Our Grand Chief, P. M. Arthur, was in attendance as the principal speaker, and made an eloquent address, his main theme being the cultivation of good-fellowship, the elevation of character to a level of demanding of others only that which you would be willing to concede, and the fundamental principles of the success of organized effort, and commended the meeting as an effective means of getting into social touch, and incidentally gave, as he always does, some wholesome advice to take home with us. A general discussion followed on the good of the order. We had a very nice social and profitable meeting, each factor present carrying away with him a better understanding of the workings of the order and how to do better the duties that devolve upon local Divisions.

Among those present from a distance were Grand Chief P. M. Arthur, Cleveland, O.; C. T. Beam and B. V. Witman, Logansport, Ind.; J. D. Ricketts, James Colabine and G. R. Potter, Lewistown, Pa.; R. H. Harrison and C. N. Devinney, Philadelphia; James P. Road, Newark, N. J.; L. E. Ganong and J. B. Sweet and wife, Jersey City, N. J.; John B. Connolly and R. C. McCleary, Baltimore, Md.; John Bearing, J. M. Amigh and A. W. Routh, Pittsburg; D. W. Good and J. M. Gates, Conemaugh; W. C. Robeson, Renovo; J. C. Stratiff and J. F. Sausaman, Tyrone; E. T. Kulp and O. P. Keller, Harrisburg; J. H. Weitzel and D. W. Kromer, Lewisburg; J. C. Hamilton and wife and J. W. Watson, Olean, N. Y.; A. Cole and wife, Buffalo, N. Y.; W. A. Brown and A. Lilja, Brooklyn, N. Y.; John S. Logan, Elmira, N. Y.; E. J. Rauch, New York City; Robert O. Farren, Pitcairn, and James Crookten, W. Ramsey, H. C. Martin, S. C. Wilson and G. Blair, Derry, Pa.

ONE OF THE NUMBER.

As I am just recovering from a severe attack of pleuro-pneumonia, and am able to sit up in bed and take tea, I will venture to write a few lines in behalf of old Div. 299. As I see by your links that it has anchored down in New Mexico, I suspect some of the Brothers are wondering why it deserted Brooklyn, so I will explain.

The Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company gobbled up everything covered by Divs. 299 and 419, putting us all under one management. One day it occurred to us that there was strength in unity, so we granted Div. 299 an absolute divorce and wedded Div. 419.

We get along fine with our new bride in her old home, and have added about 15 new names to the family; but, like many other Divisions, we are troubled with a good many stay-at-homes, who let the "other fellows" go and do the work, and if it doesn't suit them they go to the roundhouse and kick about it. Let us hope the new year will infuse new life into the Brothers who heretofore have been too tired to go to the meetings twice a month, but who are never too tired to go to a theater once or twice a week.

This organization has been on the progressive side for many long years, and there is still room for improvement. The Brothers should all awake to a sense of their duty,—not only to others, but to themselves. I cannot understand why any Brother who is eligible to insurance and can read the English language, and takes time to read the financial report of our Insurance Department, can allow his wife and children to be left to the mercies of a cold world, when a few cents a month would place them in a position to be independent. Fraternally yours,

C. R. GURNEY, Div. 419.

THE second grand New Year ball given by Div. 366, in Turner Hall, Houston, Tex., on Dec. 31, was the most successful affair of the kind ever given in this city. The members, with their families and friends, filled the hall to its utmost capacity, and the floor was kept warm with lithesome feet tripping to merry music out of one century into another. In the center of the hall ceiling was a large star, wrought in paper violets, representing Texas, while every other available inch of space of the ceiling and sides of the hall, as well as the pillars, were covered with evergreen vines, on which had been fastened in profusion, paper roses of various hues, the whole representing a veritable fairy bower. In all the arches unoccupied by chandeliers were large hanging baskets of ferns and trailers. The front of the stage was a solid bank of ferns and palms, over which a large B. of L. E. monogram and the Division number were suspended, a background for the same being formed by Old Glory, with the British and Mexican flags gracefully draped on opposite sides and representing the B. of L. E. extending throughout the three countries whose emblems were displayed. The supper was provided by the ladies who preside over the homes of the members of Div. 366, and to them is due much credit for the success of this ball, they having provisioned and decorated the tables to which their guests sat down to one of the most sumptuous repasts on the most tastefully decorated tables ever seen in Houston, and like last year from present indi-

cations, will be a pleasing topic and remembrance until preparations are begun for next year's feast.

Mr. W. S. Cox, Master Mechanic, Southern Pacific; S. Millican, Traveling Engineer, Houston & Texas Central, and Mr. John Connor, General Foreman, Houston & Texas Central, with their families, partook of the general good time enjoyed by all.

The committees having the affair in charge and who carried it through so successfully were as follows:

Arrangement Committee—J. F. Emery, Chairman; W. J. Bissonet, A. Delhomme, J. H. Guinn, C. W. Conners, J. D. Anderson, J. E. Burts.

Invitation Committee—Thomas Kreft, Chairman; L. E. Andres, J. S. Rayburn, O. Wilbourg, W. F. Whiting, Wm. Francis, J. A. Walters, S. N. Garvey, Wm. Gaines.

Floor Committee—T. P. Lyons, Chairman; G. E. Whiting, W. A. Evans, Frank Stowe, A. W. Brown, J. W. Mandeville, E. J. Gallagher, D. M. Moody, J. D. Middleton.

Reception Committee—Chas. Thompson, Chairman; Ivy Jones, John Macke, Wm. Miller, E. N. Williams, S. B. French, D. A. Middleton, W. H. Robertson, W. E. Gerald, John Horal, W. Damuth, C. H. Weaver, O. Pape, H. Field, Mrs. A. Tyler, Mrs. W. T. Sick, Mrs. W. E. Ragsdale, Mrs. P. J. Yarrick, Mrs. J. Schnoor, Mrs. T. E. Cardinell, Mrs. Wm. Whalen, Mrs. E. J. Spear, Mrs. H. Teague, Mrs. H. Hooper, Mrs. M. T. Wooley, Mrs. T. P. Kelley.
J. F. EMERY, Div. 336.

THE Union Pacific has issued to its employees a circular notifying them that it will encourage accident insurance by paying a part of the cost for all employees who wish to take out policies in the Aetna Company of Hartford. The railroad company will bear one-third of the premium for all conductors, baggagemen, brakemen, locomotive engineers and firemen, yard foremen and switchmen, and bridge and building carpenters. For all other employees, it will bear one-fourth of the premium, the cost of insurance being lower in the less hazardous occupations. Instead of being obliged to pay the premium within four months, as heretofore, the employees will be allowed to pay their proportion of the premium monthly, the amount being deducted from their wages each month. For a practical means of showing the truth of the hackneyed phrase that the interests of capital and labor are identical, this appears to us to be one of the most commendable. It is not to be compared, of course, with more elaborate schemes, like those of the Pennsylvania and the Baltimore & Ohio; but, on the other hand, its simplicity is a

strong point in its favor. The employee is entirely independent. It is as though the company merely secured for him a reduction in the insurance company's rates. The employee who is inclined to suspect that the road is trying to secure some underhanded advantage over him will find it difficult to discover in this arrangement any ground for his suspicion. The Chicago & Alton has had an arrangement of this kind for some time, paying, we believe, one-half the cost of all accident policies; and the officers of the road find marked satisfaction in the improved relations resulting.—*Railroad Gazette*.

MR. V. E. MCBEE, General Superintendent of the Seaboard Air Line, has been appointed Acting Vice-President and General Manager of that system, with headquarters at Portsmouth, Va., to succeed Mr. E. St. John, resigned.

ON the Arcola branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, in Manitoba, three trains were snowed in for a week, only being released Jan. 7, by a brigade of shovelers. A passenger train on Jan. 1 left Brandon, but after passing Mauer became snowbound in the drifts, which are 15 to 20 feet deep. A snow plow and engine were sent out to bring the express back. It, too, was tied up with snow. A third engine was sent to the rescue, but met with a similar fate. The three trains remained imbedded in the huge drift all the week.—*Railway and Engineering Review*.

BEGINNING with the first of the year, the Chicago & Alton Road was divided into three operating divisions. The eastern division, embracing the lines between Chicago and Bloomington, Bloomington and Roodhouse, and Dwight and Peoria; A. Griggs, Superintendent; office at Bloomington, Ill. The middle division, embracing the lines between Bloomington and East St. Louis, Roodhouse and Godfrey, and Springfield and Peoria; W. M. Corbett, Superintendent; office at Springfield, Ill. The western division, embracing the lines between Roodhouse and Kansas City; W. H. Starr, Superintendent; office at Kansas City, Mo. Willis E. Gray, for many years Superintendent of the road, has resigned and J. H. Barrett, whose resignation from the Southern Railway we noted in a recent issue, has been appointed to succeed him.—*Railway Engineering Review*.

A LOCAL paper describes a peculiar accident which happened recently in a coal pocket at the coaling station of the Lehigh Valley Railroad in Sayre, Pa. Two large

steel cars loaded with pea coal had been placed over the coal pockets, and, after having set the brakes, the brakeman started to walk over the cars, intending to get down at the other end. Before he reached there, however, the men attending to the dumping of the cars opened the hoppers and the brakeman became suddenly buried in fifty tons of coal in the pocket underneath. Fortunately, the brakeman was missed in a very short time, and, after a moment's search about the cars, the men in charge hurriedly guessed the situation. Losing no time in debate, the chutes were opened and the contents of the pockets permitted to run out upon the track. As had been anticipated, they were found to contain the brakeman. He was taken out unconscious and almost suffocated, but was soon resuscitated, receiving, apparently, no serious injury.

A BILL has been introduced in the Kansas Legislature which reads as follows: "That it shall be unlawful for any steam surface railway company doing business in the state of Kansas to operate a train of more than five cars without a full train crew of one engineer, one fireman, one conductor, one brakeman and one flagman, and one additional brakeman for every ten cars or major fraction thereof in excess of thirty cars." And bills to prohibit the running of trains with two engines are to be urged upon the Legislatures of Nebraska, Texas and other Western states, as representing the wishes of railway employees and labor organizations generally.—*Exchange*.

DURING the year ending June, 1899, there were employed on the steam railroads of the United States 928,924 persons, or just about one-eightieth of the total population of the whole country. It is interesting to ascertain the average amount of transportation which each man effected.

During the year there were moved the equivalent of 14,591,000,000 passengers, and 123,667,000,000 tons of freight a distance of one mile. Dividing the sum of these two figures by the number of employees, we find the share of work done by each employee was equal to the moving of 15,708 passengers one mile and 133,130 tons of freight one mile. This would be equivalent to each man moving one passenger and 8.5 tons of freight forty-three miles each day of the year.

The work of this nature in the transportation of freight has improved 29 per cent since 1894, and 15 per cent in the last two years. Compared with the work that can be done by one man and a team of horses,

an idea may be formed as to the gain that has been made in the last hundred years by the use of railroads in bettering the methods of transportation. — *Cleveland Leader*.

THE Odessa correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* sends an account of the difficulties met with in handling railway traffic over the thinly populated districts of Russia during a recent severe blizzard. "Several crowded passenger trains arrived at Razdyelnaia which had been snowed in for five days. The passengers had been fighting among themselves for the scanty food supplies provided at the railway buffets. Drifts were 35 feet deep in some places and snow plows would have been useless even had they been at hand. Finally some 5,000 passengers had assembled at Razdyelnaia. A regiment was sent from Kieff southward, and 3,000 troops went northward from Odessa with shovels. On the third day the relieving parties succeeded in cutting a passage for two trains, which started with 2,000 persons, after a mad rush, the weakest going to the wall. The trains proceeded for eight hours and were then again stuck in the snow. The blizzard continued. Pandemonium prevailed, the passengers cursing the railway management, fainting and weeping. The trains were buried, and all passed a horrible night. When morning came a peasant volunteered to walk six miles to the nearest station with telegrams beseeching assistance, supplies, firewood and water having been exhausted. Meanwhile Governor Schuvaloff had organized train sledges with supplies, which, after herculean efforts, relieved the two trains. It was found that many of the passengers had their arms or legs frozen. Eighteen thousand troops are now engaged in the work of clearing the line. The storm has abated, and it is expected that trains will soon get through."

Books Received.

We have been favored with copies of the following new publications:

Air Brake Catechism. *Twelfth Edition*. Enlarged by five new chapters. By Robert H. Blackall. Contains over 1,000 questions with answers. A valuable acquisition for all men in train service. Published by Norman W. Henley, 132 Nassau street, New York. Price, \$1.50.

Catechism on the Combustion of Coal and the Prevention of Smoke. By William M. Barr, M. E. This is a practical treatise of this much-discussed subject, and contains matter of special interest to engineers.

firemen, and all users of common fuels found in the United States. This is a new work. Fully illustrated. Published by Norman W. Henley, 132 Nassau street, New York. Price, \$1.50.

The Compound Locomotive. A practical pocket book for those interested in their mechanism, operation and repair. It gives a history of compound locomotives; suggestions to runners; how to find blows; and treats on breakdowns and how to make repairs on each kind, with comparisons of simple and compound engines. Compiled by Fred. H. Colvin, Associate Editor of *Locomotive Engineering*, 95 Liberty street, New York. Price, \$1.00.

Handbook of Injectors. Compliments of William Sellers & Co., Philadelphia, Pa. It gives a history of their injector, how an injector works, etc. A very interesting pocket edition, intended for gratuitous distribution among engineers.

Electric-Power Westinghouse Motors. A handsomely illustrated book. Its purpose is to tell by pictures, rather than by words, of some of the many ways in which motors are used for industrial purposes. This book can be had by those interested by writing the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

Palmistry; the Science Made Easy. In three parts. By Bro. W. R. Brannan, member of Div. 25. The Palmistry Publishing Co., Terre Haute, Ind. For those who desire to know something of palmistry, these pamphlets take you along the education in easy lines, with the subject elaborately illustrated. The subject will be found very interesting. Those desiring to know more of this occult science will do well to write Brother Brannan, 400 N. 14th street, Terre Haute, Ind.

Public Ledger Almanac. The thirty-second annual issue. That it comes from the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* is sufficient guarantee of its value as a reference work, which has become a home book for the readers of that valuable paper. One of its peculiarities is, that it is not published for sale, but is furnished free of cost to the subscribers of that paper, and contains a vast amount of useful information.

In the current number of *The World's Work*, Joel Chandler Harris introduces Billy Sanders to a visiting capitalist from Boston,

and the result is a shrewdly humorous sermon on men and affairs. Billy Sanders improves upon acquaintance, and his monthly appearance in *The World's Work* promises to be eagerly watched for by a steadily-growing throng of admirers.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Wanted—To know the whereabouts of J. L. Beard, a locomotive engineer. When last heard of he was running an engine out of Sioux City, Ia. Address F. C. Beard, Saltillo Coah, Mexico.

The traveling card of Bro. J. A. Killcollin, of Div. 408, good until March 17, has been lost. If presented, please take it up and forward to the F. A. E. of Div. 408.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of C. H. Peterson, an engineer,—when last heard from was running an engine out of Horton, Kan.,—will confer a favor by addressing Wm. M. Johnston, 901 Thirtieth St., Rock Island, Ill.

The whereabouts of Ed. H. Dixon, a locomotive engineer,—when last heard of was in Tampa, Fla.,—is wanted by his parents. Anyone knowing anything concerning him will confer a favor by addressing Mrs. J. A. O'Brien, 3118 Eoff St., Wheeling, W. Va.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Charles Judson, who was running out of West Superior, Wis., on the Great Northern, last summer, will confer a favor by notifying F. H. Whitsel, 334 S. Union St., Decatur, Ill.

The address or any knowledge of Lewis Calvin is very much wanted by his brother, George Calvin, 1408 Harding St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Members of the following Divisions will correspond with the F. A. E. of their Divisions immediately:

Division—

556—F. H. Whitsel.

407—H. Reinhardt, R. L. Howdon, Fred Kernodle.

OBITUARIES.

[In accordance with the action of the Ottawa Convention, no resolutions of condolence, obituary letters or poems will be published in the JOURNAL. All deaths will be listed under obituary heading only, with cause and date of death.]

Parr, Va., Dec. 17, 1900, killed by derailment of his engine, Bro. W. C. Moseley, member of Div. 38.

St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 3, of acute alcoholism, Bro. W. J. Flemming, member of Div. 519.

Springfield, Mo., Dec. 25, Bro. M. W. Bunnell, member of Div. 83.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 24, of typhoid pneumonia, Bro. James Sweeney, member of Div. 419.

Hornellsville, N. Y., Dec. 21, Bro. Chas. G. Hobart, member of Div. 47.

Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 13, Bro. W. E. Turbyfill, member of Div. 281.

Evansville, Ind., Dec. 18, of apoplexy, Bro. E. K. Power, member of Div. 246.

S. Lawrence, Mass., Dec. —, of heart trouble, Bro. Thomas Loftus, member of Div. 61.

Columbia, S. C., Dec. 25, Bro. W. W. Toland, member of Div. 25.

Cheektowaga, N. Y., Dec. 14, killed by explosion of boiler, Bro. Wm. H. Smith, member of Div. 544.

Rantoul, Ill., Dec. 4, Bro. Chas. Martin, member of Div. 225.

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 30, of kidney trouble, Bro. P. Moynihan, member of Div. 298.

Norfolk, Neb., Dec. 27, of heart trouble. Mrs. H. E. Joiner, wife of Bro. H. E. Joiner, member of Div. 268.

Aurora, Ill., Jan. 4, of creeping paralysis. Bro. S. W. Gillespie, member of Div. 32.

Cincinnati, O., Dec. 3, Mrs. Kearns, mother of Bro. Thos. Kearns, member of Div. 95.

Orion, Mich., Dec. 30, of cancer. Bro. L. Howard, member of Div. 338.

Elmira, N. Y., Dec. 19, killed, Brother A. L. Garrison, member of Div. 434.

Abbotsford, Wis., Oct. 28, Bro. A. P. McMillen, C. E. of Div. 80.

Gulfport, Miss., Jan. 2, 1901, killed in wreck, Bro. Harry Schuy, member of Div. 552.

Belleville, Ont., Dec. 23, Bro. James Brown, member of Div. 189.

Williamsport, Md., Jan. 8, of pneumonia, Bro. Geo. A. Buckley, member of Div. 233.

Chicago, Ill., Dec. 21, Bro. Chas. Bilmeyer, member of Div. 294.

Braddock, Pa., Jan. 12, of consumption, Bro. Thos. L. Wall, member of Div. 148.

Crewe, Va., Dec. 22, killed in wreck, Bro. J. M. Hinnant, member of Div. 291.

Fitchburg, Mass., Jan. 11, killed by derailment of his engine, Bro. Archie Kingsley, member of Div. 191.

Argenta, Ark., Jan. 3, of pneumonia, Bro. F. H. Barrelle, member of Div. 278.

Rensselaer, N. Y., Jan. 11, Lottie Feeling, daughter of Bro. David F. Feeling, member of Div. 59.

Stockton, Cal., Dec. 13, of pneumonia, Bro. G. Y. Dorsey, member of Div. 134.

San Luis Potosi, Mex., Jan. 11, killed by engine turning over, Bro. J. C. Graham, member of Div. 453.

Mt. Hope, Baltimore, Md., Jan. 6, Bro. James Crogan, member of Div. 477.

Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 14, Bro. Wm. S. Porter, member of Div. 18.

Leavenworth, Kan., Oct. 7, Bro. Sam Work, killed in wreck, member of Div. 540.

Evansville, Ind., Dec. 17, of heart failure, Bro. E. K. Powers, member of Div. 246.

Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 9, killed while getting on engine, Bro. Albert E. Avery, member of Div. 328.

193—C. F. Mesmer, from Div. 239.

S. A. Presnell, from Div. 473.

194—Albert Wade, from Div. 100.

287—H. A. Himstead, from Div. 454.

519—T. Scanlan, from Div. 122.

189—R. M. Bell, from Div. 118.

326—C. W. Jeffries, from Div. 224.

261—C. H. Wheeler, from Div. 159.

119—Wm. Keegan, from Div. 389.

1—Arthur Howell, from Div. 100.

568—John Crotty, C. T. Callahan, John Hogan,

C. A. Hahnel, J. H. Henley, M. J. Mc-

Nulty, Michael Murphy, C. F. McComas,

J. T. Lambert, F. Shaboskey, G. A. Som-

mers, John Shine, R. Royce, F. M. Roth-

ner, F. E. Wilson, D. T. Reece, J. F.

Womack, James Bruce, John Reed, G. F.

Malone, J. M. McCusker, R. M. Doak, F.

D. Horn, from Div. 177.

238—J. H. Heasley, from Div. 98.

A. P. Hall, from Div. 34.

193—C. F. Mismar, from Div. 239.

S. A. Presnell, from Div. 473.

154—W. C. Griffith, from Div. 473.

253—M. Cline, from Div. 395.

James Meehan, from Div. 80.

404—E. E. Hoxie, from Div. 96.

39—Thos. Higdon, from Div. 289.

216—J. G. McGrail, from Div. 497.

50—James E. Van Horn, from Div. 259.

315—James Gill, from def. Div. 229.

125—John Gamble, M. M. Spencer, from Div. 6.

83—N. R. Tierney, from def. Div. 79.

110—J. W. Renaud, from Div. 438.

567—E. E. Pallardy, from def. Div. 229.

405—Thos. Mason, Douglas Simpson, from Div.

185.

453—Edw. Willmot, from Div. 438.

238—Walter H. Morris, from Div. 488.

B. T. Gleason, from Div. 98.

501—J. J. Reisecker, from Div. 500.

34—M. W. Arlin, from Div. 360.

146—W. J. Jacobs, from Div. 431.

J. C. Brown, from Div. 251.

J. E. Phillips, from Div. 384.

84—C. H. Shull, from Div. 511.

229—Just organized at Mason City, Ia.—Henry E.

Blowers, Geo. A. Zimmermann, Patrick

Hickey, M. Fitzpatrick, Charles Flowers,

Wm. C. Bauman, J. E. Craven, Walter W.

Williams, Wm. D. Riley, Frank D. Fuller,

Frank Gillam, from Div. 9.

William McPerson, B. J. Kearney, from

Div. 211.

110—L. H. Dearhart, from Div. 415.

FINAL WITHDRAWALS.

From Division—	From Division—
514—John Hurley.	472—Frank H. Crawford.
6—Bernard Dougherty.	246—J. G. Paine.
392—Fred Whitebread.	276—Wm. H. Jacques.
Grant Connelly,	205—H. Bradley.
40—Charles B. Pearson.	

RE-INSTATED.

Into Division—	Into Division—
208—Chas. Davis.	66—Wm. Ballard.
50—S. P. Zimmerman.	332—L. H. Alford.
31—J. V. Conery.	W. H. Waddell.
18—James Wood.	T. W. Jewell.
259—Arthur A. Hatch.	R. L. Jewell.
191—E. E. Lamphere.	G. W. Weatherford.
Geo. H. Chandler.	A. K. Hall.
47—A. G. Lounsbury.	251—W. H. Reed.
304—John Knox.	253—M. Larson.
409—R. P. McCullough.	11—J. R. Brooks.
26—W. G. Miller.	30—A. D. Crandall.
20—Chas. Lee.	66—Chas. Loose.
B. B. Ide.	295—Arthur Phipps.
207—W. M. Yarbray,	26—James Cobeau.

ADMITTED BY TRANSFER CARD.

Into Division—
498—Ernest Pearson, from Div. 50.
223—W. E. Schwine, from Div. 432.
281—J. F. Behr, from Div. 309.
385—Chester Woltz, from Div. 505.
378—J. E. Ward, from Div. 285.
554—J. Conley, from Div. 539.
481—Geo. N. Whitcomb, from Div. 208.
267—M. Pettigrew, from Div. 335.
E. L. Vaughan, from Div. 401.
224—W. P. Rowton, from Div. 281.
158—Zack Fisher, from Div. 147.
563—Clifford A. Barney, from Div. 128.
Chas. Magee, D. E. Murphy, from Div. 322.
Thos. S. Gill, from Div. 76.
Joseph Daly, Thos. L. Drummond, from
Div. 243.
366—J. E. Brown, from Div. 139.
186—Stanley Andrews, from Div. 222.
156—James Byrd, from Div. 547.
304—Fred W. Groat, from Div. 122.
425—C. C. Scott, from Div. 271.
453—B. P. Riggs, from Div. 383.
James Sheehy, from Div. 366.
B. Yarwood, from Div. 438.
James M. Grieve, from Div. 505.

Into Division.

R. F. Youngblood,
H. F. Johnson.
205—John A. Taylor.
186—G. B. Davis.
138—Edw. Thomas.
525—G. J. Zerwick.
101—G. F. Holstine,
A. Wilkinson.
119—John Van Gant.
256—James Brown.

Into Division.

T. D. Hall,
D. W. Cole.
W. A. Geisendoffer.
61—A. Quimby.
333—E. P. Falcs.
227—Chas. Nelligan.
207—Wm. Hyer.
111—G. M. Garry.
143—C. W. Patterson.

SUSPENDED.*From Division—*

191—A. D. Ross, Chas. H. Wright, for non-payment of dues.
254—H. J. Potter, three months for forfeiting insurance and non-payment of dues.
538—V. L. Zoller, D. J. Utterback, for non-payment of dues.

EXPELLED.**FOR NON-PAYMENT OF DUES.***From Division—*

225—Wm. Bender, J. T. Bowles, O. Donnigan, Ed. Fuller, W. L. Titus, Ed. Jones, J. Jones.
93—A. J. Allen.
422—A. M. Johnson.
31—Wm. Hawkins, Chas. Metzgar.
129—Matt. Cope, S. M. Hawkins, J. F. Rust, Frank McCombs.
391—F. W. Beard, J. F. Kassner.
385—W. C. Gardner, A. T. Drake, Geo. W. Wentz.
16—Joseph Brooks.
113—John B. Gough, S. E. Tucker, J. N. Meskiman.
71—Harry Flirker.
472—Michael Dillon, A. M. Osborn.
39—J. W. Smith.
413—John Mullen, Frank Duffy.
314—W. A. Cotes.
192—Gordon Bryan, C. S. Crook, Theo. M. May, J. T. McManus, W. J. Paul.
362—W. W. Frohock.
269—Wm. Simon, A. W. Anderson, Michael Cummings, Geo. Bartlett, Robt. McCartin, L. L. Brichell, A. Ranftle.
118—A. J. Cooke.
359—Oscar Brown, A. L. Parker, W. W. Pickthorn.
237—Clay Jones.
481—E. B. Schaeffer, Hugh Reid.
503—Chas. McDonald, R. H. Fox, J. A. Garrity.
130—John E. Black.
25—Geo. Hunt, S. F. Smith.
560—Frank Espbeck.
354—J. W. Hecker.
459—John E. Coleman, H. A. McCreary, William Calhoun, T. W. Nelligan, Solomon Schrodley, Chas. Cornman.
289—Ephraim Cox.
17—Wm. Ekheret, Neley Stamper, Geo. E. Whitlock.
40—C. B. Hodson, J. A. Marcque.
249—Daniel Crowe.
323—W. H. Sills.
368—C. L. Ansley, L. P. Hutchinson, D. F. Blackwelder, A. B. Barker.
534—L. H. Vetman.
315—James Miller, E. H. Bates, Chas. Stuart, Austin Hall, William Kelley, T. B. Scott.
520—John Johnson.
134—W. A. Davis, James Gunnonde, W. T. Keller, John Carroll.
201—Jesse Vance, C. E. Magee.
239—C. C. Hamilton, W. C. Goodner, J. H. McCampbell, W. J. McKisson.

243—Geo. Fullerton.

276—Newton Johnson, John Martz, J. M. Maynard, Wm. A. Staples, Alva B. Townsend.
38—F. H. Weaver, G. W. Howe, P. A. Taylor, E. N. Gardner.
293—C. J. Betz.
372—A. P. Shafer, C. E. Colton.
74—Chas. W. Reeves.
57—R. W. Abbott, Peter A. Traver, W. H. Fitch.
172—James McCauley.
33—C. A. Kite, W. Hoyte, Jas. Lee, A. R. Booth.
475—G. D. Madden, Wm. Sherman, Frank Leary.
189—Philip Acton.
81—Wm. Richardson, Chas. Erickson.
363—John Conlin, Thos. Carter, Harry Carroll, Daisy Rankin, J. E. Doran.
371—Walter L. Boardman, M. K. Morris.
50—W. E. Sterling.
168—A. Hudson, H. Stewart.
55—W. H. Clarke.
444—C. E. McDowell, O. T. Lash.
234—C. N. Grimes, W. P. Beeler.
26—T. D. Hall, D. W. Cole, James Cobean, W. A. Geisendoffer.
191—L. P. Austin.
86—John Cavanaugh, Chas. A. Connors, Lee R. Parson, Wm. J. Slusing, J. H. Sims.
82—Chas. D. Reid.
404—E. J. Baker, Andrew D. Hughes, B. B. McFall.
375—M. Clark, W. W. Christian, T. H. Muse, H. P. Andrews.
512—Wm. McCrevey, Michael Cleary, J. V. Bookstaver.
171—W. V. Cole, A. B. Gray, John Riordan, James E. Rielly, John Vallean, John Vought, Theo. Vreeland.
360—Chas. Jackson.
148—J. O. Johnson, C. M. Neeley, John M. Ludwig.
210—W. T. Barnes, C. R. Avant.
498—C. W. Flynn.
254—R. C. Burns.
218—J. J. Derek.
4—E. G. Elizbe, Jesse Darling, G. A. Godley.
461—Ed. Feerer.
198—H. M. Breaker, E. N. Phelps, W. F. Denman, J. P. Hagan.
420—L. S. Garvin.
132—John Cluff.
6—Simon Rogers, Clarence Johnson, James M. Bolitho.
221—Chas. H. Wight.
56—Alonzo Williams.
113—C. T. Smith, J. P. Allison.
125—L. Mathews, E. B. Russ.

FOR OTHER CAUSES.

71—John Moyer, for forfeiting insurance and defrauding a Brother.
203—Frank Liddle, for non-payment of dues and unbecoming conduct.
362—E. M. Moon, for intoxication and neglecting his family.
87—J. H. Fisher, for violation of obligation.
171—Eugene Doty, J. D. Lunger, for forfeiting insurance.
320—H. N. Atkinson, for intoxication.
498—J. S. Sossaman, for intoxication and unbecoming conduct.
315—T. B. Scott, for forfeiting insurance.
143—H. C. Stitt, for non-payment of dues and forfeiting insurance.
239—T. F. Green, for unbecoming conduct.
345—John Steinlinger, for non-attendance.
19—J. L. Butler, P. Rafferty, for violation of obligation.
J. W. Jones, for violation of obligation and non-payment of dues.
475—Harry Lodge, for intoxication.
554—W. B. Rush, for unbecoming conduct and non-payment of dues.
J. J. Ginn, D. T. Ray, for forfeiting insurance.
58—W. S. Clark, for defrauding Division.
492—J. D. Martin, for keeping a saloon.
230—F. E. Walker, for unbecoming conduct.
473—S. K. Luton, for forfeiting insurance.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS' MUTUAL LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Official Notice of Assessments 799-802.

SERIES D.

OFFICE OF ASSOCIATION, ROOM 803, SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING, }
CLEVELAND, OHIO, Feb. 1, 1901.

To the Division Secretaries L. E. M. L. and A. I. A.:

DEAR SIRS AND BROS.:—You are hereby notified of the death or disability of the following members of the Association:

Four Assessments for payment of these claims are hereby levied and Secretaries ordered to collect one dollar from all who are insured for \$750, two dollars from all who are insured for \$1,500, four dollars from all who are insured for \$3,000, and six dollars from all members insured for \$4,500, and forward same to the General Secretary and Treasurer.

Members of the Insurance Association are required to remit to Division Secretaries within thirty days from date of this notice, and the Division Secretaries to the General Secretary and Treasurer within ten days thereafter, on penalty of forfeiting their membership. (See Article XI. of By-Laws.)

Secretaries in sending remittances will send same to and make all drafts, express money orders or postoffice money orders payable to Wm. B. Prenter, General Secretary and Treasurer. Secretaries located in Canada will please remit by draft or express money order. We will not accept packages of money sent by express, unless charges have been prepaid. The JOURNAL closes on the 18th of each month. Claims received after that day will lie over until the succeeding month.

No.	Name.	Age	Date of Admission.	Date of Death or Disability.	Cause of Death or Disability.	Amt. of Ins.	To Whom Payable.
772	W. J. Chapman...	29	Jan. 12, 1899.	Jan. 14, 1900.	Blind left eye ..	\$1500	W. J. Chapman.
773	Patrick Coffey	40	May 10, 1899.	Dec. 1, 1900.	Bright's disease....	3000	Georgie Coffey, w.
774	Chas. Martin	29	Oct. 16, 1899.	Dec. 4, 1900.	Typhoid fever.....	1500	Maud M. Martin, w.
775	Jas. H. Brock	39	May 29, 1894.	Dec. 10, 1900.	Left eye removed..	3000	Jas. H. Brock.
776	A. B. Van Gerder	52	Dec. 15, 1881.	Dec. 10, 1900.	Right eye removed..	3000	A. B. Van Gerder.
777	Jas. Britt	40	Apr. 26, 1898.	Dec. 12, 1900.	Killed.....	1500	Jas. Britt, father.
778	W. E. Turbyfill	31	Mch. 19, 1899.	Dec. 13, 1900.	Killed.....	750	Sarah I. Turbyfill, m.
779	Thos. Ingram	72	Jan. 11, 1890.	Dec. 15, 1900.	Cancer.....	3000	Mrs. Kate Ingram, w.
780	W. C. Moseley	35	Mch. 18, 1890.	Dec. 17, 1900.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. W. C. Moseley, w.
781	A. Garrison	55	Sept. 20, 1890.	Dec. 19, 1900.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. A. Garrison, w.
782	C. T. Cummins	41	Dec. 4, 1892.	Dec. 20, 1900.	Rt. leg amputated.	1500	C. T. Cummins.
783	J. M. Hinnant	35	Jan. 7, 1900.	Dec. 21, 1900.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. P. Hinnant, w.
784	Chas. G. Hobart	53	Aug. 27, 1883.	Dec. 21, 1900.	Spinal degenerat'n	3000	Mrs. F. A. Hobart, w.
785	Jas. Brown	42	Mch. 18, 1893.	Dec. 23, 1900.	Meningitis.....	3000	Mrs. Jas. Brown, w.
786	Wm. G. Correll	26	Nov. 11, 1900.	Dec. 23, 1900.	Rt. leg amputated.	1500	Wm. G. Correll.
787	Jas. G. Sweeney	41	Jan. 26, 1892.	Dec. 24, 1900.	Nephritis.....	1500	Mrs. J. J. Sweeney, w.
788	M. W. Burwell	54	June 1, 1891.	Dec. 25, 1900.	Acute uræmia.....	3000	Mrs. M. W. Burwell, w.
789	L. Howard	51	Aug. 4, 1890.	Dec. 30, 1900.	Cancer.....	1500	{ Mrs. L. Howard, w., & Lizzie Howard, adopted daught'r.
790	Louis V. Irwin	28	Nov. 25, 1900.	Dec. 30, 1900.	Hemorrhage	750	Mrs. Marie Irwin, w.
791	Harry Schuy	34	Oct. 15, 1899.	Jan. 2, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. Anna Schuy, w.
792	F. H. Barreille	41	Mch. 10, 1898.	Jan. 3, 1901.	Pneumonia	1500	Mrs. L. Barreille, w.
793	S. W. Gillespie	54	Feb. 4, 1892.	Jan. 4, 1901.	Paralysis	1500	Mrs. S. W. Gillespie, w.
794	Jas. W. Boyd	60	Mch. 25, 1887.	Jan. 6, 1901.	Chronic cystitis	1500	Eliza Jane Boyd, w.
795	Geo. A. Buckley	61	July 1, 1868.	Jan. 8, 1901.	Pneumonia	3000	Rebecca Buckley, w.
796	A. E. Avery	38	Apr. 5, 1893.	Jan. 9, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. M. L. Avery, w.
797	Chas. Hawker	37	Apr. 3, 1900.	Jan. 10, 1901.	Bright's disease....	750	Mrs. E. J. Hawker, w.
798	N. Robinson	55	Mch. 12, 1887.	Jan. 10, 1901.	Dropsy	1500	Wife and Children.
799	A. Kingsley	35	Oct. 2, 1892.	Jan. 11, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. A. Kingsley, w.
800	Thos. L. Wall	33	Sept. 21, 1896.	Jan. 12, 1901.	Consumption	1500	Father and Mother.
801	Wm. S. Porter	67	Dec. 24, 1889.	Jan. 14, 1901.	Apoplexy.....	3000	Mrs. W. S. Porter, w.
802	Jas. Derum	47	June 14, 1892.	Jan. 15, 1901.	Diabetes	3000	Bessie Derum, w.

Total number of claims, 31.

Total amount of claims, \$59,250.

Acknowledgments.

Acknowledgments have been received from the following Beneficiaries for amounts stated in settlement of claims paid:

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
Dec. 6, 1900.	J. E. Thomas	658	W. W. Boyles	91	\$1500
" 14, "	A. Isabella Fearing	662	J. H. Southworth	77	3000
Jan. 7, 1901.	Samuel Blackham	670	Ed. Knoder	136	1500
" 11, "	Maria E. Shaffer	673	John Cummins	284	1500
" 9, "	James Mulvin	674	J. J. Bornschein	225	1500
" 7, "	Mrs. W. J. Waldren	675	J. G. Nash	187	3000
" 3, "	W. G. Lyons	676	J. H. Mack	4	3000
" 1, "	Wm. B. Prenter	677	Wm. B. Prenter	3000
" 9, "	Mrs. Alice Barr	679	L. Sisco	125	3000
" 9, "	Mrs. Jennie Pinley	683	J. W. Hopper	177	3000
" 4, "	Mrs. Nellie Montague	684	R. B. Hickok	120	1500
" 5, "	Samuel Thompson	686	G. W. Fager	104	1500

Acknowledgments—Continued.

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
Jan. 5, 1901.	Mrs. C. T. Ross.....	687	Mellick Shick.....	157	\$1500
" 3, "	{ Emily J. Penfield and Jas. G. I. }	688	Wm. McClure.....	221	4500
" 4, "	{ Penfield, Administrator..... }	693	E. Heacock.....	522	3000
" 5, "	Mrs. Jennie E. Lewis.....	694	C. D. Day.....	460	3000
" 5, "	Mrs. Rosa M. Hamilton.....	695	M. C. Davis.....	400	3000
" 8, "	Mrs. E. E. Davis.....	696	J. F. Thompson.....	309	1500
" 7, "	Mrs. J. M. Cheves.....	697	E. W. Killey.....	109	3000
" 10, "	Mrs. W. Sarah Holton.....	698	W. E. Gosnell.....	233	1500
" 5, "	Rosa E. Weller.....	699	Wm. Kauffman.....	459	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. Bella Bingham.....				

NOTE.—Assessment No. 677 being a duplicate of Assessment No. 669, levied in error, \$3,000 was paid back to Mortuary Fund and acknowledged by the General Secretary and Treasurer.

Financial Statement.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Jan. 1, 1901.

MORTUARY FUND FOR DECEMBER.

Balance on hand Nov. 30, 1900,	\$ 63,919 49
Paid in settlement of Claims,	50,250 00
Balance on hand Dec. 1, 1900,	\$ 12,667 49
Received by Assessments 696-699, and Back Assessments,	64,596 87
Received from members whose insurance was carried by Association,	204 25
Received by Assessments 731-734,	671 24
Total in Bank Dec. 31, 1900,	\$ 79,139 85

EXPENSE FUND FOR DECEMBER.

Balance on hand Dec. 1, 1900,	\$ 11,872 21
Received by Admission Fees and Arrears,	247 98
Received by Special Assessment,	7 00
Total,	\$ 12,127 19
Expenses during month of December,	969 04
Balance in Bank Dec. 31, 1900,	\$ 11,158 15

Statement of Membership.

FOR DECEMBER, 1900.

<i>Classified Represents:</i>	\$750 00	\$1,500	\$3,000	\$4,500
Members who paid Assessments 696-699	2,040	13,195	7,261	1,338
Members from whom Assessments 696-699 were not collected,	297	1,451	237	24
Members carried by the Association,	125	280	14
Applications and reinstatements received during month	74	186	60	7
Totals,	2,411	14,957	7,838	1,383
From which deduct Policies terminated by death, accident or otherwise,	8	140	17	...
Total Membership Dec. 31, 1900,	2,403	14,817	7,821	1,383
Grand Total,				26,424
W. E. FUTCH, President.		W. B. PRENTER, Gen'l Sec'y & Treas.		

NATHAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

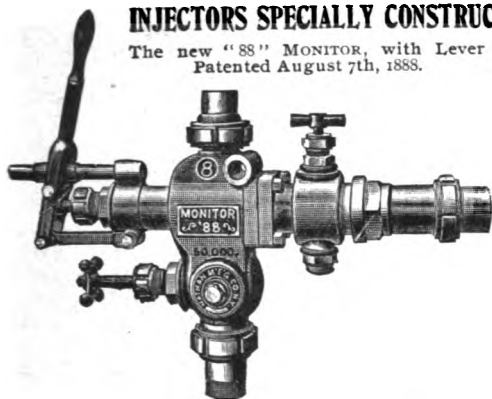
**92 and 94 Liberty Street, New York,
and 180 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ills.**

MANUFACTURERS OF

The "Monitor" and other Locomotive Injectors.

INJECTORS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR HIGH PRESSURE.

The new "88" MONITOR, with Lever
Patented August 7th, 1888.



**"NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED
LUBRICATORS,**

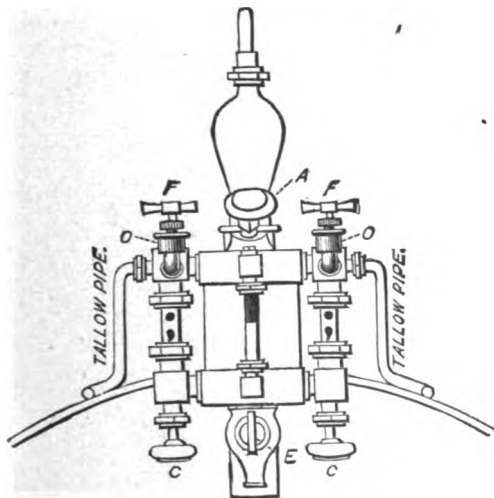
*Ejectors or Water Elevators,
New Sanding Apparatus,
New Steam Fire Extinguishers,
Boiler Washers,
Rod and Guide Cups,
Etc., Etc.*

For instructions, see Engineer's
Card, which is furnished with each
injector.

NOTE.—The "88" Monitor is also made with a quick motion Screw Starting Attachment.

THE "NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED CYLINDER LUBRICATOR FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

Oils both Cylinders.



*No possibility of feeding over
in one cylinder or
into boiler.*

ALSO,

AIR BRAKE,

SIGHT-FEED

LUBRICATORS.

NATHAN MANUFACTURING CO., New York.

CATALOGUES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE SANDER COMPANY,

N. E. Corner Thirteenth and Willow Sts., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

LEACH, DEAN, "SHE,"

**PROPRIETORS
AND MANUFACTURERS**

HOUSTON, SHERBURNE AND CURTIS PNEUMATIC SANDERS.

When writing to advertisers, mention this Journal.

Digitized by Google

WHEN YOU ORDER

Baker's Chocolate



EXAMINE
THE
PACKAGE
YOU
RECEIVE
AND MAKE
SURE THAT
IT BEARS
OUR
TRADE-MARK.

Under the decisions of the U. S. Courts no other Chocolate is entitled to be labeled or sold as "Baker's Chocolate."

TRADE-MARK.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited,
Established 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900.

Royal



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Reject Alum Baking Powders—
They Destroy Health.

Vose

PIANOS

are receiving more favorable comments today from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined.

WE Challenge Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information.

VOSC & SONS PIANO CO.
161 Boylston Street, - - - Boston.

PISO's

For
Consumption

CURE

We always keep Piso's Cure for Consumption in the house for coughs and colds. The children beg for it. We have recommended it to our neighbors.

MRS. J. T. BALES,
Box 43, Augusta, Okla., Sept. 5, 1900.

Piso's Cure for Consumption cured my daughter of an awful cough which the whooping cough had left her with. I can say it is the best remedy for coughs I ever used.

ADELBERT C. PANGBORN,
Conway, Mich., Sept. 17, 1900.

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS JOURNAL

PRICE, \$1.00 BY MAIL



STREET SCENE IN NAPLES, ITALY.

ENTERED AT THE CLEVELAND, OHIO, POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Vol. XXXV.

MARCH, 1901.

No. 3.

Digitized by Google

Air Brakes

**Endorsed by all leading
railway authorities**

**The
Westinghouse Air Brake Co.**

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Over 1,250,000 in use

Air Brakes

When writing to advertisers, mention this Journal.

BROTHERHOOD OF
LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS
MONTHLY JOURNAL
C.H. SALMONS, EDITOR AND MANAGER
307 SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING CLEVELAND, O.

VOL. XXXV.

MARCH, 1901.

No. 3.

An American Abroad.

From Rome we go to the south, and if one has time, and is inclined to contemplate past ages of a country settled between one and two thousand years before the Christian era, he may take the Appian Way, which leads from Rome to Brundisium, on the southeast coast, where the Romans usually set sail for Greece. The Appian Way (Queen of Roads) was formed, in part at least, by Claudius Caecus, while he was censor, 313 B. C., and is the oldest and most celebrated of all Roman roads, and with its branches connects all parts of

southern Italy. In its construction, all the loose soil was removed and then laid with various strata cemented with lime, and then paved with large hexagonal blocks of stone, composed principally of basaltic lava, and joined together with great care so as to appear one smooth mass, and must have been of enormous cost in both money and labor. It is yet, after all the ages, mostly in fair condition.

The railway from Rome to Naples, our destination, crosses this road near the eleventh milestone.

Campania, the territory around the city of Naples, extends along the western coast



PANORAMIC VIEW OF NAPLES, ITALY, FROM THE CARTHUSIAN MONASTERY.

from the Liris to the Silarus, and has always been famous for its beauty and fertility. Because of the fertility of soil and mildness of climate, this section suffered more frequent changes of inhabitants in early times than any other part of Italy. One horde of invaders after another came to drive out its predecessors, making it rich with historic lore, these changes ceasing only when Rome had gained strength sufficient to secure some sort of tranquility, and that frequently disturbed.

From history we glean that about one thousand years before Christ the Greeks began to found colonies in the south of Italy. The Chalcidians and Eretrians, from the island of Euboea, built the city of Cumæ on the coast, said to be the earliest of all Greek settlements either in Italy or Sicily. It attained to wealth and power, and like Venice had extensive shipping, and extended its influence over

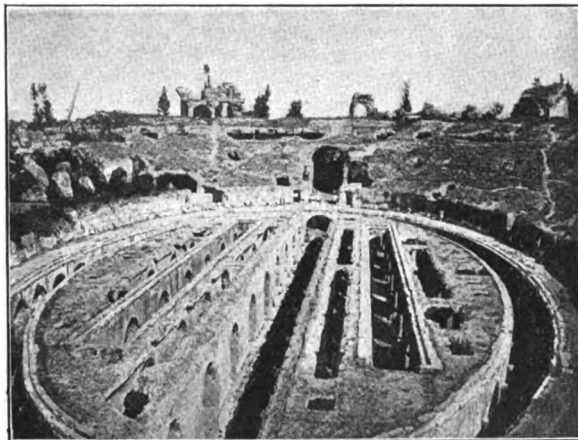
Napoli (Italian), till 1860 the capital of the kingdom of Naples, is not only the largest of Italian cities, but is conceded by most travelers to be the most beautiful in Europe. It lies 161 miles by rail southeast of Rome, and like Rome has a wonderful history, and one the traveler must draw from liberally if he is to fully appreciate Naples, and Campania, the small territory in which it is situated.

Here, within the near environs of Naples, is Lake Avernus, now called Lago d'Averno, which occupies the crater of an extinct volcano. It is about a mile and a half in circumference, very deep, and in ancient times so sulphurous that it was believed to kill the birds that flew over it. Owing to its gloomy and awful aspect, it became the center of almost all the fables of the ancients respecting the world of shade. Here was located Homer's entrance to the under world, where the Cimmerians are said to have dwelt in deep caverns, without ever coming into the light of day. Here also were placed the Elysian fields, the grove of Hecate and the grotto of the Cumæan sibyl. Through this lake (gate of Hell) Ulysses is said to have passed on his way to Cimmerian's caves, with whom he sojourned a year. [See Lamb's *Adventures of Ulysses*.]

On the east side of the lake are ruins of a temple of Apollo, and on its south side what is shown as the famous grotto of Sibyl. Not far distant from Naples is the famous Mandurians well, the same now as when Pliny saw it—"draw off or pour within a constant stream, and still the water stands at the same height." The mythical story is, that those who bathed in this well ever after had golden hair. If one reads the classics—Homer, Strabo, Horace, Virgil, Statius or Silius Italicus, both prose and verse,—he will find descriptions of the environments of Naples and southern Italy.

It is said that over the Vergillus Hannibal erected a bridge of human bodies, and the plain near by is still called the Pezzo di Sangue; and Belisarius, unable to conquer Naples with its walls, which withstood Pyrrhus, Hannibal and Spartacus, turned aside the waters of the aqueduct, entering thereby and bringing the city to its first calamity.

Not far distant to the south occurred the death of Alaric, king of the Goths, who at the head of the Goths overran Italy from north to south, and who seemed to be sustained by a mighty yet invisible



AMPHITHEATRE AT ST. MARIA, NEAR NAPLES

native tribes of neighboring territories and planted numerous colonies. In 500 B. C. it was the most important and civilized city in southern Italy, but lost its independence and importance in 417 B. C., when it was conquered by the Semnites, who killed or enslaved most of its citizens. Few remains of this ancient city are now in existence.

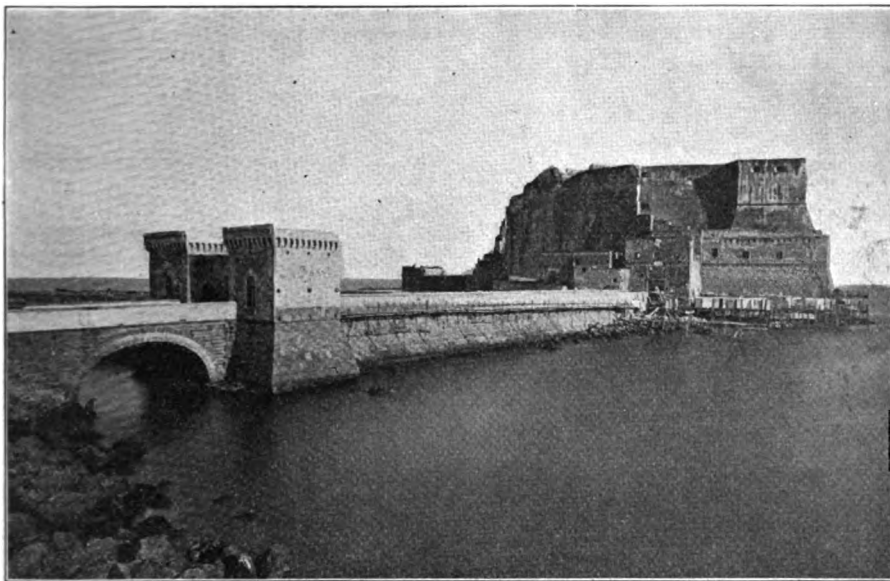
Naples owes its foundation to two bodies of the Greeks, who formed two settlements, Palacopolis and Neapolis, which existed for many years side by side as one community. In 328 B. C. both were subdued by Rome, and from that time Palacopolis disappeared, while its neighbor was made an ally of Rome. It resisted Pyrrhus, and deterred Hannibal, but finally fell through treachery into the hands of Sulla's partisans, 82 B. C., who massacred the people.

Naples (German), Neapolis (Latin),

power. A monk met him in the midst of his career and conjured him to turn back. "It is not in my power," said the barbarian; "an irresistible impulse forces me onward to overthrow Rome." Three times he surrounded the Eternal City with his sea of soldiers, and three times retired from it. An embassy of citizens was at length dispatched to his camp, telling him to abandon his enterprise or he would encounter an army thrice as numerous as his own. "So much the better," replied Alaric; "the thicker the grass, the more easily mown." But at length he acceded to their request to abandon Rome on condition that he receive for his clemency all the gold, silver, precious stones and barbarian slaves that the city contained. "And what then will remain to the inhab-

Busentius, constructed the royal sepulchre in its bed and adorned it with the spoils of Rome, and turned the waters back to their natural channel; and to insure the secret of Alaric's burial place, they inhumanly massacred the prisoners who had performed the work.

Frederick II., sometimes called "The Wonder of the World," is an important figure in mediæval history. He inherited the kingdom of Naples through his mother, Constance, daughter of Roger II. of the Norman dynasty. He was an orphan at four, married at fifteen, and on his promise to undertake a crusade the Pope sanctioned his coronation at the age of nineteen, and he was crowned emperor of the Romans at the age of twenty-four. The time fixed for his departure for the east was the year 1223,



CASTEL DEL OVO AND BRIDGE, NAPLES.

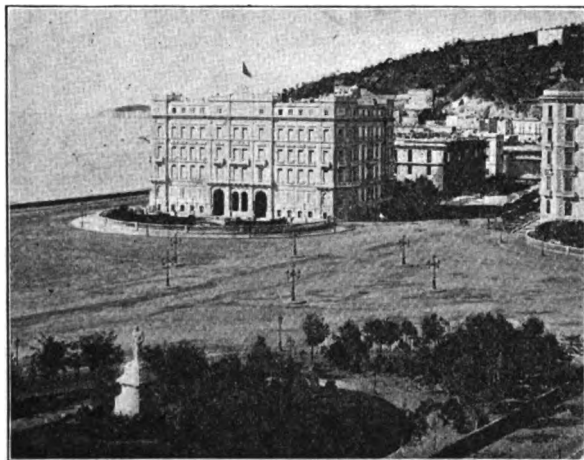
itants?" said the ambassadors. "Life," replied Alaric.

The Romans necessarily submitted, and delivered to him five thousand pounds' weight of gold, thirty thousand pounds of silver, four thousand tunics of silk, three thousand scarlet skins, and three thousand pounds of pepper. The Romans to supply the gold had melted the golden statue of Courage. [Goodrich's History of the World.]

Alaric started south with his army, but his triumphant career was suddenly arrested by death, some distance to the south of Naples, when the ferocious character of the barbarians was displayed in the funeral of their hero. By the labor of a captive multitude, they diverted the course of the

but he delayed on various pretexts, until Pope Gregory IX. excommunicated him. But five years after the date fixed he fulfilled his vow and most brilliantly, by securing from the Sultan of Egypt, without striking a blow, the possession of Jerusalem and the holy places, together with a truce for ten years. He then crowned himself King of Jerusalem with his own hand and returned to Italy, but was not forgiven by Pope Gregory, and a long and harassing contest followed. Intellectually, he was, perhaps, the most enlightened man of his age. He founded the University of Naples, gave encouragement to the medical school of Salerno, invited to his court and patronised men of learning, poets and artists,

and commissioned his chancellor, Petrus de Vineia, to draw up a code of laws to suit all classes of his German and Italian subjects. He was called an atheist, but he was at the same time a persecutor of heretics of the church. He died in 1250, and was succeeded by his son, Conrad of Germany, who appointed his brother Manfred his regent in Italy. Manfred had a stormy life, but was loved by his subjects. He was excommunicated by Urban IV. He was killed in the battle of Benevento, a short distance west of Naples. He was a man of great personal courage and magnanimity of character, and the French soldiers of Charles of Anjou desired Manfred to be buried honorably, but Charles would not consent, and his body was thrown into a pit at the foot of the bridge of Benevento; but as a mark of respect for their fallen enemy, every French soldier placed a stone above it, and this pile was afterward



GRAND HOTEL AND GROUNDS, NAPLES.

called the Rock of Roses. His wife and children were imprisoned by Charles at Castel del Monte, still an imposing edifice, now maintained by the government. The royal prisoners were afterward removed to the Castle of Nocera, where his wife, Sibylla, and son, Manfredino, died. His daughter, Beatrice, was one of the first prisoners in the Castle di San Salvatore, now called Castellammare, a fortress erected by her grandfather Frederick, places which still form part of the interesting features of Naples.

The story of Manfred, which is immortalized by the pen of Dante, has never lost its interest; but Charles of Anjou was cruel almost beyond belief.

Conradin, a grandson of Frederick II., undertook to regain the crown of Naples, but was defeated, taken prisoner, and

though but seventeen years old was beheaded in the Piazza del Mercato at Naples, together with his cousin, Frederick of Baden. Through this dastardly murder, as the historians call it, Charles of Anjou put out of the way the remaining heirs to the throne of Naples. But Charles did much to improve Naples. He removed the seat of government from Palermo, Sicily, to Naples, extended the city to the east as far as the Piazza del Mercato, and filled the marshes between the ancient walls and the sea, and in 1283 founded the Castel Nuovo, which became the royal residence. It was adorned and strengthened during five centuries, but in 1862 a portion of its fortifications were condemned and demolished on the ground that they might be used for the destruction of the city. He repaired the old walls of Naples, paved streets, and built the church of St. Lorenzo, founded the church of St. Agostino della Zecca and several monasteries, and began the cathedral or church of St. Gennaro, in which his tomb is seen above the great door. While he was building in one direction in commemoration of his victory at Benevento, he destroyed the ancient Palace of the Republic.

Castel del Ovo dates back to 1154, and takes its name from its oval form. This Charles enlarged and beautified, and frequently resided in it. It was remodeled in the middle of the sixteenth century. It stands on the island, called Megaris by Pliny, and is connected with the Piazzafalconi, a spur of the hill of St. Elmo, by an embankment and bridge. It is now used

as a prison. Charles II. of Anjou was also imbued with the conception and execution of public works. He constructed the Milo Grande (pier) and the Porto Mercantile or Porto Grande (street) in 1302; and he continued the building of the cathedral begun by his father, and erected St. Dominico Maggiori, still one of the finest churches in Naples, and also founded the less important St. Pietro Martire. At Castellammare, he built the residence which he called Casa Sana, later known as the Royal Villa Quessiana (Health is Here). It is now the property of the city, and fitted up as the Grand Hotel Margherita. The walks in the park, partly shown in our illustration, make it a charming resort.

In 1294 Charles and his son, Charles Martel, held the bride of the mule on which Pietro da Morone rode into Aquila

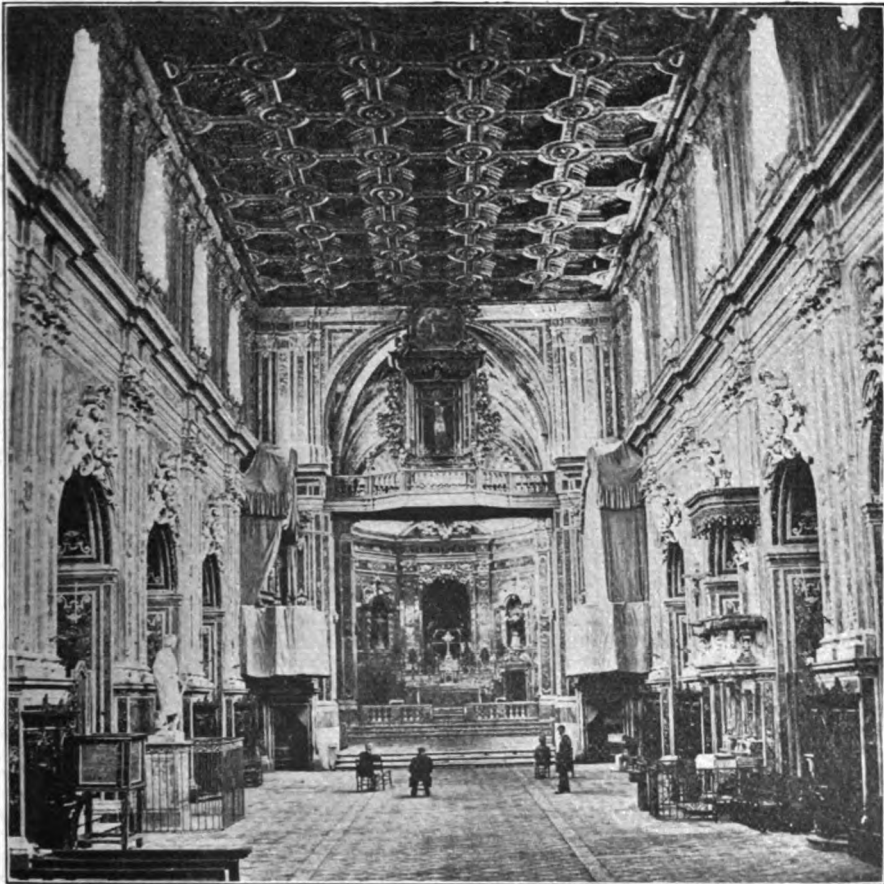
for his coronation as Pope Celestine V. There is a strong contrast between the sometimes pious humility and brutality of both Charles I. and Charles II. Charles I., as has been stated, had by success in war and beheading deprived the Hohenstaufen dynasty of Naples and Sicily. That, evidently, would not have brought about an insurrection, but his cruelty and tyranny, his oppressive taxation, and the brutality of his followers excited among the Sicilians the deadliest animosity, and finally brought on an insurrection and massacre known as the Sicilian vespers.

On March 30, 1282, the inhabitants of Palermo, enraged (according to the common story) at a gross outrage offered by a French soldier to a young Sicilian bride, at the first stroke of the vesper-bell, suddenly rose against their oppressors and put to the sword every man, woman and child, to the number of 8,000. Other towns followed, and the French were hunted like wild beasts. In retaliation, Charles II., by

sword and fire, put to destruction Ischia and its inhabitants. Ischia is on an island six miles out from the mainland, opposite Naples, while the massacre occurred in Sicily. It is said that few human hearts have been torn by more antagonistic forces than was that of Charles II. of Anjou, now resting in its silver casket in the grand old church of St. Dominico Maggiore in Naples.

Robert the Wise, third son of Charles II., followed as king of Naples, during the turbulent period we have already described in connection with Florence. Robert the Wise induced the famous artist Giulio to come to Naples, and he decorated the Castel del Ovo and the church of St. Chiara, seen in our illustration. Robert is said to have been happy in the company of his painter, the friend of Dante, and the witty comrade of the brilliant Florentines of his day. He was also the friend of Petrarch, and together they visited the tomb of Virgil.

Behind the high altar in the Church of



INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF ST. CHIARA, NAPLES.

St. Chiara is a beautiful monument to Robert the Wise. Robert appears as a monarch on his throne, beneath which is the inscription, said to have been written by Petrarch, which translated reads, "King Robert (here) ye gaze upon valor's perfect paragon." Below this royal statue, on a splendid sarcophagus supported by saints, the king is again seen in the dress of a Franciscan monk, while above all is the Madonna between St. Francis and St. Clara.

The erection of this monument is about the only reputable act of Queen Joanna I., who followed Robert the Wise. She is believed to have instigated the murder of her

and of mercy." The war lasted till 1351.

During the period of this war the plague made frightful ravages, and sixty thousand died in Naples alone. During the period of the two Popes, Urban VI. and Clement VII., Queen Joanna, offended at Urban, upheld Clement. Urban crowned Charles of Durazzo, a cousin of Joanna, as King of Naples, and Louis of Hungary, who had not forgotten the murder of Andrew, sent Charles an army, with which he entered Naples as Charles III., Joanna being quickly abandoned by her troops because her crimes had been so many and great. Charles, though bound by ties of blood, sent her a prisoner to the Castle of Muro,



THE PORTA CAPUANA GATE, NAPLES.

first husband, Andrew of Hungary, and her general character was anything but good. It is said that during her reign, Petrarch witnessed the gladiatorial combats at Naples in the arena near the church of St. Giovanni a Carbonara, and that they were of such a character as to fill him with disgust and horror.

In 1347 Naples was desolated by a terrible war waged by Louis the Great of Hungary, a brother of the murdered Andrew. But little good could come from an army headed by the infamous Werner, a German mercenary, who boasted that "he was the enemy of God, of pity,

where, on the 12th of May, 1382, she was suffocated beneath a featherbed by two Hungarian soldiers, who, it is said, acted on the advice of the aged King of Hungary. Her tomb is next to that of her father in the Church of Santa Chiara. The name of Joanna I is associated with the splendid old Carthusian monastery of St. Martino, shown in our illustration, which she completed, it having been begun by her father, Charles, Duke of Calabria, who died before his father King Robert. This castle, near the castle of St. Elmo, is celebrated for its magnificent views, and since the suppression of monasteries is used as an annex

to the Musio Nazionale, and is filled with interesting subjects.

A bit of astonishing history of the time was made during the reign of the successor of Joanna. Charles III. encountered great difficulty in making himself supreme master of his kingdom. Joanna, being childless, had adopted Louis of Anjou, and he with an army besieged Charles in the Castel del Ovo represented at the time as being the strongest in existence, and Froissart said that it was impossible to take it by necromancy or by the help of the devil. Then "Pope Urban VI., who had crowned Charles, for some reason changed his good graces from Charles to Louis and

II. of England, whom Urban pardoned at the intercession of that monarch, but the other five were tied in sacks and thrown into the sea." [Naples and its Environs, by Clara Erskine Clement.]

Charles III. was eventually murdered, and Ladislaus the young son and heir stepped into the stormy life of the times and a long and bloody struggle followed. Ladislaus died in 1414, it is said by poison. His stormy reign afforded little opportunity for improving Naples, though he restored and enlarged the church of St. Giovanni a Carbonara, where his tomb was erected by his sister, Joanna II., and is one of the most notable, even in this church which is



THE HEIGHTS OF ST. MARTINO AND CASTEL ST. ELMO, NAPLES.

established himself with his cardinals in the famous castle of Nocera, which is located on the opposite side of Mt. Vesuvius from Naples, and claimed to be the superior of the monarch. Charles besieged the pontiff with a large army, but the Pope, trusting to the strength of his fortress, simply pronounced his curse upon the besiegers several times a day. He was at length released by an army under Raimondello Orsini, who compelled Charles to raise the siege. While in the castle Urban suspected the fidelity of his cardinals, and after witnessing the most cruel tortures of six of their number, he confined them in a cistern so long as he remained. One of these cardinals was a legate from Richard

celebrated for its tombs and sculpture.

Joanna II. followed, and her reign was memorable for the wars that divided all Italy in the interest of claimants for the crown of Naples, and the death of the queen, in 1434, involved a large part of Europe. The heir to the throne being a prisoner of Philip the Good, led to all sorts of complications which cannot be touched upon in connection with Naples. It was four years before King Rene entered Naples, but the war continued and in 1441, Alfonso, the opposing claimant, besieged Naples, and through treachery seven months after the siege was laid Rene was defeated and Alfonso of Aragon assumed the title. The entrance to the Castel

Nuovo, opposite the Strada del Castello, leads to a triumphal arch which commemorates the entrance of Alfonso into Naples in 1442. The arch was erected in 1470, twelve years after the death of Alfonso. It is a fine specimen of architecture and art. Corinthian columns support a frieze and cornice, and bas-reliefs above represent the entrance of Alfonso. Then four niches with statues of the four cardinal virtues and the celebrated gates represent the victories of Frederick I. over Duke John of Anjou and his own rebellious barons.

Alfonso died in 1458 and the contest for the crown was again on, and in 1460 a battle was fought at the very gates of Naples, but Ferdinand sustained his position and at the end of four years John, Duke of Calabria, who was striving to obtain the crown, was obliged to return to France.

From 1480 to 1492 Italy enjoyed a period

and demonstrate their courage. Each general, with the greater part of his army, was moved to an open space to watch the combat. It was a long struggle, hand to hand, in which many were killed, but finally the Italians made prisoners of all the French combatants. Guicciardini says: "It is incredible what a damp this adventure struck upon the spirits of the French army, and how it raised the courage of the Spaniards, and the French were eventually defeated, or gave up the contest. Italians were mixed in both these armies, French and Spaniard." It would require volumes to describe in detail the marvelous events of which history and tradition make Naples and its immediate vicinity the scene, and it is difficult to put aside the fascinating story of the ancient days and turn our attention to an effort to give a partial description of Naples and what occurred within its environments.

The Porta Capuana, seen in our illustration, dates from 1484; it is of white marble, flanked by two handsome round towers, and is one of the finest Renaissance gateways in existence. The towers are inscribed with the words "L' Onore" and "La Virtù," and were called by these names. Ferdinand placed his statue above the gate, but it was removed when Charles V. passed beneath it in 1535, on his triumphal march into Naples. The road to Capua passed through this gate at the time of its building, and the historical associations which connect it with marching armies, with triumphal processions, coronations, jubilant festivals, and scenes



CHURCH OF ST. MARTINO CLOISTER, NAPLES.

of both peace and progress, but Ferdinand was a tyrant and was cordially hated. He reigned 34 years and conferred some benefits on Naples. He introduced art and printing. The first book (Bartolo's *Lectura Super Codicem*), printed by Reissinger, a German, may be seen in the Musio Nazionale. Ferdinand built the Castel del Carmine and extended the city walls to St. Giovanni a Carbonara, fortified the towers, and opened new gates, placing his own statue above each one. Some of these gates and portions of the old walls still remain.

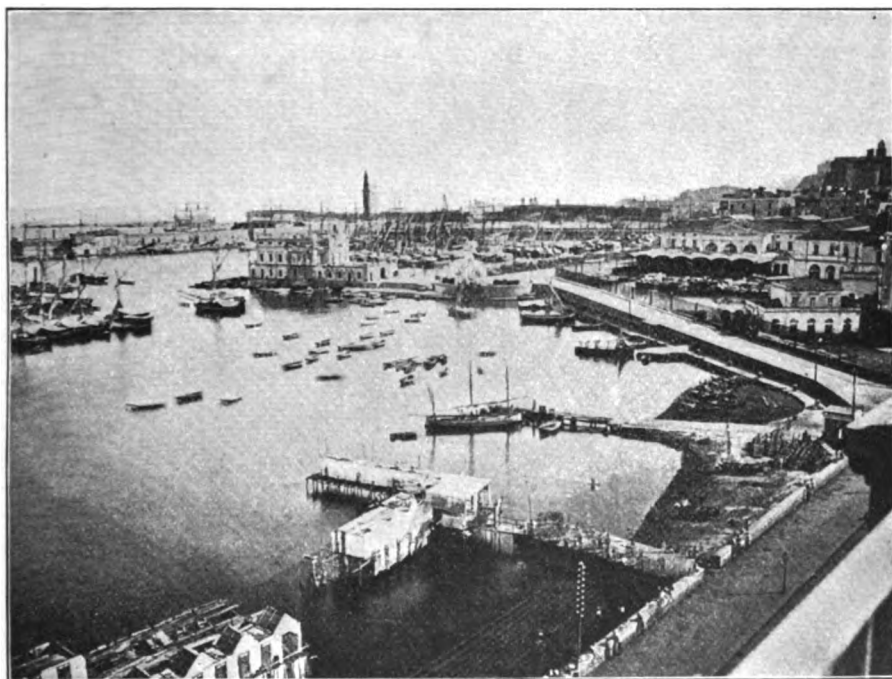
Between 1494 and 1504 the French and Spaniards were at war for the possession of Naples. In 1503, the courage of nationalities being under discussion during a negotiation for the ransom of some prisoners led to a challenge to a duel, which resulted in the selection of thirteen French and as many Italians, who were to fight to a finish

of desolation make an astonishing mixture of success and failure, and of mirth and death. Now, the Corso Garibaldi runs outside it leading from the sea to the strada Foria. Not far away are the Botanical Gardens, which the climate assists in making magnificent. Near the gate are the railway stations, and stretching far away from this is seen the Paduli, or marshes, which have been converted into the gardens of Naples, where one crop succeeds another throughout the year.

Ferdinand I. was buried in the sacristy of St. Dominico Maggiori, where originally forty-five crimson sarcophagi of his royal house were ranged around the walls; but ten, however, still remain. They are surrounded by the tombs of many famous men and women, and the whole makes an interesting subject for the traveler. Ferdinand was succeeded by his son Alfonso,

but Charles VIII. started another war of succession, and with the aid of hired Swiss and German mercenaries, crossed the Alps in 1494, and succeeded in marching into Naples, Alfonso fleeing to Sicily, and his son Ferdinand to the Island of Ischia. Complications arose and in three years there were four different sovereigns, always at the expense of the people, in both life and property. Alfonso II. eventually went to Mesina taking with him that which he loved best, wine of many sorts, and here lived with the monks of Mount Oliveto until his death in 1495. He fasted, prayed, and gave alms, evidently as an atonement for the frightful sins he had committed. Commenis says, "There never was a man

uncle, Ferdinand I. of Aragon, the last and best of his house. But Ferdinand of Spain determined to dispossess his cousin of the kingdom of Naples, and to that end made an alliance with Louis XII. of France, which involved the partition of territory, such a treaty being signed in November, 1500, without the knowledge of Frederick. A French army and Spanish troops met at Capua, 27 miles from Naples, storming and pillaging that city, and in 1501, Frederick, with his family, withdrew to the Island of Ischia, and from there to France. The French and Spanish quarreled resulting in war in 1502, the French being defeated in four battles. Naples became an absolute possession of Spain and



THE PORT OF NAPLES, ITALY.

more savage, or more abandoned to debauchery than he," but as we look at the lives of most of these rulers they look much alike, and it seems astonishing that the people did not revolt and put them to death. As Duke of Calabria, Alfonso had done many things to commend him. He built fine villas surrounded by gardens and parks, and he was a liberal patron of the church and monastery of Monte Oliveto, which became a treasury of art of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. He was king but one year, and that was too long for the good of the governed. He was succeeded by his

remained under its dominion until 1707, governed by Spanish viceroys.

One more effort was made in the interest of the house of Anjou, when in 1528 a French army invaded the country and appeared before Naples. But the captain-general of the imperial Roman army appeared on the scene and fortified the heights of St. Martino, which, with the monastery and castle (as seen in our illustration), commanded the city. The siege was prolonged until the heat of the summer, when the French soldiers died by thousands, their commander, Lantrec, being of the number. The rest were made

prisoners and many slain, and after a few days no Frenchmen could be found.

Under Don Pedro de Toledo as viceroy the reigns of government were drawn to the verge of the inquisition, an attempt to establish which aroused the hatred and indignation of the Neapolitans, until the entire population flew to arms with a common impulse. Toledo summoned the Spanish infantry, which resulted in a bloody fray between them and the people; but in spite of the soldiers, at the sound of the bells of St. Lorenzo, the people being

Fortitude and Temperance, and three sides are filled with bas-reliefs, representing the achievements of the viceroy in the wars of the Turks, while the fourth side bears the description of these events. Statues of Don Pedro de Toledo and his wife surmount the sarcophagus. The whole work is carefully and elaborately executed.

Many improvements were made during the twenty-one years Toledo was viceroy. The city and its commercial interests grew rapidly, and some two miles were added to the circumference of Naples. But there

are associations with the authority exercised by Toledo that make one shudder. His cruelties make the student of the history of his time forgetful of noble deeds. History tells of Toledo marching in person to Sisto, La Guardia and Cosenza with a special commission from the inquisition, and perpetrating monstrous atrocities. "Neither man, woman nor child was spared the most shocking tortures; one man who was covered with pitch and burned in the square of Cosenza is said to have been more mercifully treated than many others."

What is now the most beautiful and picturesque in Naples was in Toledo's time a dreary waste. Santa Lucia was a narrow, dirty street, and the space is now filled by a broad quay, constructed since 1846. The terrace below and the steps leading to it were then crowded with wretched huts, which were taken away by Cardinal Borgia and a fine street constructed. On the terrace is a grand fountain, decorated with sea-gods and nymphs, erected at the expense of the fish dealers, who have their

shops along the sea side of this street. Here, in summer evenings, and particularly on Sundays, a dense crowd gathers, which affords an opportunity for an interesting study of Neapolitan life.

Naples occupies the base and flanks of a hill range rising from the sea, and is divided into two unequal parts by the Capodimonte, St. Elmo and Pizzofalcone Heights, the latter ending at Castel del Ovo. The most ancient and populous part of the city lies in the eastern crescent, and is intersected from north to south by the Via Toledo, constructed by and named after Toledo, but now called Via di Roma, the main historic street of Naples, and said



GRADONI—A NARROW STREET WITH STEPS—NAPLES.

joined by the nobles, shops were closed, business was suspended, courts were adjourned, and many of the inhabitants fled, but eventually an ambassador who had been sent to the emperor returned with assurances of no inquisition and better treatment, and the insurrection subsided.

Toledo died in 1553, of what is now known as pneumonia, and is buried in the Church of St. Giacomo degli Spaynuoli, which was erected while he was viceroy. The tomb is back of the high altar. A sarcophagus rests on a richly-decorated pedestal, at the corners of which are four graceful female figures, representing Justice, Prudence,

to be more densely peopled than any other street of equal space in Europe. Numerous broad streets have been constructed on this side of the city within the past century, and a fine quay extended eastward to the Castel del Carmine.

The streets leading east from Via di Roma extend to the railroad station, the harbor, botanical gardens, cemeteries, and other important points, while leading to the west there is a network of streets and *gradoni*, as the lanes with steps (such as is seen in our illustration) are called, numbers of which ascend to the Corso Emmanuele and the Castle St. Elmo. Via Toledo, now Via Roma, is the main business street of Naples, and is sometimes called the noisiest street in Europe. It is a stirring place at all hours of the day and night, and a splendid field for pickpockets. The street resounds

with the cries of every sort of street vender. The boot-blacks knock with their traps to attract attention, ice-water and lemonade are offered at every turn, letters are written by scribes in the street, and the fumes of charcoal, mingled with the odor of roasted chestnuts and frying sausages, meet one everywhere, and the shouts of newsboys, mingled with that of other venders, go to make a pandemonium that is indescribable; while at night the street presents a peculiar scene, when the *trovatore* (finders) come out with lanterns, hunting for every conceivable thing, from some valuable lost to discarded cigar ends, and if they get their eye on a stranger, they will not fail to put forth an effort to get something from him by every art known to the professional beggar.

After the death of Toledo, Philip II., son of Charles V., reigned for forty-four years, and during this time was represented at Naples by some ten viceroys. Each seems to have made use of his office for two purposes—to supply the demands from Spain and to enrich themselves. "Offices were sold. Taxes were enormous, as those who bought offices wrung the price from their vassals. The people were driven to despair and became robbers and murderers." It is said that the number of executions and severe punishments in Naples was greater than in Spain and the rest of Italy combined, yet crime was not materially lessened. The Neapolitans, commanded by their own leaders, were sent to fight in all

parts of the great territory of Spain, while Naples was occupied by foreign troops. A Tuscan agent in Naples reports that "six companies of soldiers embarked in so pitiful a condition that before they got to Genoa or Gaeta most of them were thrown into the sea—corpses. One was without shirts, another without shoes; for they had sold everything to appease hunger, and many were so starved that they were obliged to use their guns as supports."

From 1598 to 1647 Naples was under the rule of three Spanish monarchs,—Philip III., Philip IV. and Charles II.,—but conditions did not improve. The viceroys lived in magnificence, while they robbed the Neapolitans. The Count of Monterey collected 43,000,000 ducats, of which only 17,000,000 reached the royal treasury. Capecelabro says that the viceroy required forty ships in which to transport his treas-



MEDINE FOUNTAIN, NAPLES.

ure—gold and silver plate, works of art, etc.,—when he left Naples. The Duke of Medina in six years gathered in 30,000,000 ducats, and is said to have left Naples in such poverty that scarcely a house existed in which a good meal could be served.

The whole story of this period is one of continued vice and rapine, with very little that can be commended.

The general view of Naples is more magnificent than any object to be seen within the city. The best prospective is obtained from the Bay of Naples, with the island of Capri to the right and Ischia to the left, with the coast line a broad sweeping curve, the great city sloping up on the hillside, forming a beautiful center, reaching to the base of Vesuvius with its towering summit. Beyond Vesuvius to the right is seen promontories bearing Castellemmare, Vico and Sarento, and many other villages, sur-

rounded by orange groves, and vineyards, Monte Sant' Angelo covered with chestnut trees, with the Punta di Campanella approaching the towering, precipitous Capri Island. On the left is Ischia Island, Procida Island, the Bay of Pozzuoli, with its shores at the base of Mt. Barbaro and Astroni Crater, the whole forming a scene of blue sea and sky and snowy peaks. This loveliness of nature with the great city spread against the hills as though it were on canvass, makes a scene not soon to be forgotten, and will likely create impressions that will be quite disappointing on entering the city, for modern Naples is not distinguished by many fine edifices, and probably owing to its exceedingly turbulent periods, usually distinctive in their

The people of Naples spend their lives largely in the streets, and the spectacle to the stranger is one of life, bustle, and in many parts, noise and odors, not always pleasant to encounter. If one visit Santa Lucia and then turn to Via Marina, he will encounter conditions as unlike as can be imagined, and one can hardly realize that he is in the same city and alive with citizens of one nation. In Santa Lucia and many other narrow streets the men live in the street, sleep there, and dress themselves with as much composure as any security from the public gaze could give. The women rarely sleep outside, but they make their toilets and attend to all the wants of the children in public, with the same indifference as the men. They do



CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS D' PAOLA, NAPLES.

tendencies, few remains of the mediæval period are now to be seen. The greatest reminder of that period is seen in its people, and in the squalor of some of its quarters.

Naples is at least semi-oriental. The Marsii, Samnites, Lucanians, Arabians, Greeks and other peoples of antiquity, are still represented here; and though many of the descendants have mingled their blood with the Normans, Suabians, Provincials and Spaniards, the customs of the people generally may be easily traced to an eastern origin. It seems a rendezvous for all nations, and yet the Neapolitan, of whatever nationality, thinks no sky so blue, no stars so bright and no waters so beautiful as those of *Napoli*.

little cooking, and what they have is usually bought at the cookshops, which line the streets in places, at which more and a greater variety can be purchased for a penny than any other place within our knowledge. Great crowds center about these cookshops, and the bright colors worn by these people—caps and vests of the men and handkerchiefs of the women—make a strange sight, indeed. The poorer class run to colors in everything—even the mules and donkeys are decorated with gay-colored fringes and wools, though these animals are very badly abused. Add to this the goats that are driven through the streets twice a day to be milked by the caprajo (goatherd), and the whole is cer-

tainly a curious spectacle. The goats seem to know just what is wanted of them. They mount staircases and stand in the doorway to be milked, and when that is done return to the street, where they are again milked by the caprajo, into little pails let down from some upper story by a string. It is said that they are better fed than any other Neapolitan beasts, and better than a large number of the human beings. Cows are also driven about the streets for the same purpose, as milk is a favorite beverage and in great demand;

besides, in the poorer quarters, the people marry at about seventeen, and even younger, and these quarters swarm with children, poorly clothed, half naked, and often even quite naked.

The fact that Naples now has the finest water supply in the world, coming from the mountains, does not seem to have changed the drinking taste of the people. The Neapolitan seems to want his water flavored with something, and there are numerous water-sellers' stalls, where seasoned drinks may be had for a penny.

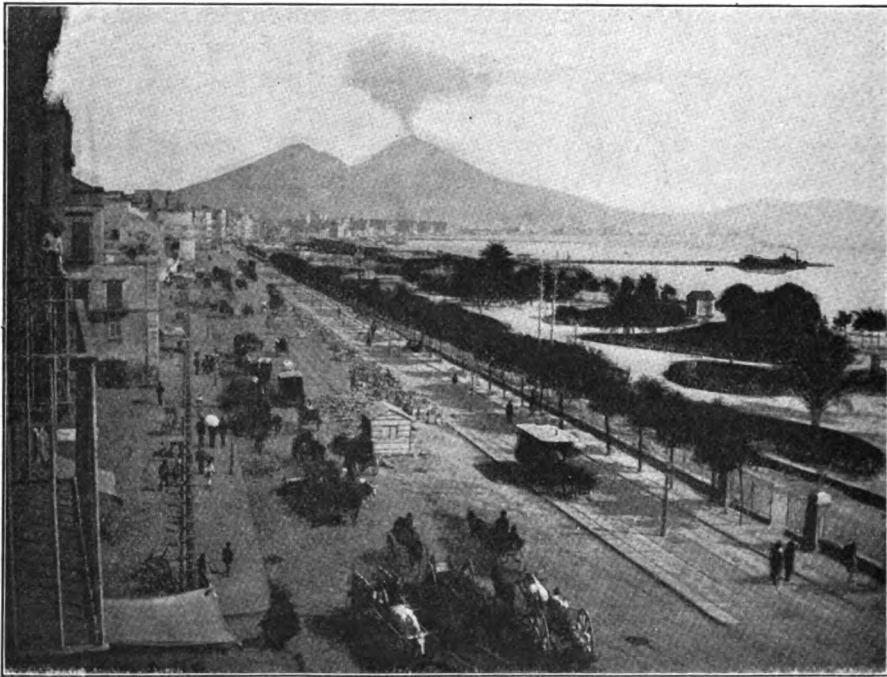


CONVENT OF S. ANTONIO, AND PROCESSION

There is also the street vender of water, who carries his tub on his back and his basket of lemons on his arm. His patrons must drink from the one tumbler, but the drink is freshly made for each customer, and he sells it for one farthing. Few drunken men are seen in Naples, and poverty does not seem to come from lack of frugality so much as lack of opportunity. The homes of the poor are called *Basso*. They are mostly little windowless shanties, or shops, with no chimney. They are not built for the convenience of the family, but the trade of the man, who takes his mattress into the street to sleep, while the rest of the family, sometimes composed of a dozen, have a huge mattress back of the

seldom tasted by the very poor, because it is too expensive. Our illustration shows one of the many places where macaroni is manufactured.

The street marketing is quite a sight. We could not learn how primitive the fashion is. We will leave the reader to judge. Two huge panniers are hung upon a mule, which are filled with vegetables, and as the padolono, or peddler, drives the mule along the street the mule gives vent to his musical voice in a bray that gets the attention of the whole street. The peddler sells his vegetables exceedingly cheap, and when his panniers or baskets are empty he begins filling them with manure from the piles of refuse in the street. We could not



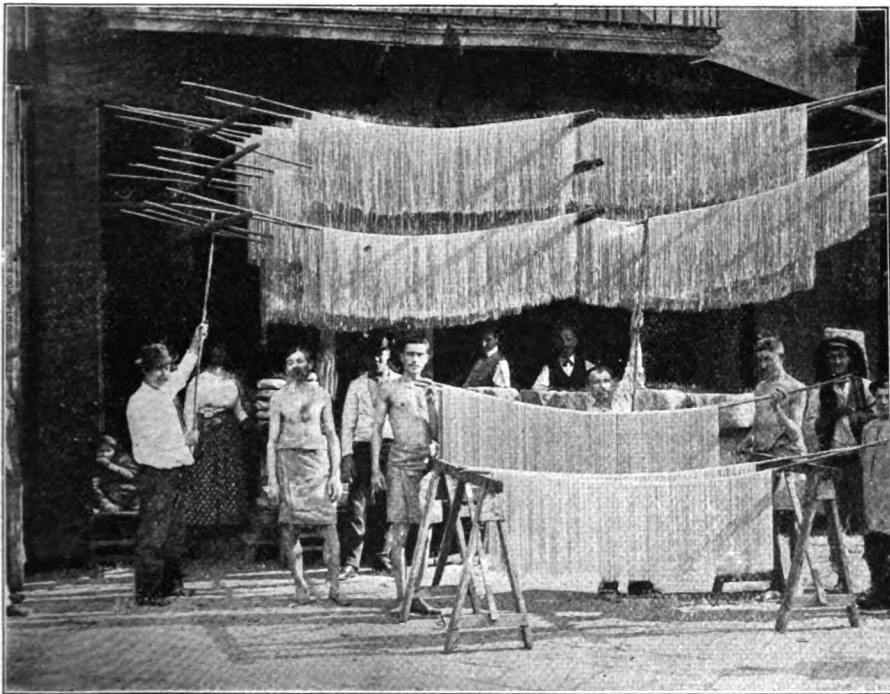
THE VIA MARINA STREET—LOOKING TOWARD VESUVIUS.

shop, where they, too, sleep in the open in the summertime. These large bedsteads, with the mattress, go to make up the whole dowry of the bride of these working people; and there are little furnishings by the husband, but there is always a *Maddonna* on the wall, before which a light is always kept burning. If they cook, it is usually some vegetable soup with garlic. The *basso*, or shop, is always wide open by day, but it is carefully closed at night to guard against thieves. Macaroni, which is plentifully made in Naples, and is generally supposed to be one of the chief foods, though they are extremely fond of it, is

help wondering how long his vegetable trade would last in an American city. Great numbers of the Neopolitans gain their living by fishing, but few fishermen make more than enough for a very poor living. The worst condition in Naples is said to exceed that of any other European city. It is said that there are a quarter of a million human beings in Naples who have no visible means of subsistence. Thousands have no home whatever, and live more like animals than human beings. Since 1876 an effort has been put forth to relieve this distressed condition, but there is plenty of room yet for improvement. In 1884, when

the cholera raged dreadfully in Naples and thousands of these wretched beings died, King Humbert went himself to visit them, and was shocked with the horrors of the situation. He issued a decree for better housing of the poor in 1885, accompanied with a gift of fifty million francs, and a loan of the same amount for the same purpose was made in 1892. Yet but little has been accomplished apparently, but with all this there are many redeeming qualities in Naples, a number of fine streets, beautiful driveways and places of interest. The Via Marina, along the shore, with its handsome parking, is a splendid thoroughfare, and bears evidence that large sums have been spent in its construction. The Car-

latter, the only remaining palace of the fifteenth century, had to be removed to accommodate this street, and was taken down piece by piece and rebuilt at the side by Prince Felangieri, and is now filled with a fine collection of mediæval objects. The Villa Nazionale is a delightful fashionable resort, and has a magnificent aquarium, one of the most important in the world. The most extensive and splendid edifice erected within the last decade is the Galleria Umberto I. It is said to have cost more than four million dollars. The exterior is imposing and the interior is finely decorated. The market place is an important feature of Naples: not for its beauty, but it gives a splendid opportunity



MACCARONI MANUFACTURE, NAPLES.

raccioto from Castel del Ovo to Mergellina passing the gardens of the Villa Nazionale is grand, and to witness the elegant equipages rolling along the smooth pavement, people on horseback, and pedestrians of high station mingled with the middle class, one would not dream there was so much misery elsewhere. Other charming drives are the Via Tasso, the Corso Vittore Emmanuele and the Vomero, and the Corso Garibaldi.

The Strada di Foria and Via del Duono are fine new streets. The Via del Duono passes the cathedral, the church of St. Filippo Neri, and the Palazzo Cuomo. The

for the study of Neapolitan characters, and was the central point of many insurrections and disturbances in past ages, where burning at the stake, chopping off of heads, etc., make this place of the keenest interest to the student of Neapolitan history.

Of special architectural keenest in Naples are five forts and four gates of mediæval construction, a few old castles and some ruins, and upwards of 300 churches including the cathedral, the most of which are of ancient origin and very interesting. There is the University (1224) with more than a hundred teachers and some five thousand students, the Royal Palace,

the catacombs and the law courts, and the libraries with which Naples is well supplied, the National (1804), having 300,000 books and 8,000 MSS., the University library (1812) has 160,000 books and the Brancacciana (1673) 155,000 books and 3,000 MSS. The San Carlo Theater is the largest in Italy. In fine arts Naples is poor, and particularly so in music. The great charm of Naples is mostly due to its beautiful site and its tonic and bracing climate, which is especially delightful, and with the building of good crosstown streets Naples would undoubtedly become one of the most beautiful as well as one of the most delightful cities in Europe. In making a study of its history that we might better appreciate what we saw we became intensely interested, and as space will not permit following it with a brief synopsis up to 1860, we have concluded to do so in connection with Pompeii in the following issue of the JOURNAL.

Sunshine and Rain.

In my strange, reticent way, I had a great objection to making friends, unless they were people who needed my aid; then I seemed drawn to them, and an intimacy was sure to follow. There was one family, though, whom I came to know through Ruth Smith and her husband, Luke, and from the very first they interested me—more, though, from the troubles through which they had passed than anything else.

Mr. Hendrick was a clerk in some great firm, and as our intimacy increased, and he saw the interest I took in his daughters, each of whom was a well-educated young girl, just of an impressionable age, he used to speak very plainly of their future.

"I shall not be sorry," he said, "to see them the wives of good, earnest men. I don't want them to make wealthy matches; but money is useful, of course."

"They have never been from home?" I said.

"Oh, yes, both of them. But governesses, poor children, have not a happy time. Of course, there are houses where there is a good, sensible woman at the head, and the governess finds a home; but in too many cases she does not fare any too well."

"Yours have had some unpleasant experiences, then?"

"Oh, yes," he said, smiling. "Ah, that was a hard time. It was just after my long illness, when I was laid by for six months."

"Of course, it was not reasonable to expect different treatment from the great firm with whom I had been for so many years; but it came like a sharp pang when

one morning at breakfast, just as I had made up my mind to go up to town and try again, the postman left a letter.

"It was very kindly written, and enclosed a cheque for fifty pounds; but that did not seem to balance the intimation that the heads of the city place had filled up my post by promoting one of their employees; for they said that it was quite evident I should not be in a condition to do active business for some months to come, and they advocated rest and a sojourn at the seaside.

"I could not complain, for twice over I had been back, telling myself I was strong enough to go on, but each time I had broken down, and on the last occasion had to be sent home in a fly.

"The disease, you see, had left me so dreadfully nervous; and directly I had attempted to think and direct, and plunge generally into the regular bustle of business, I had become confused and flurried, ending in sitting down miserably, helpless and obliged to confess myself beaten.

"This is the worst cut of all," I said, with a groan, as I let the envelope and its enclosures fall to the ground; "God help us, what is to become of us?"

"Oh, come, come!" exclaimed my wife—bless her for a dear little woman who always thinks a looking-glass has two bright sides!—"come, come! we shall manage right enough, dear, only wait and grow strong."

"Seven of us, and no income—nothing to look forward to in this weary, weary world," I groaned; and sank back and covered my face with my hands.

"And as I did so, I felt my little woman rest her forehead on my hands, and in a whisper she repeated these lines of Longfellow's:

'Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all:
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.'

"I knew the truth of the words—very favorite ones of mine, which I had often quoted about other people's sorrow—but now I could only moan in my weakness, and think of the future as a cloudy, rainy time, which no sunshine could ever pierce.

"What was to become of our two girls, Hettie and Marie, of whom we had been so proud, and whom we had educated and trained with such care that, while domestic in every way, they were ladies in the truest sense of the word—girls of eighteen and twenty? What was to become of the little ones?"

"For with my large family I had never been able to put much aside, but had trusted to insurance. What little I had saved had been swept away by the expenses of my long illness; and now I had fifty

pounds, a few debts, the insurance money to keep up, my health was shattered, and no prospective income.

"I can scarcely think short about it all now without a strange swelling coming in my throat, for events followed one another pretty quickly then. Of course, I know that I had no business to repine; but I was in so weak and helpless a state that I did and said things very different to the thoughts and acts of a man in robust health.

"The next morning, my eldest boy, a lad of fourteen then, sat perfectly still after breakfast, and looked preternaturally solemn. I did not see it then, but there was evidently a conspiracy afloat.

"Time you have gone to school, my boy," I said.

"Not going today, father," was the answer; and then it came out that the schoolmaster's brother had undertaken to receive the boy into his office, without premium—he was a land agent and surveyor, and the boy was to reside with him.

"I was stunned, almost. I knew it was a blessing in disguise—one hearty boy provided for—but I was too full of repining to see it then.

"Dick went the next day; and this seemed a new trouble.

"Four days later Marie came to tell me that she was going to be nursery governess at the rectory; and though she was only going to be a mile away, that was another bitter pang; and I fear that I did no little towards sending the poor girl to her new home low-spirited and dejected.

"Our home's broken up now, dear," I said to my wife one evening after Marie had gone; and she gave such a sigh, and began to sob so violently, that I knew there was something being kept back, and taxed her with it.

"Tell me this instant," I said, excitedly. "What is it?"

"Pray, pray don't be excited," she cried, tenderly; "you know how it depresses you afterwards."

"Then tell me all about what has been done. Oh! it's cruel, cruel, while I am prostrate here, to be deceiving me, as you all are."

"Harry, darling," my poor little wife sobbed, "indeed, indeed, we have been doing all for the best, and to help you in our difficulties."

"Yes, yes; I know, I know," I said, laying my hand upon her head, as she knelt there by my bedside; it is I who am so pitifully mean and weak with my illness. Tell me all, dear; I can bear it now."

"And I did try so hard; though the weak tears would come rolling from beneath my closed eyelids as she told me that Hetty, my darling, the flower of the

flock, with her sweet, earnest gray eyes, fair face and golden-brown hair, had nobly determined, too, to obtain a situation as governess; had, unknown even to her mother, advertised; had received an answer, and obtained an appointment in a merchant's family at a salary of eight pounds per annum.

"Yes; and isn't it lucky, father?" exclaimed her bright, cheerful, young voice; for she had been standing at the door.

"Oh, my darling! I can't part with you," I groaned.

"Only for a little while, father, dear," she said, nestling to me. "And eight pounds a year; that will be two pounds for me for dress—must dress well, dear—and six for you and mamma. That will nearly half pay one quarter's rent, you know; and think! there will be three less to keep, and I do eat so heartily."

"I tried very hard to follow in the same spirit of gaiety; but in those days I was such a wet blanket that I soon led the way, and it ended in our all sobbing together at the thought of the coming separation.

"This may sound very simple to some people, but by those who have lived in the circle of a united family, happy in their own modest way, I dare say it will be understood.

"The day of parting came so quickly, and my wife took my place, going up to town with Hetty and seeing her safely installed, while I lay tossing feverishly on my bed bemoaning my inability to act, and looking with envy through the open window at the laborer toiling in the hot sun with his pickaxe mending the road.

"It's not much I ask!" I groaned, in an agony of supplication, as I lay there, and stretched out my thin and trembling hands; "only that I may have strength—strength to work. I care not how hard, how humble it may be, only give me back my strength."

"Perhaps it was from exhaustion, but I felt and thought differently after that; for it seemed to me then, as I lay there, that my prayer was heard, and a sweet, restful sleep fell upon me, from which I awakened at last to find it was quite sunset, while, on looking around, there sat my wife watching by the bedside.

"Back," I said, "so soon?"

"Soon, dear?" she said; "I have been sitting here an hour. It is seven o'clock, and they say you fell asleep before twelve. It was so sweet and sound a sleep that I would not wake you."

"I lay there quite still for a few minutes, holding her hand in mine, and then I said, quite calmly:

"Lizzie, I'm going to get strong now."

"Yes, yes; of course, dear," she said; and I saw the hopeless tears gathering in her eyes.

"I smiled. She told me afterwards that I had not smiled with such a calm, contented look on my countenance for many, many months, and it frightened her; for she thought it might be the precursor of a terrible change.

" 'Yes,' I said, 'get strong,' and I patted the little, transparent hand that had grown with anxiety and watching as thin as my own. 'Yes,' I repeated again, 'get strong. I can feel it now. What is to-morrow?'

" 'Friday,' she said; and her eyes dilated with fear.

" 'Then get a few things ready, and on Saturday we will go down to one of those little villages near Dover for a month. The sea air will give me the strength I want, and then to work once more. Thank God the worst is past!'

" 'Harry, Harry, dear Harry!' she sobbed, flinging her arms wildly around me, and drawing my head to her bosom. 'Oh, speak to me—speak again! You are worse—much worse. No, no, let go, let go,' she cried, frantically, as she struggled to get away, 'let me ring.'

" 'What for? what for, little woman?' I said, holding her more tightly to my breast.

" 'To get help—to send for the doctor,' she cried, wildly.

" 'Hush, hush!' I said. 'Look at me—look in my eyes—do I seem worse?'

" 'N—no,' she faltered, gazing at me with her poor face all drawn and haggard; 'but—but—'

" 'Lay your head on my arm, darling, and listen,' I said, calmly. 'There, there, I tell you calmly and sanely that I am better. I know I am better. The old, weary feeling has gone; and I believe—yes, I believe that my prayer has been heard.'

" 'Poor little weary heart that had been so tortured for my sake. It was long enough before I could calm her to the same belief as mine; but at last she sat there with her head resting on the pillow nearest mine, and she answered my question about her journey to town with Hetty.

" 'A nice house?' I said.

" 'Yes; a large, pretentious place, in a new square.'

" 'And the people?'

" 'I only saw the mistress and children.'

" 'Nice?'

" 'Ye—es.'

" 'Wife a little pompous, perhaps?'

" 'Yes; I could not help thinking so,' she faltered.

" 'And the children rude and disagreeable?' I said, smiling.

" 'I'm—I'm afraid so,' she faltered.

" 'Never mind, never mind,' I said, cheerfully. 'It shan't be for long, little woman. I shall never rest till I have a

comfortable home for our darlings once again; and Hetty, God bless her, she has a way and disposition that must make every-one love her. Mistress, children, servants, they will all love and respect her; so we must be patient for a while—only be patient.'

"The words frightened my poor wife again, but my calm, quiet smiles reassured her; and that evening I sat up and had tea with those who were left—the two little ones—by the open window of my bedroom, and a sweet sense of calmness and content was over me, such as I had not known for many weary months.

"I was down in the garden the next morning before the sun was hot. I had always loved my bit of garden, and by the help of a hoe walked all round it, feeling a little sad to see how it had gone to ruin, but already making plans for the future.

" 'Ah, Mr. Hendrick!' said a cheery voice, and I recognized a neighbor with whom I had often ridden up to business of a morning, 'glad to see you so much better.'

" 'Thank you; I am much better,' I said, catching the extended hand, and feeling a warm glow at my heart in the friendly grasp.

" 'By the way, don't be offended,' he said, 'but are you going to leave your house?'

" 'I am thinking of doing so,' I said, sadly.

" 'I don't mean that,' he said, hastily, 'I mean for a month or six weeks. An old friend of mine, a country lawyer, wants a furnished residence for self and family for a time, handy to town, where he has a big railway case on. I thought, perhaps, if you were going to the seaside for a bit—you know—he's well off—ask stiff rent, and that sort of thing—eh?—think it over.'

" 'I—I will,' I said, gasping for breath; for this new piece of good fortune was almost too much for me.

"Suffice it that I promised to send him word, and the result was that, though it delayed my going for a few days, before the next week was over I was down in a pleasant cottage by the seaside, with not only enough for current expenses, but a good surplus coming from the rent of our house, for my neighbor had secured for me a far higher sum than I should have asked; and there was no occasion to touch the fifty pounds, with which I cleared off all my debts.

"That was a calm and delicious time when, with the sweet sense of returning strength, I lay upon the sands, drawing in the iodine-laden sea breeze, and seeming to feel a change day by day. We had the most cheerful letters from the girls and our boy, telling us of their success, and

Hetty's were above all long and affectionate.

"But I was not satisfied; there seemed to me to be a forced gaiety about Hetty's letters that troubled me, and I could not think them real, for it seemed to me as if she wrote these notes solely for the sake of making me cheerful; and they had the opposite result. In fact, I would at that time far rather have heard that she was uncomfortable, and longing for the time when she might return home.

"Meanwhile, as the weeks slipped by, I grew so well that I felt almost like my former self; and had anything been wanting to complete my cure, it was a visit from a former partner of the firm I had served. He had left them years before to commence business for himself, and had thriven so that his establishment was as large as that from which he had split.

"We had always been on civil terms, but I never thought he noticed me. Now, however, on finding out that I was disengaged, he came to me with a most brilliant offer—at least, it seemed so to me then.

"I always longed to have your clear head to depend on," he said, 'but, of course, honor forbade any negotiations while you were with the old firm. Now you are free, I shall be very glad if you will join me.'

"I'm afraid my clear head has gone forever," I said, sadly.

"Pooh, nonsense, man!" he said, laughing. 'You've had a nasty attack, but that's all gone, and you'll be your own man in another week. Come, say the word you'll join me, and I won't make promises, but come to me and let me feel that I've always somebody at the house that I can trust and depend on while I'm away, and perhaps some day we'll talk about a junior partnership.'

"I could not thank him, but I gave him my hand, and he left me, evidently congratulating himself on having done a good stroke of business; while I—I felt as if I could never atone for my repining under affliction.

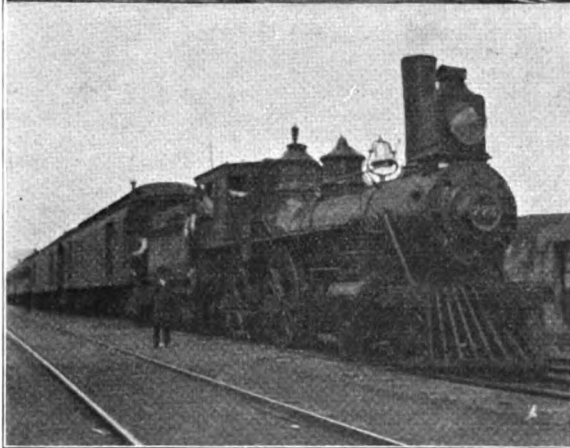
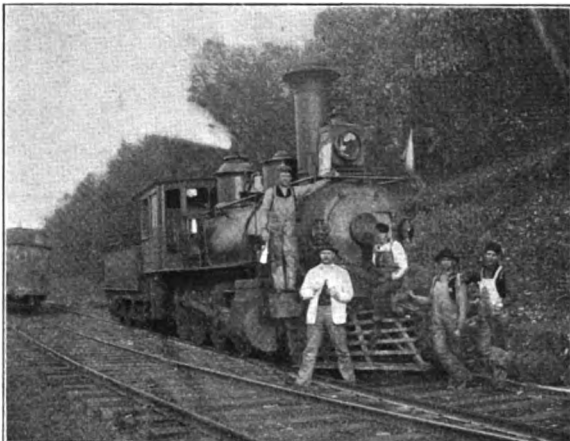
"But my great trouble was to come.

"We were sitting at breakfast next morning, talking about how it would be quite unnecessary now to give up the house, when a letter came.

"It was a strange hand, from London, and somehow with a sense of impending evil I began slowly turning it over, and telling my wife that it had been down to the old house, and re-directed here, so that it was over a day old.

"At last I opened it, read it, and it dropped from my hands.

"I caught it up again, though, the next moment and read it out to my wife. It was as follows:



ENGINE NO. 117, PENN RY., S. E. & N. BRANCH.
Bro. Harry Gaskins, Engineer. Howard Barnhart, Artist.

ENGINE 773, CHIC., MIL. & ST. PAUL RY.
Bro. W. Ellis, Eng'r. C. E. Miller, Fireman. Henry Durbin, Cond'r.
Compliments of Mrs. J. F. Miller.

'50 WOODMOUNT SQUARE.
Wednesday.

'SIR: It is an unpleasant task, but as I have had your daughter living under my roof, I feel it to be my duty to inform you that two days ago she left here in a clandestine manner, and has not thought proper to return. It is, of course, a very painful admission to make, especially to her father, but as

it is a duty, I do not shrink therefrom. Your daughter's conduct has given Mrs. St. Ray great cause for anxiety from the first, as it has been flighty, and not at all ladylike. We should very shortly have dismissed her, as we do not approve of gentlemen visiting the instructress of our children. As she has, however, taken this step, I have no more to say, and feeling that I have done my duty, I am, your obedient servant,

'ALEXANDER ST. RAY.'

"Mr. Hendrick!"

"If I had any remnant of my old weakness hanging about before, it was all cleared away now, as I stood tearing the letter to fragments.

"It's a lie—a wicked, atrocious lie!" I exclaimed, stamping on the pieces. "Our darling has been driven away, or else there is something wrong. She would never act like this."

"Never! Harry," exclaimed my wife, who stood there flushed and angry one moment, pale as ashes the next. "But, stop! what are you going to do?"

"Going to do?" I roared, "going to seek for our child!"

"But you are not strong enough—the agitation—"

"Strong! agitation!" I exclaimed, catching her so tightly by the arm that she winced. "Look at me, Lizzy; I never felt stronger in my life."

"In less than an hour I was being whirled up to town by the train, and on reaching the station, the cab that took me on to Woodmount Square seemed to crawl.

"I thundered so at the knocker, and dragged so fiercely at the visitors' bell, that the footman in a tawdry livery stared at me aghast as he opened the door and I strode on.

"Tell your master I want to see him," I said, hastily.

"Ain't at home, sir," he said, recovering himself.

"Your mistress, then," I cried, fiercely.

"She ain't—"

"Confound you!" I roared, catching him by the collar, to the disarrangement of his white cravat; "tell her—there, there!" I said, cooling down and slipping a couple of florins in the man's hand. "Here, show me in directly to either of them; I am Miss Hendrick's father."

"The man's frightened, angry face changed on the instant, and he showed me at once into a garish drawing-room, where a coarse, florid woman was lying back on a lounge, fanning herself.

"Mrs. St. Ray," I said, hastily, "my name is Hendrick. I have come up in answer to your husband's letter."

"You must see him, my good man," she exclaimed, angrily. "I told Thomas not to admit anyone."

"But this is life or death to me, madam—my child's honor. Tell me, I beg of you, all you know."

"You people should bring your children up better," was the reply. "It's very dreadful—very shocking! and my poor darlings have had a most narrow escape."

"Did it never occur to you, madam, that other people have darlings whom they love?" I exclaimed, unable to control my anger. "But, there, tell me what steps have been taken to find out where she went?"

"Steps! I take steps? Absurd! My good man, you must be mad."

"I shall be soon," I muttered; then aloud:

"But you have done something, madam, surely?"

"I desired Mr. St. Ray to write to you, and, of course, you are the proper person to take steps, as you term it," said the lady, contemptuously.

"Tell me when she left, and how. Give me some information, I beg of you," I exclaimed.

"My good man, I cannot touch upon the subject at all. It is too painful—too dreadful. See Mr. St. Ray. When I think of having harbored so dreadfully shameless a creature, I feel faint—it turns me sick."

"I dared not speak—I dared not give utterance to the rage still struggling in my breast, for this was only a woman, and such a woman, that I dashed out of the room, and the door banged heavily behind me.

"As I left the room I nearly fell over the footman, who had evidently been listening, and I caught a glimpse of two female heads disappearing at the doorway as I hurried down the stairs.

"Here, my man," I said, "tell me all you know," and I thrust my hand once more into my meagerly-filled pocket.

"Oh, it's all right, sir; I don't want paying," said the footman, hastily. "It's my belief she drove poor Miss Hendrick away with her temper. She's a wunner," he continued in a whisper, "reg'lar tiger-cat, and the young ones is reg'lar tiger-kittens—beasts," he added, half savagely.

"Tell me when she went."

"Well, sir, it was the night afore the night afore last as she went out, and didn't come back. I'm going, too, and so's two of the maids."

"Did she take her box?"

"Lor', no, sir; nothing at all. And when she didn't come back, we down in the servants' all said she had been driven away, and gone home."

"But," I said, and I felt the blood come into my face as I asked the question about my own child, "but did she go alone?"

"Oh, yes, I think so, sir."

"And—I was choking as I asked the question—what gentlemen came to see her?"

"Gentlemen—to see her?"

"'Yes; your master said so in his letter.'

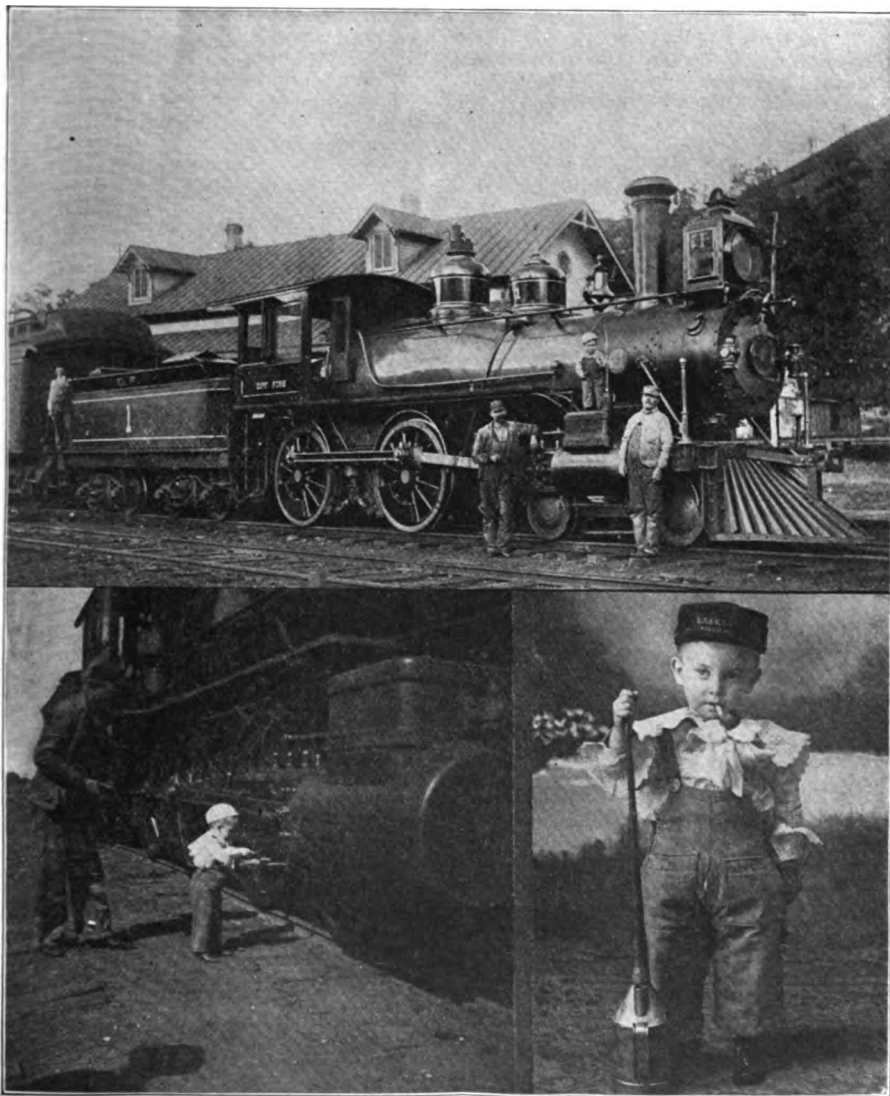
"'Why, what a whopper!' exclaimed the man, indignantly. 'Nobody never came to see her once. Stop! yes, they did.'

"My heart seemed to stand still at his words.

"'Yes, there was an old gentleman called one afternoon—gray-headed old gentleman—a parson, of course—so there

was. It was while I was out with the carriage. Hann let him in, and fetched Miss Hendrick down, and she saw him in the dining-room. I remember Hann told me all about it. To be sure; and that little cat, Miss Celia, kicked up a row because Hann wouldn't let her go into the dining-room while the gentleman was here, and she said she'd tell her mar. Miss Hendrick ain't been home, then, sir?'

"'No, my man, no.'



PASSENGER TRAIN ON DRY FORK RAILWAY, HEDRICK, VA.

Bro. E. E. Mower, Div. 437, and Grandson, Master Carol, 14 months old.

Son of Bro. F. E. Patton, Member of
Div. 93, Jackson, Tenn.

Two-year-old son of Bro. W. F. Hesselee,
Member of Div. 382, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Then I should go bang to the police station, sir. They'd find out."

"I took the man's advice, and went to the nearest station, where I saw a sergeant, and stated my case, while he made notes in a book."

"Lady young?" he said.

"Twenty."

"I saw the man tighten his lips."

"Pretty?"

"Very pretty," I said, emphatically.

"The man's lips tightened still more, and I saw a faint smile as he spoke again."

"We'll do our best, sir, but this is a detective case. I should go to Scotland Yard if I were you. Young ladies will do these sort of things. Get led away, you know."

"What is it, Thomson?" said an officer, whom I saw to be an inspector; and his coming stopped an indignant exclamation on my lips.

"Young lady missing," said the sergeant.

"What description?" said the inspector, going to the desk.

"I repeated it hastily, and the inspector turned sharply round to his subordinate and spoke to him in a low tone. He then turned to me."

"I'm very sorry, sir," he said, kindly. "Just take a seat. Any relative?"

"Daughter," I panted; and then I read that in the man's eyes which made the whitewashed office seem to swim round; a deathly sickness overcame me, and all was blank.

"The next thing I remember is feeling cold water splashed in my face, and a kindly voice saying:

"Come, come! hold up, sir. It's not so bad as that. There, drink some of this."

"I drank some of the water the inspector held to my lips, and two constables, who had been supporting me, drew back."

"I've been very ill," I stammered, "and I am weak; but tell me, pray tell me the worst."

"Well, sir, the worst is that the young lady is getting better, I hope. That was the last report, if it's the same. She was knocked down by a van on the fifteenth; concussion of the brain; small bone of arm broken; no means of identification; taken to St. George's Hospital; last news, still insensible, but doctors hopeful."

"This was principally read to me from a book, which the inspector consulted."

"A cab directly, Thomson," I faltered.

"Cab directly, Thomson," said the inspector. "There, I'll go with you."

"That inspector holds a place in my heart amongst those to whom I owe gratitude, for he was very kind. He took me, trembling and agitated, to the hospital, and there, after a short delay, we were

taken to a bedroom in a small, beautifully clean and airy ward, where a doctor was sitting by my darling, who lay there very feeble, but with the light of reason beginning to shine once more from her gentle eyes."

"She recognized me, but her voice was quite a whisper, and I could see that she was confused and puzzled as to her presence there."

"I need not tell you of her rapid strides back to convalescence, nor more of her accident than that all she recollected was a warning cry as she crossed the road, and then seemed to wake in the hospital with me standing at her side."

"Our sojourn by the sea lasted another month for her sake, but by then I was busy again, and working easily and well."

"Need I say that my darlings were both back in their old home, never to leave us again?"

I could not refrain from smiling.

"Why do you laugh," he said.

"I was only thinking," I said, sadly, "as I could not help comparing the young, happy maidenhood of two girls with my own. I did not know that I smiled."

"Oh, I see your meaning," he said, laughing. "Well, yes, perhaps you are right; young birds will make nests elsewhere, and there may be fresh partings; for the son of our old clergyman, who called upon Hetty in Woodmount Square, spends a great deal of his spare time here."

"Yes," I said, "and I thought Marie blushed very vividly, the other day, when I saw her here with that lad Edwards."

"Ah, yes," he said, nodding his head, thoughtfully. "I knew John Edwards' father at school. He's a good young fellow; and, as you say, or rather, as you think, we may lose our darlings after all."

"And that was your great trouble?" I said.

"Yes," he replied, "sunshine and rain. I had both, though I could not see clearly through the storm."

"Your failing was that of many," I said, sadly; "and it is so, that whatever rain falls into each life, God sends his sunshine to dry those tears."—*George Melville, in Toronto World.*

Their Hundred Dollar Bill.

"So he's gone at last, has he?" said my wife, with a little elevation of her pretty eyebrows. "I began to think he was somewhat gifted with immortality."

"Dead at last," said I. "And what do you think, Jenny? He has left us a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars!" echoed my wife, clasping her hands together. "O, Charles—a hundred dollars!"

Now all this may sound like a two-pence-half-penny sort of affair to some of my readers, as I am very well aware. But as I was only a clerk on a salary of \$900 a year—a hundred dollars drifting, as it were, out of the sky, seemed a very neat little sum to me.

Jenny and I were both young people, just beginning the world, with no particular riches, except one apple-cheeked baby. I walked to and from business every day to save the 20 cents fares. We did our best to make both ends meet—and a tight pull we found it.

Old Uncle Moses Manson was mortally offended when his niece, Jenny Clifford, chose to marry me instead of a weazened, bespectacled old contemporary of his own.

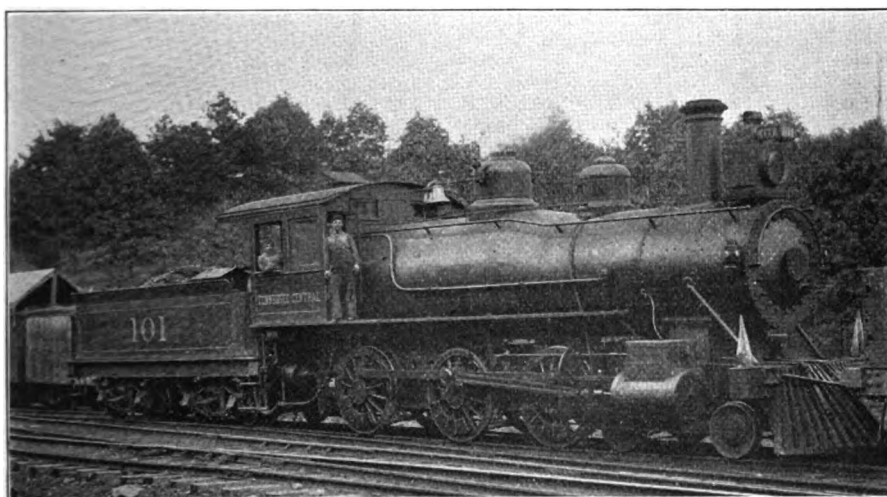
has a gold watch. I've been ashamed of this old silver concern more than once. And Seymour has a very nice secondhand one for sale that he will let me have for \$90 if—"

"And turn the \$100 into a mere useless ornament!" cried Jenny, with a strong accent of disapprobation in her voice.

"Charley, that isn't a bit like you."

"Well, then, what do you suggest?"

"I should so like to give a social party with it," said Jenny, coaxingly. "Only think how often we've been invited out since we were married, and never have had a chance to return any of the hospitalities of our friends. The musicians, the supper and all, would come within the hundred dollars."



ENGINE 101, TENNESSEE CENTRAL RAILWAY.

The above engine and crew, Bro. T. A. Duffy, member of Div. 485, B. of L. E., and J. B. Gunn, member of Div. 8, B. of L. F., made the initial trip over the Tennessee Central Railroad Sept. 18 from Nashville to Harriman, Tenn., having on board 207 passengers, railroad officials, and business men. The trip was one long ovation to the pluck, grit, and indomitable will of Col. Baxter, who has spanned the Cumberland Mountains with rods of steel. Speeches were made along the line by Col. Baxter, Mayor Head, of Nashville, Mayor Call, of Harriman, and other prominent business men. Striking tribute was paid Col. Baxter at all points. Among those aboard were: Col. Baxter, President T. C., General Manager T. C. Ry. J. E. Rodes, Mayor Head, Col. A. S. Colyar, of Nashville, Mayor Call, of Harriman, Tenn., and others. The trip was made to inspect the new road and many different mines along the line.

"TILLY."

He had never spoken to her since, and we naturally entertained no very exalted hopes of any testamentary recollections on his part. And the \$100 bill, therefore, possessed the charm of an agreeable surprise into the bargain.

"Charles," said Jenny, under her breath, "what shall we do with it?"

"That is the very question," said I. "Do you know, Jenny—"

I hesitated a little here.

"Yes?" she responded, interrogatively.

"Every fellow in the bank, except me,

"And you are absurd enough to wish to eat, and drink, and dance up a sum like that?" I cried. "No, no, Jennette, it is entirely out of the question."

"A new velvet suit for the baby?" suggested Jenny, pouting a little at the emphasis of my words.

"How would it correspond with the rest of our surroundings?" I asked, not without an accent of bitterness. "You had a great deal better suggest a new winter suit and overcoat for me. You never seem to observe how shabby I am getting."

"Nobody notices a gentleman's dress," said Jenny. "I can make your overcoat look very nice with fresh binding and new buttons—but how I should like a new seal-skin jacket!"

"Jenny," said I, somewhat disgusted, "I had no idea you could be so selfish."

"Selfish, indeed!" cried she. "I would like to know whether you have yet suggested anything which was not for your own special benefit and use!"

We were both silent. I don't suppose either one of us had felt so vindictive before, since our marriage. Clearly the \$100 bill had worked no great benefit as yet.

"I'll tell you what, Jenny," said I; "let's compromise. Let's buy a new sitting room and stairs carpet. I saw a beautiful pattern yesterday."

"I don't care very much for new carpets as long as we live on a second floor," said Jenny. "And you don't seem to remember, Charles, that I haven't had a silk dress since we were married. Black silk is suitable for all occasions, from a wedding to a funeral, and I really think—"

"I believe a woman's thoughts are always running on dress," muttered I, somewhat contemptuously. "I'm sure that black alpaca of yours is beautiful."

"That's all you know about the matter," said Jenny, elevating her nose. "Well, I don't care. Spend the money as you choose. Only, Uncle Moses was my relative."

"And the money was left to me, Mrs. Evarts," said I.

"O, Charles," said she, "how can you speak to me so?"

"Because I'm a brute, Jenny," said I, fairly melted. "Forgive me, and we'll fling the old hundred-dollar bill into the fire before we'll let it scatter the seeds of division between us."

"No, Charley, don't do that," said Jenny, laughing through her tears. "Let's—put it in the savings bank."

"Agreed," said I. "And apropos of savings banks, did I tell you about Greene?"

"No. What about Greene?"

"Why, he and his wife have just moved into the prettiest little gothic cottage you ever saw, just the other side of the Harlem bridge, with a lawn and garden, and space to keep a little Alderney cow."

"Rented it?"

"No; bought it."

"Why, Charley, how can that be? Greene has only \$200 or \$300 a year more than you, and it takes money to buy places in the country."

"All savings banks, my dear," said I, "Greene tells me that he and his wife have been saving up for years, with special reference to this country home for their children. They commenced with a 50-cent piece."

"We can do better than that," said Jenny, with sparkling eyes. "And I'll do without the silk dress."

"And I'll make the old overcoat last another season, at the very least," I added.

The next morning, bright and early, as soon as business hours would permit, I went and deposited the hundred dollars in the nearest savings bank.

A week afterward Mr. Manyly dropped in, in a friendly way. Mr. Manyly is the lawyer who transacted Uncle Moses Manson's financial affairs—a plump, bald-headed, deep-voiced old gentleman, who always dresses in spotless black and wears a big seal ring on the little finger of his left hand.

"So," said Mr. Manyly, "you've invested that \$100, have you?"

"Yes," said I, with the complacent air of one who has an account in bank. "But how did you know it?"

"O, I know a good many things," said Mr. Manyly, oracularly, "But what's the idea of it?"

"Economy," struck in Jenny, proudly. "We are saving now, Mr. Manyly. We mean to have a home for our little Charley—a garden full of roses and pinks and strawberries one of these days."

"And a very laudible ambition," said Mr. Manyly, in that smooth, oily way of his. "How much would such a place cost now?"

"Charley thinks if we waited for a bargain we could secure it for about \$7,000," Jenny answered, promptly.

"Buy it now, then," said Mr. Manyly. "Here's a check for \$8,000."

"Eh?" cried I, breathlessly.

"A check," the old lawyer went on, "signed by your uncle Manson, payable to the order of his niece, Jane Anne Evarts. Ah! you may well look astonished. He was an eccentric old chap this uncle of yours, Mrs. Evarts—and I have his written instructions to keep an eye on the manner in which you invested that \$100 bequest of his. 'If it is squandered in any foolish way' he writes, 'there is an end of the matter.' 'Put my money all in the hospital for hunchbacks. If they show any disposition to save help them along with this check for \$8,000, to be expended only in the purchase of real estate.' I congratulate you."

This is how we became possessed of our little country home, where Charley thrives like a growing flower and Jenny flits about in a broad-brimmed gardening hat, trimming roses, pruning gooseberries and planting lily bulbs. And the \$100 bill still lies untouched in the savings bank.

"It shall be Charley's fortune," says my wife. "It would be a shame to touch it after it has wrought us so much good."
—*Philadelphia Item.*

Where Danger Lurked.

A little girl from Memphis who has spent her life in the city went out to visit her grandparents, living in the country, during the holidays, and, as usually happens in such cases, the little city lady displayed her ignorance.

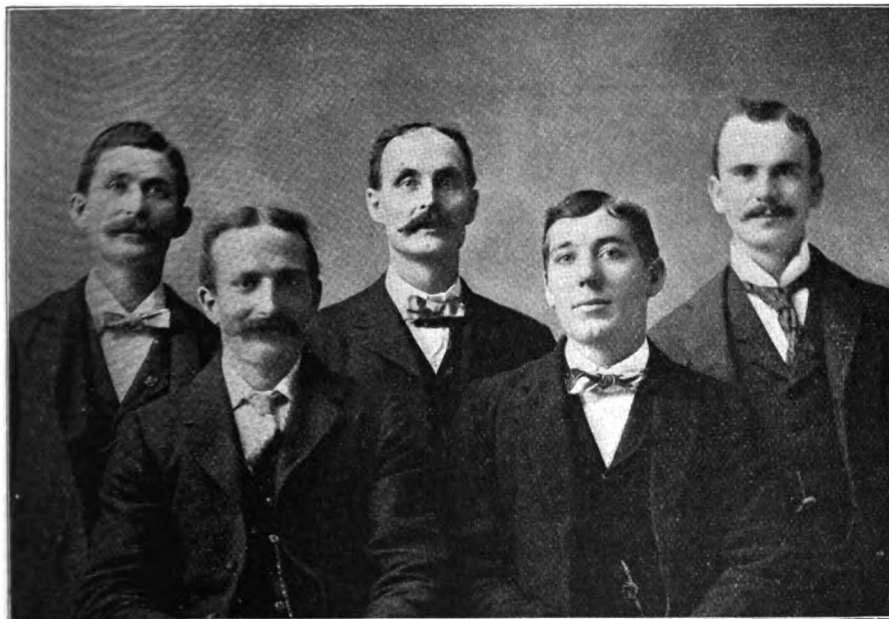
The little girl soon after her arrival in the country manifested great apprehension of being hooked by the cows about the place. One day her mother told her to go to a neighbor's home and carry a message. The little girl started, but at the gate she encountered a cow, one of the muley species.

In great excitement she ran back to her

cent of alcohol, to which a little amber oil may be added to impart a pleasant odor. When the mixture has clarified rub it with a soft cloth on the window.

Unifies the Family.

Among the influences that mold and refine the young persons of the household is the entertaining of welcome guests. Those accustomed to the presence of visitors usually have more pleasing manners, are more at their ease, and are consequently more graceful and tactful than those who have not this advantage. Entertaining visitors unifies a family, all being pledged



BROTHERHOOD CREW, BANGOR & AROOSTOOK RAILWAY, BANGOR, ME.

A. L. Chase, Div. 508, B. of L. E.

F. B. Marsh, Fireman, Lodge 514, B. of L. E.

J. H. Richardson, Lodge 393, B. of R. T.

H. N. Plaisted, Conductor, Lodge 443, B. of R. T.

A. F. McClure, Baggage Master, Lodge 443, B. of R. T.

mother, crying: "Oh, mamma! there's a cow down there!"

The mother looked out of the window and saw the meek-looking bovine.

"Why, daughter, that's a muley cow. She hasn't any horns and can't hook you."

"But, mamma!" exclaimed the child; "She hasn't any horns, but she might hook me with her pompadour!"

To prevent window glass sweating and freezing, the following advice may be found useful by housewives: Dissolve two ounces of glycerine in one quart of 63 per

to the same end—the gratification of the guest.

To take away the smell from a room that has been newly painted, slice up three or four onions into a dish and let it stand over night in the room, with the doors and windows closed. Next morning the odor will have disappeared.

MANY a man who gives up his money freely for foolish whims disputes the price of necessities.

Legal News.

Legal Standing of Constitution and By-Laws Governing Voluntary Associations.

Frank Austin, Appellant, vs. Enos V. Dutcher, Chief Engineer of Div. 105, New York City, Respondent. Supreme Court, State of New York. No. 2694. First Department, December, 1900. Appeal from judgment entered upon dismissal of complaint upon trial at special term. Opinion of the Court, delivered by Justice George L. Ingraham.

INGRAHAM, J.:

This action was brought against the defendant as Chief Engineer or President of the New York City Division, No. 105, of the Grand International Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, a voluntary unincorporated association, for the reinstatement of the plaintiff as a member of the association. At the end of the plaintiff's case the complaint was dismissed, the court filing a decision stating as the grounds of the dismissal that the plaintiff had not exhausted the remedies provided for by the constitution and by-laws of the association of which he was a member, by an appeal to the Grand International Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Convention, which seems to have been a convention of associations similar to the association of which the defendant was the chief officer.

As the complaint was dismissed at the close of the plaintiff's case, if upon any ground the plaintiff was entitled upon the facts proved to any relief, the dismissal was error; but if upon the facts the plaintiff must fail in obtaining any relief in this action, then the judgment should be affirmed, although the reasons given for the dismissal be not approved.

It seems that the plaintiff had been a member of this association for several years, until December 3, 1898, when he was expelled at a regular meeting of the association. This association was governed by a constitution and by-laws. By Article 5, Section 1, of such constitution it is provided: "Should it become known to any member of this Brotherhood that a member thereof has been guilty of any unbecoming or disgraceful conduct, or of drunkenness, or of having in any way violated any law, rule or regulation of the order, it shall be his duty at once to bring charges in writing against such member before the subdivision to which said offending member belongs." In pursuance of this provision, one M. F. Rhodes, who was a member of the association, presented to it at a meeting held on that day a charge against the plaintiff in writing. The plaintiff was present at this meeting. This charge was as follows: "I prefer charges against Bro. Frank Austin of this Division for dishonesty and conduct unbecoming a member of this Brotherhood. I charge him with taking property that belonged to the Manhattan Railway Company of the city of New York and

appropriating it to his own use, and selling the same to others, thereby causing a loss to said railway company and bringing disgrace on this Division of Locomotive Engineers."

This charge would seem to come within the provision of the constitution before cited, and if proved would certainly be unbecoming and disgraceful conduct. By Section 2, Article 5 of the Constitution it is provided that "the C. E. of the subdivision in which said charges are preferred shall at the first meeting possible bring them to the notice of the members present and appoint a committee of three to investigate." At this meeting of November 5th these charges were presented to the members present, and a committee to investigate was appointed. On December 1st, 1898, a copy of these charges was served upon the plaintiff, with a notice from the committee that they would present their findings at the next regular meeting of the association, to be held on Saturday evening, December 3rd, and the plaintiff was notified to be present and present his side of the case. On December 3rd, 1898, a meeting was held at which the plaintiff was present, and at this meeting the committee reported on the charges against the plaintiff. The charge was read and a written statement of Rhodes, who made the charge, was also read. There was also a statement of one McFarlan, who was also a member of the association. Both Rhodes and McFarlan were present, and the presiding officer asked Rhodes if he had anything further to add to his written statement, to which Rhodes replied that he had not, but subsequently he made some further statement to the members present. There was then some discussion about the report of the committee, which appears to have been against the plaintiff, finding him guilty of the charge, when the presiding officer asked the plaintiff if he had anything to say. The plaintiff then made a request that he be granted a copy of the charges or specifications, or bill of particulars, specifying what the charges were, and time to prepare a defense. He then made a written protest, which stated that it was necessary that he should have some information on or about the case to defend himself; but no statement appears to have been made that he had no knowledge of what the charge was; and to this protest and oral request for time no response was made by the presiding officer or any member of the meeting. After this the matter seems to have been discussed. The plaintiff, however, made no further answer to the charge, not even denying it; whereupon a vote was taken, which stood eighteen to five against the plaintiff. The plaintiff subsequently introduced in evidence the minutes of the meeting, from which it appears that a vote was taken as to what penalty should be inflicted. Twenty-four members of the association voted for expulsion and fourteen against it, and the Chief Engineer declared the plaintiff expelled.

By Section 3 of Article 5 of the constitution it is provided that, "should the committee find any evidence against the accused he shall be furnished by the chairman of the committee with a copy of the charges made against him, and notified when to appear for trial, at which trial the said committee

shall produce the evidence against him, and the evidence in his defense shall be heard, after which a vote of the members present shall be taken as to his guilt or innocence, and a majority vote shall be necessary to declare him guilty. If found guilty the ballot shall be passed and a majority vote of all members present shall be sufficient to expel, suspend, reprimand or to censure him."

It is not disputed but that the rule in regard to voluntary associations of this character is that the constitution and by-laws are the sole rule that governs the relations between the association and its members, and that the courts cannot redress any action of the association in expelling or punishing a member when such an action has been taken in accordance with the express provisions of the constitution and by-laws. As was said in *White vs. Brownell* (2 Daly, 359), "Individuals who form themselves together into a voluntary association for a common object may agree to be governed by such rules as they think proper to adopt, if there is nothing in them in conflict with the law of the land; and those who become members of the body are presumed to know them, to have assented to them, and they are bound by them." This case has been cited with approval in many cases and was followed in *Lewis vs. Wilson* (121 N. Y., 284), where the court says: "But whether the committee should decide rightly or wrongly does not change the attitude of the plaintiff as a member of the association, or qualify his obligation to submit to the decision of the agreed tribunal under pain of suspension. All that he could require was that the investigation should be conducted *bona fide*; upon notice to him and an opportunity to be heard, and that the decision made should be within the scope of the jurisdiction conferred on the committee."

If, therefore, this investigation was conducted *bona fide*, with notice to the plaintiff which gave him an opportunity to be heard, and the decision was within the scope of the jurisdiction conferred upon the organization by the by-laws, the plaintiff cannot ask the court of equity to reverse the action of the association and restore him to membership. It seems to me that this investigation was exactly in accordance with the provisions of the constitution; that the plaintiff had all the rights there secured to him, and that the organization in expelling him acted clearly within the powers conferred or reserved to it by the constitution. Under Section 1 of Article 5, the charge was made in writing by a member of the association, and brought before the association at a regular meeting at which the plaintiff was present; and a committee of three was appointed to investigate. The committee found evidence against the accused, and, then, as provided for by Section 3 of the constitution, a copy of the charges made against him was served upon him, and he was notified to appear at a meeting of the association for trial at a time named. He duly appeared for trial at the meeting, when the committee, as required by Section 3 of the constitution, produced the evidence against the plaintiff. He was then asked if he had anything to say as to the charges; and then for the first time, he objected to the form of the charges and requested a copy of the specifications, or a bill of particulars specifying what the charges were, and time to prepare a defense. The constitution gave him no right to such an adjournment or to specifications or a bill of particulars. The charges that were actually made by a member were served upon the plaintiff and that was all that the constitution required. But if these charges had not been sufficient, he certainly was required to object to

them at the commencement of the proceedings against him on December 3rd, and before the committee had presented to the association the evidence against him. Whether or not the charges were sufficiently specific to call for a defense was a question for the association itself to determine. The charge in writing had been made to the association, and by it the plaintiff was charged with taking property that belonged to the Manhattan Railway Company and appropriating it to his own use and selling the same to others. This certainly was specific enough to require an answer. The plaintiff had either taken the property or he had not. If he had denied the charge, so as to raise an issue, a different question would have been presented; but before he presented his protest against the sufficiency of the charge, the written statement of the person making the charge had been read, together with the statement of McFarlan, and a statement by the committee that they had examined several witnesses, giving the substance of the testimony. These statements specified the property that had been taken and gave the particulars and the date when the property was taken. The plaintiff then had full knowledge of the charge that was made, with all the information that was necessary to enable him either to admit or deny the charge; and the refusal of the association to give him further time, in the absence of any statement that he had any witnesses whom he wished to produce, or anything from which the association could see that the application was made in good faith, was not a violation of any right of the plaintiff's which would entitle him to a reversal of the action of the association.

But an examination of Section 3 of the constitution, to which attention has been called, makes it quite evident that it was not contemplated that these proceedings should be adjourned. The section provides that the committee upon the day fixed for the trial should produce the evidence against the member, and that the evidence in his defense should be heard, after which a vote of the members present should be taken as to his guilt or innocence. This is the constitution of the association of which the plaintiff was a member, and by it he was bound; and if the trial was conducted in accordance with the conditions of this constitution and he had proper notice of the charges and an opportunity to be heard, he cannot complain. The plaintiff heard the statement of the members of the association read accusing him of theft; and without even a denial of the truth of these charges, he simply protested against the proceeding and desired an adjournment. Certainly a refusal of such a request was not such a violation of the plaintiff's right as would entitle him to the interference of the court in reversing the action of the association in expelling him. Taking this view of the question, it is not necessary to discuss the grounds upon which the court below placed its decision, as I am satisfied that the plaintiff had a fair trial before the tribunal authorized by the constitution and by-laws to act; that all the provisions of the constitution were fully complied with, and that the plaintiff was not entitled, upon his own evidence, to any relief.

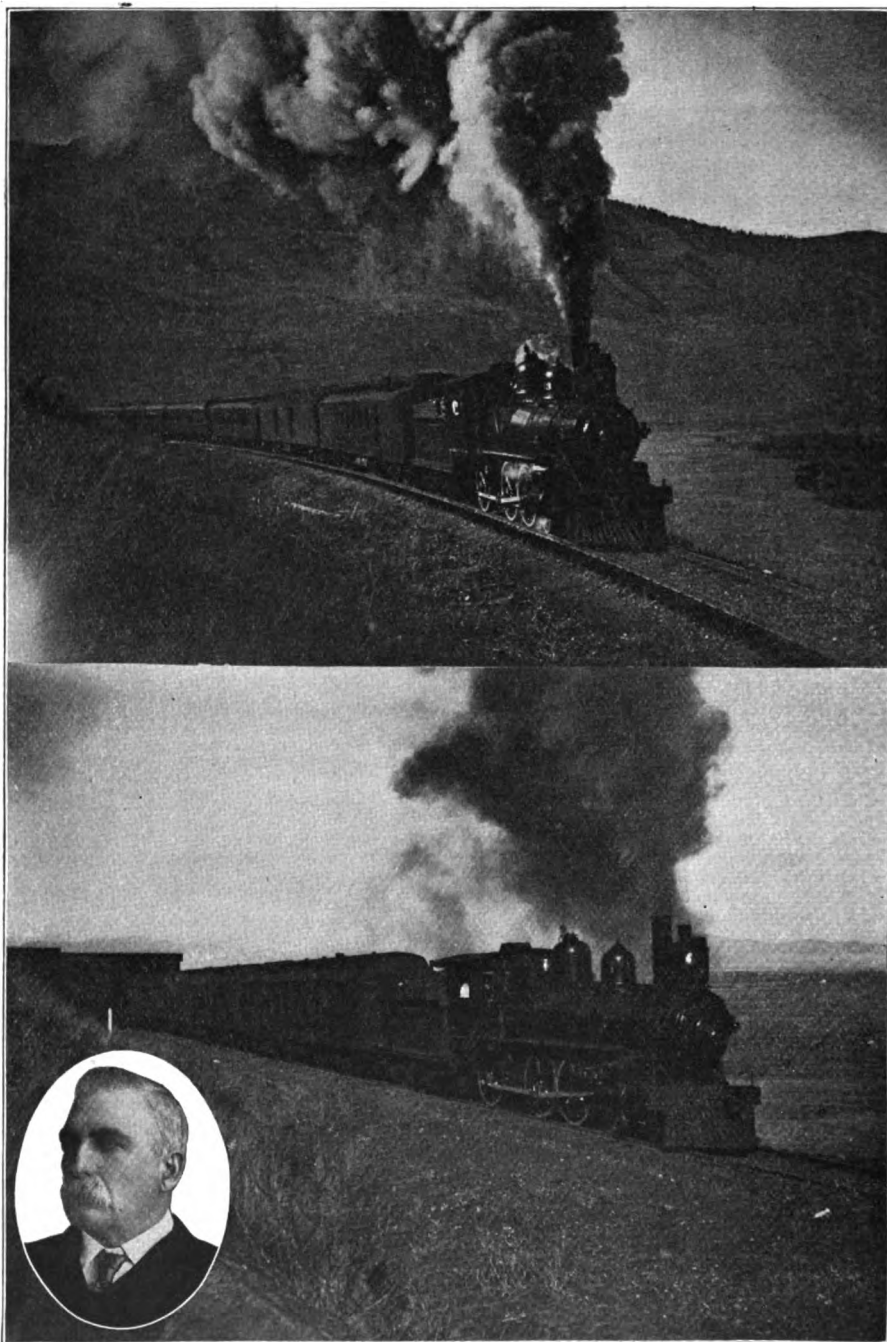
It follows that the judgment appealed from should be affirmed, with costs.

O'BRIEN and McLAUGHLIN, JJ., concur.

VAN BRUNT, P. J., and HATCH, J., concur in result. HATCH, J.;

I concur in the result of this opinion upon the ground that the plaintiff, having submitted himself to the jurisdiction of the association, was bound in the first instance to exhaust his remedies by appeal to the higher constituted authorities before he became entitled to maintain an action for the settlement of his rights. This he did not do, and he has, therefore, no standing to maintain this action.

VAN BRUNT, P. J., concurs.



ALONG THE OREGON RAILWAY AND NAVIGATION CO.'S RAILWAY.—BRO. O. W. MOON, C. E., OF DIV. 362.

Correspondence.

All contributions to our Correspondence and Technical columns must be in not later than the 10th of the month to insure insertion.

Articles must be written on one side of the paper only. Noms de plume may be used, but every article must be signed with full name and address of the writer to insure insertion.

We shall be glad to receive articles on any subject of general interest to the fraternity.

All communications are subject to revision or rejection, as the Editor may deem proper.

The Editor does not assume responsibility for the opinions expressed by contributors in this department. C. H. SALMONS, Editor and Manager.

On the Departure of a Friend.

We felt, oh, so sad, when you left us,
Our anguish can never be told,
All joy at the notice bereft us,
Our hearts took a shiver with cold;
We knew when we heard you were going,
We'd never get over our grief,
Mein Gott! how our tears down were flowing!
Alas! who can give us relief?

Oh, parting! there's nothing but trouble
Right here in this world of ours,
Life's sweets, which you made round us bubble,
Are all at our loss gone to sour;
We gathered in groups to bewail you,
When truth set its stamp on our loss,
God pity the man who'd assail you,
The rascal to hades we'd toss!

Some said that a nice presentation,
Subscribed by us all on the road,
Would grace such a gloomy occasion—
Our grief's incomparable load;
While others insisted on saying
"No present could fathom our grief,"
We then on our knees all flopped praying
For Jove to extend us relief.

Sure, parting from friends is a sorrow,
It opens the floodgates of tears;
Now hopeless we look on the morrow,
Because all the friendship of years
Is severed—God help us—forever,
Your goodness we loudly recall,
Your life was a ceaseless endeavor
To prove your great love for as all.

By, by, dear, ta, ta, love, God speed you!
Oh, smooth be the road you may tread;
May angels thrice daily be near you,
And feed you on well-buttered bread;
And now, from our hearts which are breaking
All over each mile of the track,
We sorely regret the leave-taking,
And pray, "May you never come back."

SHANDY MAGUIRE.

Railroading in Oregon.

Our illustrations on the opposite page show two beautiful scenes along the O., R.

& N. Ry. in Oregon, and the photograph in the left lower corner is of Bro. O. W. Moon, who had an important part in the construction period of the road.

The upper scene shows engine 133, on the Chicago-Portland Special, climbing a 3 per cent grade on Union Hill, 12 miles east of La Grande, on the O., R. & N., coming around Coyote Curve out of Pyle Canyon. At the extreme left is part of Eagle Mountain Range, peaks that are snow-capped the year round. Just beyond is Eagle Valley, where is grown some of the finest fruit on the Pacific Coast. The lower scene is the same train, but the scene has changed. The building at rear of train is one of their immense snowsheds on the hill. The landscape on the left side of the engine, several hundred feet below the track, is the beautiful Grande Ronde Valley, one of the richest in Oregon, and is 3,000 feet above sea-level. Bro. Henry Henson, F. A. E. of Div. 362, is handling the throttle, and Bro. W. M. Taal, of B. of L. F. Lodge 348, the scoop. Photos are the courtesy of Messrs. Davis and Gignace, of Union, Ore.

Bro. O. W. Moon, Chief Engineer of Div. 362, was born in Pennsylvania, the 30th of August, 1841. Being robust, active, and having a natural desire for employment which was exhilarating and would bring him in contact with his fellow men he chose railroading for a life occupation.

He began his railroad career as a brakeman, in 1861, on the D., L. & W., where he remained six months. Being possessed of a love for the iron horse, he resigned his position as brakeman and went to firing on the Erie the same year. He fired on the Susquehanna Division until 1867, when he was promoted to the responsible position of locomotive engineer; was there during the Jim Fiske administration, and pulled his special several times.

Believing that "in union there is strength," and that it is a sacred obligation for a man to assist his associates in time of need, he joined the B. of L. E. in Div. 47, at Hornellsville, N. Y., in 1868, and has since been identified with the order.

In 1882, he caught the Western fever, resigned his position on the Erie for one on

the O., R. & N. He was on the construction train two and one-half years, built most of the track from Umatilla to Huntington, then took a passenger run over the same track and ran it until 1896, when he went on the "Old Man's Run," the Elgin branch out of La Grande.

When he came to Oregon there was only one Division in the state,—236,—at Portland. He was a member of that Division until 362 was organized, when he was a very active and faithful worker. He has filled the office of Chief for ten years and has represented the Division at three G. I. D. Conventions. The Division, like many others, has had to meet financial reverses; it was in these trying times that he showed his true Brotherhood principles by coming to our assistance with a willing heart and open pocket-book.

The members of Div. 362, feeling that they owed him a debt of gratitude, passed the hat around at one of our meetings. Twenty dollars fell into it. A nice, easy chair, to which was fastened a silver plate, engraved with the following inscription: "Presented by Div. 362 to O. W. Moon, Dec. 25, 1900," was sent to his home while he was out on his run. In the evening a number of the engineers with their families met at the Moon home to surprise Mr. Moon and to present him with the chair. Fortune favored us by sending him to a neighbor's. During his absence, we took possession. On his return he was ushered into the parlor where some musical selections were rendered as they can be rendered only by natural and well-cultivated musicians. Brother Henson then pulled the chair from its hiding place and presented it in a few appropriate words.

Brother Moon was so completely surprised that his usual eloquence forsook him and he could only express his thanks for the magnificent chair and for the kind and brotherly feelings which had prompted them by saying, "I assure you I appreciate your generous gift."

A general good time, which included some fine music, both vocal and instrumental, by Miss Ethel Garfield, was enjoyed by all, and, finally, after partaking of an abundant lunch the company wish-

ing their host and hostess "A Merry Christmas, a happy New Year, and that the new century would bring them all the happiness and prosperity that belongs to the railroad man," bade them good-night and wended their ways homeward.

H. H.

Erin Mavourneen.

Erin Mavourneen! Erin Asthore!
At last that long voyage by water is o'er.
And now we have landed, my Teddy and me,
Thy green hills to traverse, thy sights for to see.
Bright Gem of the Ocean, my heart beats with pleasure

To think that at last we have reached thy green shore.

Oh, my Teddy and I, how we longed for this moment,

When we'd reach this fair island—oh, Erin Asthore!

We will visit fair Dublin, the home of the poet,
Whose songs we oft sang round our own cottage door;

His own Irish ballads were a gift to his country,
Bestowed by the pen of the famed Thomas Moore.

We will rest 'neath the shade of each ivy-clad tower,

And we'll stroll for long hours on the banks of the Lee,

Where good Father Prout loved the sweet bells of Shandon,

In Erin Mavourneen, Acushla machree!

We will travel through Munster, where once lived King Brien,

Whose valor lives still in the heart of our sons;

On kopje and veldt they fought boldly and bravely,

And were last to retreat from the enemy's guns.

We will go for a row on the Lakes of Killarney;

In the cool of the evening we'll pull for the shore,

And join in the dance with the gay and light-hearted,

In Erin Mavourneen, Erin Asthore!

We will go to the Armagh, where St. Patrick was buried;

Take a handful of earth with our neighbors to share;

And we'll kneel in the moss-covered church by the wayside,

Where our forefathers' voices oft mingled in prayer.

We will loiter at will and pluck the gay flowers,
And twine them in wreaths 'neath the sycamore tree,

And cull from among them the sweet little sham-rock

In Erin Mavourneen, Acushla machree!

We will visit each nook and each enchanted bower
 From the county of Cork to the county of Ty-
 rone,
 And Erin Mavourneen since we're here but for
 pleasure
 We must have a kiss from thy famed blarney
 stone.
 We will travel through Ulster, through Leinster
 and Connaught,
 And all the fair counties we longed so to see,
 Sure a glimpse of this country's like a foretaste of
 heaven
 Oh, Erin Mavourneen, Acushla machree!

We will search for the elves 'neath the hawthorne
 branches,
 Though the fairies I'm told they seldom now see;
 Like the rest of thy children they resented op-
 pression,
 And left thy fair bowers Acushla machree.
 And when thy fair valleys and hills we have trav-
 erse
 We will venture once more o'er the wild raging
 sea,
 And go back to our home in a Western wildwood,
 But Erin Mavourneen, I'd fain stay with thee.
Schreiber, Ont. BY AN ENGINEER'S WIFE.

Bro. J. L. Evans, of Div. 317.

The subject of this sketch, Bro. J. Lewis Evans, whose picture will interest many engineers in the South, is one of the oldest locomotive engineers in the United States, and in his day was regarded as one of the best,—strictly temperate, quiet and unassuming, and yet as much interested in the success of the road as if he owned it. He was born on his father's farm, in Chester County, Pa., on the 15th of December, 1825. He, on leaving home, worked two years on the Reading road as a carpenter; then went to Alexandria, Va., in 1850, to accept a similar position on the Orange & Alexandria road (now a part of the Southern system), then being built from Alexandria to Orange Court House, Va. He went to work for this company on the 19th of November, 1850. After about a year he went to firing, and on the 1st day of July, 1853, was given an engine, and ran continuously until Dec. 1, 1893,—forty years and four months, about thirty-nine years on passenger trains. He stopped running of his own motion, asking to be relieved, but is still employed as a crossing watchman in this city, the company paying him good living wages. On the 19th of November,

last, he had been in the employ of the same company for fifty years. He is well known through the South as one of the old first-class passenger runners. He is an enthusiastic member of the Brotherhood—Div. 317, at Alexandria, Va.,—and next to his Bible, which he is relying upon to guide him to his home above, he loves the JOURNAL. I was his foreman for about twenty-five years, and see him every day at the crossing, often with Bible in hand, and



BRO. J. L. EVANS.

often talk of our work of years past and recount the many incidents of our life on the road. He is now in his 76th year, and he has outlived most of those with whom he and I were connected on the old Orange & Alexandria road.

Very respectfully,

JOHN A. HUMPHRIES.

LYNCHBURG, VA., Jan. 29, 1901.

Meeting of the Indiana Legislative Board.

Brother Blythe, of number eleven, made the call—
 The eighth of January being the date—
 To meet in the Engineers' Hall,
 At Indianapolis, in the grand Hoosier State.

Each member was to bring his own engine,
 Some on passenger, others on freight,
 With the number of his Division
 Plainly marked on the front-end plate.

Brother Cummins from Elkhart on time,
 With the two-forty-eight on one side,

Like a yard engine down in the corner
With the throttle open wide.

He soon proved himself a favorite,
And our permanent chairman became.
He said the two-forty-eight was OK;
It was only he that was lame.

Brother Torrence came in from Wabash;
His number was four-sixty-one.
He was re-elected our secretary,
For previous good services done.

Terre Haute sent us a "Jim Dandy."
The twenty-five brought in Bro. Fred Wood.
We unanimously made him our treasurer,
And he promised us that he'd be good.

Brother Stine came in from Princeton;
The three-forty-three was his mill;
Michigan City's three hundred was assigned him,
To help him over the hill.

Brother Burchett belongs in the city;
His number is four-ninety-two.
So we gave him Frankfort's five-fifty,
He to pilot them both safely through.

Logansport sent Brother Laing on the twenty;
Brother Robinson, on the two eighty-nine,
Came from Washington, D. C., (Davis County),
Down on the B. and O. line.

LaFayette sent Brother King with the seven;
This is all that arrived the first day;
Three others came in a day later,
With excuses, showing cause of delay.

Brother Sutter, from Howell, came early
Double-header, what could he do more
With the two-forty-six, from Evansville,
Coupled into his one-fifty-four.

Brother Wonderly, still later from Huntington
His engine the two-twenty-one;
He said he purely got lost on the way,
As it was his first trip on this run.

Last, though not least, was Brother Murphy,
From Seymour, on the old thirty-nine;
He told us a tale of his trouble,
And just how he came down the line.

He told us a yarn that was awful
How he skillfully avoided a wreck.
But soon we saw through all his trouble
'Twas a carbuncle he had on his neck.

Four days we held regular sessions,
Then all the routine work was done.
Brother Blythe is to look after our interests
During the session of nineteen and one.

We all gave good-bye to our genial host,
Knowing well for our interests he'll plea,
Looking forward to when we'll meet him again,
In January, nineteen and three.

C. J. S.

Duty We Owe to the Order.

DENVER, COL., Jan. 21, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I think it will be generally conceded that a few members in each Division must do the larger part of the work; but it seems to me that if the mem-

bership could realize how hard it is for the officers of Divisions to do their part well, they would not refuse to act when a committee is called for to perform some duty that the law or an action of the Division requires, and decline to serve on one pretext or another. Committee work is part of the machinery, and the motive power that moves it to produce beneficial work is willingness on the part of all members to lend a hand and do whatever duty necessary work requires. The constitution defines what is expected of all members, and each member agrees to abide by the law. The Division imposes the duty of appointing a committee for necessary work, but how is the C. E. to perform that duty with each member forgetting his obligation and refusing to serve on one pretext or another? It is a queer anomaly when Brothers vote to create a duty and then refuse to share in its performance. This is not consistent, but, unfortunately, it too often occurs. Every member, by right, has his part to perform, and every true Brother will be ready and willing to do his part of Division work. It is no excuse to say, others are doing the work and seem to like it. Most Brothers do it, not for love of the work itself, but from love of doing their duty, of living up to their obligation, and imposing nothing upon another that clearly belongs to them to do, even though that duty is assigned them by the Chief Engineer. If every Brother will do the work that comes to him, and do it pleasantly, he will doubtless appear as though he liked it, and he certainly will feel better for having done his part. If you cannot be in the lead and pull, get in with the majority and push, and have the consciousness of having helped win the victory; and when the Division gets to "the good of the order," be ready and willing to say something and manifest an interest in the welfare of the order, if nothing more. Such manifestations are contagious, and when the ice is broken more will likely follow, and a pleasant and profitable ending of the meeting will result, which will continue to be felt. We do not expect orators, but demonstrated interest and fellowship that will enliven the meetings and create an interest that will make it a pleasure for all to attend. In the interest of a common good, I want to ask of every Brother, Will you do your share? Will you resolve never to decline to do any duty that necessity assigns you? Will you resolve not to hold back, and by so doing impose upon another Brother a duty you know is your own to perform. There are excuses that will always be accepted if well-founded, but what is wanted is the willingness. When that is manifest nothing will be wanting to make the Division a success.

PIKE'S PEAK.

The Journal.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I feel that I can safely say that the united sympathies of all the readers of the JOURNAL are extended to you. When we halt for just a moment to consider seriously the many trials surrounding your position of endeavoring to do justice to all and offend none, it would seem that your good nature and generosity at times must be severely taxed, and "patience cease to be a virtue."

The JOURNAL stands out as a representative of the B. of L. E., and wings its flight into all parts of the civilized world, and its contents are perused by thousands of intelligent readers whose minds are attentive and whose ideas are modern and who are qualified to pass judgment on literature brought to their notice. Therefore, with this fact in view, let it prompt all who contribute articles for the JOURNAL, to make a special effort to bring it up to the highest standard possible that it may in time gain an established reputation as a first-class periodical. This should be the aim of one and all.

So let us see to it that the reading matter and illustrations are of an interesting, entertaining, and instructive nature, that it may prove a desirable magazine to many more readers.

When anything appears that is particularly objectionable to the majority, viz.: photographs of juvenile engineers with oil cans, dinner buckets, etc., switch engines, and various other articles belonging to this special class of monotonous views, and which are decidedly out of place in the JOURNAL, we may feel reasonably sure that the same are presented merely in a spirit of good humor and with positively no intention on the part of the Brothers to detract from the interest or popularity of the JOURNAL.

Right here, I feel that it would be in order to extend a most hearty vote of thanks to our esteemed friend, "American Abroad," for the noble work he is doing in behalf of the JOURNAL, the fine illustrations, and the intelligent manner of description of same which have been so courteously contributed. This is the kind of material that will build up the B. of L. E. JOURNAL. Rest assured, I am voicing the sentiments of the readers in general in exclaiming, "Let the good work go on!"

The JOURNAL is the medium through which we are accorded the privilege of expressing our personal opinions or offering kindly suggestions along any line, and it is quite natural that we should feel particularly interested in matters pertaining to the welfare of the JOURNAL, and I trust no unpleasant results can be produced through timely and necessary amendments. We would not intentionally create a sensation,

or willingly wound another's feelings through its pages, but rather strive to increase its circulation by congenial and satisfactory work. In this way every issue for 1901 will be gladly received and after having been read will stand approved.

MRS. B. E. COTTER.

The Brown System of Discipline.

Authority sometimes makes the one possessing it abusive. I have tried to think why this should be, and my only answer so far is found in these very true words of Henry George, when he said, "Men do not think."

The general manager of a railroad makes mistakes as other men do in the employ of a company. This is quite natural: no man is perfect.

It must also be admitted that there are accidents that happen on railroads that should be charged up to profit and loss. A railroad cannot be operated without a considerable number of these little accidents, and if we have a road existing without them, by all means let us hear from it. All employees have the interest of the company that they are working for at heart, providing the officials do their part in dealing fairly with the men.

Bearings on engines have always been subject to heating,—heat from friction is one of the laws of nature,—which has not as yet been entirely overcome by a railroad company, or anybody else. An engine starts out on a run, and may make one hundred miles with every bearing perfectly cold, and in the next five miles may develop a hot pin or box, there being no known cause who is at fault. Surely, not the engineer; but the blame is put on his shoulders, just because he has charge of the engine. Sometimes a hot box interferes with making fast time, and the engineer is censured. The box may have been improperly packed, or had some mechanical defect.

In hauling large trains, quite frequently the supply of water gives out. The excessive delays and leaky engine have consumed say 4,000 gallons in twenty miles, and the engineer believes he can make the next tank all right, but his judgment fails him and he has to draw the fire. He is held to blame for this, because there are a few inches of water remaining in the tank that the injectors will not take out. Every little thing that occurs the engineer gets from 10 to 60 demerit marks, and it usually takes less than 100 to cause his discharge.

These engineers and firemen, continually dogged by officials, soon lose all interest in the welfare of a company and become indifferent to things pertaining to its success.

Do you suppose that it ever occurs to railroad officials that these same engineers and firemen who give their health and brains to enrich them by excessive long hours of work and the loss of much-needed rest, though covered and besmeared by coal dust and grease, have just as tender heart-strings and that they are just as easily broken as any other human being's?

I say, if railroad officials would "think," they would come to the conclusion that their present system of doing work on engines was far from being up to the standard demanded by the service expected of them. On some roads the engines are in the pool, and we are all aware that no man can get onto a strange engine and make as good time or render as economical service as he can with an engine that he is acquainted with and runs regularly all the time.

It is no wonder that our engineers become so old while yet young in years. Just think of the nervous strain in making the fast time schedules of today, and the interlocking systems passed over at high speed that have to be correctly comprehended at a glance. After a few years we meet with some slight reverses. Bad luck seems to overtake us, although we know not why. The officials find fault with our work; they try in every way possible to attach some blame to our every act, and finally we are taken out of service. We go home to our loving wife and children—that home that has been so happy for many years, where we could always listen with joy to the merry prattle of our children,—and tell them that we have lost our position. Who is there among us that cannot see the sadness depicted on the once happy face of this father, too old to enter some other vocation to earn a livelihood? What must his feelings be? Would this be as it is if our railroad officials would stop to "think"?

Why is an honest, conscientious employee censured for every little accident that occurs to his engine or train? Simply because there are officials operating departments of the road who have authority and, their liver not working, want to vent their spite and make you feel humble in their presence, in fact, to let you know that they are "it."

How odd it would seem to have a company say, when we had some slight accident, that they were sorry it occurred; that their sympathies were with us; that it was not the policy of the company to censure employees for accidents other than where it was shown to be the result of gross carelessness; that they appreciated the many times we had been successful, and hoped we would have better luck in the future. We would all take off our coats and pitch in for a company of that kind. This is the way it would be if they would "stop to think."

"ME."

Memorize Obligation.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Feb. 2, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I would like to see the matter discussed in the columns of the JOURNAL, whether or not it would be wisdom to have members of the B. of L. E. commit their obligation to memory before they are considered "full-fledged" members. My experience was, while a member of the Legislative Board, that a great many members ignorantly violated their obligation, in the way of signing petitions, etc. If they had committed their obligation to memory, this would not have happened. So far as I know, all other fraternal organizations require this before members can be initiated. I think our obligation is a splendid one, and calculated to make any man better. I would like to hear from some of the Brothers on this, what I believe to be, important matter.

Yours fraternally,

P. O. RICKMAN, F. A. E., Div. 495.

For Meditation.

GALION, O., Feb. 6, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: There are two ways of looking at the "Kid with the oil can." One is that he is only a "kid" and don't deserve any notice; his place is in the nursery. But let us look at him from another standpoint. The "kid" of today is the coming engineman. In a very short time he will take our place on the engine and will guide her and the load of human souls at a greater speed than we are doing. Now he seems of more importance to us, and I ask myself what kind of a man should he be. First, he should be well versed and thoroughly acquainted with every part of the engine. Constantly on the watch and quick to detect any defect, especially with the air brake as that is very important on fast trains. This will require much study and thought on his part. Next, he must be thoroughly conversant with every rule on the road for the movement of trains. This, too, will require more study, and when he has mastered all of this he is only able to do what the company requires of him. But we say he should be a man of good judgment, cool-headed, kind-hearted and a member of the Brotherhood; and should he not be a Christian gentleman? Most emphatically yes. Now, let us put on our thinking caps and see what example we are setting for these coming engineers, for it is a fact that all of us are living examples to be followed by someone.

In view of this fact let us all strive to set an example worthy of imitation. Let us not be ashamed to go to God before starting on our runs and ask him to direct us

and all on our train. For it is He that governs the silent and unseen hand; and at the end of each trip let us thank him for his kind and watchful care over us, and ask him for strength sufficient to keep us each day, and when we have completed our last trip on earth and step out to make room for the "Kid with the oil can," may we hear it said of us: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys prepared for thee from the foundation of the world." **LOOKING HIGHER.**

A Letter from Jean.

'LAN' PON' (Island Pond), VT., ETATS UNIS.

MAH DEER BRODDAR EDITARE AND CHEREFF HARTER, HOLSO HINGRAM: Ah! want it, me—for long tam to writ' it you, but ham bad spellar an' Ah! ant lak to mek it fool of it wit ye. Las' tam Ah! see ye,—me, waas at dat place dey call it Loasville, Kantukey. Ah! be dare; Convention. All-do Ah! ant see ye for long tam—me. Ah! reed it mauch dat you was geetin' long pooty wal for holemans lak you. Ah! meet gre't money good fallahs at Loasville dat tam, an' Ah! ant freget de tam we'll all go to younge mans Christian 'sociations for mek it de speeche an' mek it de fun—me. Whal, brodder Cheefe, ye r'membar you tole it "hole hof it" we git suppar at de younge mans place one naght. So some of it tot better go dere for suppar, "ant go to Hotel." Whal, dese younge mans, "an' holemans, too," dey'll begin for pray an' mek it de speeche. Dey talk it so long dat dem got no suppar tot de younge mans an' holemans mek de talk, ant do it non hempty stommack. Wan fallah seet nex' me, hee's nam' Victor Belisle; Ah! tink she's leewe Hoswego New York of it. She's tole me dat hee's stommack was so neer she's back he ant 'no' which pain 'im de mos, an' she's weesh suppar was redy. Whal, pooty soon wan of it younge mans she'l gat op an' tole it us suppar was redy; dat if we repair to Blanket (banquet) room dey'l geeve us somting to heat. Victor she'l say she'l ant goin' to repair Blanket room; she'l goin' repair she's stommack fuss. She'l say it: "Mah Lord! ah could heat it one raw Lougaroo—me." Whal, Victor she'l go ahet of me, an' w'en she'l gat at de dore of Blanket room she'l stop queek an' turn rawn an' tole me, "Ah! kan heat everyt'ing in dare myse'f." Only wan peece of kake an' small glass Hise creeme for each one of it. Whal, Ah! say—me, "Le's go fin' place to heat." Victor she's pooty mad an' hongrey, an' she'l say to me, "Com' on." Whal, we fawn place an' geeve it big horder. Victor she's tole it waitter to bring gret manny of it. Whal, Victor she's be so hongrey she's mek mauch nois'. Ah! say: "Victor, hole

on; you talk too many. Ah! tole ye funny story 'bawt a 'frien' of mah waf." Whal, Victor she's laff mauch, an' she'l horder beer for me an' pay for it. Victor she'l ant tek beer. Whal, Ah! was glad wen hee's stop laff; an' stop horder beer. Ah! was got 'nough beer—me. Whal, mah deer Cheefe, Ah! goin' tole ye w'at happen to me de nex' day afters 'lection. Ah! go hom' to heat mah suppar herly, an' Ah! fawn younge mans keesing mah waf. Ah! ant lak it mauch—me. Ah! tole it mah waf: "Wats de mattar!" Hee'l tole me: "Notting; honly 'lection bet." Ah! laff mauch. Ah! laff nex' day. An' 'frien' as' me wat Ah! laff so mauch. Ah! tole 'im all abawt it. Hee's ant laff. An' hee'l tole me: "Jean, ye ant better laff for dat." An' Ah! ask it 'im: "Wat for?" "Whal," hee'l say: "Ye ant 'no' wat dey'll do it nex' tam." Ah! tole 'im—me: "We ant gat nodder 'lection for four year, an' Ah! tot de hole whomans he'l gat over it bah dat tam." Ah! tink Ah! writ' it 'nough for dis tam, an' will clos' mah mout for wile of it. Youse Brodder, **JEAN.**

Railroad Employees' Home.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., Feb. 4, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Following is the statement of receipts for the Home for the month of January, 1901:

No.	FROM B. OF L. E. DIVISIONS.	Amt.
33.....		\$ 13 66
77.....		12 00
210.....		12 50
241.....		6 00
336.....		3 00
Total.....		\$ 47 16
No.	FROM G. I. A. DIVISIONS.	Amt.
29.....		\$ 2 00
170.....		5 00
190.....		5 00
Total.....		\$ 12 00
SUMMARY.		
B. of L. E. Divisions.....		\$ 47 16
G. I. A. to B. of L. E. Divisions.....		12 00
O. R. C. Divisions.....		150 00
B. of R. T. Lodges.....		119 05
B. of L. F. Lodges.....		12 00
L. A. to O. R. C. Divisions.....		12 00
L. S. to B. of L. F. Lodges.....		8 00
L. A. to B. of R. T. Lodges.....		5 00
Personal—Bro. L. S. Bryant, Div. 40, O. R. C.		5 00
Div. 285, O. R. C., burial expense of Bro. Frank Wills.....		70 00
Cheyenne, Wyo., L. A. C.'s, G. I. A.'s and L. A. F.'s proceeds of a ball.....		17 11
Sold wagonette and harness.....		110 00
Sold veal calf.....		8 19
Grand total.....		\$575 51

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Bro. W. F. Warren, Div. 9, B. of L. E., 3 large turkeys.
Div. 92, L. A. C., box of groceries.
Div. 79, L. A. C., souvenir comfortable.
Committee of Div. 1, O. R. C., barrel of apples, box of oranges, box of tobacco and bag of nuts.
Respectfully submitted,
MRS. T. B. WATSON, Sec. & Treas.

Ladies' Department.

Communications for publication must be written on one side of the paper. Noms de plume are always permissible, but to receive consideration must be signed by the full name and address of the author, and addressed to the Editress MRS. M. E. CASSELL, 922 Dennison Av., Columbus, Ohio, not later than the 8th of the month.

The Editress reserves the right to revise, reject or use matter sent in, governed entirely on its merits.

Spring's Children.

Oh, March is a frolicsome boy,
Of bluster and din he ne'er tires,
He shouts in his infinite joy—
To all sorts of fun he aspires;
He rattles the windows and doors,
He whistles o'er forest and lea,
The chimney and roof he explores,
For a mischievous fellow is he!

Now, April's a shy, lovely girl,
Who timidly wanders along,
And golden with sun, is each curl,
And wakes in her heart a sweet song.
Though oft she grows pensive and sad,
And tears on her cheeks we may see;
Ah, look! in a twinkling she's glad!
Oh, a bonnie, wee lassie is she.

But May is a beautiful maid,
Who sings with the birds and the rills;
She roams over meadow and glade
Her smile lights the valleys and hills.
With glances so winning and true,
With step that is gladsome and free,
And eyes of the bonniest blue—
Oh, the Spring's peerless daughter is she!

The Advance of Woman.

The progress of American women have made is strikingly set forth by Professor Harris. He says that the high schools of the United States in 1899 graduated 36,124 girls and only 20,344 boys. Between 1872 and 1899 the number of male students in colleges in proportion to the whole population increased nearly 100 per cent, while the number of female students increased six fold in the same time. Of the sixty foremost colleges and universities in the country, all but nine confer degrees on women. Every college founded since the war is open to students of both sexes. Only three state colleges in the union, those of Virginia, Georgia, and Louisiana exclude girl students.

Practically all the schools in the country below the high school grades are in the hands of women teachers, and 80 per cent of the teachers in the high schools of New England are of the gentler sex. In fact, woman seems to be getting a monopoly of the teaching business. In addition to this women have secured the right of the ballot in four states, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, and Idaho, and are gaining ground politically.

In these states they may vote for candidates for all offices, including President of the United States. In some other states they may vote for school and county offices, and are themselves eligible to these offices. In Colorado, they hold many responsible state and county positions, including those of State School Commissioner and members of the Legislature. Add still further to this list woman's appearance in the professions, in the mechanical arts, in business life, and her advance is a series of triumphs of which the American co-equal of man may well feel proud. We are glad that in our own dear America women and girls are given an equal chance with man to acquire an education. Not that it may push them out into the political arena, God forbid! but that it may the better fit them for the rearing of all future rulers of the nation. A well-educated, talented, refined woman will make the best wife and mother. In olden times education was not valued as it is now. The masses cared nothing for learning. Kings on the throne were not ashamed to confess that they could not write their own names, and so it is easy to imagine how ignorant their subjects were.

Nowadays education has been exalted to its proper place, at the head of all acquired gifts. An uneducated adult is an object of pity and frequently of contempt. And the very first step a person makes toward future greatness is to acquire an education. Text books are but the foundation stones to knowledge. One should study current events, the history of the world which is always happening. Here is where magazines and newspapers have their greatest value. One must read books of travel if he would know about the geography of the

world. If our women desire to make this new century the "woman's century," as some have prophesied it would be, they must study and prepare themselves for further responsibilities, for "Knowledge is Power."

The past two months have been full of history, and things have happened with women as central figures that will go down to posterity as events of the day. One famous woman, Queen Victoria, has departed this life, and all England is in tears. The wonders of Victoria's reign will go down in history as something marvelous. It seems almost sacrilegious to mention in the same breath the history that at least one American woman has made for herself the past month. I refer to the episode of Mrs. Nation. If she has not made history she has made names for herself. Some call her the "Kansas cyclone," while others style her the "John Brown of temperance."

Now, as an Ohio woman, I shudder at the methods of Mrs. Nation. It seems to me that no good can come from such unwomanly proceedings. And I understand the W. C. T. U. women of Ohio do not approve of this smashing act. But Ohio is one state and Kansas is another. Would like to hear from some good Kansas Sister who can write more intelligently about it and tell us how you look at it. There you are in Topeka and Kansas City right in the excitement.

Oh! wouldn't I like to see the fun. And I don't believe that I should run. Do tell us about your views of it. Surely, women are getting famous in various ways. Victor Hugo says: "She always will forge ahead and wild horses can't hold her back."

Because Mrs. Nation didn't believe in liquor she took it upon herself to set Kansas straight by demolishing the places where it was sold, with her little hatchet; and then we hear that the women of the Dowieite faith, who did not believe in medicine, undertook to demolish the drug stores in Chicago, and thus the example set is far-reaching. Now, don't all hit me at once; but I sometimes think that perhaps women are progressing too fast, and it would be far better if they could be content

to remain at home and rock the cradle awhile longer as the good old mothers used to do.

PANSY.

The Prefix "Mrs." and Good Manners.

In my somewhat extensive reading of late, I have come across three separate articles on the subject of the correct way for a married woman to sign her name; and, according to these articles, many of us commit almost an unpardonable mistake when we sign ourselves as "Mrs. John so and so," or "Mrs. Ellen so and so."

An item written by Gertrude Atherton says: "The prefixing of 'Mrs.' to the signature is a vulgar Americanism, almost universally the custom of married women living in small towns and second-class cities of the United States, (how about some of us who live in the large cities?) to proclaim themselves the proud possessor of a husband." She further says: "No tradeswoman or collier's wife in England would think of doing such a thing,—not even a Nottinghamshire cigarette girl astounded with the possession of a marriage certificate; and as we inherit almost all our customs from England, where did a certain and very large section of our middle class pick up this particular piece of 'bad manners?' Can it have originated in the intense desire of the average American woman to be married? But that is so out of keeping with our accepted character, our vaunted superiority over man. But I think it is useless to attempt to explain this unhappy instance of American bad taste. It exists, and at times makes us ridiculous. All one can do is to attempt to bring the people who know no better to an understanding of one of the commonest forms of good breeding."

So much for what Gertrude Atherton says. You see, she signs her name without the prefix "Miss" or "Mrs.," and our woman's curiosity at once wants to know if she is married or single, and it leaves us guessing. Shakespeare asked, "What's in a name?" Considerable, when it comes to a woman's, and a woman's position is a mixed-up muddle when it comes to her name. Supposing a woman has made a

reputation in some branch of erudition and marries. How is she to keep famous the name and popularity she has won if by law she must take that of the man? But as most of us are only ordinary mortals, we must sink our identity in the names of our husbands. And then, to think that when we are willing to do that, literary people will write and say we must not add the "Mrs." to our signature, and call us ill-bred and say we have bad manners and want everyone to know we have been successful in capturing a man when we do.

Now, what shall we do? If this is a sin against good breeding, and is purely an Americanism, which makes us a "laughing stock" (as one writer puts it) to other countries, why, we will have to stop it, I suppose. Although we know the average American man who marries a pretty wife (and they all do) is never so proud as when she begins to sign her name "Mrs. John" or "Mrs. George." You see, in the United States we are kind of proud of our men, and we are kind of proud to let the world know that we are married, especially after the age of thirty is reached. Take it all in all this is a vexed question, and in these days of clubs our women ought to take it up.

It would be a good thing if all the clubs in our country would take up the matter and settle with wisdom (of which no other women on the earth have more) the question of how a woman may preserve her own identity and yet keep her husband's name. For my part, I don't see why we may not use the "Miss" or "Mrs." if we wish to, as it shows at once our place in society. Now, a man is always "Mr.," whether married or single, and if we want to know we have to come out point blank and ask him, and if he wants to he can lie about it, so what's the difference? You see, no matter what other nations say, if the club women of the United States say that it is proper to use the prefix "Miss" or "Mrs.," it will be a go, and none can gainsay the law as we lay it down for ourselves. Please, club women, fix this up for us and we will call you blessed, for I hate to think that *Mrs. W. A. Murdock*, *Mrs. M. E. Cassell*, *Mrs. Harry St. Clair*,

Mrs. M. L. Robertson, *Mrs. J. S. Bailey* and *Mrs. Geo. Wilson*—yes, and even *Mrs. S. F. Bowley*, are doing something in such dreadfully bad taste when they sign their names this way. You see, we, everyone of us, married some years ago, and are willing to let it be known, and I doubt not that each one would just as lief add "Engineeress," if that would make it any plainer.

Don't take this for March *wind*; I mean it to be good, solid food for digestion. As you won't have to spend any time guessing whether I am a Mrs. or a Miss, I will sign myself according to the latest approved method.

MARY E. CASSELL.

Men as Experts with the Needle.

Sisters, do not fear your husbands or brothers will become effeminate by plying the little, useful needle during their leisure hours. In a great measure it would do away with many little vices which men indulge in—smoking to excess, for instance. I think there would be more artistic sewing if men took to needlework; for when men do invade the realms of woman they even do better work. I think the need for men to sew is as just as for women to invade the professions of men. I am sure if more of our Sisters could see the beautiful work done by two inmates of the Home for Disabled Railroad Men at Highland Park, they would be surprised and advise all men to learn to sew.

My object in writing this is to let the Sisters know that they can procure most beautiful articles made by these men—embroidery, Battenburg work, and sofa pillows and covers. They sell them very reasonably, and they are just the thing to attract attention and make money for you at bazaars, fairs, etc., as the work of men; and then, at the same time, you would be assisting these inmates to procure more material to work with and help them to many little luxuries which they do not always have. Mrs. Watson, Matron at the Home, will respond to any wishing to make selections or purchase.

MRS. W. E. HOYT.

School of Instruction in Ritual Work.

In response to an invitation tendered by Carnation Div., 246, located at Joliet, Ill., a happy crowd left Chicago on the morning of January 24th. The object of the meeting was to drill in the various forms of the ritual, and to receive suggestions and instructions from Sister Murdock.

Two meetings were held and though we had a pleasant time, all who know Sister Murdock when she is in her harness, will not doubt us when we say that we worked harder than we played. At noon all were invited to form in line, Grand President and visiting Presidents escorted by the President and Vice-President of 246 leading the way. As many had breakfasted very early, it is speaking mildly to say that we did justice to what was laid before us. After dinner speeches were in order. Sister Murdock proved to be equal to the occasion and all went merrily. One very interesting feature of the occasion was the work of the Conamarrah Cookoo Club, composed entirely of members of Div. 96, of Chicago. They will long be remembered by all present. Most of the guests came prepared only to stay for the day, but by urgent requests sent messages home for family not to expect mother until tomorrow.

In the evening, a joint meeting of the B. of L. E. and G. I. A. was held. After a general and informal reception, Sister Murdock was requested to speak to the assembly for the good of the order; this she did in her usual free yet forcible manner. She dwelt particularly upon the benefits to be derived by organization either by men or women, claiming that women are greatly benefited by the lessons that they receive in conducting an organization, and are in consequence better prepared for the duties that commonly fall on the shoulders of a railroad man's wife. In her address she complimented Carnation Division for the work they had done. Being a very young Division they deserve credit. She urged them to continue in the good work and by their example give encouragement to less fortunate Divisions. At the close of her remarks President

Dolph stepped forward, and in behalf of Carnation Division, presented Sister Murdock with an exquisite silver tea service of three pieces, each piece engraved with the initials "W. A. M.," and the date, "1901." On the bottom was engraved "From Carnation Div., 246." I would love to quote the exact words used by Sister Dolph as she told of the high esteem in which Sister Murdock was held by each and every member, of her cheerful compliance to all of their many desires, and of her good advice at all times, but this I cannot do. Enough to say that she did herself and her Division justice. Though Sister Murdock was greatly surprised she responded eloquently, using the occasion as an opportunity to give both the G. I. A. and B. of L. E. some very good advice. Sister Dolph then extended an invitation to all to form into line and participate in a march that led to the dining hall. All the guests from out of town followed by twos, led by Sister Murdock and Brother Dolph. It was a merry crowd, and at a late hour good-nights were said.

On the 25th we visited the penitentiary, and we were unanimous in deciding that we would rather be good the rest of our days than be obliged to take up our abode in that massive granite structure.

The Divisions represented were from Chicago and Bloomington. All united in a rising vote of thanks for the charming manner in which they had been entertained, and with pleasant words departed for their respective homes. SEC. OF 96.

Union Meeting.

GLENWOOD, PA., Jan. 8, 1901.

Those who did not avail themselves of the opportunity of attending the union meeting held in Allegheny City by Allegheny and Pittsburg combined, missed the greatest of the four things that come not back to us. It is the neglected opportunity. The other three things are, the spoken word, the sped arrow and the past life. How much good these union meetings are doing us cannot be told in writing. You must hold them to realize what they are worth. There were 52 ladies present

at this one, and the ritualistic work was reviewed from cover to cover. The drills were gone through with beautifully. Div. 70 is up to date in the work. Its members are energetic and persevering; they are careful to use up the fragments of spare time and let none go to waste. In study as well as in business, energy is the great thing. These ladies do not live in hope, with their arms folded. Fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put their shoulders to the wheel, as they have done. They have this day set an example which it would be well to follow. Their kindness is the very principle of love, and is inculcated and encouraged in all their intercourse with each other. It is impossible to overlook or resist such continued kindness. Their opportunities they seize with joy, their duties are performed with pleasure, and their sacrifices are made cheerfully, knowing that she who sacrifices most is noblest.

With this type of ladies to entertain, could anyone go away sorrowful? Then the music was good. It had such a power to soften, melt and enchain in its spirit—chords of subduing harmony. Truly there is power in music. The human soul is a mighty harp, and all its strings vibrate to the gush of music. And with all this, the day was not yet ended. After the meeting closed, we were asked to remain and partake of a bounteous lunch, which had previously been prepared by the ladies of Div. 70. It was as much of a success as the work of the day had been. And so we separated, each feeling that it was good to be there.

.

Silver Wedding Anniversary.

When a man who follows the hazardous calling of a railroad engineer is spared to travel the road of life for twenty-five years with the companion of his youthful choice, it is meet that the event should be celebrated. So thought Brother and Sister Lutz, of Harrisburg, Pa. On the evening of January 16 friends began to arrive at their home in response to invitations to help them make merry upon this auspicious occasion. A number of the members

of Div. 137, with their loyal enginemen, were present, as well as many relatives, friends and neighbors, who all joined in wishing for the happy couple many returns of the day. The oldest and most honored guest was the mother of Sister Lutz, who came all the way from Philadelphia to help celebrate the occasion. At an early hour the house was well filled, and all proceeded to have a grand good time. Many handsome and useful presents were given Brother and Sister Lutz, who appreciated the love and good-will as shown in the bestowal of these gifts. A bounteous supper was served, and music and games were enjoyed until a late hour, when all departed after responding to the toast, "Long may Brother and Sister Lutz live and prosper."

Sxc., Div. 137.

Tid Bits.

A sign in Cleveland, O., reads: "Ice Kream Salune," which is believed to be the worst cold spell of the Winter.

A man's berthright—his sleeping car ticket.

What's the difference between a man who tears down a picket fence and one who dresses a spring chicken? One pulls the picket and the other picks the pullet.

Why is the man who has no children invisible? Because he is not a parent (apparent).

A locomotive engineer as his favorite tune whistles down brakes.

The man who "couldn't find his match," went to bed in the dark.

A kneaded reform—home-made bread.

The locomotive is a hard-wording, useful member of the community, even though it is always puffing itself.

A Western blizzard is what one might call with propriety a "howling success."

It takes a pretty sharp remark to cut a slow man to the quick.

"I'm sorry I didn't get to that bargain sale," remarked the soprano. "I understand some very lovely things went for a song."

"That's so, my dear," replied the con-

trato, "but do you think any of your notes would be high enough?"

"What does W. C. T. U. stand for in Kansas?"

"Same as here, don't it?"

"Naw, out there it means "wreckage, carnage, turmoil and upheaval."

Study Club Program for April.

Subject: "American Literature."

Quotations from Mistress Anne Bradstreet, Cooper, Dwight and Eliot.

1. What are the four epochs of American literature, and why is the first divided into periods?
2. Can we regard the literature of this period as a work of art or as an instrument of utility?
3. In what respect do the writers of the second period differ from the first?
4. Can we give the exact date of the birth of American literature? Give sketch of Capt. John Smith and note weak points in his character as exhibited in his writings.
5. Mention other Colonial writers and give extracts from their articles.
6. A book was written during this period which is said to have suggested to Shakespeare the plot of "Tempest." Who was this author and what was the book?
7. Who were the most noted writers of the second Colonial period?
8. Give character sketches of William Strachy, Roger Williams, Anne Bradstreet and Cotton Mather.
9. What constellation of names constituted what was familiarly known as the "Pleiades of Connecticut?"
10. Describe the idea of wit and humor as displayed by poets of this period.
11. What influence did the struggle for independence exert upon the literature of this period?

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

History of American Literature. M. C. Tyler.
Cyclopedia of American Literature. Duycknick.
Stedman's Library of American Literature.
Writings of Anne Bradstreet.
A True Relation of Virginia. Capt. John Smith.
Manual of American Literature. N. K. Royce.
Cleveland's Compendium.

Straight Language for the Baby.

"My dear," said the young father, "there is one request I want to make of you."

"What is it, dear?"

"I wish, dear, that you wouldn't talk this baby talk to our child. It's absurd.

The idea of saying 'kitchey-kitchey-kee', and 'whose whizzicoons is oo?' to a human being is little less than barbarous. Don't let the neighbors do it, either."

"I'll try not to, dear," she answered, patiently. "But it seems to amuse Dorjy so much."

"Don't call him 'Dorjy,' either. It's positively idiotic. His name's George, and there's no use in starting him out in life with a vocabulary like a Polynesian national hymn."

"But he's a little fretful today and wants to be amused."

"There are rational ways of amusing a child. You can sing so him."

"I have been singing to him."

"Well, give him to me and I'll sing to him awhile."

She passed the baby over and he proceeded to do his best with the "Toreador's Song" and the "Bedouin Love Song," and various other selections. The baby persisted in whimpering. He continued to sing, and presently the little one began to smile. In a little while the little one was fast asleep.

"You have quieted him beautifully," the mother admitted. "By the way, what was that song you sang over and over again? It is so tuneful and lively."

"Haven't you heard that?" he asked in astonishment. "It's from the latest comic opera, and it's a corker. The chorus goes:

Toodledy, foodledy, up-idee,
Jimmity, Jammity, jingeree!
Biggity, jiggity, rummity-ho!
Blimmity-blam, and away we go.

"I can remember the chorus, but I'm going to buy it and learn the whole thing by heart."—*Tid-Bits.*

Mothers.

Mothers are the queerest things!

'Member when John went away,
All but mother cried and cried

When they said good-bye that day.
She just talked, and seemed to be

Not the slightest bit upset—

Was the only one who smiled!

Others' eyes were streaming wet.

But when John come back again

On a furlough, safe and sound,

With a medal for his deeds

And without a single wound,
While the rest of us hurrahed,
Laughed and joked and danced about,
Mother kissed him, then she cried—
Cried and cried like all git out !
—*Edwin L. Sabin, in February Century.*

Memorial Services.

Div. 57, of Toledo, O., a few weeks ago, decided to hold annual memorial services. In accordance with this decision, our President appointed a committee, with Sister C. E. Cunningham as chairman, to arrange a time and program for memorial services for the seven Sisters of our Division who have passed away since our organization. These services were held Sunday evening, January 27, and were impressive and interesting.

Thinking other Divisions of our order may be interested, I will give an outline of them. The singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," by the audience, was followed by a short address by Sister Cunningham. Short biographical sketches of the departed were given, and there was a floral offering for each. The biographies, interspersed with several beautiful musical selections, and one fine recitation made an evening that will long be remembered by relatives and friends of our dead Sisters as well as ourselves, and it is safe to say that the ties that bind us are deeper and stronger for the evening spent in memory of the Sisters who have gone before.

C. B. J.

Morning Chimes.

The chimes are tolling the morning-tide,
The world to the East doth silently glide,
Yet darkness is still in command,
While brightly the gleam of the high headlight
Plays back to the stars of the lonesome night,—
Switch lights of the Better Land.

The beacon lamp in the farm house glows ;
On by, in the darkness, the village goes,
And we are riding alone,
While, with the chimes, there echoes away,
To meet the dawn of the coming day,
The engine bell's deep tone.

ED. E. SHEOSGREEN.

Division News.

I PRESUME some think, judging by the silence of Div. 63, of West Bay City, Mich.,

that our Division is no more, or like Rip Van Winkle, has gone to sleep. But not so, we are wide awake and on the alert for the best interests of our Division. We are holding our socials once a month for our members, their husbands and friends, which are greatly enjoyed by all who attend. Then we have a sewing circle which meets twice a month and keeps up our interest. Our attendance is good for a small Division, and we had the pleasure at our last meeting to receive nine applications for membership, which marked that day a red letter one for Div. 63. In connection with this, I must tell of the delightful visit a number of us paid to Div. 9, of Jackson, Mich. In response to an invitation from said Division we took an early morning train, and upon our arrival at 11:30, were met by a committee of good-looking Sisters from Div. 9, who escorted us to a hotel for rest and dinner, after which we were taken to the B. of L. E. Hall to participate in the regular meeting of Div. 9. Sister Batton, the President, presided in an able manner and their work was beautifully done. After the closing ceremony we had the pleasure of meeting socially with the Sisters and their husbands, and took the opportunity of becoming better acquainted. It was soon tea time and we all repaired to the supper room, where a fine menu had been prepared, to which all did ample justice. After supper, the evening was spent with various amusements. The little daughter of Brother Pierce spoke a number of very fine pieces showing her to be quite a talented little miss. This enjoyable visit like all other things came to an end, and our regrets at parting were only softened by the hope that we might greet the Sisters of Div. 9 soon in our own Division room.

SEC., 63.

THE 14th day of January will long be remembered by the Brothers and Sisters in the town of McMechen, W. Va. This date being the anniversary of the birth of both the President and Vice-President of Div. 203, G. I. A., it was decided to help them celebrate. Members of Div. 477, B. of L. E., were invited to attend and I assure you that a large number of Brothers were present.

Every member of Div. 203 was on hand. The banquet was given at the home of Sister W. J. Harrington. She was assisted in receiving by Sister J. R. Chadwick, President. At 9 P. M. the doors of the spacious dining room were thrown open. The company, led by Bro. J. R. Chadwick, C. E. of Div. 477, with his wife, were soon seated around the festal board, where mirth and merriment prevailed. The Brothers and Sisters did ample justice to the spread and the happy, smiling faces of the stately matrons were a sight never to be forgotten.

One of our young Brothers stated that his first duty after he gets married will be to prevail on his wife to affiliate with the G. I. A. Words are inadequate to express our feelings to the mother of Div. 203, namely, Mrs. M. B. Stover, for the interest manifested upon this occasion. Sisters Shields and Grabells were present from Bellaire, O. At midnight three rousing cheers were given by the Brothers for the G. I. A., and after wishing many more birthdays for our Sisters all departed for their homes. It was conceded by all that this was one of the best meetings that has occurred since our organization, and we hope we may have the pleasure of many more such gatherings.

A BROTHER OF DIV. 477.

SUNDAY, January 27, was a day long to be remembered by Div. 128, of the G. I. A., and Divs. 11 and 492, of the B. of L. E. Members from Terre Haute to the number of 15 ladies and 35 engineers visited us. A reception committee from Divs. 11 and 492, and 128, of the Auxiliary, met the visitors at the train and escorted them to a hotel for dinner. After dinner was served the engineers repaired to the hall of 492, and the ladies to the hall of Div. 11, where the remaining members were waiting to welcome them, and each held a secret session which was both pleasant and instructive. In the evening all gathered at the hall of Div. 11, and a reception was held. Our President, in a few well-chosen words, welcomed our guests. The evening was spent in social converse, interspersed with music and recitations from members of our own families. Supper was served, to which all

did full justice, and was followed by speeches and toasts from visitors, which were responded to by resident members of the B. of L. E. and G. I. A. At a late hour we separated with mutual expressions of good-will and pleasure derived from the visit, and hoping to renew our acquaintance in the near future.

SEC. OF DIV. 128.

THE members of Div. 31, Marquette, Mich., send their greetings through the JOURNAL, and wish all Sisters who have missed them to know that they are still here and working away; and although you have heard very little of us, we are as noisy as ever. Some time since we decided to give some kind of an entertainment at some Sister's home once a month. After considering several suggestions, the plan was adopted to start with the names as they came in alphabetical order, having three on a committee. We have already given two of these socials, and find that this plan works splendidly. Those who have already entertained think they can realize just how well those who come after will like the job as they have been through the mill. The first one was held at Sister Condon's, and the second one at Sister Dobson's. Everyone enjoyed the occasions, I am sure, from the way they appeared at the lunch tables. All were anxious to know where the next one would be held. We will let them know later.

ONE OF THE GIRLS.

Div. 170, Albuquerque, N. M., gave its annual ball a few weeks ago, which was a grand success in every way. About sixty couples joined in the grand march, which was led by Brother and Sister Butler. Sister Butler is our President, and her good husband has passed the 72nd milestone on the road of life, but can still cut the pigeon wing with anyone. All present expressed themselves well pleased, and remained until a late hour. Soon after this event, Mrs. Frank Moore assisted by her mother, Mrs. George Moore, entertained our Division with a dime tea for the benefit of the Division. Many were present, and with music, recitations and games, the afternoon

passed away quickly. At 5 o'clock we were invited out to tea, and under the beautiful electric light a bountiful feast was spread. The tables were prettily decorated with flowers, and the supper was fully appreciated by all who were so fortunate as to be there. At a late hour we took our leave, wishing our hostess would remember us again.

Div. 170.

We have read of the pleasant times other Divisions are having, so please allow Star of 1900 Div., 138, El Paso, Tex., to tell of the pleasant time spent at the home of our Chaplain, Sister Cunningham. February 2nd we tendered a reception in honor of Sisters Boomer and Boyl, from Div. 123, Sister Boomer being our Inspector. This being the first school of instruction we have had, all enjoyed it so much. Sister Boomer thoroughly understands her work, and enlightened us very much. We felt very sorry when the time came to say good-by, as the train left at 9:15 P. M., the rest of the members staying until 11 P. M., to enjoy the music of Brother Cunningham on the violin and Sister Hadlock on the autoharp. Some of the Brothers and Sisters could not resist the sweet strains of the music and danced, and before one and all departed we voted Brother and Sister Cunningham a most-charming host and hostess.

A SISTER.

Divs. 164 and 166, Sioux City, Ia., are always ready to copy after a good pattern, and as Div. 52 was willing, we entered into the idea of the bloomer social together, the work, expense and proceeds to be divided equally. We had tickets printed, which the Sisters sold to friends and business men, who were anxious to witness so modern a spectacle as the ladies in "bloomers," and on the night of January 22 the hall was filled to overflowing with an expectant audience. When all was ready the ladies walked in to martial music, the Presidents of the two Divisions leading in the officers' march. The joke was a good one, and was taken in good part by all present. The ladies looked charming decked in "bloomers," roses and chrisanthemums prevailing. After

the march a lunch was served, and informal dancing filled up the evening, after which everyone went home satisfied they had had their quarter's worth. The G. I. A. Divisions were happy, too, as they added a goodly sum to their treasuries.

BERTHA CARR, Sec., Div. 164.

THE Ladies' Auxiliary, No. 206, Laredo, Tex., held a meeting for the purpose of devising some way to put more money in the treasury. It was suggested that a link crazy quilt be made, and that each member make two squares, or as many more as she can with the aid of friends, a prize being offered for the lady handing in the most blocks. We hope all the ladies will help the Auxiliary out. When finished there will be a drawing match, due notice of which will be given. The one holding the blank number receives the quilt. Each block is 18 x 18, and we require twenty blocks for one quilt. We will endeavor to make two, and send one into Mexico, as several members of our Division are living there. "Naughty Sister" is not too naughty to work in the interest of the order. If there are any members of the G. I. A. who can send a square, it will be much appreciated by the Border City Division.

NAUGHTY SISTER.

THE members of Springfield Div., 84, Springfield, Mo., gave their third annual ball Wednesday evening, January 23, at Clark's Hall. A large crowd was in attendance, and the arrangements previously made by the various committees were perfect in every respect. The hall was elaborately decorated with the colors of the order and railroad lanterns. The grand march was started promptly at 9:30 o'clock, and as the sweet strains of the music pealed forth, by Gehr's Orchestra, the amusement of the evening began. The grand march was led by Sister Noleman, our dear, good President, and Mr. O'Connor. Members of Div. 84 certainly deserve credit for the able manner in which the affair was carried through, and for the success in their efforts to make the occasion long to be remembered. The affair proved a grand success both socially and finan-

cially. Quite a number of the boys were out, who were on committees, and they were missed, too. The Ladies' Auxiliary to the O. R. C. gave an elegant supper after the dance, which was heartily enjoyed by all.

Div. 84 has organized a sewing club, with fifteen members, and are progressing nicely. This club meets twice in each month with some of the Sisters, wherever they are invited to go. All Divisions that have not started a sewing club had better begin at once. You will find it is something useful, as well as to have a social good time. Div. 84 is wide awake and doing good work. OZARK.

ONE of the most successful as well as delightful events in the history of the Mrs. S. P. Fowler Division, G. I. A., to B. of L. E., Middletown, N. Y., was a fancy dress ball given at the assembly rooms last Wednesday evening. Promptly at 9 o'clock, Berg's orchestra struck up the grand march, which was led by Brother and Sister Herman, followed by about 200, all en masque, after which dancing was indulged in until midnight, when a bountiful supper was served by Caterer Rowley at his restaurant, after which the dancing was resumed until the wee sma' hours, all returning home wishing it would be repeated in the near future. The committees in charge were: General Committee, Sisters Pollison, Perlee and Hare; music, Sisters Clark, Palmer and Eilenberger. The gentlemen who assisted were: Henry Herman at the door, Fred Clark and George Sinney at the coat room, and Charles DeWitt in charge of the floor.

PRES., 153.

AGAIN F. S. Evans Div., 99, Springfield, Mass., greets all readers of the JOURNAL with wishes of prosperity for the year 1901. Since our last mention in the JOURNAL, we have had a social, sale and supper, which was in every way a success. The silk quilt made by the ladies of the Division was disposed of by ticket, the lucky holder being Div. 180, at Sacramento, Cal.

On January 19, the Division held an old maid's convention, which netted a neat sum for our treasury.

At our last meeting several applications for membership were sent in showing that Div. 99 is moving forward not backward.

PAST-PRESIDENT AND INSURANCE SEC.

G. I. A. Voluntary Relief Association.

TOLEDO, O., March 1, 1901.

To Division Insurance Secretaries, V. R. A.:

You are hereby notified of the death of the following members of the Association, and for the payment of these claims you are ordered to collect 50 cents from each member holding one policy, and \$1.00 from each member holding two policies, providing, however, that no one be assessed on a policy, if the application for said policy was dated later than Jan. 31, 1901:

ASSESSMENT No. 21.

Died Jan. 20, 1901. Sister Indie V. Garrett, aged 42, of Div. 87, Crewe, Va. Cause of death, heart failure. Held two policies, Nos. 5330 and 5331, dated March 8, 1899, payable to Mundoza F. Garrett, husband.

ASSESSMENT No. 22.

Died Jan. 27, 1901. Sister T. S. Ingraham, aged 66, of Div. 65, Cleveland, O. Admitted Jan. 14, 1892. Cause of death, pneumonia. Held two policies, Nos. 662 and 1200, payable to T. S. Ingraham, husband, A. H. Ingraham, son, Mrs. E. M. Bailey and Mrs. O. G. Collart, daughters.

ASSESSMENT No. 23.

Died Jan. 30, 1901. Sister Ellen H. Mershon, aged 65 years, of Div. 27, of Philadelphia, Pa. Admitted Nov. 4, 1896. Cause of death, meningitis. Held one policy, No. 3626, payable to F. S. Mershon, husband.

Members must pay their Insurance Secretary on or before March 31, or pay a fine of 10 cents on each policy. Insurance Secretaries must remit to General Secretary and Treasurer on or before April 10, 1901, or forfeit membership.

Assessment No. 23 will be paid from the Death Assessment Fund.

Three thousand one hundred and sixty-nine members paid Extra Assessment No. 1; nineteen hundred and two paying on one policy, and twelve hundred and sixty-seven on two policies. An error was made in computing the number who paid Assessment No. 14 on two policies; the correct number is twelve hundred and sixty-one.

All claims are paid in full—\$500 on each policy.

There will be extra work for the General Secretary and Treasurer this month, probably causing delays in answering correspondence.

At the coming election, the insured members should heed the recommendation of the late convention, and aim to elect able people for Insurance Secretaries. (By-laws p. 61, Art. II, Sec. 1.) The office is a most important one and the present incumbent should be urged to accept re-election if she has done her work correctly. We would ask all retiring from the office to turn over all books, receipts, blank reports, application forms, etc., in good order, and to explain the work carefully to their successors, in order to avoid all errors possible.

MRS. GEO. WILSON, Pres. V. R. A.

MARY L. ROBERTSON, Gen'l Sec'y and Treas.

Technical.

Freight-Train Handling.

BY ROBERT H. BLACKALL.

[Last Paper.]

One of the very dangerous things that is sometimes done with air trains consists in stopping on a heavy grade, generally on account of being flagged, and standing for some time with the brakes applied. With the usual train-line leaks it takes a comparatively short time to have the pressure leak quite low. When it is time to proceed, there may be a sufficient amount of main-reservoir pressure to release all brakes, but if steam is used to get started quickly, the train may be rolling pretty fast by the time the auxiliary reservoirs are fully recharged. Where an air train is to stand on a heavy grade for some time, it is best to have a sufficient number of hand brakes applied to hold the train, with the air brakes released. In this way the train can be started, the engineer has absolute control, and the element of danger is eliminated, as everything is fully charged before the train is moved.

In starting down a hill, it is poor policy to tip over the summit with a low steam pressure, such that one is unable to get a good speed out of the pump, and not enough, perhaps, to obtain full main-reservoir pressure. It is safer to "straddle" the hill and blow up.

On roads where air is first being used on heavy grades, engineers frequently have, and express considerable fear as to the liability of overheating driver tires. This is only natural, perhaps, but on a road where this danger does exist there is generally an order that covers the practice, and driver brakes should not be cut out unless it is absolutely necessary, as the braking power on the drivers of a heavy engine is frequently the equivalent of the brakes on from five to six 60,000 lbs. capacity cars. Any of us would be backward in cutting out that number of air brakes with a stiff grade ahead of us.

Some engineers, with enough air cars to

control a train, ask, or the train crew may do it without asking, that a few hand brakes be applied on the head end of the train instead of using only the retainers, the reason being that they think a steadier run can be made—they take it for granted that the retainers are poor, or possibly it gives them more confidence; however, it is a dangerous practice, especially on long grades. The proper size of the weighted valve in the retainer has been determined, not arbitrarily, but after a series of exhaustive tests, and the present valve is such that there is little danger of overheating wheels, and yet it retains sufficient pressure in the brake cylinder to retard the acceleration of the train sufficiently to insure ample time in which to recharge the auxiliaries between brake applications. A hand brake usually produces a much greater braking power than that developed by the retaining valve, and may hold as much as the air brake when fully applied, consequently but one result can be expected, namely, that the wheels under the cars upon which the hand brakes are used will receive more than their quota of heat, and more frequently cracked or broken wheels must be expected where this practice is in vogue. The proper use for hand brakes on air trains is to hold the train on a heavy grade where a somewhat prolonged stop is to be made; to hold slack from running out on a "hog back," or to keep slack bunched in backing a train into a siding.

Another improper use of the hand brake consists in applying two or three brakes on the rear to avoid a jar, where it is known that a stop is to be made and the train is only partially equipped with air. This practice stretches what slack there is, and the thing that happens is this: After an engineer has made a reduction and waited until he thinks he has all the slack bunched, he very naturally thinks that it will be all right to make a heavier reduction if he wishes to stop; the head end stops, the caboose goes up in the air, and everybody goes up and reads the riot act to the engineer. A consultation may be had with the head brakeman, who was on the engine. He swears the engineer did not

use the emergency, and the "jury" decides that there must be a "dynamiter" or "kicker" somewhere among the triples.

On heavy grades hand brakes may run a train with more even speed than can be done with air brakes, but how insignificant this fact is when compared with the benefits derived from the air brakes. With the air brakes one broken wheel is not found, while fifteen are found in hand-brake trains; the wheels are not so likely to be overheated; the last brake on a fifty-car air train can be started into operation inside of two seconds and a half, while one hand brake cannot be applied in that time; one man has complete control of the train, while two or more have to work together on a hand-braked train; faster time can be made with an air train, as it can be dropped into a station or up to a diamond crossing and then stopped with some degree of speed, while with a hand-braked train such points have to be approached slowly. There are many other reasons why air trains are far superior to hand brakes, and yet one occasionally sees a man approach a hill with fear. If this is caused by lack of inspection, there is some ground for fear, but if it is timidity born from lack of experience, a thorough knowledge of the brake, its operation and advantages should put confidence and courage in any man.

Some of the troubles ascribed to the air brake may often be traced to one of the following causes: When a train pulls hard, an engineer may ascribe it to a stuck brake and stall the train by continually placing the brake valve in full release; the train may be broken in two, due to poor judgment in picking a time and place for a release; brakes may be released and steam used before the train slack has had time to adjust itself, thus causing the train to part; trouble is also caused occasionally by an engineer trying to pull away from the rear of a train that has parted. To avoid the troubles cited, the following should be considered: All trains, though of the same number of cars or of the same tonnage, do not always pull the same; and just because a hard-pulling train is encountered, it does

not necessarily follow that a brake is stuck, and especially if the engineer has been handling the brake valve properly. If the valve handle is continually placed in full release for the purpose of kicking off the brake that is supposed to be stuck, the train-line pressure will eventually be higher than that for which the train-line governor is adjusted, and leaks will not be supplied when the brake-valve handle is returned to running position; as a result, the leaks in the train line creep on some of the brakes and the train may be stalled. If brakes are stuck and cannot be released by throwing the valve handle to release, the only way to do is to make a service reduction of ten pounds and then throw to full release. It is argued by some that this practice may stall the train; but if brakes are stuck, will the train not be stalled eventually anyway?

When a stop is to be made with a freight train, a point should always be made of leaving the brakes applied until the train has come to a full stop; and great care should be exercised in releasing brakes when a train is coming over a "hog back."

One very careless practice which is often the cause of breaks-in-two consists in using steam as soon as the brake-valve handle has been placed in full release position. If this practice produces shocks in a passenger train, what must they be in a long freight train? Too much care cannot be exercised in using steam at such a time.

Many an end sill has been wrecked on a car because an engineer felt the brakes apply, knew that the train had parted, and used steam in trying to keep the rear from striking the head portion of the train. The worst results are generally produced on a train partially equipped with air brakes, and where the break is near the engine. There is a tendency for the head portion to surge ahead when the break occurs; the engineer adds a greater space between the portions of the train by continuing the use of steam; the brakes on the engine and head cars are too much for the steam to overcome, and the unbraked cars surge against the air-braked ones on the second portion of the train, forcing

them ahead until they plunge into the head end, which is now rapidly stopping. It may be the instinct of self-preservation which causes one to continue using steam at such a time, but the energy is misapplied, and the proper move when an air train parts is to close the throttle and lap the brake valve as soon as possible, the latter to save main-reservoir pressure and have something with which to release and recharge. By adopting the foregoing method the damage is much less likely to produce serious effects.

In setting off cars from an air train, it is always good policy to leave the brakes applied on the train when leaving it. In recoupling, the train cannot be started unless the angle cocks are turned properly when the hose are recoupled.

QUESTION AND ANSWER COLUMN.

Q. A. B. E. What will cause a pump to work all right until it pumps full main-reservoir pressure, and then will not start to work until about ten or fifteen pounds have leaked off of the red hand?

A. The working of the pump shows it to be all right; the trouble is in the pump governor. In all probability the relief port is closed with gum or corrosion so that after the pin valve closes the air in the chamber above the steam piston can only escape by gradually leaking by the piston and escaping to the atmosphere through the drip pipe. Where the pump will not start until such a heavy reduction is made as in the case you cite, it shows that the steam-piston packing ring of the governor is an excellent fit.

Clearing the relief port of the existing obstruction will in all probability relieve the inaccuracy of the operation.

Q. J. D. S. What is the usual piston travel for truck brake pistons? A truck brake has just been placed on my engine, and I don't want to get any flat spots.

A. Keep the standing travel as near six inches as possible and you will not get any flat wheels. With a six-inch standing travel the running travel will vary between seven and eight inches.

Q. J. S. Will you please tell me the difference between an F6 and E6 brake

valve? I hear different men speak of valves as having different letters, but all I know is the old excess-pressure valve and the one with the feed valve attachment.

A. The D8 is the old style brake valve containing the excess-pressure valve, while the D5, E6, F6, and G6, are practically the same aside from the slide valve feed-valve governor which is on the G6 valve instead of the form of train-line governor that took the place of the excess-pressure valve. The letters D, E, F, and G simply refer to a particular catalogue, and the figure designates the page of the catalogue on which is illustrated the device referred to.

With the D8 brake valve the pump governor was operated by train-line pressure, while with the other valves main-reservoir pressure is coupled to and operates this governor. With the D8 valve the excess pressure determines the amount of excess pressure when the brake valve is in running position, while with the D5, E6, F6, and G6, the main reservoir pressure stops the pump when a predetermined main-reservoir pressure is reached, and the train-governor or feed valve attachment, as it is sometimes called, shuts off train-line pressure at that pressure for which the governor is adjusted.

Q. D. B. Why is it that when I pull a long train the brakes seem to take hold stronger than when I only have two or three cars? It isn't occasionally but always, the long train seeming to have more of a drag to it when the brakes are on, and there seems to be more business going on under the train.

A. In all probability you have no truck brake, and, as it is a common thing to have 40,000 pounds of unbraked weight on the truck, you would notice this large amount of unbraked weight more on a short than on a long train for the reason that your average total percentage of braking power is higher on a long than on a short train; that is, the 40,000 pounds divided between ten cars would not reduce the average percentage of braking power nearly as much as if this extra weight were divided between but two cars. On curves there is also more side binding of the wheels on the rails with a long train.

With a service application, the brakes could be full set quicker on a short, than on a long train, as the volume of air to be taken from the train line is much less, but in an emergency application it can readily be seen that with a two or ten-car train there could not be much difference in the time of applying the two sets of brakes, when we consider that a quick reduction will start the brake on the last of a fifty-car train into operation inside of two and one-half seconds.

Q. W. K. T. I heard some fellows talking about parasites the other day in connection with an engine. I would like to find out what they were driving at?

A. "Parasites" has become a common term among air brake men for any contrivances aside from the air brake or air signal systems that are operated on an engine or train by compressed air. This includes air sanders, bell ringers, water raising systems on parlor cars, in connection with the "simpling" mechanism on some compound engines, etc. All of these things tend to put more work on our friend the pump, and in many cases air is used where steam might just as well be employed.

Q. W. J. K. We had an argument the other day as to how much better a nine and one-half inch pump was than an eight inch. One of the boys thought that even if the steam cylinder was only one and one-half inches larger it would pump twice as much air; can you tell us about the difference?

A. With two pumps in good condition, the nine and one-half inch pump will compress about sixty-five per cent more air. You will remember that the air end of the eight-inch pump is only seven and one-half inches in diameter, or two inches smaller than the air cylinder of the larger pump. The number of square inches in a piston of seven and one-half inches is 44.18 and in a nine and one-half piston is 70.88, showing that there are 60½ per cent more square inches in the area of the larger piston. In actual tests the amount of air compressed by the larger pump is about 65 per cent in excess of that compressed by the smaller.

Q. F. S. D. (a). Will you please explain what is wrong with the signal system when

the whistle blows two or three times every time the conductor pulls the signal cord once?

(b). What is the trouble if no air issues from the car discharge valve when the conductor pulls the cord?

A. (a). The stem in the signal valve may be too loose a fit in the bushing in which it works, or the trouble may be in the manner of pulling the signal cord. If a light or very quick reduction is made with the car discharge valve the whistle may respond as described, especially if there happens to be main-reservoir pressure on the signal pipe due to a dirty reducing valve, in which case the first reduction is usually insufficient to cause the reducing valve to open, as the pressure in the signal pipe is still greater than that for which the reducing valve is adjusted. As a result, no air from the main reservoir feeds through the reducing valve into the signal pipe to force down the signal-valve diaphragm. This condition tends to produce a fluctuation of pressures which, especially with the loose stem referred to, tends to cause the signal valve diaphragm to bounce and the whistle to respond accordingly.

There is much less likelihood of trouble manifesting itself in the signal apparatus, if, when the signal cord is pulled, a reduction is made during the space of a second, and a second does not mean a quick jerk, neither does it mean to hang upon the cord two or three seconds, which latter method also produces bad results.

(b). If no air issues from the car discharge valve on one particular car, when the signal cord is pulled, the trouble usually consists of a corroded strainer, or the cut-out cock may have been turned. I have also seen a case where the seat was loose in the car discharge valve and the air would get above the valve seat and hold it down while the metal part of the valve lifted properly in response to the pull upon the cord. Of course if the seat remained down no air could get out.

A., T. & S. F. Tandem Compound.

TOPEKA, KAN., Feb. 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I inclose photograph of tandem compound I am running. These engines were built at the Topeka shops.

They were designed by Mr. John Player, Superintendent of Motive Power, A., T. & S. F. Ry, and built from his specifications. Their total weight in working order is 169,000 pounds; cylinders, 14 and 24, and 28-inch stroke; steam pressure, 180 pounds; heating surface, 1,915 inches. The drivers are 77 inches. The capacity of tender is 5,000 gallons water and seven tons of coal. The valve stem and rocker arm are Mr. Player's inventions, and differ from any other kind I have seen. We have two of these engines, Nos. 697 and 698. Bro. C. Coggins and myself run this one and Bros. E. B. Jolley and B. L. Smith the other on our heavy passenger trains, which vary from seven to fourteen cars. Our schedule

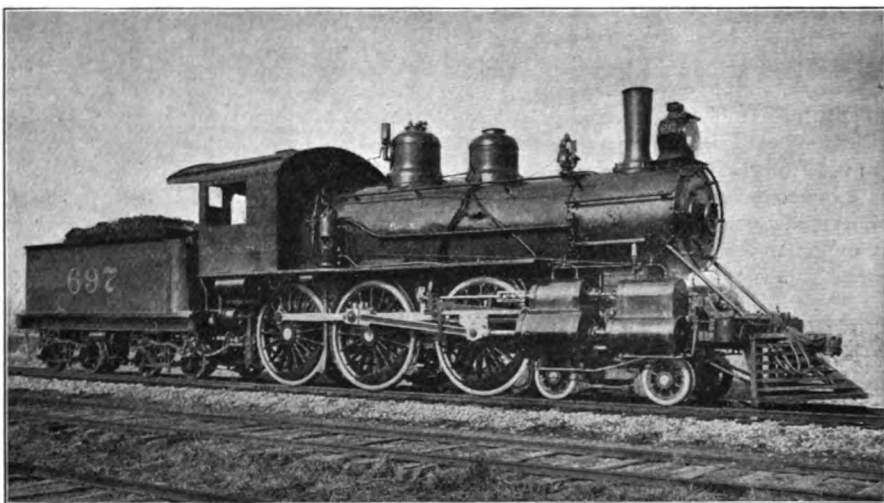
engine, which is quite out of the ordinary kind, might be of interest.

Fraternally yours,
J. C. MCNEILL, F. A. E., Div. 234.

Air Pump on Left-Hand Side.

WILMINGTON, DEL., Feb. 13, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I have been anxiously looking and waiting for someone through the columns of the JOURNAL to enter a protest against the change of position of air pump from the right to left side of locomotive, and the question naturally presents itself to me, am I in the minority, or is the change advisable? Certainly no class of men are as much interested in



A., T. & S. F. TANDEM COMPOUND.

time is 38 miles an hour, and we handle the trains with ease. These engines are giving good satisfaction. They make 270 miles a day, and are always ready, and run very cool for such large engines. I do not know the limit of their speed, but think they would meet any reasonable demand. I have attained 66 miles an hour with this one with nine cars, and could have done better had there been an occasion for it. They have been in service for the past seven months. The picture was taken by Mr. John F. Strickrott, of Topeka, Kan. Having seen quite a number of cuts of locomotives in the JOURNAL, I thought this

equipment, or change of same as the engineers, and it is to them that I, through the medium of the JOURNAL, propound this question. It has never suggested itself to me so forcibly until recently I was assigned to run an engine with pump located on left side. I was like a mariner at sea without a compass; there was something missing, and so far as I can learn the only cause or reason assigned for the change is that on the right side it obstructs the view of engineer. In all my experience as engineer, I say with all sincerity that I have never yet found a pump located so high above footboard as to obstruct my view,

and personally I prefer it to remain on right side. The engineer is to the pump like a doctor to a patient; in case of ills he must make a diagnosis of the case in order to prevent total collapse. Can a pump on left side of engine be watched as carefully as if it were on right side, and is there any part of the equipment as important or needs such care and attention as the pump? I think not. Located under the very eyes of the engineer, the first signs of distress in a pump are given attention, and in many cases failure to do so means stoppage and no brake. In modern railroading could anything be worse, and is it possible to give this attention to pump on left side? Some may say let the fireman watch it. Of course, if the change is made we must in a manner depend on the fireman to do so. Isn't that imposing additional hardships and responsibilities upon him? Hasn't he already enough to do, and as we are responsible can we afford to allow others to unnecessarily assume our responsibilities? I have thought very seriously over the matter and deem the change inadvisable. Let's hear from others.

Faternally yours,
S. G. FISHER, Div. 342.

Running Problems to Answer.

EDITOR JOURNAL: From the readers of the JOURNAL, I would ask for information on the following subjects:

1. In case of a driving box and brass breaking through the center on top, what is the best way to get the engine in shape to proceed, with the least loss of time and least danger of injury to the journal?

2. Some Brother please describe a reliable cup for eccentrics—one that has been used and found satisfactory.

3. An engine which recently came out of the shop was troubled by a main pin constantly running very hot. After about three months' service the pin has become loose in the wheel. Did the heating cause it? If so, how? KEYSTONE.

Exhaust Nozzles.

EDITOR JOURNAL: We had almost arrived at the top notch of perfection in the

burning of soft coal correctly in locomotive fire-boxes, when suddenly we took a very rapid stride backwards. To a close observer it would appear that a new school of mechanical students had been turned loose on all our railroad systems with unlimited power as regards expense or economy. They have been educated in the great mechanical universities of our country. As a natural consequence when their education is finished, or rather when they have devoted a certain number of years to these studies they are declared competent to take charge of a system of railroad to govern the vast army of "ignorant" employees, whose only education has been obtained in the great "college of adversity." But, be it said to their everlasting credit, they have learned practical knowledge of far greater value to this world of industry than could be obtained in any other way. Our college learned officials have been present at a great number of tests to demonstrate the efficiency of some new scientific theory. Invariably, however, these tests have usually involved some slight change from what can be done in actual practice for conveniences' sake.

Take for instance the exhaust nozzle with the extension smoke box. A few years ago the top of the nozzle came up to about even with the top row of flues; in some cases a little higher. The partition between the exhaust passages came up to within say seven inches of the top of the tip of the single nozzle. Each exhaust was conducted separately to the top of the nozzle. The steam came out in the form of a ball. Being confined to its own channel, it did not expand into a large space in the body of the nozzle to over twice its original volume. At half the pressure this round ball of steam entered the stack pushing out what air was ahead of it and pulling after it the heat from the fire-box. When its force was spent there was a relaxation of the vacuum which allowed the heat to remain in and be absorbed by the flues. This exhaust had a sharp, quick, distinct sound, a very precise demonstration of business ability as it were. Engines were all good steamers, but not being of a contented disposition it was thought advisable to make some changes, so here is the evolution of the scientific brain. The

height of the nozzle was cut down; the partition separating the exhaust passages was lowered to about eighteen inches from the top of the nozzle; a petticoat pipe was added to the already standard form of draft appliances. The exhaust steam on arriving at the top of the partition dividing the steam passages in the nozzle expands to more than twice its original volume, starts down into the opposite cylinder and gets out of the nozzle in the form of a baseball bat, pushing out what air is ahead of it in the stack and creating a vacuum in the smoke box that pulls the heat through the flues. But we find there is no relaxation of the vacuum because while the tail end of the exhaust steam is still at the nozzle the other end of it is about four feet higher, or half way up the stack, and has not spent its full force before the following exhaust takes place, and then we have what we call a continuous draft. This, of course, keeps the heat moving in a steady flow through the flues and does not allow of its being absorbed by the flues to as great a degree as with the first form of nozzle. The exhaust created in this manner has a dull, sleepy sound, a good deal as though we were "working water" through the cylinders. Let us see how things look in the fire-box with this continuous draft. The common practice is to have the fire-box sit on top of the frames. There is usually three flues running from the back to the front sheets in the fire-box to support the brick arch. They are called arch flues. On account of the very limited space they are too close to the grates. They have warts burned on them in making from 2,000 to 5,000 miles and have to be renewed. This item costs on an average not to exceed one dollar a day for each engine. The flues leak every trip over the road. New flues are no exception. This is caused mostly by the continuous draft system drawing so much cold air in through the fire-box door every time it is open, and it is open most all the time nowadays putting in coal. The cold air does not come in contact with a sufficient volume of heat to prevent the temperature from being greatly and rapidly reduced to a point injurious to the flues and sheets of fire-box. The continuous draft does not let this cold air stop to warm itself at your fireside before passing through the flues. In fact, the air drawn through the fire door enters the flues in a solid volume without being heated to any perceptible degree at all.

It is out of the question to expect the maximum amount of work out of an engine unless the steam pressure can be maintained at its highest point continuously while the engine is being worked at any cut-off that the service demands. Take a passenger engine for illustration. The time is 45 miles an hour, train consisting of

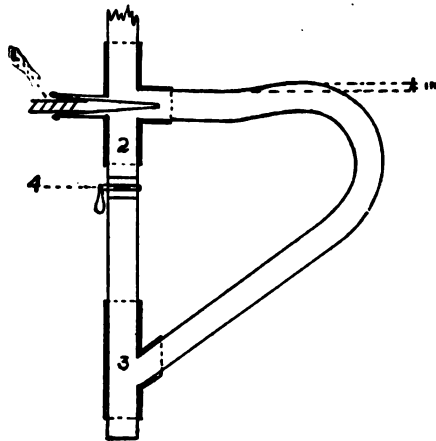
ten cars (625 tons), average point of cut-off 12 inches. If the steam pressure can not be kept constant at its highest point the engine will have to be worked in a longer cut-off and the chances are that the steam pressure will keep on falling.

MR.

Sand Blower.

NEW CASTLE, PA., Jan. 29, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I would like to bring before the members of our order through the columns of our magazine a thing that I know will be of great interest to us all. Now, what I wish to speak of is a new sand blower device. One that will sand the rail and do it right. We have all had sad experience with sanders that work all right when you have no pressing need of them. For example, just as you are leaving the roundhouse, the foreman says, "Now,



SAND BLOWER.

that sander is working all right. I don't want to hear of you reporting delay on account of sand pipes being stopped up." And the first hill you strike away she goes, and the pipes are either stopped up or else there is not enough sand coming from them to hold a bicycle to the rail.

The above cut will give a fair idea of the blower. No. 1 is the blower, which can be adjusted to any grade of sand, fine or coarse; it will blow anything that will go through pipe. Nos. 2 and 3 are castings, and No. 4 is a plug cock to be used in case of failure of air pump. It will be noticed that the bottom of the curved pipe is $\frac{1}{4}$ inch higher than the straight pipe; this insures no loss of sand by jar or loose pipe.

Now, most of these air sanders govern the man that handles them. This one is governed by the engineer, and he is the man that is supposed to know how to do

so. If he don't he had better resign. This sander has been applied to one of our heavy engines and is giving the best of satisfaction. The claims made for this sander are its simplicity, durability, and cheapness. The first one has been in use eight months now with no renewals, and it was made of what material was accessible in a roundhouse. This sander was got up by Bro. R. W. Hamilton, of Div. 565, and T. L. Bailey our Road Foreman of Engines. I would be pleased to hear from any of our readers respecting this device, and will cheerfully answer any questions regarding it. Yo urs fraternally,

J. H. McILVENNY, F. A. E. Div. 565.

Patent Burglar Alarm.

EDITOR JOURNAL: The Patent Office Record gives the following description of an alarm apparatus invented by Bro. Rough, of Div. 361:

"655,834 Burglar Alarm, filed Nov. 22, 1899. Serial number 737,944."

John W. Rough, an engineer on the C. I. & L. Monon Route, a resident of New Albany, Ind., at present located at Orleans, Ind., has invented an air operated burglar alarm. This invention relates to train signals, but more particularly to signaling systems adopted to sound an alarm throughout the train when the engine or any car is attacked by train robbers.

The object of the present invention is the provision of an improved signaling system adopted for operation by air pressure derived from the regular signaling and air brake equipment of the train without interfering therewith, by which the engineer can send an alarm to all the cars of the train if he is attacked, or the alarm can be sent throughout the train from any car thereof, if that car is the point of attack. A further object is to provide, in connection with the other parts of the system, an improved equipment for the baggage and express cars by which the lights therein can be extinguished, and a firearm discharged in order to better protect the express messengers, etc. Having the foregoing objects in view, the invention consists of a signal system and apparatus comprising certain improved features and novel combinations and arrangements set forth in detail and recited in the appended claims.

In the main signal pipe is a spring-actuated valve having a tendency to seat itself, which closes communication with engineer's whistle when the signals are being sent by the engineer to the cars of the train, so that his own whistle will not blow at the same time. In each car there is a signal whistle having a normally seated spring-actuated valve adapted to hold the

usual forty pounds pressure in the signal pipe, said whistle being connected to the signal pipe by a branch pipe leading to the usual discharge valve, which is operated by pulling the signal cord when signaling to the engineer. The whistles in the cars are operated by an excess pressure being thrown into the signal line, for instance, as an attack by train robbers, the engineer wishes to sound the alarm in the various cars of the train, he throws his valve handle to the right, thereby cutting off communication between the main and auxiliary reservoir and putting the auxiliary reservoir in the direct communication with the train signal pipe. When this is accomplished the normal forty pounds pressure in the signal pipe is supplemented by the discharge from the auxiliary reservoir, the pressure being raised, the valves in all the car whistles are unseated and said whistles sounded until the pressure again drops to forty pounds. During this discharge, the valve in direction of the engineer's whistle is held tightly by the additional pressure, thus preventing the engineer's signal or whistle from sounding, consequently the attacking party have no knowledge of an alarm being sent or sounded, while the train crew are warned of the attack and placed on their guard. These valves can be placed at any convenient point on the engine and cars and arranged for operation either by hand or foot. This alarm makes no sound in the car or engine where it is being sent from, consequently the attacking party have no knowledge of an alarm being sent.

JOHN W. ROUGH,
Orleans, Orange Co., Ind., or
New Albany, Ind.

Priming.

WATERBURY, CT., Feb. 2, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Some years ago I was on the same road, ran the same class of engine, and had the same experience noted by Brother Aldrich in the February JOURNAL. Water in that section was very good, but of course boilers would need washing out or they would foam, and washing out would cure the trouble. In regard to the peculiar action of the water, I could only account for it (to myself) in this way. The water gages on the Mother Hubbard class were placed one at each end of the boiler. The dome is near the middle, and the tendency was when foaming to draw the water from each end where gages were. I thought this because they would often show as much or more water when the throttle was closed as when they were raising it, showing that the water had again settled to level in boiler. Was I right in thus thinking?

WM. BROUGHTON, Div. 205.

THE JOURNAL.

Published monthly, 307 Society for Savings Bldg.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CHARLES H. SALMONS, - Editor and Manager.

Articles for Correspondence Department should be written on one side of the paper only, and must be at this office not later than the 10th, and for the Technical Department not later than the 12th of the month, to insure insertion in current number. Noms de plume may be used, but name and address of the writer must be given, or matter will not be used.

All matters for publication, Division addresses, etc., should be addressed to the Editor. The Editor reserves the right to use or reject matter for the reading columns entirely on its merits. The reading columns will not be sold for advertising purposes.

All money matters should be addressed to T. S. INGRAHAM, F. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg. Send New York or Chicago draft, Express money order or Postal order, but never send personal check, it is useless.

Changes in Address of the JOURNAL subscribers and orders for Division supplies should be addressed to D. EVERETT, T. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg.

Advertising Department matter and all correspondence relating thereto should be addressed to W. N. GATES, 409 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.



MARCH, 1901.

Railroad Consolidation.

In 1889, what was known as the Trans-Missouri Freight Association was formed for the purpose of mutual protection, by establishing and maintaining reasonable rates. It was composed of some eighteen roads. A small fine not to exceed \$100 was fixed as a penalty for violation of this contract. In June, 1892, complaint having been made, the Attorney General of the United States filed a bill of complaint in the United States Circuit Court of the District of Kansas, which resulted in this court dismissing the case, and the government appealed from the judgment to the United States Court of Appeals, Eighth Circuit. That court in October, 1893, affirmed the judgment of the Circuit Court, and the government appealed to the United States Supreme Court, where the decision of the Circuit Court was reversed, and the Trans-Missouri Freight Association was dissolved. Chief Justice Peckham, in delivering the opinion of the court, said:

The results of trusts or combinations of that nature may be different in different kinds of corporations, and yet they have an essential similar-

ity and have been induced by motives of individual or corporate aggrandizement as against public interest.

While the statute prohibits all combinations in the form of trusts or otherwise, the limitation is not confined to that form alone. All combinations which are in restraint of trade or commerce are prohibited *whether in the form of trusts or in any other form.*

We then concluded that but one course was left for the railroads and said: "The restraint in the management of railroads under this decision is such that if something is not done to relieve them and give opportunity for better protection to the vast property, which is the property of thousands of investors, consolidation must be the inevitable result, and that free competition sought through the Interstate Commerce law and anti-trust law will be negated."

The JOURNAL then favored some pooling law under proper restrictions with the public protected against unjust rates, but both state and national legislation has been in the direction of narrowing instead of broadening the privilege of conducting railroad affairs on a sound business basis. Consequently in order to control the large factor necessarily employed in the traffic departments, each anxious to show that it is getting business, many times resorting to questionable methods detrimental to the roads and without any corresponding benefits to the general public, consolidation has been resorted to more for the purpose of control of the necessary forces employed and to secure stability of rates, than for the purpose of squeezing the public by any change of rates. The public should be protected against unjust discriminations and unjust rates, but extremes in this direction invite strenuous efforts in the direction of self-protection, and a natural result has followed.

The report of the Interstate Commerce Commission says that 25,311 miles were absorbed between July 1, 1899, and November 1, 1900, and from present indications the railroads of the country will be thrown into a few groups, each controlling its own territory. What will be the next move on the part of public opinion in the direction of restrictions we are unable to say. We do not believe the managers of these proper-

ties will go to extremes that will arouse animus and consolidate public sentiment against them. But extortion will doubtless be feared and it offers an opportunity to the politician to make these combinations a hobby. Some are already predicting monster reductions in operating forces and in reduction in wages, but no very great reduction in forces can be made and we shall not believe that managers of railroads are so lacking in wisdom that they will resort to any extremes to secure undue returns. We believe it would have been better for the public, the quality of the service to be rendered by the railroads and the large factor of employees had a more liberal policy been followed and the companies allowed reasonable control of competition with safeguards for the public put in force through the Interstate Commerce Commission. As it is, the problem instead of being solved through the Interstate Commerce law and the anti-trust law seems to grow in magnitude.

It is an unquestionable fact that the railroads through unjust discriminations and exorbitant rates brought about a public sentiment that culminated in the Interstate commerce law, a law needed to correct abuse of public privilege. Trusts brought about the anti-trust law. These two were coupled together and used to compel the railroads to maintain open competition in the interest of the shipper, but the investor in railroads, actuated by similar motives of self-interest would not stand still while the managers of these properties were fighting for traffic at the expense of dividends or interest on their investments; hence consolidation for the purpose of control over destructive competition. It is a natural result. But there are other natural results depending very materially upon the use made of the great power this centralizing of wealth brings into the hands of a few people. Extremes detrimental to the public good are sure to arm everything against the railroads, and this would naturally involve nearly a million employees and their dependencies, directly or indirectly, and this factor cannot get away from the necessity of a lively interest in the outcome. Virgil said, "The

noblest motive is the public good." And while no one will expect managers of these properties to forget the interests of those they directly represent, the owners, it is reasonable to presume that they possess the wisdom to conduct the business of transportation on such liberal lines that the public, and especially the employees who perform the dangerous duties incident to the service will have little to complain of as having been brought about by consolidation.

There should be unquestionably governmental authority over the railroads, but it should be on lines that would permit fair earning powers, that the money invested may gather some returns, and the betterment continually demanded be made out of legitimate earnings, and not to fix conditions so narrow as to induce an effort to evade them. The conditions should be sufficiently mutual so that no such comparison could be made as the following by the *Railway Age*, which says: "American railroads present the finest service, the lowest rates of fare and freight, the best equipment, the latest safety appliances, and the highest order of intelligence and ability among officers and men, together with the worst discriminations, grossest violation of law, and the most shameless disregard of official honor to be found anywhere."

Fraternal Law Sustained.

We present on page 162, this issue, a legal decision rendered by the Supreme Court of the State of New York, which sustains our constitution and by-laws as the governing power of our individual and collective membership. It is of unusual importance, and should be read by every member, and especially by every executive officer.

Div. 105, of New York, expelled one of its members for unbecoming conduct, and suit was brought against the Chief Engineer of Div. 105. The case was tried in a lower court, and the action of the Division sustained. An appeal was taken to the higher court, with the same result. The decision of the Supreme Court is based upon the legality of the constitution and

by-laws when rightfully administered, and it is this point of view that induces us to call special attention to it and request that it get the attention it deserves for the benefit of all members, and of all officials in particular. When one becomes a member of the order he obligates himself to be governed by its constitution and by-laws, and a violation of any of its provisions subjects him to the penalties prescribed. Therefore, he has no redress under common law, unless an error has been made in the process of applying the law governing the organization; hence the necessity for the officials of Divisions in particular to give this decision a thorough reading that they may better appreciate the necessity of a strict compliance with every mandate of the constitution and by-laws.

Our constitution and by-laws is an aggregation of the best thought of the delegates attending thirty-two international conventions. Experience has taught the necessity for each paragraph, and the law as a whole is based upon justice, and in defense of the rights and honor of those who subscribe to it. There are two essential duties: to live within the law and to correctly apply it to those who do not.

A Texas Friend of Labor.

We have been favored with a copy of the Austin *Daily Express*, giving an account of the discussion in the senate of the State Legislature of Texas on Feb. 14, when Senator Staples secured consideration of a bill to prohibit corporations from coercing or intimidating employees, because of their membership in labor unions. Senator Debrell led the opposition, offering an amendment prohibiting strikers and other laborers from interfering with non-union workmen. Senator Staples opposed the amendment and defended the bill, stating that its object was to permit laborers to maintain a scale of wages.

Senator Debrell said he was there as the friend of the laboring element of Texas—but said that the object of the bill was to create an infamous trust, and that he did not believe labor unions had done anybody any good in Texas, clinching his argument

by the statement that "he would rather be dead and in a political hell than support such a measure."

The Brother who sends us the paper says: "Had Mr. Debrell been in hell instead of the state senate of Texas, organized labor would have been better off."

Senator Patterson said he was satisfied that labor unions have done a good deal of good in many cases. Senator Harris, of Baxter, made a speech defending union labor, and said he thought the bill seeks to enact a fair proposition and that it ought to pass, but it would seem that Debrell, who credits himself with being a friend of the labor element of Texas, had the strong side with him as his amendment was adopted.

Of course we do not know Senator Debrell, and do not know how many corporations he is interested in or working for, nor what makes him so narrow and bitter an enemy of organized effort, that he would sooner be in "hell" than support a measure in their interest. It is our opinion, however, that laboring men who submitted to conditions fixed for them by this kind of a friend, would fare about as well and look as hungry as some of the swine that chase Texas nuts for a living. Every man has a right to his opinion and Senator Debrell has a right to oppose any or all measures calculated to benefit labor, but we question his right to pose as a friend of any class of laboring men, while he so violently shows his antipathy towards every measure calculated to benefit those who do the manual labor of Texas and who are without legal means to defend themselves against the rapacity of the unscrupulous employer. If he is a friend to any class of laboring men of course it is the non-union class—that class that can be used to cheapen and impoverish all laborers who dare to desire and demand better conditions, better living, better opportunity for education and to become better citizens. Such men as Debrell would do well not to talk about their love for labor until they had done something to cause others to class them as friends of the laboring men. Laboring men are not such fools as to accept the noise of one's own horn rather than judge him by his acts.

LINKS.

To ALL SUBDIVISIONS.—At the present writing, there are one hundred and sixty-five Divisions that have not complied with the law requiring them to send in an annual report showing the business transactions during the year, and a list of members in good standing, in order that we may check them up and determine their standing. The law is explicit and rigid, and a penalty attaches to a Division that fails in its duty in this respect. The consequence is that the account of each of these Divisions is still open, while it should have been closed and the standing given in the financial report sent out from this office. Blanks were sent to the F. A. E. of each Division in abundant time to enable them to report promptly, and there does not seem to be any good excuse for a failure. Quite a large number of these delinquent Divisions have asked for a statement of their account, but it will be readily seen that we cannot give an intelligent statement until the report is received and a computation made of the business done during the year. When the report is received, if there is an account unpaid, a statement will be sent even though no request is made for it. We do not wish to be unreasonable or exacting, but we *must have* these reports and a settlement, or we shall be compelled to take such action as the necessity of the cases requires.

We are in receipt of a letter for the Technical Department which comes without date line or signature, and even the postoffice stamp where it was mailed shows nothing but the date on which it was mailed—January 24. The letter is good, and we make use of it, contrary to the rules of every publisher. [See department headings, Correspondence and Editorial.] We had two letters from the same source in 1896, and presume neither was answered, from the same cause. We desire to extend the courtesy of answering every communication sent in for publication, but we cannot do so unless we know who the writer is. We have mentioned this many times, and we hope each one will in the future

give name and address, and that the party alluded to will do so when he reads this.—
EDITOR.

IN the February JOURNAL, page 125, we said: "The Grand Office has received quite a number of requests for *quarterly* password." We evidently were led into the error of using the word "quarterly" by a letter of request that was before us using that term. We should have used the word "semi-annual," which was in use prior to our late convention at Milwaukee.

In appreciation of his ability and satisfactory service as engineer, the Illinois Central Railway has promoted Bro. R. W. Bell to the position of Traveling Engineer, and assigned him duties on the St. Louis Division. Members of Div. 27 congratulate our Brother upon his well merited promotion, and hope it will lead to more important positions for him in the future.

Yours fraternally,

G. W. HALL, F. A. E. Div. 27.

BRO. MARTIN WHALEN has been appointed Road Foreman of Engines for the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Sandusky Divisions of the Big Four Railway. The Brothers of Div. 318 wish him success in his new field of labor. We feel confident that the officials have made a wise selection in the appointment of Brother Whalen. We know he will fill the position with honor to himself and credit to the company.

Fraternally yours,
C. F. HARRIS, F. A. E.

BRO. JOHN A. KENNEDY has been promoted to the position of Road Foreman of Engines for the Chautauqua Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Brother Kennedy has about three hundred miles of road, and about the same number of engineers and firemen. Div. 173 wishes him success in his new field of labor, as they know him to be fully qualified for the position. Fraternally, M. S. TOBIN.

In response to the appeal made by Div. 206, Temple, Tex., to the members of the

order for aid for the Brothers who suffered losses in the Galveston storm of September 8th, we have received to date (February 11th) the sum of \$699.70, of which each of the following Brothers received \$53.82: Ed. McCormick, John M. Killen, John Steinhoff, Henry Lemerman, James McDonough, George Frank, Eli Reese and Ed. H. Riordan, of Div. 206; Charles Huff, John Kurchgrabber, John Killeen and Frank Bell, of Div. 194. Also Mrs. Tarpey, wife of Bro. James Tarpey, of Div. 206, who is in the insane asylum, received a like amount. Total, 699.66.

We have also received from Div. 15, Ladies' Auxiliary, the sum of \$10, donated for Mrs. Tarpey, for which we are doubly thankful, as it is the only donation from that source. Fraternal yours,

W. H. CRAINE, F. A. E., Div. 206.

AN exceedingly pleasant social and dance was given by the Brothers of Div. 204, B. of L. E., and their wives, on February 8, at River du Loup Station, Quebec. The hall and English school room underneath were tastefully decorated with flags and bunting for the occasion. Dancing commenced at 8:30 and at 12 delicious refreshments were served by the ladies to over forty couples. Among those present were Mayor L. H. Lerasseur and lady, Mr. D. B. Lindsay, General Manager Temisconata Railway, and Mrs. Lindsay, and many other friends too numerous to mention. The mayor gave a short address, very appropriate to the occasion, which was much appreciated by all present. After refreshments, dancing continued until five in the morning, when all returned to their homes feeling they had had an enjoyable time. Before the close a vote of thanks was tendered the ladies who worked so hard and accomplished so much toward the pleasure and success of the party.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

DURING the history of our Brotherhood we have had the pleasure of witnessing many happy events, and some of them have been of that character that they will never be forgotten. They are indelibly

written on the historic pages of our organization, and today they stand out in letters of bold relief, marking, as it were, the green spots in the pathway of our Brotherhood, and we fondly cherish all the hallowed and blessed memories that cluster around these happy associations. That these occasions are to be perpetuated was fully demonstrated by the members of the Boston Divisions, Nos. 61, 312 and 439, at their thirty-fifth annual ball, given in Boston, Mass., at Odd Fellows' Hall, 515 Tremont street, Thursday evening, Jan. 14, 1901. We have had the pleasure of participating in many affairs of this character, but none of them have excelled this memorable gathering. It was, without the shadow of a doubt, an honor and a credit to those who participated in arranging the many and various details that are associated with such assemblies. It is no exaggeration to say that the writer was not only surprised, but extremely gratified to see the care and anxiety that was manifested by the committee in looking after the welfare of their guests. To mention any special committee would be an act of injustice, for they appeared to vie with one another in the several tasks to which they had been assigned. So complete and perfect were their different arrangements that everything worked like a charm, and the result was that everyone was as happy as a pair of wedding bells.

The hall decorations were extremely patriotic, President McKinley's portrait having the place of honor over the stage, flanked with flags, and Vice-President-elect Roosevelt's, framed in the national colors, was at the other end of the hall. The walls were tastefully hung with parti-colored bunting, shields and other devices. The concert, which preceded the dancing, was of a high order of excellence, and a most enjoyable prelude to the festivities of the dance. The grand march was a pretty picture. It was led by the floor director and Mrs. W. E. Downes, with Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Lawson, Mr. F. W. Body and his bride, followed by Mr. Deloss Everett, Third Grand Engineer, and wife, who came from Cleveland, O., to attend the ball, and who also wrote a two-step,

which was neatly done by the eastern railroad men.

The supper served at this merry time was a most tasteful and elaborate affair. That our Boston Brothers know what is good to eat goes without saying, for it would appear that they had searched the universe for everything that would tickle the human palate, and that they succeeded in satisfying the cravings of their guests was amply demonstrated in the way the victuals disappeared.

The dancers tripped "the light fantastic toe" to the inspiring strains of Harry E. Brigham's orchestra until the "wee sma' hours o' the morn'." When the good-byes were said and well-wishes for the future were expressed, the scene was over, and the thirty-fifth annual ball of the Boston Divisions disappeared like a dream of the past.

A VISITOR.

L. A. THOMAS Div., 492, Indianapolis, met in hall, Jan. 27, with 31 visitors from Div. 25, and 20 visitors from Div. 11, with Bro. H. E. Martin, Chief Engineer. An address of welcome was delivered by Bro. P. E. Noonan. After an informal introduction of Div. 25, Brother Woods, their Chief Engineer, was given the chair, and his corps of officers was placed and an initiation took place.

During a short recess the several Divisions gathered around the table on which were placed such appliances as the injector, the lubricator, the triple valve, the latest improved engineers' brake valve, which make a very interesting study for us during our idle moments. Here, if we make a "break," as is sometimes said, it is not before the master mechanic or superintendent, and we can always stand corrected by some Brother better informed than the majority. We become well posted, and it is hard to down us in an examination, such as we are liable to at any time.

After order was restored we had several speeches for the good of the order, in which the Milwaukee Convention was discussed. The meeting then adjourned and took a general line of march to the hall of Div. 11, where the ladies had arranged a surprise for us. After all were seated about

the hall, Mrs. Simms welcomed us in a style that made each one feel truly welcome. There stood the tables laden with good things to eat, and beautifully decorated with flowers. After doing justice to the food we were called upon to talk, and many said they were too full for utterance. One man said his wife complained that there was no talk in him, as he would only eat and sleep. This is general among railroad men. The G. I. A. entertained us with music and singing, and recitations by some of the younger part of the assembly. The ladies then gave an exhibition of their work. The line of march to perform the letters was made without a mistake. If you want to see good work just get the ladies to perform. There were 115 who ate supper and we had 65 at Div. Hall 492. I want to say, in behalf of Div. 492, to the Brothers of Divs. 11 and 25, we enjoyed your visit, and hope this will not be the last one. You will always be welcome, and there will always be a place for the ladies.

J. M. BEGGS, Div. 492.

THE grand annual ball given by Kings County Div., 419, in Schüller's Assembly Rooms, Brooklyn, N. Y., February 1, was the most successful affair of the kind ever given in this city. The members, with their families and friends, filled the hall to its utmost capacity. The hall was beautifully decorated with flags and bunting, and in the front of the hall was suspended in letters of fire the B. of L. E. monogram and number of the Division, with a large flag of Old Glory for a background. The grand march was led by Brother Freeland, floor manager, and lady, assisted by Brother and Sister Tucker. There were 212 couples in the march. We were disappointed, when the march started, in not being able to find our Chief, Brother Ring, but we found out later that he was out in the committee room looking for his badge, which could not be found. Brother Schüller came to the rescue and fished out the missing badge for Brother Ring, so that he was able to fetch up in the rear of the march. A very pleasant feature of the evening was a cake-walk during intermission by Brother Schüller's daughter and a young man,

which was well rendered and won applause.

Div. 419 has a very large membership, owing to the fact that Divs. 299 and 419 have consolidated. The Brooklyn Rapid Transit having assumed control of all the elevated roads in Brooklyn, the boys thought that by uniting there would be more strength in one large Division, and everything is harmonious and prosperous.

A prize was offered to the Brother who sold the largest number of tickets, and Bro. R. G. White was the successful one, having sold 225 tickets. He received a handsome watch charm, with the emblem of the order engraved upon it.

The members of Div. 419 felt honored by the presence of so many of their officials, of which the following is a list: General Manager J. C. Breckinridge, Gen. Supt. Fay, Asst. Gen. Supt. Roberts, Div. Supts. Chamberlain, Fay and Hardo, Master Mechanic Thompson; Ferguson, Engine Department; ex-Gen. Supt. G. W. Edwards, ex-Div. Supt. Lambert; J. W. Martines, Traffic Manager, and George Branch, Master Mechanic, B., W. & W. Co.

The committees having the affair in charge, and who carried it through so successfully, were as follows:

Arrangement Committee—F. H. Tucker, chairman; J. J. Winters, M. C. Baldwin, J. J. Middleton, R. G. White, J. Schüller, C. Stoddard, J. H. Willis, W. H. Hulighan, J. Melden, C. J. McClinchy.

Reception Committee—J. P. Nicholson, chairman; R. Hunt, E. O'Hara, L. Donohue, J. D. Grimm, J. Winterbottom, M. Rogers, W. McArthur, C. R. Gurney, F. Eisenberg, J. Hoerth, G. Matson.

Ladies' Reception Committee—Mrs. F. H. Tucker, Mrs. J. D. Grimm, Mrs. G. Ring, Mrs. R. G. White, Mrs. D. R. Caferty, Mrs. C. Gurney, Mrs. J. W. Willis, Mrs. J. Middleton, Mrs. J. J. Winters, Mrs. J. Schüller. F. H. TUCKER, Div. 419.

At the regular meeting of Div. 26, B. of L. E., held in Richmond, Va., on Jan. 7, Messrs. T. M. Coffey, J. H. Mondy, R. J. Goodwin, G. H. Funk, H. P. Yarbrough and B. R. Catlin were appointed a committee to draft resolutions of congratulations in refer-

ence to the promotion of certain officers of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad. The committee met and formulated the following resolutions, which will be entered upon the records of the Division and published in the journal of our order:

WHEREAS, It has reached us that Mr. Geo. W. Stevens, Mr. C. E. Doyle and Mr. C. C. Walker, officials of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, have been elevated to higher positions in the gift of the company, therefore,

Resolved, That we extend to them our hearty congratulations in thus being recognized as fit to serve in the very highest positions of trust, and we assure them that we, as a body and individually, extend to them our sincere desire to assist them in making their duties pleasant in every respect. We wish to have them feel that they have the members of this Division with them in everything that may tend to make of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad the best and safest in the country.

Resolved, That in the elevation of these gentlemen, we realize that their duties have grown more arduous, and we beg to state that in our various capacities we are ready to do whatever we can to assist them in maintaining the dignity and responsibility of their positions.

Resolved, That it is with real pleasure we learn of the promotion of these gentlemen, and we extend to Mr. Geo. W. Stevens, Mr. C. E. Doyle and Mr. C. C. Walker our sincerest congratulations, and hope that our relationship, which has been so pleasant, may continue for many years.

Resolved, That this Division wishes the gentlemen a happy and prosperous New Year in their business and social relationship.

T. M. COFFEY, Chr.,	G. H. FUNK,
J. H. MONDY,	H. P. YARBROUGH.
R. J. GOODWIN,	B. R. CATLIN.

To be naturalized in Great Britain an alien must have lived there for at least five years or have served the crown faithfully for the same period; and he must continue to reside in the British jurisdiction, unless he continues in the government service in foreign countries. A naturalized citizen has all the "political and other rights, powers and privileges," and is subject to all the obligations to which a natural-born Briton is entitled or subject.

MR. JOHN P. BAY, Master Mechanic, K. C. S. Ry., at Shreveport, La., having retired from that service, the members of the B. of L. E. sent him the following letter of regret and appreciation:

MR. JOHN P. BAY—*Dear Sir*: It is with great regret that the undersigned engineers, represent-

MRS. T. S. INGRAHAM,

Wife of

Brother T. S. Ingraham, First Grand Engineer.

August 10, 1834.

January 27, 1901.



Mrs. Ingraham had been a sufferer from diabetes for about two years, but was gradually recovering, when she was attacked by the prevailing grip, which terminated in her death four days later. She was an exemplary person, a kind, generous, Christian woman, ripened in years and fully prepared for another sphere of existence. She passes on now to enjoy the reward of a life well spent on earth.

We feel sure that our fraternal family will join us in deepest sympathy for our Brother in his hour of affliction.

ing B. of L. E. Division No. 326, and all engineers on the Fourth and Fifth Divisions of the K. C. S. Ry. learn that you are to leave us, and we desire to assure you that as a citizen you won our highest esteem, and as master mechanic, while you have never forgotten the interests of the company you served, your treatment of those who served under you has been uniformly just and considerate and won our unqualified appreciation. We therefore, wish you every success in your future fields of labor, doubtless more exalted, for which your ability fits you; and if at any time any or all of us members of Div. 326 who served under your administration can be of service to you, we are yours to command.

T. J. HAGAR,
C. W. COOMBER,
C. W. TAYLOR,
Committee.

SOME time ago the proprietor of one of the magazines wrote to a number of newsdealers, asking them to find out why people bought the magazine and why they didn't; what they liked and what they didn't like; and here are some of the answers he got: (1) Confederate veteran, found inaccuracy in war story. (2) Answered an advertisement on the back pages and got swindled. (3) It has too many pictures. (4) It hasn't enough pictures. (5) It contains a story that made fun of the Irish. (6) It never prints anything about New Orleans. (7) It refused one of my jokes. (8) It comes on Friday, and am afraid it gives me bad luck. (9) Our preacher says he didn't think much of it. (10) It has too many love tales; can't get it away from the women folks. (11) Don't like the color of the cover.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

THE railroads in this territory have been compelled to bulletin another gang of ticket frauds. The most prodigious worker in the crowd is a young man who carries bogus credentials of a Southern line. He has obtained transportation freely, which has afterwards been found in the hands of the brokers and unauthorized persons, or whoever would buy it of him. The other members of the gang have been working in about the same territory and in much the same way, and the transportation obtained and disposed of has been considerable. An organized effort is now being made to detect them.—*Leader*.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Wanted—To know the whereabouts of Wm. I. Titus, formerly employed on the Illinois Central Railroad, and formerly a member of Div. 225. When last heard of he had left Argenta, Ark., for Memphis, Tenn. Anyone knowing anything concerning him will confer a favor by addressing Chas. S. Furber, Carlyle Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Howard Richardson—when last heard of he was running an engine on the Northwestern Railroad out of Winona, Minn., in 1894.—will confer a favor by notifying C. W. McKee, 521 Sacramento Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Frank Whitsel—when last heard of he was running an engine on the M., K. & T. R. R., in 1890.—will please correspond with Q. M. Nelson, 608 N. Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo.

The traveling card of Bro. A. Knill, of Div. 20, has been lost. If presented for favors, please take it up and forward to I. L. Pawlin, F. A. E., Div. 20.

Wanted—To know the address of Albert C. Vrooman. He was last heard of in 1890; was then in Southern California. Anyone knowing anything concerning him will confer a favor by addressing Edmon R. Sawyer, Mena, Ark.

Wanted—To know the whereabouts of R. H. Dixon, a locomotive engineer. When last heard from was at Tampa, Fla. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his father, John Dixon, 3128 Roff St., Wheeling, W. Va.

Traveling card of Bro. T. Grimes, good until March 1, 1901, has been lost. If presented please take it up and forward to the F. A. E. of Div. 559.

Wanted—To know the whereabouts of Jerome Previer, a locomotive engineer. When last heard of was running an engine on the B. C. R. & N. R. R. out of Cedar Rapids, Ia., and have been informed that he left there to work on the Great Northern Railroad. Anyone knowing anything concerning him will confer a great favor by addressing G. Weston Wood, 1124 Craig St., Pueblo, Col.

OBITUARIES.

[In accordance with the action of the Ottawa Convention, no resolutions of condolence, obituary letters or poems will be published in the JOURNAL. All deaths will be listed under obituary heading only, with cause and date of death.]

Martinsburg, W. Va., Jan. 23, 1901, killed by derailment of his engine, Bro. Chas. W. Farria, member of Div. 352.

Portland, Me., Jan. 26, of Bright's disease, Bro. J. L. Dougherty, member of Div. 40.

Clinton, Ia., Jan. 19, of acute Bright's disease, Bro. W. M. Cowle, member of Div. 125.

White Haven, Pa., Jan. 30, Bro. Adam Baetz, member of Div. 30.

Bay City, Mich., Jan. 15, of Bright's disease, Bro. James Derum, member of Div. 1.

Ohiopyle, Pa., Nov. 17, 1900, killed in a collision, Bro. C. J. Walters, member Div. 370.

St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 25, of blood poisoning, Bro. W. R. Works, member of Div. 369.

Montreal, P. Q., Jan. 18, killed in a collision, Bro. Peter M. Thompson, member of Div. 89.

Montreal, P. Q., Jan. 27, from effects of operation, Bro. T. B. Dunn, member of Div. 89.

Sacramento, Cal., Jan. 27, of catarrh of the bladder, Bro. A. D. Kilborn, member of Div. 110.

East Saginaw, Mich., Jan. —, of Bright's disease, Bro. Chas. Hawker, member of Div. 304.

Plymouth, Mich., Jan. 11, killed in a collision, Bro. Elliott F. Moore, member of Div. 304.

Pueblo, Col., Jan. 13, from injuries received in a wreck, Bro. Chas. D. Sharrah, member of Div. 186.

Toledo, O., Jan. 29, of disease of the spine and brain, Bro. J. B. Hodkins, member of Div. 4.

Marshall, Tex., Feb. 16, killed by engine turning over and scalding him, Bro. Chas. M. Nelson, member of Div. 219.

Toledo, O., Jan. 20, of cancer, Bro. W. G. Lyons, member of Div. 4.

West Superior, Wis., Jan. 18, of heart failure, Bro. Chas. T. Chapman, member of Div. 180.

Hinton, W. Va., Jan. 17, Bro. Chas. W. Beard, member of Div. 101.

Galion, O., Feb. 4, Bro. Geo. Briggs, member of Div. 16.

Galeton, Pa., Jan. 31, of bronchitis, Kathleen M. Kelly, daughter of Bro. Lawrence Kelly, member of Div. 439.

New Orleans, La., Jan. 29, Mrs. Mary Mitchell, wife of Bro. James Mitchell, member of Div. 531.

Salida, Col., Dec. 26 and 27, of scarlet fever, Chas. S. and Wilhelmina Brown, son and daughter of Bro. S. C. Brown, member of Div. 199.

Salida, Col., Jan. 16, of Bright's disease, Mrs. Kate Vail, wife of Bro. S. W. Vail, member of Div. 199.

Salida, Col., Jan. 26, of scarlet fever, Elmer J. McCabe, son of Bro. W. J. McCabe, member of Div. 199.

Pinos Altos, N. M., Jan. 2, of pneumonia, Bro. Chas. E. Denslow, member of Div. 385.

Holisington, Kan., Jan. 26, killed in wreck, Bro. W. M. Young, C. E., Div. 433.

Lima, O., Dec. 27, Mrs. Anna Boisselle, mother of Bro. J. C. Boisselle, member of Div. 433.

East St. Louis, Ill., Feb. 7, Mrs. Ospring, wife of Bro. Andrew Ospring, member of Div. 25.

Cleveland, O., Feb. 5, of consumption, Bro. Chas. Trumble, Member of Div. 31.

Albuquerque, N. M., Feb. 1, Bro. A. L. Parshall, member of Div. 383.

Norfolk, Neb., Feb. 15, of endocarditis, Irene

Emge, daughter of Bro. W. H. Emge, member of Div. 268.

Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 2, killed in head-end collision, Bro. Chas. L. Jackson, member of Div. 207.

Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 8, of paralysis of the brain, Bro. J. R. Steele, member of Div. 207.

Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 9, killed in head-end collision, Bro. J. B. Burroughs, member of Div. 207.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 18, 1900, Mrs. J. A. Dudley, mother of Bro. F. W. Dudley, member of Div. 115.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Feb. 1, 1901, Mrs. Robertson, wife of Bro. Ralph Robertson, member of Div. 115.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Feb. 8, Mrs. M. O'Neil, mother of Bro. M. O'Neil, member of Div. 115.

Newberry, Mich., Jan. 12, of spinal fever, Mrs. Mary F. Mackey, mother of Bro. James Mackey, member of Div. 540.

Elmira, N. Y., Feb. 12, of pneumonia, Bro. R. D. Sanford, member of Div. 41.

Toledo, O., Feb. 3, of chronic nephritis, Bro. R. A. Reed, member of Div. 4.

Bath, N. Y., Feb. 17, from injuries received in collision, Bro. Richard Cantlin, member of Div. 434.

Elmira, N. Y., Jan. 17, of apoplexy, Bro. Thos. Bahan, member of Div. 434.

Michigan City, Ind., Feb. 3, of pulmonary hemorrhage, Bro. Thos. E. Fitzgibbons, member of Div. 380.

Chicago, Ill., Feb. 16, of cancer, Bro. J. C. Daugherty, F. A. E. of Div. 302.

Chester, S. C., Feb. 14, Bro. W. A. Davis, member of Div. 85.

Northport, Wash., Feb. —, from injuries received in wreck, Bro. C. D. Nyberg, member of Div. 499.

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 19, of pneumonia, Bro. Wm. Smurthwaite, member of Div. 45.

East Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 8, of heart failure, Bro. Charles Stellar, member of Div. 268.

East Syracuse, N. Y., Feb. 14, Mrs. Sarah Stellar, wife of Bro. Charles Stellar, member of Div. 268.

Cleburne, Tex., Jan. 27, of pneumonia, Sister Ella McKenzie, of Div. 194, G. I. A., wife of Bro. H. J. McKenzie, member of Div. 500.

Saginaw, Mich., Jan. 12, killed in a collision, Bro. Elliot F. Moore, a charter member of Div. 304. Brother Moore was born in Vermont, June 7, 1848. At the outbreak of the civil war he enlisted in the First Regiment, Michigan engineers and mechanics, served four years, and was honorably discharged with his regiment. He entered the service of the Flint and Pere Marquette Railroad as fireman, was promoted and for many years was one of their most trusted engineers. In 1892, at the instance of the Brotherhood, he was appointed mechanical engineer to the State Railroad Commission, which position he filled with rare ability for six years, then returning to active service. Last year he assisted the Board of State Tax Commissioners in appraising the railroad property of the state. He leaves a widow and one daughter;

also a brother, Lyman B. Moore, of Div. 304. The funeral was held Tuesday, Jan. 15, from St. Paul's Church, Saginaw, and that spacious edifice was overcrowded with his many friends and representatives of the following orders to which he belonged: Post 307, G. A. R.; Lodge 47, B. P. O. E.; Court Welcome, I. O. F., and Woodruff Lodge, A. O. U. W. At no time in the history of this Division has such a general sadness and gloom prevailed. We will miss Brother Moore, who was always a good worker for his Division and always ready to extend a helping hand to a Brother in distress.

F. A. E.

ADMITTED BY TRANSFER CARD.

Into Division—

- 79—H. P. Clark, from Div. 34.
- 177—A. J. McCarty, from Div. 290.
- 103—Henry Schranz, from Div. 361.
- 157—A. F. Shedd, from Div. 30.
- 44—W. E. Rellly, from Div. 153.
- 110—J. W. Doane, from Div. 502.
- H. L. Dearhart, from Div. 415.
- 14—James Doyle, from Div. 152.
- 244—John Holden, from Div. 345.
- A. G. Lownsberry, from Div. 47.
- 194—C. A. Coan, from Div. 475.
- 256—Chas. H. Andrewa, Geo. A. Radford, Henry A. McGee, from Div. 31.
- 119—John Fridgin, from Div. 333.
- 488—Alfred R. Cullen, from Div. 546.
- C. T. Fisher, from Div. 559.
- W. D. O'Hara, from Div. 29.
- E. L. Waltermeyer, from Div. 385.
- 1—C. G. Obert, from Div. 33.
- 86—Geo. A. Ballou, from def. Div. 229.
- 83—W. T. Harlan, from Div. 445.
- 261—D. N. Myers, from Div. 153.
- E. Henderson, W. W. Campbell, W. C. Cole, from Div. 523.
- 467—J. H. Trout, from Div. 287.
- 199—R. J. Miller, from Div. 561.
- 485—W. M. Pegg, from Div. 423.
- 304—Albert Lebo, from Div. 122.
- 568—J. T. Watkins, from Div. 177.
- 224—H. D. Rodgers, from Div. 453.
- 71—Wm. Kaufman, from Div. 90.
- 402—T. C. Jacobs, from Div. 224.
- 239—Wm. H. Tyson, G. F. Schmitz, from Div. 9.
- Henry D. Page, from Div. 66.
- 155—B. N. Schneider, J. M. Powrie, Nelson Lock, S. G. Brecount, Louis Ehler, R. S. Bacon, A. F. Gillespie, John Rapps, from def. Div. 229.
- 501—A. L. Phillips, from Div. 286.
- 540—L. P. Durand, from Div. 369.
- Wm. Bradley, from Div. 69.
- 354—E. J. Tritt, from Div. 25.
- 509—C. F. Hahn, H. McDougal, O. E. Stumpf, W. H. Barber, F. J. Rosbach, Wm. Purdy, H. H. Daniels, T. Kelly, W. L. Smith, Chas. Maxfield, J. Thinnas, J. S. Smith, from Div. 326.
- J. E. Watts, C. B. Penrod, W. E. Snyder, C. H. Bissell, C. E. Covert, T. J. Clayton, E. R. Giffin, J. M. Worrell, Bert Worrell, Ed. McCutcheon, C. S. Morris, J. W. Martin, H. H. Rodman, from Div. 527.
- 8—Wm. Fosha, from Div. 96.
- 284—Isaac L. Ruble, from def. Div. 55.
- 360—A. A. Wightman, from Div. 452.
- 25—Benj. Spellman, from Div. 246.
- J. A. Richards, from Div. 361.
- 156—Leo L. Peel, from Div. 449.
- 430—Ira Lowe, from Div. 451.
- 339—W. R. Perkinson, from Div. 291.
- J. R. Byer, from Div. 218.
- W. D. Robinson, from Div. 448.
- 499—Chas. S. Glover, from Div. 396.
- 198—John M. Hall, from Div. 366.

FINAL WITHDRAWALS.

From Division—

- 499—W. L. Adair,
- Thos. Locher.
- 335—John C. Hutchins.
- 458—Frank Hendricks.
- 57—John Philbrick.
- 301—M. W. Monroe.

From Division—

- 148—Wm. J. Thomas.
- 105—Elmer E. Edgett.
- 172—Alden Gardner.
- 68—R. E. Dowling.
- W. Young.
- A. Farquhar.

RE-INSTATED.

Into Division—

- 26—J. A. Britton.
- 207—J. B. Burroughs.
- 522—Chas. Deagon.
- 66—Chas. Loose.
- 260—J. C. Espy.
- 8—Peter Gibeney.
- 256—W. W. Phillips.
- 18—Richard Niles.
- Fred. O. Stone.
- 95—J. D. Smith.
- 129—Joseph Carpenter.
- 210—John Rachel.
- 111—Geo. M. Smith.
- 205—F. H. Raible.
- 380—H. P. Troutman.
- 271—C. W. Hall.

Into Division—

- 313—Michael Doonar.
- 371—John R. Kirk.
- 129—Matt. Cope.
- J. F. Rust.
- S. M. Hawkins.
- 252—Thos. N. Murphy.
- 245—James Harris.
- 205—J. M. Brown.
- 10—Henry Wagner.
- 404—A. D. Hughes.
- 207—J. L. Nance.
- 363—John Conlin.
- 98—F. Houlett.
- 192—W. S. Kent.
- 216—C. M. Pence.
- 169—A. A. Cummings.

EXPELLED.

FOR NON-PAYMENT OF DUES.

From Division—

- 387—Chas. Hodgess, B. C. Melson.
- 464—W. H. Cresswell, Thos. McDermott.
- 145—Joseph Stickley, John Hurburt.
- 353—W. B. Hughes, C. M. Keer, C. Birchfield.
- 437—J. Turner, W. G. Linn.
- 471—Clyde M. Baker, Wm. Bramhall, J. P. Whitcraft, J. W. Richard.
- 378—T. W. Alexander, W. H. Frazier, H. Fry, J. G. Lloyd, S. W. McKelvey.
- 343—Gus. Langal, Gus. Wagner.
- 250—Thos. R. Hewitt.
- 267—C. L. Welch, J. L. Rusher.
- 301—J. A. Lucas.
- 197—W. Hammock, A. Palmer, J. J. Whipp.
- 128—James H. Cunningham.
- 326—H. Steppe, W. D. McIver.
- 101—T. B. Darling, J. W. Eubank, W. T. Felter.
- 75—Henry B. Elliott.
- 133—James Rossiter.
- 316—Solomon Neugesser, Jeremiah Green, Wm. Pickering.
- 177—R. G. Haskins.
- 90—S. R. Herflicker.
- 65—R. C. Thompson.

FOR OTHER CAUSES.

- 437—L. G. Carrico, for non-payment of dues and defrauding a Brother.
- 302—Wm. Jenkinson, for non-payment of dues and non-attendance.
- 182—J. T. McCorkel, for intoxication.
- 44—H. Blackmore, for unbecoming conduct.
- 115—Chas. McC. Williams, for violation of obligation.
- 408—J. A. Kilcollin, for intoxication.
- 260—Wm. Large, for keeping saloon.
- 301—R. L. Burton, J. L. Faulkner, for forfeiting insurance.
- 199—Wm. Cummings, for forfeiting insurance.
- 88—Wm. Stack, for non-attendance and forfeiting insurance.
- 456—E. D. Burton, for forfeiting insurance.
- 291—Y. A. Hunt, for forfeiting insurance.
- 99—John Flack, for deserting his family.
- 161—H. T. Bradley, for intoxication and unbecoming conduct.

The publication of the name of C. E. McDowell, of Div. 444, in the list of expelled in February JOURNAL, was an error.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS' MUTUAL LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Official Notice of Assessments 831-834.

SERIES D.

OFFICE OF ASSOCIATION, ROOM 803, SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING, }
CLEVELAND, OHIO, March 1, 1901.

To the Division Secretaries L. E. M. L. and A. I. A.:

DEAR SIRS AND BROS.:—You are hereby notified of the death or disability of the following members of the Association:

Four Assessments for payment of these claims are hereby levied and Secretaries ordered to collect one dollar from all who are insured for \$750, two dollars from all who are insured for \$1,500, four dollars from all who are insured for \$3,000, and six dollars from all members insured for \$4,500, and forward same to the General Secretary and Treasurer.

Members of the Insurance Association are required to remit to Division Secretaries within thirty days from date of this notice, and the Division Secretaries to the General Secretary and Treasurer within ten days thereafter, on penalty of forfeiting their membership. (See Article XI. of By-Laws.)

Secretaries in sending remittances will send same to and make all drafts, express money orders or postoffice money orders payable to WM. B. PRENTER, General Secretary and Treasurer. Secretaries located in Canada will please remit by draft or express money order. We will not accept packages of money sent by express, unless charges have been prepaid. The JOURNAL closes on the 18th of each month. Claims received after that day will lie over until the succeeding month.

No. of Asst.	Name.	Age.	No. of Div.	Date of Admission.	Date of Death or Disability.	Cause of Death or Disability.	Amt. of Ins.	To Whom Payable.
803	T. C. Dickenson...	49	235	June 16, 1899.	Nov. 12, 1900.	Yellow fever.....	\$1500	{ Grace & Elizabeth Dickenson, da.
804	Chas. Frack.....	50	329	Dec. 17, 1896.	Jan. 2, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	His Estate.
805	C. H. Merritt.....	41	150	Dec. 9, 1896.	Jan. 9, 1901.	Rt. hand amputat'd	1500	C. H. Merritt.
806	P. McG. Thompson	28	89	Oct. 10, 1900.	Jan. 11, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. A. M. Thompson, w.
807	J. E. Hendrickson	36	548	Sept. 5, 1899.	Jan. 12, 1901.	Left arm amputat'd	4500	Jas. E. Hendrickson.
808	Chas. D. Sharrab...	33	186	July 21, 1900.	Jan. 13, 1901.	Killed.....	750	Mrs. J. H. Sharrab, w.
809	Chas. W. Beard...	33	101	Dec. 8, 1892.	Jan. 17, 1901.	Killed.....	4500	Mrs. M. Beard, w.
810	Thos. Bohan.....	39	434	Apr. 18, 1890.	Jan. 17, 1901.	Apoplexy.....	1500	Mrs. Thos. Bohan, w.
811	W. M. Cowles.....	51	125	May 21, 1892.	Jan. 19, 1901.	Prostatitis.....	3750	{ Mrs. W. M. Cowles, w. Harry W. Cowles, s.
812	Geo. Lightheiser.	58	20	Nov. 24, 1888.	Jan. 19, 1901.	Rt. leg amputated.	3000	Geo. Lightheiser.
813	C. W. Farris.....	34	352	Apr. 11, 1892.	Jan. 23, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	{ Mrs. C. W. Farris, w. Miss F. E. Farris, d.
814	L. L. Kitchen.....	29	557	Sept. 26, 1895.	Jan. 24, 1901.	Pneumonia.....	1500	His Estate.
815	W. L. Works.....	35	369	July 8, 1896.	Jan. 24, 1901.	Blood poisoning...	1500	Belle C. Works, w.
816	D. B. Felmet.....	26	547	Oct. 11, 1896.	Jan. 26, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. B. Felmet, w.
817	Wm. M. Young.....	53	433	Sept. 16, 1887.	Jan. 26, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Josephine M. Young, w.
818	A. D. Kilborn.....	56	110	Aug. 20, 1880.	Jan. 27, 1901.	Nephritis.....	3000	Mrs. F. Kilborn, w.
819	John J. Nelson.....	62	185	Sept. 25, 1878.	Jan. 27, 1901.	Anemia.....	3000	Mrs. J. J. Nelson, w.
820	Adam Baetz.....	59	30	Sept. 20, 1891.	Jan. 27, 1901.	Cancer.....	1500	Anna Marie Baetz, w.
821	J. Boughner.....	39	511	Nov. 29, 1898.	Jan. 28, 1901.	Abcess.....	750	L. Boughner, f.
822	E. E. Robinson...	34	340	May 8, 1898.	Feb. 1, 1901.	Typhoid fever.....	3000	{ M. Y. Robinson, m. Miss H. Robinson, s.
823	Alex. McFarlane...	44	302	Feb. 9, 1897.	Feb. 3, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. J. A. McFarlane, w.
824	Edw. A. Reed.....	46	4	Jan. 17, 1888.	Feb. 3, 1901.	Nephritis.....	1500	Emma D. Reed, w.
825	T. E. Fitzgibbons.	35	300	Jan. 13, 1894.	Feb. 3, 1901.	Hemorrhage.....	1500	J. W. Fitzgibbons, b.
826	Geo. Briggs.....	35	16	Apr. 5, 1887.	Feb. 4, 1901.	Tuberculosis.....	3000	Mrs. R. Briggs, w.
827	Chas. Trumble...	71	31	Oct. 18, 1871.	Feb. 5, 1901.	Fibroid phthisis...	3000	Mrs. Chas. Trumble, w.
828	J. H. Wilson.....	27	225	Jan. 7, 1901.	Feb. 6, 1901.	Killed.....	4500	{ Mrs. J. L. Wilson, m. Daisy R. Wilson, s. Rufus D. Wilson, a.
829	R. Cantlin.....	45	434	June 1, 1884.	Feb. 7, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. R. Cantlin, w.
830	John R. Steele...	47	207	Feb. 5, 1898.	Feb. 7, 1901.	Hemorrhage.....	3000	His Estate.
831	Chas. A. Stetler...	61	288	Apr. 9, 1887.	Feb. 8, 1901.	Hypertrophy.....	3000	Wife and Children.
832	R. D. Sanford...	38	41	Apr. 25, 1893.	Feb. 12, 1901.	Pneumonia.....	3000	Mrs. R. D. Sanford, w.
833	W. A. Davis.....	56	85	Aug. 10, 1884.	Feb. 12, 1901.	Heart disease.....	4500	Mrs. W. A. Davis, w.
834	J. H. Delaney.....	64	46	Dec. 6, 1882.	Feb. 16, 1901.	Bright's disease...	3000	{ Jane B. Hainoe, d. Sarah N. Darrow, d.

Total number of claims, 32.

Total amount of claims, \$75,750.

Acknowledgments.

Acknowledgments have been received from the following Beneficiaries for amounts stated in settlement of claims paid:

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
Jan. 17, 1901.	Mrs. David Pound.....	671	Ed. Hayward.....	162	\$1500
" 7, "	Mrs. W. A. Smethurst.....	672	B. R. Lacy.....	339	3000
" 15, "	Mrs. Robt. Waugh.....	680	John T. Stuart.....	88	3000
" 17, "	Mrs. S. Chilson.....	681	J. T. Campbell.....	504	1500
" 18, "	Martha E. McCarty.....	682	Wm. Huff.....	259	3000
" 25, "	Mrs. E. P. Waddell.....	685	J. D. Ketner.....	29	750
" 18, "	Mrs. Hattie Van Scooter.....	689	D. C. Mae.....	462	3000
" 14, "	Susan A. Munson and Children.....	690	J. L. Pickling.....	210	3000
" 5, "	Mary V. Evans.....	691	J. B. Hotchkiss.....	179	3000
" 9, "	Mrs. Mamie Taylor.....	692	Thos. Ryan.....	199	1500

Acknowledgments—Continued.

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount
Feb. 7, 1901.	Jacob C. Armagost.....	700	W. H. Craine.....	206	\$3000
" 2, "	Mrs. Geo. W. Grant.....	701	F. W. Smith.....	227	1500
" 8, "	Mrs. A. A. Palmer.....	702	J. D. Tuck.....	85	1500
" 6, "	W. H. Carter.....	704	J. A. Yeates.....	222	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. Mary Campbell.....	706	M. Shick.....	157	1500
" 6, "	Kate E. Watkins.....	707	F. H. Kaub.....	186	3000
" 4, "	Mrs. Saloma Closser.....	708	D. D. Hall.....	254	1500
" 8, "	{ Mrs. Blanch M. Swett..... }	709	E. W. Hurley.....	439	3000
" 8, "	{ Mrs. Alice W. Dutton..... }	710	J. B. Wilson.....	240	1500
" 6, "	Mrs. Matilda A. Yapp.....	711	G. R. Lees.....	192	1500
" 2, "	Mrs. Mary Shaffer.....	712	A. H. Butler.....	325	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. J. C. Malone.....	714	W. E. Zimmerman.....	95	4500
" 5, "	J. Atkinson.....	715	R. G. Shepard.....	3	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. Katherine J. Teare.....	716	J. L. Fickling.....	210	3000
" 7, "	Mrs. T. E. Jordan.....	719	Robt. L. Goods.....	317	3000
" 7, "	Mrs. Lizzie S. Rudd.....	720	E. M. Cooney.....	440	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. Beatrice A. Hunt.....	722	J. P. Tighe.....	8	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. Anna Benson.....	725	Chas. Wiley.....	205	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. Geo. W. Austin.....	728	T. P. Cassidy.....	408	1500
" 7, "	Mrs. Mary L. Knuff.....	729	C. McCollum.....	66	3000
" 5, "	Anna S. Kline.....	730	Jesse Newell.....	244	3000
" 2, "	Mrs. Jacob McCoy.....	732	M. Teagarden.....	12	3000
" 2, "	H. S. Jones.....	733	S. Garabrant.....	53	3000
" 5, "	Samuel Smith.....	734	J. H. McIlvenney.....	565	1500
" 3, "	Mrs. J. D. Pitzer.....				

Financial Statement.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Feb. 1, 1901.

MORTUARY FUND FOR JANUARY.

Balance on hand Dec. 31, 1900,	\$ 79,139 85
Paid in settlement of Claims,	71,250 00
Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1901,	\$ 7,889 85
Received by Assessments 731-734, and Back Assessments,	65,298 08
Received from members whose insurance was carried by Association,	171 00
Received by Assessments 767-771,	732 39
Refund of Assessment No. 677 levied in error,	3,000 00
Interest placed to credit of account,	999 42
Total in Bank Jan. 31, 1901,	\$ 78,090 74

EXPENSE FUND FOR JANUARY.

Balance on hand Jan. 1, 1901,	\$ 11,158 15
Received by Admission Fees and Arrears,	213 92
Interest placed to credit of account,	138 95
Total,	\$ 11,511 02
Expenses during month of January,	1,002 22
Balance in Bank Jan. 31, 1901,	\$ 10,508 80

Statement of Membership.

FOR JANUARY, 1901.

<i>Classified Represents:</i>	\$750 00	\$1,500	\$3,000	\$4,500
Members who paid Assessments 731-734	2,135	13,019	7,229	1,298
Members from whom Assessments 731-734 were not collected,	268	1,675	317	71
Members carried by the Association,	123	275	14
Applications and reinstatements received during month	68	220	64	12
Totals,	2,471	15,037	7,885	1,395
From which deduct Policies terminated by death, accident or otherwise,	13	172	22	...
Total Membership Jan. 31, 1901,	2,458	14,865	7,863	1,395
Grand Total,				26,581
W. E. FUTCH, President.		W. B. PRENTER, Gen'l Sec'y & Treas.		

DIVISIONS BY STATES.

Alabama.	Dist. Columbia.	Kansas.	Missouri.	New York.	Rhode Island.
Annisston.....407	Washington.....160	Argentine.....396	Chillicothe.....393	Rochester.....35	Providence.....67
Avondale.....432	Florida.	Arkansas City.....462	DeSoto.....123	Schenectady.....172	South Carolina.
Birmingham.....436	Jacksonville.....309	Atchison.....164	Kansas City.....502	Staten Island.....541	Abbeville.....496
Birmingham.....156	Pensacola.....275	Caldwell.....523	Merberly.....86	Syracuse.....169	Charleston.....430
Mobile.....140	Georgia.	Chanute.....214	Monett.....507	Syracuse.....367	Charleston.....340
Montgomery.....429	Americus.....449	Emporia.....141	Nevada.....359	Syracuse.....441	Chillicothe.....85
Montgomery.....332	Atlanta.....207	Fort Scott.....237	New Franklin.....329	Troy.....81	Florence.....365
Seima.....457	Augusta.....368	N. Springfield.....83	Utica.....14	Greenville.....84	Greenville.....84
Tuscaloosa.....456	Blue Ridge.....323	Goodland.....422	Watertown.....227	South Dakota.	
Tuscumbia.....423	Atlanta.....368	Herrington.....261	Whitehall.....217	Huron.....213	
Arizona.	Blue Ridge.....323	Holington.....433	Slater.....8	Oregon.	
Nogales.....355	Columbus.....409	Horton.....346	Stanbury.....378	E. Portland.....277	Texas.
Tucson.....238	Macomb.....210	Kansas City.....81	Stanbury.....17	La Grande.....162	Big Springs.....212
Winslow.....134	Savannah.....256	Kansas City.....491	St. Joseph.....107	Portland.....236	Cleburne.....500
Arkansas.	Idaho.	Leavenworth.....412	St. Louis.....48	Roseburg.....476	Denison.....566
Argenta.....278	Montpelier.....324	Needles.....270	St. Louis.....48	Del Rio.....566	Denison.....563
Fort Smith.....445	Pocatello.....228	Newton.....252	St. Louis.....428	El Paso.....192	Ennis.....142
Jonesboro.....442	Illinois.	Oswatimie.....336	St. Louis.....428	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Little Rock.....182	Aurora.....32	Parsons.....179	St. Louis.....428	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
N. Little Rock.....54	Bloomington.....19	Pittsburg.....527	Thayer.....285	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Pine Bluffs.....216	Blue Island.....111	Topoka.....344	Trenton.....91	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Van Buren.....524	Centerville.....11	Wichita.....364	Montana.	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Canada.	Charleston.....245	Kentucky.	Forrest.....195	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
British Col.	Chicago.....10	Bowling Green.....215	Glasgow.....392	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Kamloops.....320	Chicago.....10	Chicago.....463	Great Falls.....504	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Manitoba.	Chicago.....253	Covington.....271	Kalispell.....499	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Winnipeg.....76	Chicago.....294	Covington.....489	Livingston.....232	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
N.W. Territory.	Chicago.....302	Henderson.....410	Missoula.....262	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Medicine Hat.....322	Chicago.....394	Lexington.....455	Nebraska.	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Moose Jaw.....510	Chicago.....408	Louisville.....78	Beatrice.....397	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
New Brunswick.	Chicago.....458	Louisville.....485	Chadron.....303	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Campbellton.....138	Chicago.....515	Puduch.....225	Fairbury.....431	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Moncton.....167	Chicago.....231	Someraset.....463	Freemont.....389	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Woodstock.....341	Clinton.....315	Louisiana.	Lincoln.....389	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
W. Ed. St. John.....479	Danville.....100	Algiers.....531	North Platte.....38	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Nova Scotia.	Decatur.....155	McDon'ghy's.....193	Norfolk.....263	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Halifax.....247	East St. Louis.....49	New Orleans.....426	Omaha.....183	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Truro.....149	East St. Louis.....62	Shreveport.....326	Nevada.	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Ontario.	Freeport.....177	Maine.	Wadsworth.....158	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Allendale.....486	Galesburg.....62	Bangor.....508	North Carolina.	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Belleville.....189	Joliet.....478	Henderson.....440	Asheville.....267	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Brockville.....119	Mattoon.....37	Portland.....40	Hamlet.....435	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Chapleau.....319	Monmouth.....484	Maryland.	Raleigh.....435	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Fl. William E.....243	Mt. Carmel.....400	Baltimore.....62	Rocky Mount.....314	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Hamilton.....133	Murphersboro.....444	Brunswick.....506	Spencer.....375	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
London.....68	N. Chilliocote.....514	Cumberland.....437	New Jersey.	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
London.....528	Peoria.....912	Hagerstown.....233	Camden.....22	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Lindsay.....174	Peoria.....912	Hagerstown.....233	Camden.....387	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
North Bay.....308	Quincy.....657	St. Baltimore.....351	Hoboken.....171	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Ottawa.....518	Rankin.....534	Massachusetts.	Jersey City.....53	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Palmerston.....68	Roadhouse.....220	Boston.....61	Jersey City.....135	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Rt Edwards.....240	Savanna.....200	Boston.....312	Jersey City.....337	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Pat Portage.....535	Springfield.....406	Boston.....439	Jersey City.....337	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Smith Falls.....381	Streator.....354	Fitchburg.....191	Jersey City.....337	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Stratford.....188	Urbana.....143	Springfield.....63	Paterson.....521	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
St. Thomas.....132	Indiana.	Worcester.....64	Phillipsburg.....30	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
St. Thomas.....529	Ashley.....218	Mexico.	Trenton.....373	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Schreiber.....62	Elkhart.....248	Puebla.....570	Union Hill.....333	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Toronto.....7	Evansville.....246	Potosi.....453	North Dakota.	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
East Toronto.....520	Frankfort.....550	Toledo.....224	Fargo.....279	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Toronto.....7	Frankfort.....550	Torreon Coah.....497	Fargo.....202	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Toronto.....295	Garrett.....153	Michigan.	Grand Forks.....69	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Windsor.....390	Howell.....154	Battle Creek.....33	Grand Forks.....470	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Pr. Quebec.	Huntington.....221	Detroit.....1	New Hampshire.	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Hadlow.....553	Indianapolis.....11	East Saginaw.....304	Concord.....338	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Montreal.....89	Indianapolis.....492	East Tawas.....482	Nashua.....483	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Quebec.....388	La Fayette.....20	Escanaba.....116	New Mexico.	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Richmond.....142	Logansport.....20	Fort Gratiot.....22	Albuquerque.....446	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
River Du Loup.....264	Michigan City.....30	Grand Rapids.....286	Chama.....209	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
W. Farnham.....128	New Albany.....361	Hancock.....364	E. Las Vegas.....37	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
California.	Peru.....548	Iona.....403	2 Raton.....251	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Dunsmuir.....425	Princeton.....243	Jackson.....239	Roswell.....299	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Kerr.....126	Seymour.....39	Marshall.....493	San Marcial.....264	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Los Angeles.....398	Terre Haute.....25	Marquette.....94	Minnesota.	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Los Angeles.....398	Wabash.....461	West Bay City.....338	Austin.....102	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Needles.....393	Washington.....289	Indian Ter.	Brookridge.....106	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Rocklin.....415	So. McAlister.....339	Iowa.	Duluth.....395	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Sacramento.....110	Belle Plaine.....526	Bellevue.....113	Buffalo.....15	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
San Francisco.....163	Boone.....6	Minneapolis.....180	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Stockton.....6	Burlington.....151	Minneapolis.....180	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
West Oakland.....283	Cedar Rapids.....125	Montevideo.....313	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Colorado.	Clinton.....125	Proctor Knott.....359	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Basalt.....515	Creston.....112	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Colorado City.....385	Des Moines.....113	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Denver.....186	Dubuque.....119	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Denver.....451	Eagle Grove.....211	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Florence.....546	Eldon.....181	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Grand Junction.....408	Fort Dodge.....226	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
La Junta.....583	Fort Madison.....39	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Leadville.....258	Keokuk.....591	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Minturn.....264	Lake City.....553	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Pueblo.....29	Marion.....538	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Salida.....199	Mason City.....117	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Trinidad.....430	Oaklaosa.....146	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Connecticut.	Perry.....213	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Hartford.....205	Sanborn.....131	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
New Haven.....77	Sioux City.....490	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
New London.....348	Stuart.....184	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Delaware.	Valley Junction.....525	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Delmar.....374	Waterloo.....114	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247
Wilmington.....342	Waterloo.....114	St. Paul.....339	Buffalo.....328	Fort Worth.....247	Fort Worth.....247

NATHAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

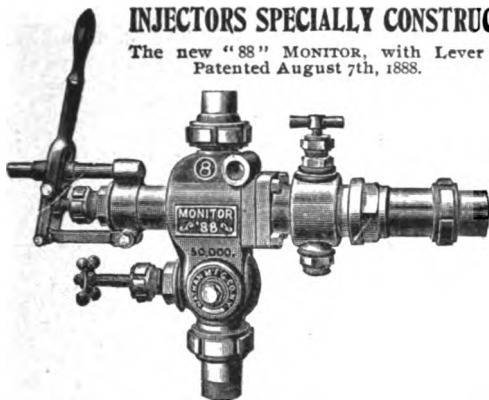
92 and 94 Liberty Street, New York,
and 180 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ills.

MANUFACTURERS OF

The "Monitor" and other Locomotive Injectors.

INJECTORS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR HIGH PRESSURE.

The new "88" MONITOR, with Lever
Patented August 7th, 1888.



**"NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED
LUBRICATORS,
Ejectors or Water Elevators,
New Sanding Apparatus,
New Steam Fire Extinguishers,
Boiler Washers,
Rod and Guide Cups,
Etc., Etc.**

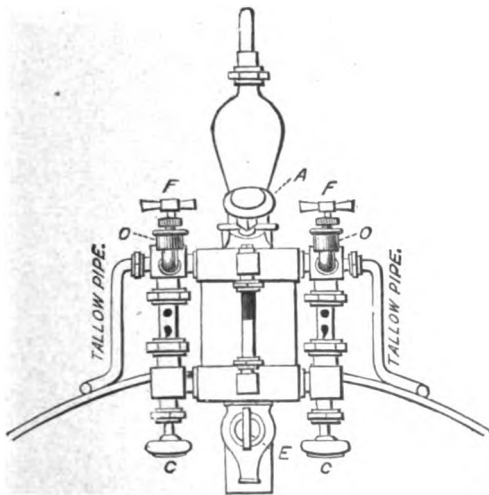
For instructions, see Engineer's
Card, which is furnished with each
Injector.

NOTE.—The "88" Monitor is also made with a quick motion Screw Starting Attachment.

THE "NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED CYLINDER LUBRICATOR FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

Oils both Cylinders.

*No possibility of feeding over
in one cylinder or
into boiler.*



**ALSO,
AIR BRAKE,
SIGHT-FEED
LUBRICATORS.**

NATHAN MANUFACTURING CO., New York.

CATALOGUES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE SANDER COMPANY,

N. E. Corner Thirteenth and Willow Sts., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PROPRIETORS
AND MANUFACTURERS

LEACH, DEAN, "SHE,"

HOUSTON, SHERBURNE AND CURTIS PNEUMATIC SANDERS.

When writing to advertisers, mention this Journal.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900



TRADE-MARK.

Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

Always uniform in quality, absolutely pure, delicious and nutritious.

The genuine goods bear our trade-mark on every package.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.,
Established 1780. **DORCHESTER, MASS.**

Vose

PIANOS

are receiving more favorable comments to-day from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined.

WE Challenge Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information.

Vose & Sons Piano Co.
161 Boylston Street, - - - Boston.

Royal



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Reject Alum Baking Powders—
They Destroy Health.

Piso's

For
Consumption

CURE

We always keep Piso's Cure for Consumption in the house for coughs and colds. The children beg for it. We have recommended it to our neighbors.

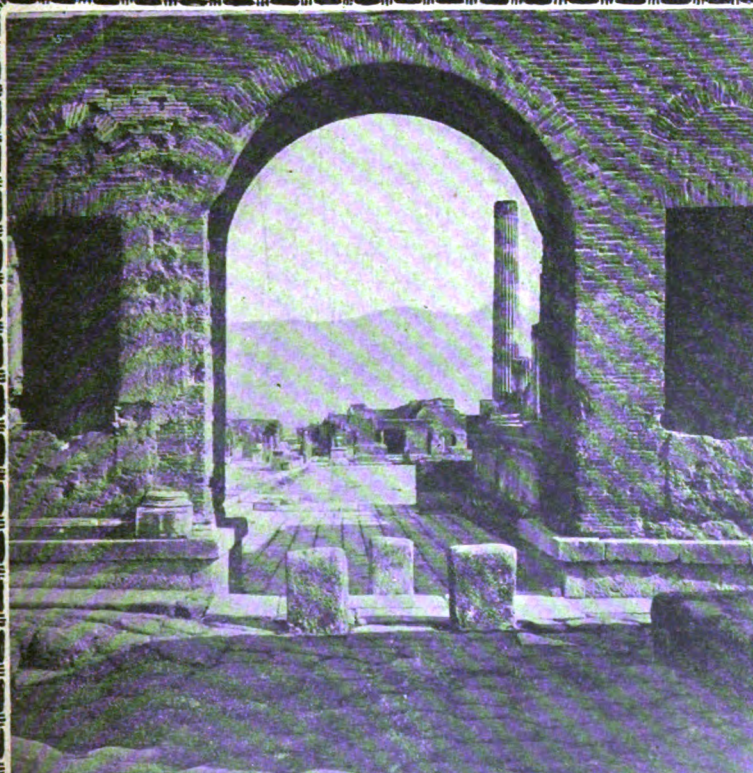
MRS. J. T. BALES,*
Box 43, Augusta, Okla., Sept. 5, 1900.

Piso's Cure for Consumption cured my daughter of an awful cough which the whooping cough had left her with. I can say it is the best remedy for coughs I ever used.

ADELBERT C. PANGBORN,
Conway, Mich., Sept. 17, 1900.

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS JOURNAL

PRICE \$1.00 BY MAIL



ARCH OF TRIUMPH, LEADING TO CIVIL FORUM, POMPEII, ITALY.

ENTERED AT THE CLEVELAND, OHIO, POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Vol. XXXV.

APRIL, 1901.

No. 4.

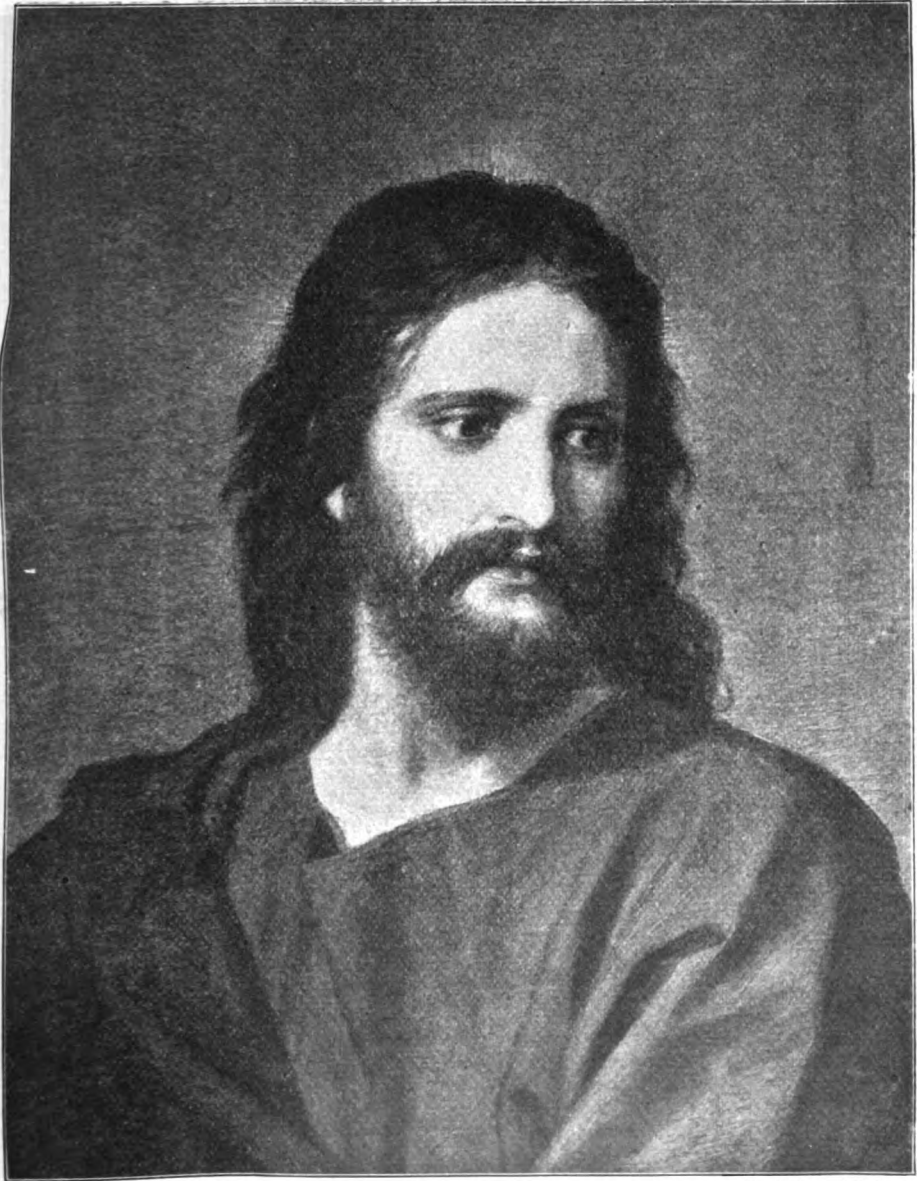
Digitized by Google

Westinghouse

Over
1,250,000
in use

Built by
The Westinghouse Air Brake Co.
Pittsburg, Pa.

Air Brakes



From Painting by Hoffman.

*"He whose name is above every name."
"I am the way, the truth and the life."*



The Transfiguration.

This picture, by Raphael, represents two separate incidents. The upper part represents Mt. Tabor. The three disciples who have accompanied their Master thither are lying prostrate, dazzled by the celestial radiance, and shading their eyes from the miraculous brilliancy that confronts them. Above them, in mid-air, is the figure of Jesus, accompanied by Moses and Elias. Below is seen the crowd of people who have brought to him one of Christ's disciples the boy possessed of an evil spirit, the anxious father imploring their aid, while the inability of the disciples to restore him is shown in their looks and gestures, the two pointing up indicating the only source of help. Raphael, who died at the age of thirty-seven, was at work on this great picture at the time of his death. It was borne through the streets of Rome in his funeral procession, attended by an immense throng.

EASTER.

Dear are the slopes of Olivet,
And Hermon's hillside dewy-wet;
While human hearts the pathos see,
Of lonesome, sad Gethsemane.

Along the shore of Kedron's stream,
What shadows rise, what sunlights gleam;
For, through long ages dim and drear,
The care-worn form that had no peer.

In touching, tender, lordly worth,
There lit a God-kissed space of earth;
With splendor of unmatched degree—
Master, and Man of Galilee.

Grief found its solace where he stood,
And righteousness and rectitude

Came to supplant the sway of sin,
Through doorways man might enter in.

The dreams of ancient prophets rose
To fair fulfillment. Human woes
That looked through hopeless, wan despair,
Found heavenly hope and comfort there.

This pattern so divinely high,
Had its rare imprint from the sky,
And shaped the laws of Love and Peace
For all obedient unto these.

So Sorrow fades—and ills forlorn
Grow less upon this Easter Morn
Where nations touch the purple hem
Of one, low born, in Bethlehem.

—Joel Benton.





VOL. XXXV.

APRIL, 1901.

NO. 4.

An American Abroad.

In writing of Naples in the March number, we turned away from our historic review (page 147) to a brief description of Naples of the present, and as we said in closing that article, we found so much interest in Neapolitan history that we concluded to continue a brief synopsis of history from 1647 to 1860, the latter date culminating in uniting all Italy under one head—New Italy.

From 1647 to 1700 there were many stirring events. We have already mentioned the rebellion against the inquisition proposed by Toledo, and it is somewhat curious that exactly 100 years should elapse before such monstrous oppressive conditions as these people suffered should have impelled them to act in unison—if not wisely, certainly very vigorously.

Under the Duke of Arcos all kinds of food were subject to heavy taxes, which brought about what is known as the Masaniello Rebellion. Tommaso Aniello, abbreviated to Masaniello, was a man of the same name as the leader of the rebellion of a hundred years previous, but belonging to another province and not known to be related. Masaniello was a fisherman, and exceedingly poor, and his wife had, in their distress, attempted to bring into the city a bundle of flour wrapped up and carried like a baby. She was detected, the flour confiscated and she imprisoned for eight days. This so worked on the mind of Masaniello that he determined to attempt the liberation of his people.

The diary of Francisco Capececlatro gives the fullest and most generally accepted account of this rebellion, which was both bloody and destructive. The people, both in and around Naples, were in an ugly mood. The custom house in the market place had been blown up, but the viceroy and tax gatherers did not heed this warning. The general revolt began on July 7,

when the market place became a wild scene, and for seven days Masaniello was in command of an army of citizens numbering many thousands, armed with all sorts of weapons. The Spanish power was humiliated to the extent of making a treaty granting everything asked, at least in appearance. Taxes were repealed and all excesses were pardoned, and consent was given for the people to bear arms until a ratification of the treaty should be received from Madrid.

The sudden raising of the fisherman Masaniello to power as captain general, as the populace called him, seemed to convert him into a madman. During the heat of the strife he had dragged from his horse the Duke of Maddaloni, who had been sent by the viceroy to negotiate peace. The duke was bound and given to the keeping of two trusted leaders. The superstition that the titled nobility were endowed with supernal rights worked upon Masaniello's mind until he was evidently mad through fear at what he evidently thought a crime against the will of God. In fact, the whole populace seemed to go mad. Houses were set on fire, and hundreds of strange, half-savage, half-naked creatures from the lowest part of the city, and from the caves and grottoes of the surrounding country, danced about these holocausts like maddened demons. The Duke of Maddaloni had in the meantime, by purchase, secured his liberty, and he sent some three hundred banditti to avenge his insults, and the market place soon became the scene of frightful carnage. The whole populace seemed converted into very fiends. As such disturbances always attract the vicious elements, they flocked in from the surrounding country. It was an opportunity for personal revenge, and the number of murders was enormous. The fires once started, there were plenty who stopped at nothing to feed the flames. Works of art, furniture, tapestries, casks of coins, boxes of pearls and precious trea-

tures taken from the homes of the wealthy were consigned to the flames, and lap dogs and other pets fared no better. Horses were stabbed in their stalls. Thousands of the people fled from the city.

The aid of Cardinal Filomarino was sought, but he could do little. Masaniello now had 114,000 followers, nearly all armed. The cardinal called a meeting at the Carmelite Convent, but accomplished nothing. The Spaniards were masters of the forts and the populace were masters of the town. But after five days of fury and bloodshed the cardinal succeeded in persuading Masaniello to have a conference

even to the bearing of arms by the people until the ratification of the treaty was received from Madrid, probably three months—a strange humiliation for the Spanish power. Masaniello was still to rule, but the excitement, fear of poisoning, and his morbid dread of the Duke of Madaloni, whom he had pulled from his horse, combined to produce insanity. He ordered executions by the score, and hundreds of heads were to be seen decomposing in the market place. His tyrannical rage shocked his own followers, and put them in fear for their own lives. At length the viceroy and the cardinal and



TEMPLE OF ISIS, POMPEII, EXCAVATED 1765.

with the viceroy. The superstition which evidently dethroned his mind later on was at work now, for with an assurance that 140,000 armed men could be relied on, he said he saw the gallows looming up before him, and he insisted on being shrived before the meeting. This meeting resulted in a new charter of rights, but Masaniello still governed the city. He had a scaffold erected before his own house, and his decrees were issued "by the command of the illustrious Lord Maso Amiello, Captain General of the most faithful people."

On July 13, Masaniello and the viceroy met in the cathedral to publish the new treaty. Everything asked was granted,

some of the people came to an understanding, and fixed July 16 as the day when the power of Masaniello must end. A meeting was held at the Church of the Carmine, where the cardinal officiated. The service was scarcely ended when Masaniello seized a crucifix and mounted the pulpit, when his address and conduct was that of one positively insane. He confessed his sins, and called on all who heard him to do likewise. Some of the banditti, said to have been employed by the viceroy, were there to murder him. An opportunity was soon offered, and Masaniello was shot, his head cut off and carried to the viceroy on a pike. The people were stupe-

fied, but the insurrection was not ended.

On the following morning Masaniello's followers sewed the head in its place, anointed the body and covered it with white silk, and the largest funeral ever seen in Naples followed. By order of the cardinal, four thousand priests conducted the funeral and forty thousand people followed the bier, while bells tolled from every tower. But the death of Masaniello was but the end of the first act. He had led his followers but nine days; the revolution lasted as many months, during which rage and lawlessness predominated, and at the end of two months another

In the thirteen years' war of the Spanish succession, Naples was governed by viceroys; then Austria succeeded Spain, and for twenty-one years it was ruled by German viceroys, but with no better results to the Neapolitans. Then came the first of the Spanish Bourbon kings of Naples, Carlo Bourbon, the result of war, but he provided better government for Naples, made many improvements, and though thieving, homicides, banditti and poisoning still went on, commercial interests advanced rapidly.

Under Charles III., as he was called, the harbor of the Molo Grand was completed,



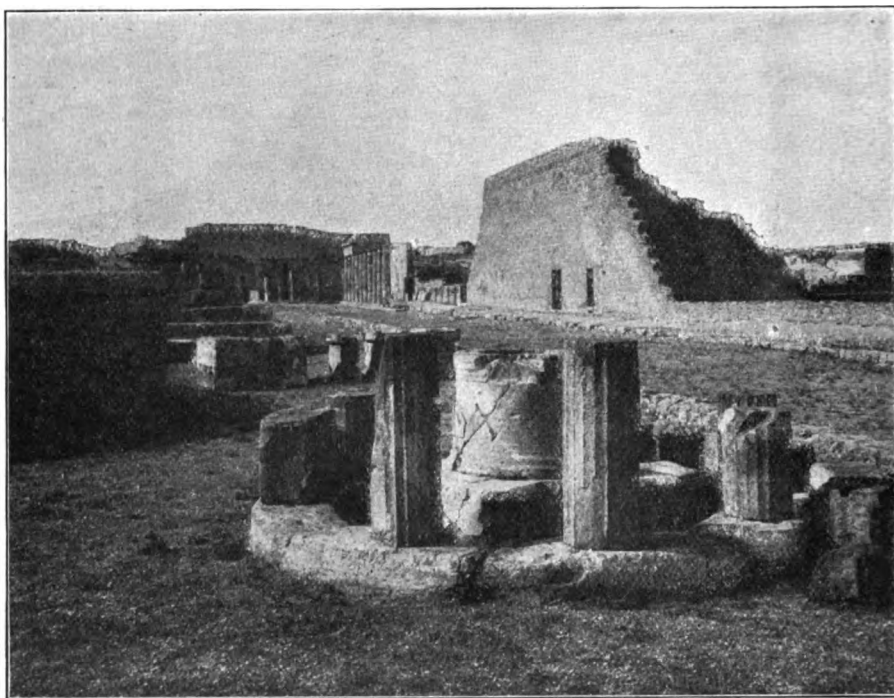
TEMPLE OF VENUS, POMPEII, EXCAVATED 1817.

treaty was made, and more degrading to the Spaniards than the first, but only made to gain time for aid from Spain, and was not intended to be kept. Eventually forty-eight ships arrived from Spain to help the viceroy assert his power; but more troops were necessary, and an army was brought in to assist in the subjugation. Yet the beginning of the end did not come until on April 5, 1648, when the Spaniards again fettered the Neapolitans, though their condition was somewhat improved. The use of the banditti by the nobles to commit murder and rapine was greatly restricted but there was no bright spot in the two centuries Naples was governed by the tyrants of Spain

and the shore along the Marinella and Mergellina was transformed from the most miserable quarter, where the dirtiest population gathered, into a beautiful highway, and the splendid theater St. Carlo was the work of this king, who made many improvements in the environs of Naples and built the palace of Caserta, fourteen miles from Naples, now one of the relics of the past, but is well preserved and rich with marbles, gilding and inlaid woods. An aqueduct was constructed twenty-five miles long to supply it with water. Though this king for profit introduced lottery gambling, prescribed against the Free Masons, and after inviting the Jews to Naples banished them

to satisfy prejudice, yet he seems to have been up to this time one of Naples' best rulers, and except very recent improvements, Naples owed to him more than any other for its best improvements. On the death of his father, Ferdinand VI. of Spain, Charles inherited the throne of Spain and his son as Ferdinand IV., succeeded him in Naples when but seven, the affairs conducted by regents. After maturity the first important event attributed to him was the expulsion of the Jesuits from Naples, in 1767. The Jesuits were put on board ship and sent away and their wealth confiscated and devoted to the support of

kingdom in January, 1799, when Vesuvius, dark for years, sent forth a brilliant flame which was regarded as an omen of prosperity, and what is known as the Parthenopian Republic was established. Then followed a period of monstrous intrigues by Ferdinand and his followers. It was another dark age for Naples. The new provisional government was weak, having little funds, and surrounded with enemies, the whole of southern Italy being a scene of strife and carnage, and to make matters worse if that was possible, the French General, MacDonald, was recalled to France and left with his army leaving the



TEMPLE OF HERCULES, POMPEII.

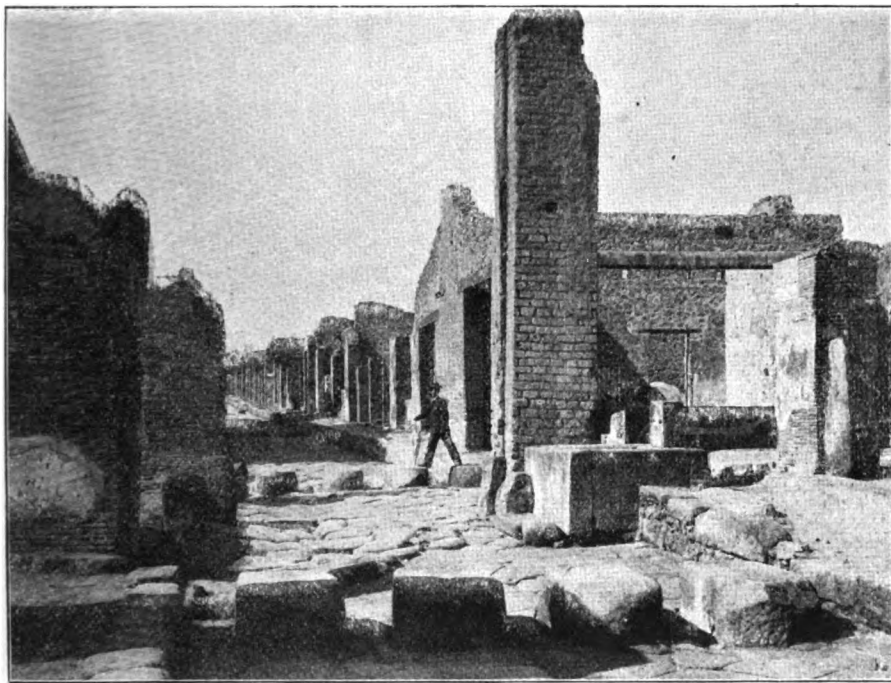
schools, colleges, and asylums; but Ferdinand's reign was not of long duration. The French revolution came on. The French monarch and queen, sister of Ferdinand's wife, were executed, and the fever for liberty and equality struck Naples, and resulted in thousands being imprisoned by Ferdinand through a junta he appointed for the purpose of suppressing liberty of speech, and a reign of terror followed. But a French army was soon on the march for Naples and this led to Ferdinand's cowardly desertion, who fled taking with him to Sicily some 20,000,000 ducats, leaving the country without a head or means. The French easily mastered the

people to the tender mercies of intrigue. Eventually Ferdinand with the help of Nelson, the English naval commander, sailed from Palermo, Sicily, and remaining on shipboard in the Bay of Naples issued edicts that instituted as great a reign of terror as that of the Masaniello rebellion.

It would require a book to tell of the insane thirst for blood of this king and queen. It is said that more than 30,000 human beings were crowded into underground vaults and dungeons, without bed or light, loaded with chains, and tortured with thirst and hunger. The history of this period is more than a usually dark page, but

the success of Napoleon in entering Vienna in 1805 resulted in the entrance of a French fleet in the bay of Naples in February, 1806, under the command of Joseph Bonaparte with an army of 50,000 soldiers. This was the beginning of a new era, but not the end of undesirable conditions for the Neapolitans. Eventually Napoleon mastered Spain and Joseph was sent to that throne, and the brother-in-law of Napoleon Joachim Murat to Naples. Joseph Napoleon had established some reforms which Murat carried out, but he aspired to be master of the Italian territory, independent of France, substituting the colors of Naples

had murdered Murat was Director of Police and made himself so notorious as a prosecutor that the king through the protests of foreign ambassadors was obliged to dismiss him. Naples was infested with thieves and brigands brought in by Ferdinand and his director of police. The Carbonari, a secret society, had gained great headway because of the persecutions, and the name soon inspired terror and was carefully whispered as is that of Fra Diavolo in the opera which perpetuates the memory of this famous brigand. Ferdinand was in great fear of them and his director of police employed spies to join them. The Pope



STREET OF STABIA, POMPEII.

for that of France, and made rulings distasteful to Napoleon, who recalled him from the throne of Naples to the field in Russia. This led to Austrian success in 1814, but through the congress of Vienna in 1815 Ferdinand was restored to the throne and the worst possible conditions followed.

Murat escaped to France but organized an expedition with the purpose of regaining his lost throne. He landed on September 28, and after a brave resistance was captured and shot on October 14. The plague followed with great ravages. The Theater St. Carlo was burned and these calamities were regarded as a vengeance for the murder of Murat. The Prince of Canosa who

fulminated decrees against them and the King threatened their leaders with death, but on July 2, 1820, a revolution was inaugurated at Nolo, 16 miles from Naples, which resulted in Ferdinand promising a new constitution, and on July 9 General Pepe, a member of the Carbonari, led the entire army and the Carbonari through the streets of Naples. The Carbonari were elated and venditti as their meeting places were called were established everywhere. A better condition prevailed, and even the King wore the Carbonari colors while he besought help from Austria for their suppression. As a result an Austrian army entered Naples by the Capuan Gate March 23, 1821. All imaginable horrors ensued.

All over the kingdom the reign of terror was fully established. "The Monteforte trial" as it is called lasted three months with results horrible beyond description. Ferdinand was found in his bed on the morning of January 4, 1825, when there was great joy, but few dared to manifest it, and those who did were arrested and punished. Francis I. succeeded to the throne, more cunning and cruel if that is possible than his father. He reigned five years, and years of abject fear for his own life. He was succeeded by his brother Ferdinand II. He, too, proved bad, and many conspiracies were formed, even to killing him. In

royal and national troops. The red flag, the signal of war, was hoisted on the castles and their guns fired on the city. The castles being in a commanding position the cannonading swept the city broadsides, and it became a massacre in which old and young—men, women, and children were slaughtered alike. It was an opportunity for crime and human beings of all conditions were dropped into wells, thrown from windows, stabbed in their beds, and many half dead perished in their burning houses. The true story of the reign of this monarch is so full of atrocities as to be almost beyond belief, but there seemed to have been



STREET OF THE FOUNTAIN, POMPEII.

the meantime Joseph Mazzini, while imprisoned in a cell, formulated a new society "Italia Giovini," youths of Italy, which had a part in the future of Italy. Persecution of this new order followed, and in 1844 nine of these were murdered and thrown into one grave, and eight were cast into foul dungeons. This blind policy led to a growth of this order that nothing else could have induced. A new constitution followed, but before it was put into force a single shot, supposed to have been fired by a servant of the King, set in motion one of the most horrible massacres in the history of Naples. When the shot was fired the national guards discharged their guns in return, and a battle ensued between the

enough with courage to keep alive the desire for liberty when a leader should appear, and not one but two eventually appeared, Victor Emanuel for all Italy, and the brave, courageous Garibaldi for the Kingdom of Naples. Garibaldi, with his army, entered Naples on September 7, 1860, and rode through the streets in an open carriage putting the King, Francis II., to flight, when Garibaldi declared himself dictator. Victor Emanuel, with his army, was on the way, and on Nov. 7, 1860, the two leaders drove through the city, sitting side by side. They were received with great enthusiasm, but the greater share seemed for the king, and early the next morning Garibaldi sailed

for Caprera, his island home, refusing the honors the king desired to confer upon him, his only request being that the officers of his forces should have the same rank in the royal army that they had had in his. His was the act of a true patriot. The surrender of a few remaining fortresses completed the annexation of the two Sicilies to the Italian monarchy, ushering in the "New Italy."

The new conditions are a great improvement over the old, but the visitor in Naples at this time, to make a just estimate of its people as a whole, must remember that mental and moral intelligence had been

Christian days. All sorts of gambling is prevalent. The young and old, the high and low, indulge in it, and in this the government is a chief promoter through authorized lotteries; and it is said that the passion for gambling among the poorer classes is so great that it induces theft in order to procure a ticket in the state lottery, drawing occurring every Saturday at 4 o'clock. Tickets vary in price, some being as low as two cents. The profits of the state from this source, according to statistics, is about \$15,000,000 a year, and this comes mostly from the scant earnings of the poor.



COURT WITH FOUNTAIN, A FAMILY GATHERING PLACE, POMPEII.

almost entirely extinguished under the old regime, and that more than 90 per cent of the population could neither read nor write. With this in view, it will readily be seen that the 41 years of the new conditions have brought good results, though they are still a long way behind in education and moral ethics, which is abundantly evidenced by the Italian emigrant usually seen with the shovel and pick here in America.

The people in southern Italy are exceedingly superstitious, and the lower order inordinately so. Amulets or charms, to prevent evil and bring luck, are seen everywhere. They are even put on animals. Few of these emblems are of Christian origin, and are evidently survival of ante-

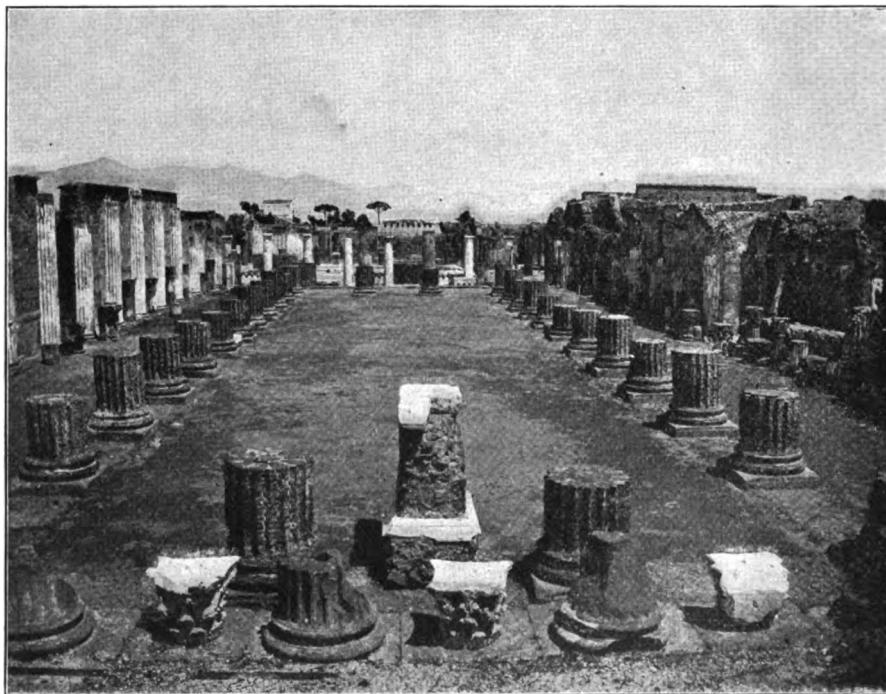
Superstition enters deeply into the gambling, as it does into even the festivals, of which the more important are the King's Birthday, March 14, and the Festival of the Constitution, on the first Sunday in June. Other festivals are more or less ecclesiastical, and on January 17 occurs that of St. Anthony Abbott, when the animals are taken to the church of their patron to be blessed, and decorated with amulets (charms to prevent evil), ribbons and other ornaments, and after the benediction the animals are walked around the court of the church three times, and this ceremony is continued every Sunday until Lent. These peculiarities make a long chapter in the history of Italy, but we must turn

from this to other subjects of interest in this vicinity.

One in Naples has always in sight the most striking object in Italy, Vesuvius. Its first eruption, in 79 A. D., destroyed Pompeii. "This was followed by others, of which the more memorable are that in 472, when its ashes alighted in Constantinople, and in 512, when they wafted to Tripoli. Others occurred in 1036 and 1500; then inaction until 1631. Of the eighteenth century, that of 1793 was the most remarkable, when a lava-stream 12 to 40 feet thick swept over Torre del Greco and penetrated the sea a distance of 380 feet,

people meeting in the street recite litanies with fervor, while the clergy carry the Blessed Sacrament and sacred rites through the city. But the moment the danger is thought over, the usual confusion prevails: the babel of singing, quarrelling, cursing and fighting, gambling and dancing, are resumed as though to regain time lost." There is a cable-tram railroad from the base of the mountain to near the summit, and the view from this point is sublime beyond description.*

Excursions to Pozzuoli, Bale, Cumæ, Forcida, Ischia, Capri and the Grotto of Posilipo and Virgil's Tomb are all very



THE BASILICA OR THEATER, POMPEII, EXCAVATED 1814.

by which time its volume was 1,204 feet wide and 15 feet thick. It is four miles from the crater to the sea. In the outbreak of 1822 smoke from the crater rose to a height of 10,000 feet, raining torrents of hot water and flooding the villages of S. Sebastiano and Massa. Other eruptions followed in 1855, 1861 and 1871-2. In 1855 the eruption was so sudden that twenty spectators were killed on the spot, and the cone threw up fragments of rock to a height of 4,000 feet. The explosions were so loud that the people in the whole country-side fled to Naples. And even in Naples, when Vesuvius is in eruption "the people bring into use every possible amulet to prevent evil, and the

*Clara Clement in the City of the Parthenope.

interesting, and all associated with ancient peoples, sovereigns, warriors and poets. Much of Virgil's great work is said to have been done at Posilipo, and Boccaccio was a frequent visitor here, and the names of Petrarch, Voltaire, Lucullus, the kings, and many Roman potentates are associated with this place. It was also visited by St. Paul. The Corniche (street) skirting the cliff is one of the most famous drives in the world.

Pozzuoli is situated on the bank of the gulf of that name and near Astrom Crater. The Roman name was Puteoli. It was here that St. Paul landed, May 5, A. D. 59, at that time inhabited by Tyrians. St. Luke says, 13th verse of the 28th chapter

of the Acts of the Apostles: "And after one day the south wind blew, and we came the next day to Puteoli; where we found brethren, and were desired to tarry with them seven days." St. Paul was a prisoner in chains, but is said to have had an easy master in the Centurion Julius. As interesting as these places are, space compels us to turn our attention to our visit to Pompeii.

To get the best knowledge and best views of Pompeii it is better to make the trip by carriage than by train. The drive is through the suburbs of Naples and through St. Giovanni a Teduccio, but the stranger

not likely to soon forget this trip, with the darkness lighted by smoking torches, and the feeling of oppression for want of air. Parts of villa, temple and theater can be seen, but everything looks disjointed, and nothing could more impress the visitor with the horror that must have accompanied the eruption of 79. All that was found there in the way of art treasures have been placed in Naples Museum. Beyond Resina, is Torre del Greco, quite a thriving bustling place, but when one thinks of what Vesuvius had done in the past, the stranger can but wonder why the people should build a city in a locality in such



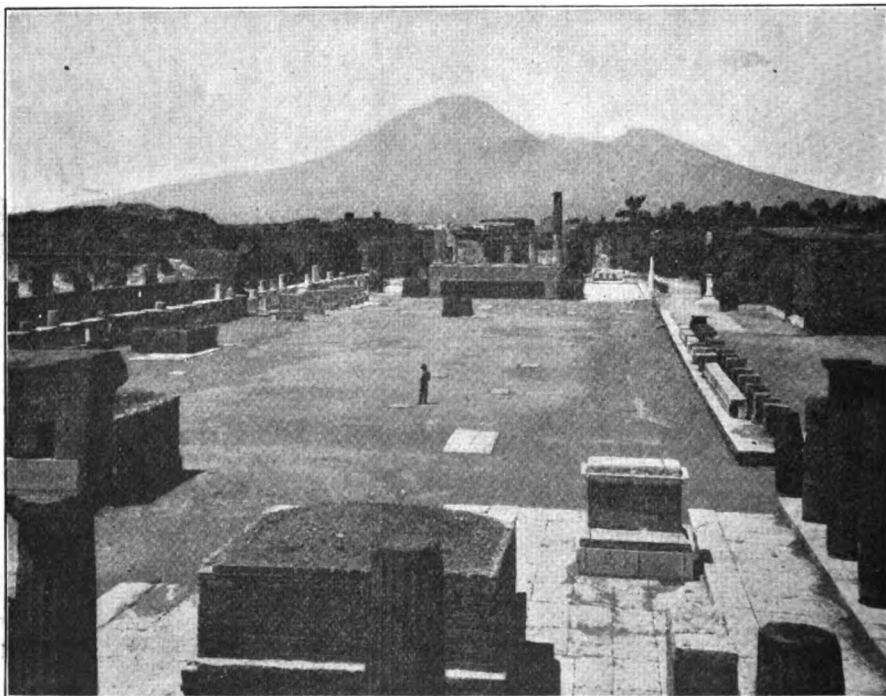
GENERAL VIEW OF THE CIVIL FORUM, POMPEII.

will find little to indicate where one ends and the other begins, and the same thing occurs in passing through Portici and Resina. From the latter place the visit to the Herculaneum is made. This is not a very pleasant experience, but very impressive. Tradition attributes the foundation of this city to Hercules himself. After the earthquake of A. D. 63 and the eruption of Vesuvius in 79 it was buried with ashes and lava to the depth of from forty to one hundred feet, and was lost to human knowledge until 1719 when Prince d'Elbœuf in digging a well came upon parts of the ancient theater. A roadway to the site was excavated underground, and one is

evident danger of repeating the history of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The monastery of the Camaldoli della Torre is located on a volcanic hill near Torre del Greco, but is not in danger from lava streams. It commands a delightful view and is surrounded with vegetation. It is not far from here to Torre del Annunziata, another town, which to the traveler seems to be inviting destruction. The manufacture of macaroni, a powder factory and fishing, furnish the principle occupation for its people, though they have some famous mineral waters which bring many visitors. From here one may make the excursion up the "Peak of Hell," as Goethe

called Vesuvius, and it is also convenient to the excavations of Pompeii, that wonderful city from which the knowledge of the domestic life of the beginning of our era is largely drawn. Pompeii is at the mouth of the Sarnus on the seacoast. "It was founded 600 B. C. by the Oscans, and after them occupied by the Tyrrhenio-Pelasgians and by the Samnites till these were dispersed by the Romans about 80 B. C. From that time down to its destruction, 79 A. D., it became (with Herculaneum) a sort of Rome-super-mare (or seacoast summer residence) frequented by the aristocracy and probably Caligula and Nero in whose honor it erected triumphal

out with haste and much disregard of architectural law, contrasting strongly with the earlier work, tawdriness often replacing simplicity of decorations, and the private houses fantastically restored and adorned. The city, however, retained a good deal of the Greek character and coloring. The inhabitants had in its restored form relapsed into worse than its former gaiety and licentiousness, when on the 23rd of August, or more probably on the 23rd of November, 79, with a return of the shock of earthquake Vesuvius was seen to throw up a column of black smoke, expanding like an umbrella, till it assumed the proportions of a great swarthy cloud,



THE CIVIL FORUM, POMPEII, EXCAVATED 1813, 515 FEET LONG AND 107 FEET WIDE.

arches. Fed from the Roman capital with every luxury and distinction, it included temples in which the inhabitants were encouraged to make costly sacrifices with all their adjuncts of levity and banqueting. In fact, its public monuments were out of all proportion to its size and were in number and magnificence such as we can now but dimly estimate. On February 5, 63 A. D., by an earthquake in the vicinity, these buildings were all but leveled to the ground, and some years elapsed ere the fugitive citizens recovered confidence enough to reoccupy and rebuild what was once Pompeii. Reconstruction was carried

dense with ashes, pumice, and red-hot stones settling down on the doomed cities with a force increased by the rain torrents that intermittently fell. Amid the impenetrable gloom that veiled land and sea, the panic of the citizens was aggravated by the repeated shocks of earthquake, and for three days the flight continued till Pompeii was abandoned by all who could effect their escape. By the fourth day the sun had partly reappeared as if shining through a fog, and the more courageous of the citizens began to return for such of their property as they could disinter, but the desolation and distress were such that

the reigning Emperor Titus organized relief on an imperial scale, and even undertook the clearing and rebuilding the city. This attempt was soon abandoned and Pompeii remained a heap of hardened mud and ashes, gradually overgrown with grass—the wall of the great theater and the outlines of the amphitheater alone making the site—till 1592 when the architect, Fontana, in cutting an aqueduct, came on some ancient buildings. "From this time on unsystematic and unscientific excavations proceeded fitfully till 1860, when the Italian kingdom took in hand the unearthing of the city. The work of excavation was then carried out with admirable

tending from east to west, in circumference about 3,000 yards. It has walls and some eight gates to which have been given names, most of which are evidently conjectural. The city had outgrown its walls and a considerable suburb developed toward the sea, the more important part, the Forum, the adjacent temples and public buildings, theaters, colonnades, and many private houses, and a number of streets have been excavated, so that one gets a good view of the most important of the ruins. Walks border the streets, which are narrow, the broadest 24 feet, the narrowest but 14 feet, but well paved with blocks of lava that are still in a good state of pres-



STREET OF THE TOMBS, POMPEII.

ingenuity, care and success—all treasure-trove being carefully preserved and an archeological record kept by the official excavators, Fiorelli and Ruggiero." The greater part of these may now be seen in a museum at Pompeii. The phenomena of its destruction, the ages in which it laid in obscurity, and its excavations have given Pompeii a distinction unknown to it in the zenith of its imperial favor and attracts the traveler from every clime for the object lessons it affords as to the public and private life of antiquity.

The excavations show the city to have been in the form of an irregular ellipse, ex-

ervation. High stepping stones are placed mostly at the corners for wet weather. The street corners are provided with fountains ornamented with heads of gods, or a mask. House construction consisted mainly of concrete rubble, cement, and brick or stone. Two and sometimes three-story houses are numerous, the upper floors, however, evidently of wood, were consumed by the eruption. The shops are numerous, but somewhat small, as were the living rooms; so small in fact that one can hardly conceive how any comfort could be found in such close quarters. It is quite intelligible, however, when it is realized

that the Pompeiians led an open air life, and performed their toilets at the bath, public or private. Public life was first and private life a secondary consideration, and as one looks at the curious narrow streets, small shops, and smaller apartments, he is not likely to be struck with its grandeur, for it seems more like some miniature or model of what it was before its destruction, and it is some time before one can comprehend that he is in the midst of a past so distant that it has no resemblance to the present.

As we move along to the higher ground, where the public buildings are located, we go into the ruins of the theater or basilica,

and that the moral standing of the people was of a low order, is in evidence everywhere, particularly in the statuary; and as we turn to the Amphitheatre, it but recalls the cruelty associated with the Romans at Rome and elsewhere, while the temples are significant of pagan worship, as the numerous baths are of life and morals in Rome at this period. We turn to the street of the Tombs, and they, like those of the Appian Way, are stretched along some military road. This one led to Herculaneum and Naples, and though lined with tombs it is the most beautiful in Pompeii, for it is the only one where a sign of vegetation is found. And to stand at the Her-



GENERAL VIEW AND LANDING ISLAND OF CAPRI, ITALY.

and looking in one direction we see the vast ruins of a city once inhabited by 40,000 people, and in the other direction Vesuvius looming up before us in awful grandeur. Then out upon the sea, while at our feet are the buildings familiar to the readers of the "Last Days of Pompeii." In the general view, shown on page—may be seen the ruins of a theater, Temple of Justice; to the right, the Temple of Mercury, the Civil Forum, and at the extreme end facing us is the Temple of Jupiter. With these evidences of past magnificence, we naturally endeavor to fancy what they were when filled with life, dress, manners and customs. That money was spent lavishly,

culean Gate, seen at the end of our picture, and view on one side the silent ruins of the city of the dead and feel, as you must, the oppressive silence of the whole excavated ruin, and look up to see towering above you the great mountain, which like an avenging god still standing above its victim, is a sight never to be forgotten, and in contemplating it, one is likely to feel a sense of insecurity, for there is no knowing when it may repeat its awful work of 79; and you will likely leave Pompeii and its environments wondering at the courage of those who live on its sides cultivating vine and field and those who live in villages at its very feet as if courting destruction.

We conclude to end our observations with a visit to the Island of Capri, a most curious and interesting spot, having a place in the long and eventful history of the Kingdom of Naples as the rendezvous of king and bandit. From its highest point, Monte Solaro, 1,920 feet above the level of the sea, the eye may sweep the Bay of Naples, the Island of Ischia at your left, and before you the same towering mountain, Vesuvius, that has held a place in your vision wherever you may have been in this part of Italy. The widely-known 784 stone steps up the precipitous side of Capri, from the Marina to Anacapri, is a fatiguing climb, yet in the long windings many delightful views are obtained. The construction of these steps is attributed to the Phoenicians or the Greeks. They are not necessarily used now, as a long winding road has been constructed. There is much on Capri to interest the traveler, few of whom see Naples without a visit to Capri, and especially to its many grottoes—the Grotto of the Stalactites, the Marmolata, Marinella, Grotto Verde, and the White, Green and Blue Grottoes, the latter, perhaps the most beautiful. Of this one Kapich says: It is a remarkable phenomenon, the water seeming to fill the grotto with blue fire. Every wave appears like a flame. At the back part of the grotto is an old passage leading into the rocks, perhaps to the Tower of Damecuta above, where tradition reports that young maidens were formerly imprisoned by Tiberius, and it is possible that the grotto was his secret landing place. One entering this grotto is likely to experience a feeling more in the nature of an ideal home of fairies than the reality of rocks and water with which he is surrounded. The impression made by this grotto will cling to memory as long as reason remains, and the whole island is decidedly impressive.

Somewhat wearied, but with our curiosity satisfied, we turn back to Naples and on northward, visiting Piza and other places, which we will present in our next issue.

Easter Song.

In mantle white the woodland slept,
And bore the winter's strife,
While round each root the warm sap kept
A vigil over life;
And hidden low each tiny head
Dreamed on of time apart,
When length'n'ing days should warm beams shed
Into each prisoned heart.

Now spring has sounded her advance,
And bids the green earth sing,
While nature tunes a merry dance
For stream and soaring wing.
"There is no death!" the song is heard
Wherever space is found,
And "Resurrection" is the word
That waked the sleeping ground.

—M. E. Hannan, in the *Wisconsin*.

A Wild Ride.

At one time in his life Bob Ingersoll is said to have prayed. Whether upon that occasion the atheist uttered the prayers aloud or not is a matter of dispute among the people of Paris, Ill. Ingersoll himself has since denied it. He admits, however, that if ever there was a time when he felt like lapsing into prayer it was when, in the early 70's, when he took an exciting ride from Fort Wayne to Paris on the Illinois Midland Railroad.

This is one of the many stories told of this road's early days, says the *Chicago Times-Herald*. It was one of the quick creations of that railroad building epoch. Robert Hervey, a genius in these lines, saw a chance to tap that part of the country with a railroad. The next thing the inhabitants knew the railroad was there. To be sure the ballast was somewhat scant. The ties were inclined to tilt where the ground was softer in one place than in another, and the rails had an uncomfortable habit of spreading apart where they ought not to.

Still, the management made it do. The trains were light and were never run very rapidly. If they slipped the track they would run along on the ties for awhile. This would give the engineer time to stop before any great disaster could occur. A wrecking train would be sent for, the engine and the cars would be pried upon the track again, and all would proceed as if nothing unusual had happened.

The country was new and abounded with game. Ofttimes the officials would take an engine and go hunting, stopping where the sport was best, and leaving their locomotive where they could return to it conveniently for the homeward trip.

The management contrived to get along in this happy-go-lucky fashion until there was a failure, a reorganization, and the road was absorbed by one of the big systems.

Twenty-two years ago Colonel Ingersoll held the position of attorney for the road, and William Stuart, now living in Chicago, was the auditor. Mr. Stuart resided in Paris with his wife and child—a baby only a few months old. This young man became desperately sick one day, and the anxious father was sent post haste to Fort Wayne twenty-seven miles away, for a physician. He had expected to return with the medical aid on the same train at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, but a telegram from his wife made him change his plans. It read:

"Baby worse; am almost distracted. Hurry."

The fond and anxious father determined upon vigorous action. It was three hours before the regular train started. He has

tened to the telegraph office and sent the following dispatch:

Robert Hervey, President Illinois Midland Railroad, Paris, Ill.—Baby dying. Must get there with doctor at once. Can I have light engine and right of way?

W. STUART.

The message was successful. In a brief space of time an engine with one passenger car was placed at the excited auditor's disposal. While he was waiting for it to arrive he happened to meet Colonel Ingersoll, who was waiting to go to Paris to lecture that evening.

"Let my wife and me go along with you," said Ingersoll, as soon as he learned that a special train was to leave.

So the train started with the atheistic orator, his wife and the physician in the passenger coach. Mr. Stuart stood over the engineer in the cab. The auditor had received still another message just before starting, which made his face become more firmly set with a look of grim determination.

It read:

Think baby is dying. For heaven's sake, hurry.

The engineer started out from Fort Wayne at a lively pace, but not lively enough for the man standing over him.

"Faster!" was the curt order.

The throttle was opened a little wider. The train bumped and pounded along. Still the grim-looking man in the cab was not satisfied.

"Open that throttle wider!" he demanded.

The speed increased. Telegraph poles flew by in quick succession. The light car swayed from side to side, and bumped ominously. Mrs. Ingersoll became alarmed, but her husband remained cool.

"Stuart was telling me not long ago," he remarked, "that if any member of his family were injured through the carelessness of an engineer, he should be inclined to shoot the man responsible."

The uneven roadbed made the car shake and rattle. The passengers were jolted and churned. The train was already making the fastest time on record for that road. The last telegram was burning in his Stuart's pocket. His heated brain pictured the scene at his home, and he turned determinedly upon the engineer.

"Open the throttle as far as it will go," he ordered.

"We'll all be killed if I do," protested the engineer. "It's a wonder we've kept the track as long as we have. The roadbed is worse ahead of us."

"Open the throttle," was the stern response.

It was the auditor of the road who made the demand, and the engineer obeyed.

The locomotive charged forward like a demon. The hissing of steam, the furiously rapid puffs from the smokestack, the



MISS NAVEDA STOUT.

The first woman engineer ever examined in Ohio. See page 777, December JOURNAL.—Photograph, courtesy of Bro. J. H. Benton, F. A. E. of Div. 124.

grinding of the wheels, the roar of the fire under the boiler, the pounding upon the rails, and the uproar of the moving train drowned all other sounds.

Mrs. Ingersoll nearly fainted with fright, and the physician became fearfully apprehensive. Colonel Ingersoll repressed his nervousness.

"I think," he remarked, dryly, recalling the auditor's second remark, "that we shall have to shoot Stuart."

The speed became terrific. Every in-

stant the engine seemed to be leaving the rails. The train gave a lurch now and then as it struck some place where a rail had sagged. Everybody shut his eyes and held his breath, awaiting death. But the engine and car swung back again each time, caught the rails and dashed on.

For some distance the track ran along an embankment. Near the end of this was a sharp curve. Toward this they rushed. The engineer shut off steam and tried to slow up, but the headway was too great.

"They are yelling and waving handkerchiefs back there," remarked the fireman.

Mr. Stuart set his face in the other direction.

It is at this time that Ingersoll is charged with having commenced that silent prayer. He was perfectly still for a time as the train was hurled toward the dreadful curve. As they reached it the wheels on one side seemed to be lifted from the track. There was a jerk which sent everybody flying from his seat. Each one felt sure he was tumbling down the embankment to eternity. But no. Engine and car righted themselves, catching the rail like a cat lighting on its feet. The grim man in the cab seized the throttle himself and opened it wide again.

A cow appeared on the track ahead. In an instant she was struck and sent headlong. As the stations flew by the operators came rushing out to gaze as if thunder-struck at the disappearing train. An occasional farmer looked up and gasped.

Near the close of the run came the worst danger of all. The engine and coach had passed over the rough track so far in safety, and all the passengers were beginning to feel relieved. As they approached the last station before Paris a freight train was noticed on the track ahead. A mistake in orders had been made, and it was only then creeping on a siding out of the way. It was impossible to stop the swiftly moving engine and car, and a collision seemed imminent.

For the second time during the journey the renowned atheist remained with bowed head.

The distance between the two trains grew less and less. Disaster appeared more and more certain. A brakeman who was at the switch caught sight of the on-rushing special. He signalled to the engineer of the freight. That engine gave several quick snorts, a jerk was passed along the extended line of freight cars, and they were dragged upon the siding barely in time. The brakeman turned the switch back just as the meteor on wheels whizzed by.

The trip was completed in safety. Colonel Ingersoll recovered his breath in time to speak that night. The baby recovered, and is very much alive today.

A Song of Spring.

Spring has come with bluer sky,
Busy bees go humming by,
And far away the field flowers spy
Yellow buttercup and daisy.

Shines the sun with ardent glances,
Awakening pastoral fancies.
Up starts the iris with sharpened lances
To guard the path as spring advances.

Here's a gold-trimmed saucy rover,
Takes a sip from each sweet clover;
Naughty bee! you faithless lover!
Thus to treat the blushing clover.

Miss Daffodil bends this way
To hear what Jonquil has to say.
Miss Blue Bell had that very day
Flirted with a pert bluejay,

Nature lavish with wealth untold,
Tells a story centuries old,
Of secrets long hid 'neath the mold;
How to paint the buttercup gold,
And fill with honey the clover.

—Emma M. C., in *Leader*.

Killed His Sweetheart by Mistake.

In a little country church-yard in Cloud county, Western Kansas, old Jack Williams was buried—"Laughin' Jack" he was called, though never within the memory of the younger generation had a smile been seen upon his face.

In 1867 Jack Williams appeared in the town of Clyde. Soon after reaching Clyde he opened a livery stable and commenced trading horses and freighting.

He was a jolly fellow, always joking, and nearly always laughing. His laugh was worth coming miles to hear. It had a volume like the roar of a cataract.

The claim adjoining Jack's was held by a German, whose family consisted of his wife and daughter. The girl was about twenty-two or twenty-three years old. She was fairly good looking, and did a full man's work on the farm.

"Laughin' Jack" used to curse the "Dutch outfit" for what he termed their harsh treatment of the girl. He was so bitter that it finally dawned upon the rough fellows of the place that he had more of an interest in the girl than he really ever cared to admit.

Her parents knew nothing of these facts. Her marriage meant the loss of a man on the farm, and it was taken for granted that they would oppose it. So the couple intended to get married on the quiet.

Late one afternoon in the winter of '69 there came up a terrible blizzard—suddenly, as they always come.

That afternoon a cow escaped from the Dutchman's corral, and it fell to the lot of the girl to find the animal. When the

storm burst the German and his wife sat by the fire, reasoning that the girl would come out all right.

That evening Jack went to his shack to spend the night, getting there for the worst of the storm. He was preparing to go to bed when his attention was attracted by the actions of his dog. The beast had risen to his feet and appeared to be listening.

There came a lull in the storm, the dog gave a yelp and bounding to the door, commenced scratching on it. Jack opened the door and the dog dashed out.

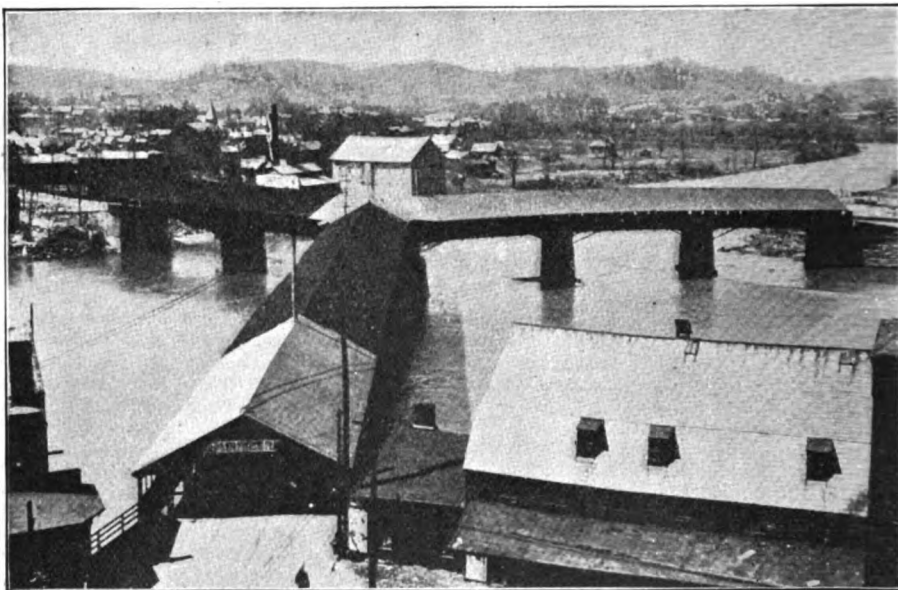
The moon was making a feeble attempt to cast light through the clouds, but as nothing could be made out, Jack was on

shot through the brain by the rifle which, in his hands, had a record of seldom missing its mark.

The man was nearly crazed with grief and horror; yet he could not be blamed.

The girl, numbed by exposure, was endeavoring to make her way to his place of shelter, guided by the light in his window. Under the the circumstances it was small cause for wonder that he was frantic with grief.

The father considered that he had a grievance, and the day following the funeral he appeared at Jack's stable. He went over to where Jack was disconsolately sitting on a goods box, and said that as his daughter had been a great help to him, and



"Y" BRIDGE AT ZANESVILLE, O., BUILT IN 1838-9.—One of a very few of its kind in the world, and has added considerable fame to Zanesville. It is now being replaced by a new iron structure.—Photograph, courtesy of Bro. W. A. Whitcroft, member of Div. 471.

the point of closing the door when again the yelp of the hound rang out. Grasping his rifle, Jack advanced a few paces from the door. Now he could dimly see on the edge of a ravine near the shack a grayish body moving, slowly in the gloom.

That it was a coyote there could be no doubt, and, throwing up his gun, Jack fired. No sound followed the crack of the rifle, but the object disappeared.

When Jack started for town next morning he walked to the ravine to see how his aim had been. An awful sight met his gaze.

Just below the edge of the bank, with pure white snow all about her, ice incrusting in her hair, was the body of the girl he had intended to make his wife—

as Jack had been the cause of her death, he thought that something should be done to make it right, and suggested that if Jack would surrender his land to him he would call it square.

For a minute Jack could not speak, while the loafers in the barn waited with hushed breath.

Pale and trembling Jack rose from his seat. Pulling a six-shooter, he leveled it at the farmer, and in a voice that began with a choke, he said:

"See here, Dutch! Climb right into that wagon and hit the trail for home, and if you ever mention this matter to me again I swear to God I'll fill your carcass so full of lead that you can't be lifted."

What "Laughin' Jack" said went; the old man turned and left the place.

Jack was never the same after that. He seemed to have lost interest in life, and from that time the old laugh was never heard again.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Why McDonald Left the Road.

BY PHILIP SAFFORD CLARKE.

One afternoon while walking around the yards of the R., S. & L. Railroad, as would be natural for the son of an American engineer who is a member of the B. of L. E., I stopped to admire a large express engine that stood with steam up just outside the train shed. The engineer was sitting in the cab eating his lunch, and seeing me looking at the engine, he leaned out and said: "Climb up and look around if you want to." I gladly accepted his invitation, and was soon plying him with innumerable questions about railroads and his experiences. He answered all very good-naturedly, although avoiding his own experiences whenever he could, and I began to despair of hearing any of the interesting railroad incidents which I felt sure he could narrate if he wished. At last, however, I stumbled upon a question which seemed to interest him.

"Don't you think that engineers are, generally, a very brave class of men?" I asked.

He looked at me a moment as if thinking of something else, and then said:

"Yes, I guess they are generally pretty courageous, but I knew an exception once."

He stopped and looked away, his thoughts evidently reminiscent, but suddenly he began to unravel the theme of his thoughts.

"It was in December of '93. The winter had set in early, and the weather kept getting colder until it was all we could do to keep things moving. I was firing then on the evening mail train. We left Arlington at 8 in the evening, and were due here at 9:45. The time was pretty fast, considering it was ninety-five miles, but we carried the mail and were supposed to make it.

"The night before Christmas we were late leaving Arlington, and it was 8:11 before the last mail-bag was thrown in and we got the signal. McDonald, an extra man, was running her that night, as the regular engineer had laid off on account of sickness; and as we pulled out through the yards, he stood up and called over to me:

"George, keep her hot, and we'll surprise those people back there. If she stands up, we can get 'em in on time."

"I was a little doubtful about making up eleven minutes on that run, but the engine steamed well, and was new, so if it could be done I thought we could do it. There were only four cars behind us, so we couldn't complain of a heavy train.

"As soon as we got clear of the yards, Mac cut her off a little more and began to warm her up. Before we passed Sheridan, six miles out, she was making fifty miles an hour and picking up all the time. The wind was on Mac's side, and I didn't feel it much, but the snow made it hard for either of us to see the signals. Going through Jackson we slowed down a little, but not much, for as we went by the station I could see a group of passengers waiting for a local train, and they looked at us as if they thought it was a whirlwind.

"After we left there there was nothing to bother us, and for awhile there wasn't a sound except the roar of the engine. She was working as smoothly as a pump, the steam-gauge standing right up to one hundred and ninety pounds. After awhile I went out to look at my fire, and when I came back we were crossing the Mauree River bridge. I climbed up and looked at my watch by the cab lamp.

"'Four minutes behind, Mac,' I called out.

"'She'll make it,' he said.

"It was a pretty good bit of running we had before us,—forty-two miles in forty-six minutes,—but there was a good chance to make it if all went well. I sat down and leaned against the boiler. It was down grade now, and we were making easily seventy miles an hour. The engine rolled a little in places, and slammed over the switches in a way that meant a bad wreck if we struck a 'point.' The snow drove against the front windows and covered the glass with a thick coating. Now and then a green switch-light would appear in front, shoot by like a meteor, and vanish in the darkness.

"In a few minutes I could see, away off in the distance, a little bunch of white lights—Calumet, and only thirty miles from home. The lights drew rapidly nearer. We were not far from the station—Mac had not slowed down, as we did not stop,—when the station door suddenly burst open and a man ran out, wildly waving a red light.

"'Hold her, Mac!' I yelled, as I jumped to my feet."

The words were scarcely spoken when I heard him call out in a strange voice, "'My God! the air won't work!'"

"Then I turned to look ahead, and as I did so a great black shape loomed up suddenly through the snow. The next second there was a terrible crash, a sound of roaring steam and tearing steel and awful cries. That's about all I know about it, for the

next sound I heard was the doctor's voice in the hospital.

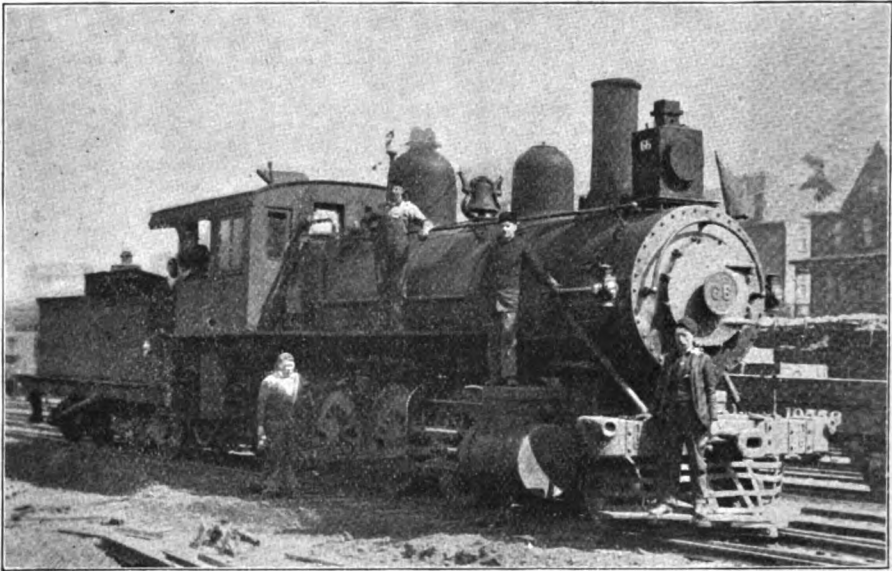
"But how did it happen?"

"Well, it turned out to be what the lawyers call 'criminal negligence.' It was this way: The Arlington fast freight had been laying on the side track at Calumet, waiting for us to pass, and the wind had blown out the headlight. The throttle leaked a little, and while no one noticed it, as the crew were all in the station keeping warm, the big freight engine had slowly moved out on to the main track. The first they knew of it in the station was when hearing our whistle they looked out and saw the freight had moved, when the operator grabbed a light and ran out, but he

long time we didn't see anything of him.

"Then one day, about six months later, a man walked into the superintendent's office. It was Mac; but changed so that we hardly knew him.

"Mr. Wharton," he said, 'I'm going to die, but I've got to tell you something before I go. It was me that was to blame in that wreck at Calumet. When I found the air wouldn't work, I got scared and jumped. I landed easy, and when I could walk I got up and looked around. There were the two engines piled up in the snow, and the cars n a heap by the station. I could hear the people calling for help, and saw men carrying bodies into the station. Then I thought what I'd done, and how I



ENGINE 66 N. C. RY., MARYSVILLE, PA., AND BROTHERHOOD CREW.—Bro. J. W. Ashenfelter, Engineer, Div. 52; H. C. Miller, Fireman, Lodge 214; Miller C. Dick, Brakeman, Lodge 127; G. W. Hartman, Conductor, Div. 5; F. H. Finicle, Brakeman, Lodge 385; H. C. Barnhill, Brakeman, Lodge 124. —Courtesy of Bro. J. W. Ashenfelter.

was too late. Our air brake had frozen up coming over from Jackson, and when Mac tried to hold the train he couldn't. He turned up later, badly bruised, but able to walk, having stayed with his engine and been thrown into a snow bank.

In court he was asked why he didn't reverse his engine, but an examination of the lever after the wreck showed that the latchet-pin had worked out and made it impossible to lift the links. Everybody said he wasn't to blame, and praised him for staying with his engine. But Mac was never the same after that. He seemed to have something on his mind, and none of us could get along with him. Finally he put in his time and quit, and for a

might have saved it all, or at least have done my duty by reversing the engine and easing the shock. I was so ashamed that I crawled over to the engine and knocked out the latchet-pin. Then it looked as if I wasn't to blame, and for a while I felt better, but then I got to thinking more and more about those that were killed in the wreck. They appear before me nights and look at me, 'till I can't stand it any longer. Here's the latchet-pin. I've had it ever since.'

"And with that Mac laid the pin on Wharton's desk, and pulling out a revolver he shot himself right there in the office. He was dead before anybody could reach him."

The old engineer stopped and looked off across the yards at the trains going to and fro. For a moment he did not speak, and then starting suddenly he pulled out his watch and said: "Well, it's thirty-one; I guess I'll back down to the train."

Thanking him for his kindness, I jumped down from the engine, and in a few moments the express passed me in the yard starting on the night run.

The Old War Horse.

Evidently man is not the only being of creation who is very sensible to the influence of music.

I have seen in a port of Normandy the most curious, the most touching example of that effect, which the influence of memory, evoked by a well-known air, can produce upon certain old horses.

It was at St. Valery-au-Caux. An unhappy animal which resembled the Rosinante of Don Quixote was breathing hard as it drew a heavy load over the uneven pavement of the market place.

The poor beast, all in a perspiration, stopped at the end of his strength. The carter, furious, showered blows of the whip upon his flanks. Some sailors, no doubt enchanted to see the embarrassment of a "land lubber," joked and laughed at the spectacle. A trumpeter of cavalry was passing with his instrument. The soldier evidently loved animals, for he could not contain his indignation at the sight of the bad treatment which the carter was giving the horse, and remonstrated with its master.

"Sir," I said to the trumpeter, "instead of further exasperating this man don't you think we could do better by trying to push a wheel?"

The idea seemed good to him, and we united our efforts to make the wagon move, but half way up the ascent the horse fell upon its knees.

"That's what comes of buying horses which are no longer good for service in the army," cried the carter. At this exclamation an idea came to the trumpeter.

"He has then served in the cavalry?" he asked quietly.

"Bah! It was not in the marines, I suppose!" laughed the carter.

"Very well, then, keep on pushing—we'll see!"

And putting his trumpet to his mouth the trumpeter sounded the charge.

At the well-known sound of that martial air the noble animal opened wide its nostrils, raised its ears, than, with a sonorous neighing, stood up on its feet.

Electrified by his remembrances he went up with one bound the steep incline, and, his task accomplished, proudly stopped at

the applause of the sailors of the port, who were not laughing now.

For all understood now; there existed a tie between them and this old servant of the country, who had perhaps led their brothers to battle.—*Exchange.*

How She Scorned Him.

They had never been separated since they were married, just a year ago, and when her husband had to go to Buffalo on business Mrs. Harper took it as a blighting shock.

"I'll let you hear from me every day," he promised, soothingly, "and you'll do the same?" anxiously.

"Yes, dearest," promised his tearful wife, and the parting was over. For three days his letters came with regularity, but the fourth, Friday, there was a telegram, with all its ruthless disregard for punctuation and common sense: "Case put off till Saturday letter will write letter."

Mrs. Harper held the yellow bit of paper disdainfully. "That's the most idiotic message I ever saw," she said. "Pshaw!" She crumpled the paper and frowned. Her disappointment at not getting a more extended message made her instantaneously contemptuous of John Stannard Harper, alias her dearly beloved husband.

"Now, now," counseled her mother, who was staying with her temporarily-deserted daughter. "He probably means he has received your letters and has written you besides this telegram. I am sure John is very thoughtful."

"Pooh!" said Mrs. Harper, yawning ostentatiously and going over to the toilet table, where she made a vigorous pretense of rearranging her side combs, till the tears had disappeared from her indignant eyes. "I shall not write him again before he returns," she announced, loftily.

Saturday passed without either a letter or telegram. A faint path could have been distinguished by sharp eyes across the Persian rug lying in the route between the library and the front parlor window. When Mrs. Harper was not at the window watching for the postman or a messenger boy, she was reading a book upside down and breaking forth at inopportune moments with such remarks as: "And he promised to let me hear every day! H'm!"

Or, "It'll take a good deal for him to make up for this!"

Pause of ten minutes, followed by wild start and change of front: "Oh, mother, do you suppose anything has happened to John? I just know he's sick."

By night Mrs. Harper had red eyes and scorned dinner. "He said," she confessed finally, "he said to me that if anything happened he was detained over Saturday,

he'd send for me to meet him and we'd go up to Niagara over Sunday. And he hasn't sent and he hasn't come!"

By Sunday noon Mrs. Harper was in a variegated state of mind.

"Did you read this about Kruger in Paris?" her diplomatic mother asked, looking up mildly from the paper.

"I never thought he would grow thoughtless and disregardful, like other men," her daughter replied, with emotion. "He's probably gone off with a lot of horrid other men to the falls and never given me a thought! I wish I'd sent for Charley Smith to take me to the theater last night. It would have served John right."

"I think," said her mother in a few minutes, racking her brains to distract her apparently dangerous offspring, who was pacing the floor with frowning brow, "I think this palm needs trimming."

"Now, if there had been a railroad accident," replied Mrs. Harper, earnestly, "someone would have sent me word, wouldn't they? Maybe he's sick, all alone in a hotel room and nobody knows about it and he'll just lie there and die!"

At this awful possibility she collapsed on the couch and moaned for her smelling salts.

But by 8 o'clock that night she had sternly resolved never to speak to John Stannard Harper again. Her cheeks burned, and she felt like a tragic and abused heroine. From her lofty pinnacle of disregarded wifedom she intended to treat Mr. Harper when he finally did appear with calm politeness and icy indifference. No man on earth was worth getting into mental agonies about. She would be cold, contained,

languid and self-sufficient. Devotion was a mistake, and ever unappreciated. It was the selfish, heartless women who always got the best of it in this world.

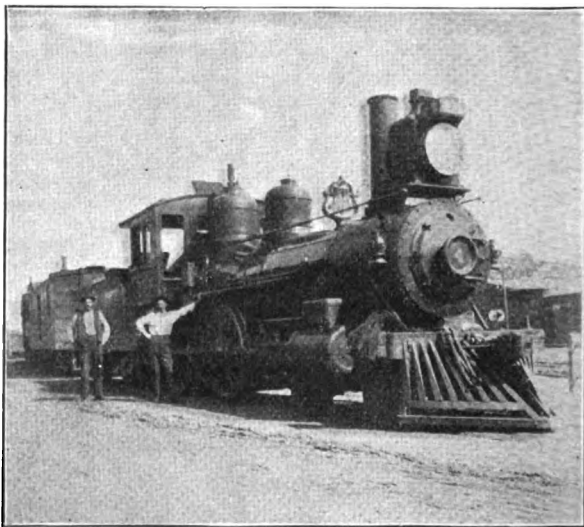
As Mrs. Harper put her foot on the first step to go upstairs, she heard a key rattling in the front door. She paused, pricking up her ears. The door had opened at least three inches when she turned and flew into the arms of Mr. John Stannard Harper, who had some difficulty in reconciling a leather grip, an umbrella, his wife and two arms.

There were incoherent murmurs from Mrs. Harper, which seemed to be perfectly understood by Mr. Harper, who replied in kind.

And the next day the postman brought the letter she should have received Saturday. John had forgotten to stamp it in Buffalo.—*Ex.*

A Lake of Asphalt.

The asphalt lake, for the possession of which the rival American companies are fighting, lies between a range of mountains and the shore of one of the outlets of the northern delta of the Orinoco River, near the Bay of Paria, says the *Chicago Tribune*. The lake is a mile and a half in length by a mile in width, and comprises more than 1,000 acres of swampy land. Most of the surface of the so-called lake is covered with a rank growth of grass and shrubs, rising to a height of eight or ten feet, and interspersed with tall palm trees. The pitch or asphaltum does not lie in an unbroken surface, as on the Trinidad lakes, but bubbles up, as if from springs. The pitch, however, underlies most of the surface included in the lake, and has a depth



ENGINE No. 4, YAZOO & MISS. VALLEY RY.—Bro. M. A. Tyler, Engineer, member of Div. 281; John Ginning, Fireman.—Photograph by Mrs. Tyler.

varying from two to ten feet. In the center of the lake is a patch of about seven acres which is free from vegetation, and in which the pitch is so soft that it cannot be walked on. The whole surface of the lake is so low that during the spring floods it is entirely covered by water. The pitch is dug out of the lake by native labor, and carted to a convenient place near a seaport, where it is refined. The raw asphalt is put into huge kettles and slowly heated from above until the whole mass is brought to a liquid condition. The process of heating drives off the water and gas with which the raw pitch is filled, while the heavy impurities sink to the bottom of the kettle. The pure asphaltum can then be poured off.

The chief importance of this Venezuelan

lake is due to the fact that it is one of the few deposits of considerable size on this continent which are not controlled by the asphalt trust. A concession covering the lake was granted to a small rival company and a few months later trouble began.

Asphalt has been known from prehistoric times. Some forms of it were used as building material in ancient Babylon, and others were used in the preparation of mummies. During the middle ages it dropped almost out from sight. In 1712 a Swiss physician discovered large beds of it in the Alps, and succeeded in reviving the use of it as building material. It is said that the value of asphalt for paving purposes was discovered by accident while the crude asphalt was being hauled from the deposits where it was dug. Pieces of the asphalt dropped from the carts and were gradually ground into the roadbed by the feet of the men and horses. It was noticed that such roads soon presented a hard and resisting surface, and the idea of using asphalt on other roads was developed. It was not largely used, however, until 1832, and within the last twenty-five years it has made its greatest progress. The amount of asphalt pavement now in use in the United States is said to be sufficient to cover a street twenty-six feet wide for a distance of 1,750 miles.

The Age of the Earth.

We commence our history with a rapidly rotating molten planet, not impossibly already solidified about the center and surrounded by an atmosphere of great depth, the larger part of which was contributed by the water of our present oceans, then existing in a state of gas says the *Boston Transcript*. At what period did these great cosmical changes occur? The answer to this question has long occupied the attention of geologists, and the opinions of the greatest lights of modern science are at variance. At the Bradford meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor W. J. Sollas, one of the greatest geologists of the century, made a most important address, dealing with the age of the earth. He first gives his attention to the estimates of others, Lyell, Kelvin, George Darwin, Joly, and others, and then develops his subject with particular relation to the depth of those rock formations which are clearly of sedimentary origin. He takes them at their greatest thickness, which he finds to be about fifty miles. Naturally, great difficulty is experienced in obtaining even an approximately accurate average rate of deposition, but Professor Sollas adopts one foot a century as the most satisfactory standard, and on this basis would place the age of the

earth approximately at about 26,000 years. His argument tends to harmonize the estimates of others, as far as possible, and he more nearly approaches those of Lord Kelvin than those of other scientists. The estimates suggested by other data are as follows:

First—The time which has elapsed since the separation of the earth and moon, 56,000 years. This is the minimum estimate of Professor G. H. Darwin.

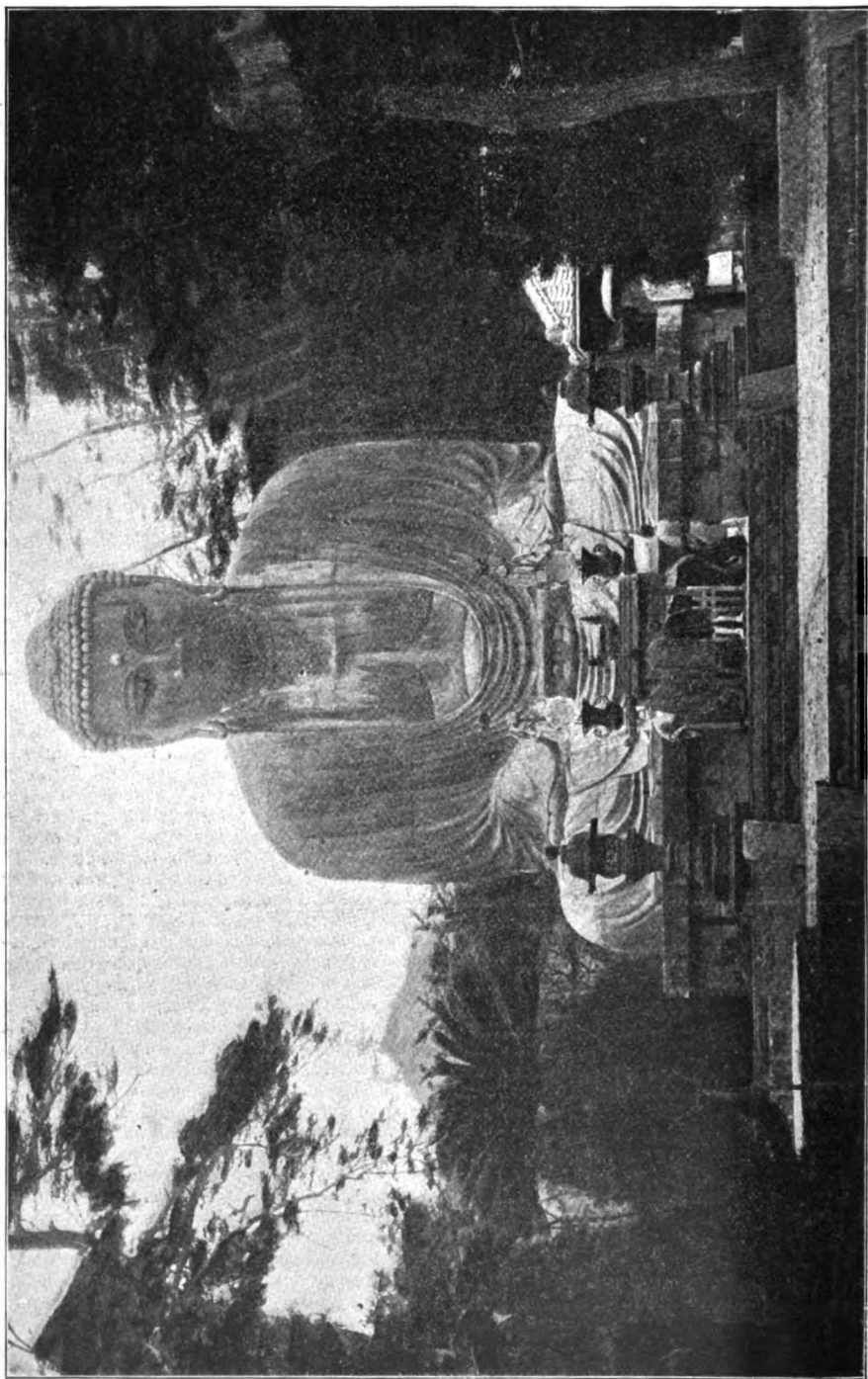
Second—Since the "consistenter status" of Lord Kelvin, 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 years.

Third—Since the condensation of the ocean, 80,000,000 to 90,000,000 years, the maximum time which Professor J. Joly considers to have elapsed.

An Inspiration for Poor Boys.

Four years ago Clarence K. Bush entered Harvard College with no money of his own, and no means of support except an allowance made him by an uncle. At the end of the first year, says the *Chicago Tribune*, this allowance was withdrawn, and Bush was thrown on his own resources. At present Mr. Bush is a member of the senior class, and enjoys an income of nearly \$10,000 a year, all due to his own exertions. He is regarded as, in many respects, the most remarkable man who ever went through Harvard.

When, at the end of his freshman year, he found himself left without resources he went back home to his father's farm, in central New York, and got hold of an old wood lot. He cleared it and sold the timber and planted a crop, which netted him a few dollars. With this small sum as capital he went back to Cambridge. For months he lived in an old garret, and did not spend more than forty cents a week for food, which he cooked himself. A maiden aunt, who knew of his plight and wanted to help, sent him a keg of delicious butter. Then a bright idea seized young Bush. He loaded the keg on a barrow, and wheeled it from house to house all around Cambridge, selling "pure country butter." It sold easily, and he determined to keep it up. He made arrangements with a number of farmers near his old home to send him butter, and soon had more customers than he could attend to. Then he bought a delivery wagon, and gradually put on a corps of assistants. Within a year he had more than 3,000 customers, many wagons and teams, and his routes extended all over Boston and the suburbs. During each week he delivered more than 18,000 pounds of butter. Finally he sold out his business to a New York company, and became its agent for New England at a handsome salary. He is now recognized as the leader of the produce trade in New England.



GREAT BRONZE BUDDHA, JAPAN.

Daiibutsu.

Great Buddha, so named on account of its size, is situated in the village Hasemma, a few minutes from Hachiman's shrine. The temple, of which the foundation stones alone now remain, is called Sho-josen-ji, and was built in 1238 by a priest named Jo-ko, who collected funds for the purpose from all classes of people.

The great image was made of wood at first. In 1252 a bronze image was cast, but this was lost, and the present image was cast soon afterward.

August 15, 1495, the temple was completely destroyed by an inundation from the sea, since which it has not been rebuilt.

The image represents Bushana-butsu (Skt. Vairochana Buddha). Its dimensions are approximately as follows:

	Ft.	In.
Height.....	49	7
Circumference.....	97	2
Length of face.....	8	5
Width ear to ear.....	17	9
Round white boss on forehead.....	1	3
Length of eye.....	3	11
Length of eyebrow.....	4	1
Length of ear.....	6	6
Length of nose.....	3	9
Width of mouth.....	3	2
Height of bump of wisdom.....		9
Diameter of bump of wisdom.....	2	4
Curls, height.....		9
" diameter (there are 830 of these curls).....	11	
Length from knee to knee.....	35	8
Circumference of thumb.....	3	

It is said the eyes are of pure gold and the silver boss weighs 30 lbs. avoirdupois. In the inside of the image there is an image of Amida-Butsu (Skt. Amitoba Buddha) with some others. This is about the most correct description of this famous image obtainable. It is but a short distance by rail from Yokohama and is a great point of interest for tourists, whose great hobby is to gather in a group before and perched upon the arms and knees and be photographed as a souvenir of their trip to Japan.

J. P. BICKFORD.

Our Material Wealth.

According to the *Manufacturer* "the estimated increase of our wealth during the decade ending 1900 is big with promise. It is put down at \$26,000,000,000. This makes the nation's known wealth \$91,000,000,000, or an average per capita of population of \$1,195. The average increase in the ten years taken was \$337 per capita, and the estimated savings per capita in the country \$37.70. Compared with the wealth of Great Britain ours is huge, or \$91,000,000,000 against \$50,000,000,000. Still Great Britain's is bigger than ours per capita, of \$1,300 against \$1,195. The annual income of England's people is \$5,600,000,000. The annual savings are

\$1,948,000,000. The annual average earnings in Great Britain are \$140, of which fully one-third is saved, making the increase of wealth per ten years \$19,000,000,000 vs. our \$26,000,000,000. Where this wealth winning will end it would be hard to say. That the world is better off day by day, if not wiser, is apparent to everyone. Our phenomenal gains give us a splendid opportunity to aid others. We are winning our way into world markets, once held almost exclusively by England, Germany, and others."

Anglo-Saxon Primacy.

In the time of Charles I. there were about 5,000,000 people in the world speaking the language of Shakespeare; at the time of our first national census there were about 12,000,000, one-third of them in the United States; today there are more than 120,000,000, three-fifths of them in the United States; and there are children now going to school who will live to see this vast number trebled. The task of organizing society politically so that such immense communities might grow up peacefully, preserving their liberties and affording ample opportunity for the varied exercise of the human faculties is a task which baffled the splendid talents of ancient Greece, and in which the success of the Romans was but partial and short-lived. We believe the men who used the mingled speech of Alfred and of William the Norman have solved the great political problem better than others have solved it. If we except the provinces of the Netherlands, the Swiss cantons and such tiny city-states as Monaco and San Marino, which retain their ancient institutions, there is not a nation on earth making any pretense to freedom and civilization which has not a constitution in great measure copied, within the present century, either from England or from the United States. Thus, whether willingly or not, does the civilized world confess the primacy of the English race in matters political.

—John Fiske in the *Atlantic*.

New Orleans and Pontchartrain Railroad, four miles, opened 1831.

Mail matter was first carried by steam in a mail car in 1837.

Francis Boyden, Ericsson's screw steamer, made ten miles an hour in 1837.

The steam hammer was invented by Nasmyth in 1838.

The first war steamers were begun in England in 1838.

Legal News.

The following bills have been passed during the present session of the Indiana Legislature and signed by the Governor:

ENGROSSED HOUSE BILL, No. 250.

AN ACT FOR SIGNAL LIGHTS UPON SWITCHES, AND PROVIDING A PENALTY AND A LIABILITY FOR THE VIOLATION THEREOF.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Indiana, That every steam railroad company operating wholly or partly in the State of Indiana shall place and maintain upon each switch in said state that is connected with the main track a signal light attached in such manner to the moving panel of such switch that it will indicate safety when such switch is set to such main track, and that will indicate danger when such switch is not set to the main track. Said light shall be kept brightly burning constantly between the hours of sunset and sunrise, and on such days or parts of days as are dark or foggy.

SEC. 2. That every steam railroad company operating wholly or partly in the State of Indiana shall maintain a signal light, as in section 1 described and provided, attached to and operated by the moving panel of every derail switch in the State of Indiana. Said light shall be attached to such derail switch and be in plain view of all approaching trains, and kept brightly burning constantly between the hours of sunset and sunrise: Provided, That this section shall not apply to the derails which are connected, mechanically or otherwise, with what is generally designated as the home signal at interlockings.

SEC. 3. That for any violation of or failure to comply with any of the provisions of this act such company shall be liable to all persons and employees injured by reason thereof, and no employee shall in any case be held to have assumed the risk incurred by reason of such violation or failure.

SEC. 4. Any company, or person whose duty it is to carry out the requirements of this act, who shall violate any of the requirements or provisions of this act shall, for each violation thereof, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be fined in any sum not less than twenty-five dollars nor more than five hundred dollars.

SEC. 5. All laws and parts of laws in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

ENGROSSED HOUSE BILL, NO. 163.

A BILL FOR AN ACT DECLARING CERTAIN CONTRACTS BETWEEN EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE AND OTHER PERSONS NULL AND VOID.

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Indiana, That all contracts between employer and employee, releasing the employer or third per-

son, copartnerships or corporations, from liability for damages arising out of the negligence of such employer or third person or corporation, are null and void. It also declares that any contract between an employee and a third person, copartnership or corporation, in which it is agreed that the employer of such employee shall be released from liability for damages arising out of the negligence of the employer in case of the injury or death of the employee, are against public policy and void. It is provided, however, that the act shall not apply to voluntary relief departments or associations organized for the purpose of insuring employees, nor to any contract or agreement made after the injury or death of the employee has actually occurred, and that it shall not revert back to contracts made prior to the passage of the act.

RECOMMENDED BY INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.

AN ACT REQUIRING COMMON CARRIERS ENGAGED IN INTERSTATE COMMERCE TO MAKE FULL REPORTS OF ALL ACCIDENTS TO THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, It shall be the duty of the general manager, superintendent, or other proper officer of every common carrier engaged in interstate commerce by railroad to make to the Interstate Commerce Commission, at its office in Washington, District of Columbia, a monthly report, under oath, of all collisions of trains or where any train or part of a train accidentally leaves the track, and of all accidents which may occur to its passengers or employees while in the service of such common carrier and actually on duty, which report shall state the nature and causes thereof, and the circumstances connected therewith.

SEC. 2. That any common carrier failing to make such report within thirty days after the end of any month shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and, upon conviction thereof by a court of competent jurisdiction, shall be punished by a fine of not more than one hundred dollars for each and every offense and for every day during which it shall fail to make such report after the time herein specified for making the same.

SEC. 3. That neither said report nor any part thereof shall be admitted as evidence or used for any purpose against such railroad so making such report in any suit or action for damages growing out of any matter mentioned in said report.

SEC. 4. That the Interstate Commerce Commission is authorized to prescribe for such common carriers a method and form for making the reports in the foregoing section provided.

Approved, March 3, 1901.

The law compelling a full report of casualties and their causes, was recommended by the Interstate Commerce Commission for the purpose of a better comparison of the effect of the safety appliance law in the protection of life and limb—the object of the safety appliance law.

Correspondence.

All contributions to our Correspondence and Technical columns must be in not later than the 10th of the month to insure insertion.

Articles must be written on one side of the paper only. Noms de plume may be used, but every article must be signed with full name and address of the writer to insure insertion.

We shall be glad to receive articles on any subject of general interest to the fraternity.

All communications are subject to revision or rejection, as the Editor may deem proper.

The Editor does not assume responsibility for the opinions expressed by contributors in this department. C. H. SALMONS, Editor and Manager.

A Physical Inspection (or Looking Us Over).

I have been in the car for the eye test and ear,
And, like thousands of others, I entered with fear.
I am not quite so young as I once used to be,
But a hustle-and-get-there yet lingers with me.
I have boxed round the compass of life quite a spell,

Tasting little of heaven, but plenty of hell;
And I tremble to think if my manhood was o'er,
As ahead of eight others I entered the door.

A refined-looking man, with a smile frank and free—

It was child-like and bland, like the heathen Chinese,—

Bade me welcome. Two others assisted the while.
'Twas a trio we dreaded, each looked without guile;

They were cocks of the walk, as they strutted about

When we entered the car. But "how would we go out?"

Was the question I thought as I gazed on the chap
With the sweet, winning smile, 'neath the peak of my cap.

I was first led to slaughter. He picked up a skein.
"What's the color?" he asked me. I answered him, "Green."

"Find its shades." (They are many, from Bryan Boru

To myself, and, still later, a much-colored crew
Often boasted about it.) He gave me a tongs,
And I thought, "Now be careful; you're not crooning songs.

If you blunder on shades to the boneyard you'll crawl;

You're not wanted on modern railroads at all."

I kept picking them over for almost a score;
Then came pink with its cousins, a dozen or more.
Then came blue, and then red, with their family brats,

As deceitful in looks as old shoddy-made hats.

"You are all right in colors," the doctor declared.
Sure, I knew it myself; his opinion I shared.
And I thought, as I gazed on his unruffled brow,
"I can boast I'm an expert man milliner now."

For my hearing one went. I played deaf all my life,

When requested for extra tens by my wife.

But the stop-watch was now put alongside my ear,
And it wouldn't stand fooling the same as my dear.

But I told of its ticking, and when it would cease,
And began to feel more like a chap at his ease,
That was yet fit to rate 'mongst the army of braves,
Who are growing more hourly but chain-dragging slaves.

Twenty feet from a card I was stood like a fool,
Or a kid, when he faces the blackboard at school,
I was told to read up, and then crosswise, then down,

But I proved I was neither a fool nor a clown;
Through the broad field of vision I next had to go,
As a fresh Esculapius took me in tow;
Then a whisper as faint as a young maiden's sigh
He sent at me, I heard it, he bade me good-bye.

After thirty-six years of most wearisome toil,
Spent in every department of railroading moll,
With a hustle and drive every hour of the time,
Without ever a blunder that bordered on crime,
I was put through my facings, the same as a boor,
Gathered in from a hayfield, with reasoning poor;
But thank Nature that made me a stalwart, I went
Through the car most successful, with manhood unbent.

The long agony's over, no more shall I fear
That black nightmare that's known as the "eye car and ear;"

I am yet 'mongst the lads whom I've toiled with so long,

And made lighter our labors with snatches of song,
On the sidings, on grades, in the cuts full of snow,
Where exposure and hunger oft filled us with woe,
And where fluent Tom Peppers could grind out their lies,

Every Summer and Winter, 'neath black and blue skies.

Doctor Murray, your hand! Not a favor I owe
To yourself or your smile, that's the reason I crow,
You're impartial, and treated us all just alike,
Who get checks every month on this end of the pike;

Doctor Carnochan, too, with his blond curley hair,
Put himself upon record as honest and fair;
Doctor Twitchell, you also proved humanely kind,
And you three left a favorable record behind.

SHANDY MAGUIRE.

The Automatic Brake of 1930.

A DREAM—BY W. E. WRYE.

Scene—Meeting of several scientific societies in joint session. The chairman leads forward a distinguished-looking man, decorated with numerous medals, and in an awe-struck manner and a solemn voice introduces him to the audience as follows: "Brother Scientists, I have the honor to introduce to you the erudite and distin-

guished Quick A. Brakely, a professor in the difficult art of Stop-ology, a science which teaches the reduction of momentum by compressed ether, applied through suitable *apparati* to auto-instantaneously super-induce friction between a fixed substance and a revolving periphery. To the great science represented by this learned gentleman we owe our safety while riding on masses of matter, propelled at lightning speed by applied energy or gravity. Without it we might be dashed into the posterior portion of a heavy freight train, without having received due notice of the circumstance prior to its occurrence; or shot by some meeting-point on a heavy grade, into a limited flyer with right of track, without being able to devise means to counteract the consequences. Professor Brakely will deliver a short lecture on instantaneous cessation of motion and the development of the cerebral system necessary to its comprehension." [Applause.]

Professor Brakely (adjusting his glasses and countenance)—"Gentlemen of the United Scientific Societies: I am about to address you on a subject of such importance that I feel my unfitness to properly elucidate to my hearers all the complicated ramifications thereof. It is a subject of gravest concern to those who go dashing about over the surface of our globe in railway cars—both those who pay to ride and those paid to ride in them. [Audible evidences of enthusiasm.]

"To begin, I will state that the greater portion of the latter half of the nineteenth century and the entire first quarter of the present century were taken up by railway managers in devising means to increase the speed of trains. So successful were they that what was once a side issue—the control of speed—has taken the front; for there no longer remains a limit to speed. It is now a question of stopping. Hence, Stop-ology. [Tumultuous thumping.]

"The crude appliance known as the air brake was the device used to bring to a standstill the so-called flyers of the past. Today, the distance eradicating *zim-zip-pers*, that dart like thought from one side of the continent to the other, would run through several counties, and perhaps a

whole state, before their speed could be appreciably lessened by the automatic high-speed brake of 1900. [Cries of "Do tell!" "Hear! hear!" "Weren't they slow!"]

"The present auto-instantaneous galvano-pneumatic motion annihilator is an advanced type of its forerunner, the automatic air brake. The first forms of air brake were designed to be used by skillful operatives. Then, when it was found that one man would stop a train as softly as the fall of a snowflake within a remarkably (then) short distance, another man handling the same brake would jerk a set of false teeth out of one passenger's mouth, cause another to swallow his tobacco, another to sit down in a cross old lady's lap, pile from one to numerous trunks on top of the baggageman and poodles, and get everybody down on the railroad company for miles around,—and still, run by water tanks, platforms, and everything else within a radius of several miles,—it was decided to use a brake that just any old engineer could handle right, and could *not* handle wrong—even if he had it in for the conductor. [Several whistles and numerous thumps.] Then came the improved triple and equalizing discharge valve, which reduced to a considerable extent the uncertainty of your location in a sleeper, provided a sticky triple didn't unstick and throw the whole system into emergency, right at the critical moment when the engineman had made a one-reduction snap application—thereby spotting the wheels and the engineman's record and causing him to be abused by everybody, including the news-butcher. [Sighs and groans.]

"The constantly increasing speed of trains brought out the high-speed brake, an attachment automatically applying an amount of braking power that could not safely be intrusted to the indiscriminate use of enginemen at large, so great was the difference in the efficiency of different individuals—fluctuating from tolerable down to zero. So you see, gentlemen, the science of reducing motion has grown, step by step, until today it is of such importance that most of our great institutions of learning have added chairs for instruction in the

art of reducing motion in heavy moving masses. Indeed, so urgent is the demand for educated and drilled labor in that line, that the rudiments of Stop-ology are now taught in all public schools, including kindergartens. There is also an institute denoted entirely to disseminating the knowledge of controlling and stopping tons of inert matter, driven at high rates of speed by motors or gravity. I have the honor of being the founder and to preside over this institution [considerable clatter], and not for advertising purposes, but as a plain statement of facts, will say that we are prepared to teach you how to quickly, easily and surely stop *anything*—from a hand-sled to a runaway comet—by the use of compressed ether, electricity or muscle. [Cry of "Will it stop a difficulty?"]

"In the near future we hope to reduce the science of braking to a will-power basis, where the entire braking system will be connected by electric currents to the brain of the engineer, in case he has one, and thereby be, as it were, a part of his cerebro-nervous system, controlled by certain nerves and a particular section of his cerebrum. And in this connection, I will state that an eminent phrenologist has discovered a new bump or protuberance on the heads of several deep students of Stop-ology, which, for convenience, or for want of a better name, has been called the Knot of Brakybumption. I have one of these new cranial projections. [And here the learned gentleman turned the left side of his head to the audience and exhibited a knot above his left ear, about the size and shape of the knob on the steam end of an air pump. The enthusiasm—or whatever it was—of the audience was something wonderful.]

"In connection with our school for future brake manipulators, we have a department for the instruction of the general public in how the brake should be handled by enginemen. Lawyers may become experts in the science, so that in suits they may be enabled to intelligently handle their clients' interests, where damage has resulted from wasting too much atmosphere in preliminary applications, or trying to make fancy one-application high-

ball stops and running through something, or the engineman dozing off and letting the pump stop on him—which it will generally do under such circumstances. All this is thoroughly taught. Our students in this department become first-class critics on brake practice, so when the engineman makes a stop that shifts passengers over into the next seat, turns all the lunch baskets and handboxes out of the racks, upsets and cracks the little brown jug in a paper bag between the seats, and jams one man's chin against another man's occiput, making one bite his tongue and both of them use stout language, they will know at once if it was caused by a sticky triple jumping the whole business into full emergency; whether the engineman stooped over to shut off the injector and caught the brake valve handle in his overall pocket, or whether he just isn't up on his business. It is always a comfort to know, for then one can express his feelings and opinion intelligently—one is certain to do it any way, you know. [Cries of "Yes, we know!" "We've been there!"]

"Fellow scientists! The auto-instantaneous galvano-pneumatic speed annihilator is, like man, fearfully and wonderfully made. It cometh up like a dilemma with many horns, and down before it goeth many able-bodied men, who knoweth it not. [Suppressed groans.] It is too much for the average citizen of ordinary attainments. Before this paramount subject all others concerning railway operation and maintenance shrink into utter insignificance. No longer can the railway engineman afford to expend his gray matter in worrying about how so keep out of the time of other trains; in trying to reduce black smoke and consumption of fuel; in learning how to take care of machinery and getting that kick out of the left side and locating that blow. No, sirs, he must develop that new cranial prominence, the knot of brakybumption, and fill the cavity thereof with brake-brains—my theory being that eventually the process of evolution will add hooks or buttons to this new phrenological phenomenon, whereby the electrical connection may be made between the brain and the brake system, as

before mentioned, and the operator will simply have to *think* the brake on. It will then be quick as thought and have reached as near to a state of instantaneous perfection as is possible to anything in human control. [All sorts of noises and curious contortions of countenance, in the audience.]

"Fellow knowledge distributors, the active element in applying instantly a positive obstruction to rapid motion, is a substance obtained by compressing common atmospheric air and the triple-concentrated essence of nitro-glycerine in the proportion of nine to one. Under a recently discovered process this mixture can be condensed into a space only one two-thousandth as large as that occupied by the same when compressed into a tank at 15,000 pounds to the square inch. This mixture is fed by from a small reservoir into the main reservoir of the engine, through a system of reducing valves. These small reservoirs are made of armor plate 10 inches thick. They are only 24 inches square, outside, so you see, the internal cavity is quite small,—containing, however, enough of the mixture to blow Lake Michigan clear down to the equator. I have one here"—and the professor pointed to a square object near his feet, with a small faucet in one side of it. He gave it a push with his foot, as if to move it nearer the edge of the platform. This at once caused a panic in the audience, who yelled 'fire! murder! dynamite!' and began a wild rush for the doors. The professor was so startled that he stood turning his head first to one side and then the other, until his 'knot of brakybumpion' collided with the lamp. He grabbed at the lamp, overturning the table, which struck the little faucet on the reservoir. There was a fearful crash. Fire leaped all over the hall and went up through the roof, taking the roof with it. Then all was dark.

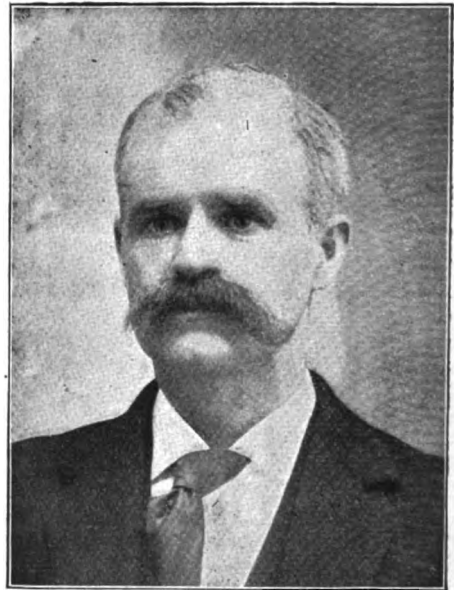
So ended one of the most notable scientific lectures ever delivered within my hearing. I awoke to hear the caller pounding on the door and calling me to go out, and that, too, in a thunderstorm.

Hon. W. T. Field.

The delegates to the St. Louis and Mil-

waukee Conventions of the B. of L. E. will readily recognize the accompanying picture of Brother Field, who represented Div. 523 as its delegate. On his return home from the Milwaukee Convention he received the nomination as Representative in the seventy-fourth district of Kansas, and was elected to that position in November. We have been favored with a copy of the State House record, which gives the following biography of Brother Field, which is very creditable, indeed:

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers will have a Representative on the floor of the House of 1901 in the person of W. T. Field, who is a member of that organization. He is the First Assistant



BRO. W. T. FIELD, MEMBER OF DIV. 523.

Secretary of that body, and is a firm believer in labor unions. He has served as National Delegate to the National Conventions of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and later he was a delegate to the B. of L. E. National Convention at St. Louis, Mo., 1898, and at Milwaukee, Wis., in 1900. Mr. Field has attended state political conventions in both Montana and Iowa, and was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of the state of Montana where he was the author of Sec. 31, Art. III. of the Bill of Rights, which reads as follows:

"SEC. 31, ART. III. No armed person or persons, or armed body of men, shall be brought into this state for the preservation of the peace or the suppression of domestic violence, except upon the application of the Legislative Assembly or of the Governor when the Legislative Assembly cannot be convened."

This is the Constitutional Law of Montana. He

was nominated for his present position by the Democrats and indorsed by the Peoples' Party. Mr. Field is yet a young man, having been born in Joliet, Will County, Ill., forty-one years ago. He was educated in the common schools, and came to Kansas as late as the year 1897, from the State of Iowa. He is married and has a wife only as his family. Mr. Field lives at Caldwell, Kan., and represents a part of Sumner County, the seventy-fourth district.

Cases of arrest and imprisonment in Mexico having been before both the St. Louis and Milwaukee Conventions, and their unjust treatment fully demonstrated, Brother Field, in an effort to set in motion some means to mitigate the evil, presented a resolution to the Kansas State Legislature, and in doing so said:

The resolution herewith presented has been called for by the railroad employees of not only the State of Kansas, but of all the states and territories in our union. In the Republic of Mexico, for a number of years past, in railroad construction and in the operation of railway lines, American citizens as workmen in that country have been subjected to very cruel and unjust treatment.

The intention of this resolution is for our State Department at Washington to instruct our consuls to have our citizens who may be arrested, or are now in jail, given a fair and impartial trial at once, in the strict meaning and interpretation of our rights as American citizens. I, therefore, offer the following resolution:

WHEREAS, Certain American citizens in railway service in the Republic of Mexico are imprisoned without trial or due process of law; and,

WHEREAS, It is in harmony with the spirit and policy of the United States Government to protect its citizens at all times and in all countries; therefore, be it

Resolved, By the House of Representatives of the State of Kansas, the Senate concurring, That our Senators be instructed and our Representatives in Congress be requested to take such steps as to secure to our citizens in Mexico the protection that our flag guarantees.

Memorize Obligation.

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., March 7, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I notice an article by Brother Rickman, of Div. 495, and take the first opportunity to express my opinion on the subject. I thing it should be the imperative duty of every member of the B. of L. E. to commit the obligation and test oath to memory. My plan for the accomplishment of this is for ever Chief Engineer to commit the obligation, charges and

test oath, together with the regular form of ritualistic work used in opening and closing Division.

Each officer should commit his part and the Chief Engineer be familiar with all, so he can instruct and correct.

Let each officer come early to his Division and before time for opening, study his part, and then try to go through without using the Ritual and in a few times each will know his part.

A chief should be able to initiate a candidate without using the Ritual as the obligation and charges will be made much more impressive if repeated to him orally. The Chief Engineer's duty should be to make it as impressive and sublime as possible, allowing nothing to occur to detract the candidate's attention from the ceremony. He should impress the importance and binding nature of the obligation and solicit the Brothers to call on him for instruction in committing their obligation. It would be a good thing for this to come up at our next convention, and that some such by-law be added to our code.

Chiefs and their subordinates do not as a rule put enough stress upon the importance of their offices. Show an interest in the work and by so doing you will promote an interest and we will soon find there are others willing to fill the offices even better than the present incumbent. It is a shame to admit that possibly not one Brother in five hundred knows his obligation or test oath. Is it, then, a wonder that we have a long list of expulsions for violating obligation?

Our Chief Engineer initiates every candidate in this manner, and the attendance on such occasions is two-fold and interest constantly on the increase.

Let other Chief Engineers try this plan and see if they do not bear me out in promoting much good. MEMBER DIV. 19.

God Bless our Insurance to Its Extended Use—It Saved a Home for Me.

EDITOR JOURNAL: As I have passed through sad trials and misfortune recently, as delegates to the last convention and readers of the JOURNAL know, I will take

this opportunity to call the attention of my Brothers to the importance of keeping up their dues and assessments in our grand insurance. .

Brothers, owing to my expense in my misfortune and irreparable loss, I would today be in such a position that I could never have lifted the mortgage on my home; but I am both proud and thankful to say my policy in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers' Insurance saved a home for me and gave me a little to make repairs.

We do not know at what moment some peculiar or unthought of accident may befall us, as well as those that seem to be in the natural catalogue of risks that are attributable to our avocation of life.

Those who attended the last convention and the G. I. A. know how earnestly I tried, in my poor, ignorant way, to advocate some way whereby a provision could be made for the old, dependent and decrepit Brothers, their widows and orphans, and alleviate the necessities of the good old Brothers that were the means of providing fair salary for us. Brothers, think of it, we are only passing this way once; we shall never return to pass this way again; then let us do all the good we can.

I take this opportunity to advance this idea: Let each and everyone of us earning \$50 or over per month give 5 per cent of one month's earnings in this year, and before the next convention 5 per cent of one month in 1902, and turn the amount over to our worthy President and General Secretary and commence at the oldest policy of those who are in need and not able to earn a living, and pay down every policy in full, as long as there is any cash left, or until those holding policies and in such circumstances are relieved; then, if there is any remaining, let it draw interest, and the interest become a part of the principal until it is exhausted by its intended use.

This 5 per cent of one month's pay in 1901 and 1902 we will live over and through and never suffer from our prompt payment just twice in a lifetime in our mission to do good.

Being incapacitated from my irreparable loss, I may never meet you in convention

again, but I will still have the same warm brotherly feeling for the good of the order, and trust that what I have said will be the means of all renewing their interest in both the insurance and the Brotherhood, and that they may come forward with two small contributions, and see what good may come out of it at the next convention to help those who paid many a dollar into the insurance and the Brotherhood for you and me.

May God bless you and help you to give this a careful consideration is my humble prayer.

Faternally,

T. H. HINER, Div. 281.

Senator Debrell's Attitude.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Having noticed the article in the March issue of our JOURNAL under the heading, "A Texas Friend of Labor," which referred to the introduction of a bill in the Senate of the State of Texas forbidding employers from coercing or intimidating employees because they deemed it wise and prudent to become members of some labor organization; and in view of the fact that Senator Debrell saw fit to oppose the bill so vigorously and raise the question as to whether there was any good accomplished by labor organizations, the writer feels that the question passes beyond the boundary lines of the State of Texas and becomes a national one, not only interesting the members of such organizations, but all other fair-minded men. For this reason I have concluded to write an humble defense for the organizations that this *distinguished gentleman* has seen fit to assail.

In the beginning, permit me to say that had Senator Debrell simply stated he would rather *be dead and in Hell than support such a measure*, the writer feels that no serious exceptions could be taken; because every person should be accorded the privilege of selecting his own company, and every person is justified in the belief that a Senator who would so express himself could find no company that would be at all congenial or pleasant to him outside of the place designated in his speech. But when he states, upon the floor of the Sen-

ate, that he does not believe labor organizations have done anybody any good, then we have an undoubted right to remonstrate vigorously. No such statement should be allowed to go unchallenged, as there is abundant proof to show that labor organizations have been an important factor in uplifting the members thereof, in raising their social standing, in causing them to better provide for and protect their families, and in furnishing to their employers and the public a safer and better service; and any man who makes an assertion like that of the Texas Senator, only conveys to the public his entire ignorance of labor organizations, or else his ray of vision is so wholly obscured by a feeling of the importance of his own position that he is unable to see but one side of the question.

The writer is willing to admit, that if an organization was formed for the sole purpose of extorting money from an employer, there might be some tenable grounds for a senator taking the position of Mr. Debrell; but organizations of that class do not or cannot exist. But when an organization selects for its constitutional pillars, morality, truth, sobriety and justice; when it insists that a man shall be of good moral character before it will consider his proposition for membership; when one of its cardinal laws is expulsion for the member who is unable to control his appetite for intoxicating liquor, thereby insuring the employer, the shipper and the traveling public that their property and their lives shall not be placed in jeopardy by one whose brain is fired by liquor, if in the power of this organization to prevent; when an organization sets aside for charitable purposes fifty thousand dollars biennially, and distributes this sum among the needy members, and widows and children of such, who have no legal claim upon the organization, nor any other claim for that matter, except that they are destitute and appeal for aid in a fraternal sense; when an organization conducts an insurance association that has paid out in claims about eleven million dollars, thereby bringing joy and comfort to afflicted homes without any expense to the members other than the actual expense of managing the same; when an organization stands ready at all times to give a careful and just consideration to propositions, claims and complaints of managers of corporations by which its members are employed, and failing then to agree it stands ready to agree it stands ready to refer the whole matter to a party of disinterested citizens, and agrees to abide by their decision

when the acts of an organization can be enumerated as above, who has the right to publicly proclaim the organization as devoid of any good acts, or to deny or withhold any fair or equitable legislation in its behalf?

The writer is somewhat surprised that the distinguished Senator did not resort to that old threadbare argument so frequently used by men who oppose organization of labor. Perhaps he did; but as his speech is not given in full, we cannot lay a direct charge. But if he did not make use of it, it is fair to assume that it was due to a lack of memory and not of desire on his part. The argument I refer to is the one when the speaker states that he is very *friendly to organized labor*, but cannot support any legislation in its behalf, as he feels that every citizen should have the right to dispose of his labor for any price that he chooses. Now, this argument, when but momentarily considered, appears equitable, but after careful thought it cannot be truthfully denied that when unorganized labor is offered for sale the toiler who offers it has less to say in regard to the price he shall be paid for his labor than the other person connected with the transaction; in fact, it is not a question with him as to how much he will ask, but rather how much he will be offered. And should the figure stated be far below what he considers just and equitable, and an idea arises in his mind to refuse it with scorn, the idea is quickly dispelled when he thinks of his wife and little ones suffering at home for the necessities of life; therefore he accepts it. Then the demagogue politician heralds to the world the *wonderful freedom* of unorganized labor, and points with glowing pride to his wonderful foresight in securing the enactment of a law, which, when subjected to a correct diagnosis, means simply that the toiler is free to accept what he is offered or starve.

The writer cannot fully agree with the Editor when he infers that Senator Debrell is interested in the corporations, as we have many practical illustrations of managers of large corporations treating kindly with and showing consideration for their employees through their representatives. Neither can he fully agree with him that Senator Debrell is entitled to his own opinion. Were Mr. Debrell a private citizen, there could be no question as to his right to form an opinion, and also retain it; but a legislator, a Representative, has no right, in the opinion of the writer to form an opinion and so express it when such an opinion is solely formed from the consideration of one side of the question. He should consider both sides, and failing to do so, he is not properly representing his constituents; and as that

is what he is sent to the Senate for, he is guilty of violating the trust imposed in him. Certainly Senator Debrell failed to consider both sides of the question when he opposed a measure that only protected a portion of his constituents in the enjoyment of a right inherited from our forefathers. The writer is charitable enough to believe that the *distinguished* Senator did not fully realize the offense his action would give, and would prefer to attribute his action to defective organic function, like the steamboat which plied the Ohio River, spoken of by Abraham Lincoln, with a seven-foot whistle and a five-foot boiler. Every time the whistle was blown the boat would stop. And so it would seem that this Senator is similarly affected. When he begins to speak his mental faculties cease to operate, and in a manner he is not responsible for what he says. Again, he might feel justified in his action for the reason that many of the men who voted for him were men who toil, commonly known as workingmen. But if this be true, it only brings to mind the old proverbs, "Bring up a raven, and he will peck out your eyes," and "The higher an ape goes, the more he will show his tail." But ere long Mr. Debrell will be brought to a full realization that while he has been making his anti-labor organization speeches, he was simply chanting his own funeral dirge and paving the way for his political hearse to reach the lower region of silence.

Fraternally,

F. A. BURGESS, F. A. E., Div. 78.

The Location of the Grand Office in Washington, D. C.

HUNTINGTON, W. VA., March 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: We all have our ideas about what is best to be done for the improvement of the Brotherhood and to extend its usefulness and the consequent betterment of the condition of the locomotive engineer. These ideas may be crude but they are honest and come from men who have the best interests of the organization at heart. We are somewhat like men groping in darkness, trying to find the light, or trying to see over the great wall that divides our time from the future.

However different may be these opinions, the word immortality should be the master word in them all—to build, create, extend, to merit human gratitude. Not only the gratitude of today, but the gratitude of the child in the cradle—the coming men and women.

We owe to the little handful of men who founded and reared this organization our eternal gratitude; we owe to them the best that we have, our homes, the conditions under which we work, the ability to educate

our children into a higher sphere of life. Let the future owe to us the perpetuation of what we have received from the past. One step towards this will be the location of our Grand Office in Washington, D. C., the seat of the federal government, that we may at all times have someone to guard our interests there. We are engaged in interstate commerce, passing from one state to another in our daily work. You send your representatives to the State Legislature demanding laws that will affect only a portion of your run. You place these representatives in the position of a target to be shot at, when you can have a strong lobby at Washington who will faithfully look after your interests and who are not employed by a corporation.

The railroads employ some of the most able lawyers in the country to guard their interests; men who have the privilege of the floor in both houses. If you had any legislation pending before Congress that was being held in the hands of the committee for the purpose of killing it, how quickly would your Grand Office communicate with every Division in the states that the members of that committee were from, telling them of the condition of things and you could send up your petitions and resolutions demanding immediate action of your representatives. If a congressman tells you from the public platform "I voted for the bills in your interest," do you know whether he did so or not? But if your Grand Office was there, they would know the record of every man on labor legislation. With these men guarding your interests, no congressman would offer a bill that was inimical to your interest and then face you and say that he did not do so.

We need not go into detail concerning legislation at this time, but I want to call your attention to the first clause of the law enacted by Congress March 2, 1898, which is as follows:

SECTION 1. From and after the 1st day of January, 1898, it shall be unlawful for any common carrier engaged in interstate commerce by railroad to use on its line any locomotive engine in moving interstate traffic not equipped with a power driving-wheel brake system or to run any train in such traffic after said date that has not a sufficient number of cars in it so equipped with power or train brakes that the engineer on the locomotive drawing such train can control its speed without requiring brakemen to use the common hand brake for that purpose.

The railroads fought this law, but it has saved them more than it cost to equip their engines and cars with power brakes and automatic couplers.

How many men are holding good positions today who but for that law would be out at work, separated from their families, or wandering around looking for work? How many of them would be dead, their families robbed of their support, and their

children growing up in poverty and ignorance?

This law was enacted in Washington, and affects every state in the Union. *Don't forget that.*

Locate your Grand Office there so that your lobby can always be there to look out for you and your children. If the readers of the JOURNAL do not like this, I hope they will find all the fault with it they can. I would like to get everyone's view on the subject. Fraternally,

H. R. McLAUGHLIN,
F. A. E., Div. 190.

A Comparison — and Suggestion.

FORT WAYNE, IND., March 4, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: The letter of Mrs. B. E. Cotter, on the JOURNAL, is really the best on that subject that has yet appeared.

The next question for discussion would naturally be, what will be most interesting to every reader? I would advocate the extension of the technical columns.

The Handling of Air Brake Trains has been very interesting; also Questions and Answers on Air Pump and Brake.

Then if you will pardon me, I will just once and for the last time compare the illustrations on page 157 with page 186 in the March number to show my idea on the subject.

Now, I will ask our readers, now many of you ever saw or read a description of a tandem compound? Can you not speak on the subject now with a more enlightened idea than you could a month ago?

The illustrated description of the new sand blower is also interesting. You may take the article on exhaust nozzles, a subject that has become threadbare, yet who can say we have reached perfection in that line.

I acknowledge that subjects of this particular kind do get monotonous to the unprogressive mind, to those who are satisfied to let well enough alone, but let us continue these subjects until some Brother finally brings out the very best, if not the perfect one; for therein lies his fortune.

The point I want to reach is this; it ought not to be necessary for us to have to subscribe for several magazines such as *Locomotive Engineering*, *Scientific American*, and others, simply to get at the improvements that are continually being made in railway management and rolling stock.

Now, I don't expect the JOURNAL to come right out as an up-to-date scientific or mechanical paper. I would not abolish any one of the fraternal features contained therein, but I think that our Technical Department could be lengthened and used to better advantage and to the edification of our engineer readers. I think one great

trouble with us is that we are all too apt to let well enough alone in regard to the reading matter in our JOURNAL, and our editor told the truth when he mentioned in the February number in connection with the correspondence from Brother Smith the fact, that the engineers failed to show any appreciation of the very interesting articles that were published in the numbers for 1900. So you can see how very ungrateful we would be were we to undertake to find any fault with our editor.

The fault is our own, and it is in view of this very fact that I again bring the question before my Brother engineers. The editor can get no expression from us as to whether we are pleased or not, and we read our JOURNAL each month and he none the wiser as to whether we approve or not.

If you have a good suggestion to offer let us all have the benefit of it. Let the new century mark a new and a large milestone in our valuable JOURNAL.

Fraternally yours,
C. H. VAN GORDER, Div. 12.

Kickers.

PHILIPSBURG, PA., March 10, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I read with much pleasure and derive a great amount of instruction from the contents of your valuable paper. There is one subject which has been discussed more or less for the last year, in some instances with very strong language, namely, the subject of "The boy with the monkey wrench and oil can." The majority of the writers on this subject claim it a waste of space in the columns of the JOURNAL, that could be filled up with something more instructive. Sometimes I am led to believe that the writers of these articles are confirmed bachelors, who have no boys of their own, or their love for children is somewhat limited. In case of the former, I would advise them to consider one command of the Bible. A family of their own might perhaps change their views to some extent.

For my part, I am not so fortunate as some of my Brothers. We have no boys, but are blessed with three sweet little girls. In case they all had been boys I would have been tempted to send a picture of not one, but the whole three for publication. Don't understand me to think the JOURNAL should be made a picture book. Oh, no. Let the Editor use his discretion in this matter, as he has done hitherto, print all such illustrations as he has room for.

Give the boy a chance. He is bound to fill our place some day. Consider what the majority of us went through, what difficulties came in our way, scarcely a word of instruction or advice from anyone, even from some old engineers, while we were yet firemen, but rather a crack over the

knuckles if we happened to open a gage cock unintentionally, as though they were fixtures forever as engineers, and the man that shoveled coal did not need to know anything only to keep up steam for him, and plenty of it, too, with his reverse lever down in the "corner," loaded or empty. But thanks to the advance of civilization and to the order of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, cases of this kind are getting few.

Therefore, I say again, give the boy all the chance possible, if it is only to put his picture in the JOURNAL. Yours,

T. J. V., Div. 467.

Advice from Jean.

'LAN' PON' VT..

Feb, twanty, nanteen bondar an wan of et.

MAH DEER FRIEN': Ah! heer et me, you'll going' to gat marret, and has Ah! waas marret two tames Ah! tot Ah! could geev et ye som' good hadvise. Fuss place, look aout dey's no hol' een hes pants pokkets, for you'll ant fine ennyting e'en hee's sleep. Geev et tree meel dey eef hee'l fine de stoff. Doan' geev 'im twanty fav cen's poun' Beef st'ek eef you'll ant gat et. Geev 'im planty hegs an' las' end hof smoke peeg, som' tams call Ham. Doan' geev 'im to mauch peeg, for fuss ting you'll kno' et hee'l be raoun grontin. Doan' be je'lous hof 'im. Doctare hee's beesness weel call hon 'im to fool wit gret menny whomans, but hee'l gat hee's pey for et. Eef you'll waas franch, Ah! hadvise et to heat et planty Pea-soop fuss week, but has you'll ant, mite be danger, sem has bene for franchmans. "Leed et not hinto temptation." Wat Ah! meen bah dat, ees dis. Be sure you'll kees 'im wen hee'l go owt eevlins, for hee'l prob'ly meet et hole flam' hon streete, an kant wate teel hee'l gat bac'. An las' hof et, eef de "Bon Dieu" shood see feet to giv et ye leetle bebbies, geev et good nem.' Prob'ly dey'l hot et hall dere lav's.

FRIEN' JEAN.

The Brown System as Applied.

NEW BUFFALO, MICH., March 6, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I notice in the March JOURNAL a letter about the Brown system of punishment for the men. It may be all right on some roads where a sense of justice goes with it, but there is one road I know of that will give a man marks when he is not to blame, when, if they used the old way of punishing employees, they never would hear anything about it, but the man is there with his pencil ready for use, and they keep him busy. My dear Brothers, I, for one, have had to suffer the consequences of the Brown system. I had

worked hard for several years at firing, and was promoted. I ran all kinds of engines and had good luck. I ran on the extra list for two years, and by the false report of one of the officials I ended up at the end of the Brown system.

They claim that this system was gotten up in order to weed out the poor ones from the good. There must be a fine lot of good fellows among the officials, as you never hear of any marks or see a bulletin relating any official's record. The engineers are always to blame for everything; and you never see a bulletin giving an engineman any credit for some good thing he does. They are always looking to find some trouble for them so they can give them a few demerit marks. I am glad some Brother has given this a thought, and every word of his letter is true. There are some roads that want a man to make 150 miles to a pint of valve oil, and better if he can; and it doesn't make any difference whether it is the man that polls fifty cars or the man that polls two or three cars. The man that does all the hard work is expected to do just as well as the man that does a little, and if he doesn't, the next thing is a few demerit marks for the poor man who is working hard to get along with as little as possible.

Fraternally yours,
DANIEL D. BAXTER.

Railroad Employees' Home.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., March 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Following is the statement of receipts for the Home for the month of February, 1901:

No.	FROM B. OF L. E. DIVISIONS.	Amt.
33.....		\$ 10 40
72.....		2 00
82.....		12 00
213.....		12 00
226.....		12 00
Total.....		\$ 48 40
No.	FROM G. I. A. DIVISIONS.	Amt.
182.....		\$ 5 00
200.....		16 10
231.....		2 60
Total.....		\$ 23 70

SUMMARY.

B. of L. E. Divisions.....	\$ 48 40
G. I. A. to B. of L. E. Divisions.....	23 70
O. R. C. Divisions, 16 contributing.....	166 00
B. of R. T. Lodges, 10 contributing.....	38 70
B. of L. F. Lodges, 5 contributing.....	43 00
L. A. to O. R. C. Divisions, 3 contributing.....	16 00
L. S. to B. of L. F. Lodges, 3 contributing.....	11 10
Grand total.....	\$346 90

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Montevideo, Minn., 300 pounds of flour. Name of contributor unknown.

To the Brothers and Sisters—When writing to the Home, please give the Order and Division or Lodge you belong to, also the street and number or postoffice box, and oblige.

Respectfully submitted,
MRS. T. B. WATSON, Sec. & Treas.

Ladies' Department.

Communications for publication must be written on one side of the paper. Noms de plume are always permissible, but to receive consideration must be signed by the full name and address of the author, and addressed to the Editress, MRS. M. E. CASSELL, 922 Dennison Av., Columbus, Ohio, not later than the 8th of the month.

The Editress reserves the right to revise, reject or use matter sent in, governed entirely on its merits.

April.

Here's April, bright and sunny-faced,
His blue eyes full of laughter;
He sweeps the snow with eager haste—
For May is coming after.

He helps the robin build her nest
Among the ruddy willows,
And hunts the softest leaves and best
In Winter's tattered pillows.

He whispered in the bluebird's ear
The most entrancing ditties,
That winter-wearied men might hear
Of skies beyond the cities.

She came through fields of violets,
Sweet May, his dainty sister,
And April's eyes were warm and wet
As joyously he kissed her.

Easter.

Easter! How it stirs our thoughts.
What visions it brings of new life and
better things. We offer our fairest blossoms
and go forth arrayed in our best to
celebrate the most joyous festival of all the
Christian year. What more grateful to the
imagination and to the heart than myriads
of fragrant blossoms, all so suggestive of
newly-risen life? There is a far deeper
meaning than appears upon the surface in
the fresh and beautiful garments that are
seen on Easter Day. The old saying about
luck is not thought of in the minds of the
more enlightened. What more in order
than new and fitting raiment in which to
offer homage to the Great King of all?
The ancient couplet,—

"At Easter let your clothes be new,
Or else be sure you will it me,"

loses its practical significance in the deeper
and tenderer meaning of an advanced civil-
ization. As we are passing through this
lenten season, we are more apt to think of

religious things and of the crucifixion and
ascension of our Savior, and because of this
I have inserted in this issue an account of
the "Passion Play," which for many years
I have longed to witness. My sister was
abroad last summer, and with her party had
the great pleasure of seeing it, and it has
made me even more desirous to visit Ober-
ammergau since hearing her account of
this religious festival. It is a great privi-
lege to study the different customs and
modes of living of different countries, and
it is my desire to present items of this
nature in our columns in the future,
hoping our contributors will lend their
aid in this direction.—EDITRESS.

Oberammergan.

The summer of 1900 afforded travelers in
Europe the rare opportunity of witnessing
the strange and weird spectacle of the
great "Passion Play," which has made the
Bavarian village of Oberammergau famous
the world over. Of itself, it is an inter-
esting mountain village, nestled among the
Bavarian Alps. Here you will find no
spacious hotel accommodations, but you
will be cared for by the modest people of
this quaint village.

A party that went from our city last
June, upon their arrival there, were met
at the train by a young man with thin
whiskers, whose growth had been forced
beyond their ability, and heavy shoes with
footless stockings, leaving ankles and
knees bare. He escorted us to his father's
house, where accommodations had been
provided. This was the home of Franz
Spiegel, who is chief money-changer in
the Passion Play. Those who could not be
accommodated here were roomed out, but
came to the Spiegel house for their meals.

These villagers live in a very primitive
state, and the poultry and cattle are kept
beneath the same roof as the family. Two
of our party enjoyed the rare privilege of
being the guests of "Adam," a well-known
historical character. They had for their
neighbor across the hall a beautiful, gentle
Jersey cow. Her "dewey-eyed" expres-
sion of innocence was always a benediction
as they passed in and out. The houses,

which resemble the Swiss cottage style more than the German, are located with no reference to straight streets or points of compass. The river Ammer is divided into small canals, whose clear water coming from the rocks is lovely to look upon. Alongside these canals a little platform is built in front of each house. Here the family washing is done in good old primitive style. Instead of the shingles on the roofs being held in place by nails, stones are used. In many instances the gable ends, which in the case of the older buildings are always in front, are frequently frescoed with Bible scenes and groups of saints. These frescoes are by no means grotesque, but often show excellent taste in the mingling of colors and fair skill in outlining form.

Tradition tells us that in 1633 a fearful plague broke out in this highland region; so violent, indeed, that it was thought that everybody would die. In the village of Kohlgrub, only nine miles from Oberammergau, but two married couples were left alive. A number of other villages fared little better. The strictest measures were adopted to prevent the spread of the disease. But in spite of all this, a day laborer, by the name of Caspar Schuchler, succeeded in entering the village of Oberammergau, where he wished to see his wife and children. He had been working in a village where the disease prevailed. Within two days he was a corpse. Thus the germs of the dread disease had entered Oberammergau, and it spread with fearful rapidity. In a month's time 84 persons belonging to the village had died. They were in sore distress. They could not go anywhere else. In their despair, they went devoutly to God and implored Him to stop the pestilence, promising solemnly that they would perform the Passion Play every tenth year as an act of thanksgiving for His merciful kindness. Although a number were sick at the time, there were no more deaths. Thus the plague was stayed.

The play was first performed in 1634. The decennial period was fixed for 1680, we are told, and from that time down, covering a period of 220 years, it has been

enacted every ten years, with few interruptions. It is certain, however, that long before the dates mentioned these mountain peasants performed the Passion Play; not as an act of entertainment, but as an act of worship. Otherwise, the vow so solemnly made would have had but little meaning.

The play has undergone many transformations, as the people have become more and more refined. The very ideals, which they keep before them while preparing for this play, have had a refining influence upon them. The characters are selected long before the play is to be given, and as all are ambitious to be selected for some exalted part, they try to imitate in their lives the example of the Great Master. It would be interesting for you to read the "Legend of the Great Stone Face" by Hawthorne. That story shows how one may become like those whom he admires and loves. So it happens that some of the rougher elements that formerly appeared in the Passion Play have been taken out, and only that which really belongs to human nature is allowed a place in it. Father Daisenberger, who for almost 40 years was the spiritual shepherd of these people, has done more to give the play the more delicate touches which it now possesses than anyone else, and has intermingled music of the richest quality.

Our party arrived in the village the day before the great performance, and between supper hour and dusk strains of music were heard. Soon a motley crowd passes by and marches down to the theater. These are the performers, dressed in their modest every-day attire and giving little promise of the morrow. Yet the unpretentious band which leads them plays with a certainty and clearness of tone that bespeaks professional skill.

Next morning a great crowd was on its way to the theater, but there is no rush. There are 4,000 seats, but only 4,000 tickets have been sold. Each ticket calls for a seat, and if you have no ticket you cannot enter. That is all. Tickets range in price from 2 marks (50 cents) to 10 marks (\$2.50), and must be purchased before coming to the village.

The play lasts eight hours, and no one

is allowed to stand up. The performance begins at 8 A. M. and closes at 5:30 P. M., with an intermission of one hour and a half at noon. At 8 o'clock, promptly, outside is heard the report of a cannon, which echoes from Kofel's rocky sides to the other distant hills, and goes reverberating down the valley until it dies in the distance. This is the signal for the opening of the play. Immediately the chorus enters from each side of this peculiar stage, which is open at the end, having the mountains for a background and the sky for a ceiling. The chorus forms a semi-circle, with Joseph Maier in the center.

This man has become noted, as he had taken the character of Christ for three successive decades. His appearance was majestic. Towering above all the rest, with his long gray beard falling down upon his breast, he looked like a prophet among his people. With stately dignity he recited the "Prologue" welcome, and then announced the theme of each act at its opening in a voice strong and clear, which showed that advancing age had not yet affected his powers.

The oriental costumes of the singers were rich and beautiful. The villagers had, themselves, made these costumes out of the bare material under the direction of their teachers of sculpture and wood carving, and in doing so, imitated some of the finest paintings and engravings in Europe. Soon the orchestra sounds the note and the chorus begins to sing. Full and strong sounds the chorus,—

"I demand not
The sinner's death! I will
Forgive him—he shall live.
My Son's own blood shall now atone for him."

The chorus divides in the middle and gradually swings around towards the side of the stage. The curtain back of the singers slowly rises, and the first great tableau, "Expulsion from Paradise," is presented. It is the universal expression of all observers that they have never seen tableaux so natural or executed with such precision. You would be surprised at the dignity which in some cases rises to grandeur, the grace of movement, so little expected, and the wonderful power of posing, shown even by the little children.

These tableaux form an important part of the play. They represent the types and prophecies of the Old Testament which are fulfilled in the New. Not less than 20 of these are presented, a number of them of the most complex sort with as many as a hundred children, some of them not more than four or five years old, yet preserving a statue-like repose. However, it must be remembered that this is the result of generations of training.

The first part of the play covers the period from Christ's entrance into Jerusalem to his arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane. As Christ enters Jerusalem amid the shouts and exultations of the people, one wonders where so many men, women and children come from. Then Christ enters the Temple and drives out those who buy and sell and the money-changers, that who retire with scowls and invectives show vividly how deep must have been the feeling against the Master himself.

It would be interesting to take up the different characters and discuss them at length, but we cannot do so here. There are four who stand out conspicuously. Christus (Christ), personated by Anton Lang; Mary, the mother of Jesus, represented by Anna Flunger; St. John, by Peter Rendl, and Judas, by Johann Zwink.

In personal appearance, Anton Lang perhaps comes nearer to the best-known pictures of Jesus than anyone who has recently been selected to take the part. His long, soft, auburn hair falling down his back has quite a fine effect. In his power to represent that patient endurance under most trying circumstances so characteristic of the Savior, he was strong, and won the deepest admiration. Taken all in all, he makes a good character and performs his part well. He is only 25 years old, and will no doubt better suit the character ten years hence.

Anna Flunger, as Mary the mother of Jesus, is only 19 years old, and does not quite rise to a full conception of the loving, tender, broken-hearted mother of the Savior said to have been as well represented by Rosa Lang ten years ago, but she has a good voice and a quiet, dignified

manner that gains the sympathy and respect of her hearers.

Peter Rendl, in the role of St. John, does not have much to say, but what he does is admirable, showing the faithful friend whose loving heart did not forget the mother of his master after he had been crucified. He rendered this same part ten years ago.

Johann Zwink, in the part of Judas, is the best actor among them, and is especially to be commended when it is known that he was very reluctant about taking it. He played the same part ten years ago, and has greatly improved, they say. He enters into the work with the intensity of a Shylock, and yet at the end, when he sees what he has done, his remorse is apparently so genuine that the effect upon his audience is wonderful. So true is his acting that the village children are afraid of him and shun him when they see him on the streets.

There are many other characters that are strong and take their parts exceedingly well. We naturally wonder where they get their power. We must remember that this play has been going on periodically for over 200 years. This is their special work. They have grown into it and it has become a part of them. No community can strive at excellence along any line for a number of generations without reaching a degree of superiority that will astonish the world. These mountain villagers have given great attention to sculpture and wood carving, and have thus fitted themselves to be good judges of position and form, hence the fine tableaux.

In Part I, the scene of the "Last Supper" was especially interesting. The position of the different disciples, the color of the clothes of each, is wonderfully true to the thought of the Florentine master. Part II, covers the trial scenes before Annas, Calaphas, Pilate and Herod, and his final condemnation by Pilate. Here again tableaux are used with great effect. "Joseph's brethren bringing in his bloody coat," "the ram appointed for sacrifice in place of Isaac," and others are all prophetic of what is so soon to follow. The Barabbas released at Oberammergau could

not have looked less like a murderer than the one released at Jerusalem 1900 years ago.

Part III, leads from the condemnation before Pilate to the glorious resurrection of the Lord. Such tableaux as "Isaac bearing the word up Mount Moriah" and "The Brazen Serpent" thrown in between choruses, prepares the listener for the mysteries of the crucifixion and resurrection. Nothing could seem more real than the crucifixion scene. Jesus was compelled to bear his own cross, having been buffeted, spat upon, smitten in the face, scourged and crowned with thorns. At length falling under the burden of the cross he is relieved by Simon of Cyrene. When the place of execution is reached the curtain falls. There is heard the sound of the hammer behind the scenes. Soon the curtain goes up again, and while the crosses on which the thieves are placed are in position, the middle one on which Christus is placed has not yet been raised. However, it is soon elevated. Of course, we knew that Lang was supported by means of hooks fastened to a strong corset which he wears beneath his tightly fitting suit, yet supported in that way without stretched arms for almost a half hour must have been very painful. The thieves had their arms fastened over the tops of their crosses, and rested with a degree of comfort during the scenes that followed. Never was a crucifix in marble or wood more perfect than this. All the details mentioned in the Gospels were carried out. After all was over, the body was taken down in the manner represented by Rubens' great masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross," to be seen in the Antwerp Cathedral. The play closed with a magnificent tableaux, the finest of the series, "The Ascension." Amid a scene of brilliant illumination and surrounded by his followers the Christus begins to rise without any apparent support. The illusion is perfect. During the progress of this impressive tableaux the chorus sings with well-trained voices full and strong—

"Overcome—overcome!
The Hero hath conquered
The might of the foe!"

As the last strains of the chorus died out

the curtain fell and the play had ended. One could hardly realize that eight hours had been consumed in its performance.

The effect of the play is most wholesome. It affords common ground on which Catholic and Protestant may stand on an equal footing. There is little for either to condemn and much to be approved by both. Naturalness and simplicity are the elements most noticeable, and every step indicates the simple faith and sincerity of the players. At Oberammergau the "Passion Play" is a devout religious service. Anywhere else its value might be questioned.

Extracts from letters from Europe by

J. A. SHANAN.

Easter Day.

In the bluebird's silvery singing,
In the emerald grasses springing,
In the songs the brooks are bringing,
Lo! the earth keeps Easter Day!
From the tomb of Winter's keeping,
From the silence and the sleeping
Flowers are waking, buds are breaking,
Lo! the earth keeps Easter Day!

In the soul to song returning
I am life's glad, upward yearning,
In the light still brighter burning,
Lo! the heart keeps Easter Day!
From the tomb of silent sorrow,
That was ours each gloomy morrow,
Hope is breaking, gladness waking,
Lo! the heart keeps Easter Day!

In the promise of the sweetness
Of the summer's rich completeness,
And the story of its glory—
Lo! the earth keeps Easter Day!
In God's promise never failing—
Every hope and joy unveiling—
Ever gracious, ever precious,
Lo! the heart keeps Easter Day!

G. C.

The Prefix "Mrs."

In carefully perusing the article, "The Prefix 'Mrs.' and Good Manners," by Mrs. M. E. Cassell, in the March JOURNAL, I thought I would certainly have to give my opinion on the subject.

Now, none of us like to know that we have been guilty of committing a breach of good manners, but according to Grace Atherton and a number of others some of us have, and I, for one, know I have, as I

always sign my name "Mrs. John." Now, whether it is right or not, the question, as Mrs. Cassell says, should be decided.

I do not think it wrong. Perhaps the reason is, I do not want to after committing the error so long. But, really and truly, I cannot see the evil of it. The dictionary gives as a definition of Mrs., "An appellation given all married women, except those who possess the higher title of Lady, Countess or Duchess." We all know the women of America are not entitled to the prefix Lady, Countess or Duchess, but are entitled to the prefix "Mrs.," and I am in favor of using it. I do not see why we cannot be Mrs. George, Mrs. Tom or Mrs. Dick, as well as the women of other countries can be Duchess "This," Countess "That," or Lady "So and So."

I am glad this subject came up for discussion, as I have read articles at different times relative to the matter, and have read questions asked by different ones and answered by leading papers; some for and some against it. I hope our ladies will take the matter up, and, as Mrs. Cassell says, that the club women of America will decide the question. As I have committed the error, if it be one, for so many years, and would only acknowledge my guilt by changing it now, I will sign, as ever.

MRS. JOHN FARLEY.

Extract From Personal Letter.

MRS. M. E. CASSELL—*Dear Sister*: In looking over the JOURNAL today my attention was attracted to your article, "The Prefix 'Mrs.' and Good Manners." It at once appealed to me as a subject upon which I have given considerable thought. The common use of it by our Sisters was to me at first a little surprising, as from knowledge gleaned here and there, I was under the impression it was not considered good form. I came to the conclusion, however, that it was used more as a means of identification than anything, the husband naturally being better known in Brotherhood circles than the wife; accordingly I have followed this custom, not wishing to deviate from a long-standing practice; yet did not quite like it.

As I understand it, where it is necessary to distinguish between Mrs. or Miss, the prefix should precede the signature in parenthesis, as I will sign my name to this.

I trust you will not consider me obtrusive in addressing you on this question. It is but an impulse and not for publicity or publication. I simply wish to express to you my pleasure that you have brought a subject under discussion which will be equally of as much interest to me as to yourself.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,
(MRS. JOHN) ETTA PUFFENBERGER.

Study Club Program for May.

Subject: "American Literature."—Continued.

Quotations from Philip Freneau, and from other writers of American poetry.

1. What style of poetry prevailed during the Revolutionary period.
2. Give sketch of Captain Philip Freneau.
3. Give a character sketch of Ethan Allen.
4. Who was Thomas Paine? Give a sketch of him as patriot and author.
5. Who were our early orators in the advocacy of independence?
6. Give character sketches of Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson.

SUGGESTIVE READINGS.

"The Spy." By J. Fennimore Cooper.
"Deer Slayer." By J. Fennimore Cooper.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

H. T. Tackerman's Sketch of American Literature.

Duyckinck's Cyclopaedia of American Literature. Atlantic Monthly, Vol. 15, Page 197.

Cleveland's Compendium of American Literature. Also special Biographies and Lives of American Writers.

Division News.

DIV. 122, Bennett, Pa., will rap once more for admission to your worthy JOURNAL, and if admitted, will come again. I wish to tell you of our series of socials we are having. Our first euchre party was held at our President's home, Sister Whitney, Jan. 31, Past-President, Sister Miller, and Brother O'Leary, winning the prizes. It proved such a success that we held a fancy work social at our Secretary's, Sister White, on February 7, and will hold another on February 18. There being no Brothers invited to the fancy work social, and Brother White being home, we voted

him inspector for the afternoon. All went well until Sister Hulings began working stars on her cushion, then we knew it was getting late, so we were invited to the dining room where lunch was served. We made a nice sum at both socials, the proceeds to go in treasury. Well, I will close with saying that these pleasant socials will bind us more together, and that will mean a better attendance at Division meetings. I wish success to all Divisions. J. E. C.

It is a long time since an article from Crescent Div., No. 1, Chicago, Ill., has appeared in the JOURNAL, and therefore we think it might be well to tell the Sisters that we are not sleeping, but on the contrary are very actively interested in all matters pertaining to the G. I. A. We have a membership of 60, with a very good average attendance, our officers being especially faithful to their duties in attending meetings regularly. We have taken in 15 new members since March 1, 1900.

We have enjoyed quite a number of social occasions during the summer and winter. We have had five socials, one of these being the occasion of the thirteenth birthday of our Division, occurring on the 13th of December. To those inclined to think 13 an unlucky number, let me say it did not prove so in this case, as all who were there can testify to a happy time all around. We had invited our neighboring Divisions, and had our Division hall well filled. The evening was spent with music, readings and sociability. After serving refreshments we all went to our homes, glad to have had the opportunity of meeting so many of our Sisters and friends.

The 18th of last August we gave a picnic on the grounds of the Railway Men's Home at Highland Park, Ill., and we were gratified with the success it proved to be socially and financially. It being given as a benefit to the Home, we were enabled to give the sum of \$20.82, which we realized from the sale of coffee and ice-cream. We spread our tables under the trees, and set one table for the inmates of the Home, at which all the men who are inmates of the Home sat, about twenty, I think. They seemed to have enjoyed the day as much as we did, and as it was a perfect summer day nothing was lacking that would have added to the enjoyment.

We are greatly indebted to the officials of the C. & N. W. Ry. Co. for giving us two special cars to take us and our friends from Chicago to the Home, a distance of 22 miles, and bringing us home again at evening. This is only one of many occasions that we take pleasure in acknowledging the generosity of the C. & N. W. Ry. Co. for affording us free transportation for our picnics, socials, etc.

A new year is just opening before us full of opportunities. May we profit by the failures of the year just numbered with our past, and not make the same mistakes, nor think too much of these mistakes, but be ready in the future to do whatever comes to us to do cheerfully. If we but remember our obligations and live up to them, we shall surely be good members of the G. I. A., and society in general.

Yours in F. L. & P.,

MRS. W. W. HAMILTON, Sec.

As it has been ages since we have seen anything in the JOURNAL from Div. 69, Ft. Madison, Ia., I thought it was about time to let the Sisters know we are "still on deck" and able to hold our own among the many "ups and downs." In November we had an old-fashioned spelling match—one of the old school, and a nice little dance afterwards, refreshments served all the evening, and realized a neat sum.

We offered a prize of \$2 for the champion speller, and it was surprising to see the interest that was taken, as well as the simple words some of "us" good spellers went down on. We hope to have another one soon. In January we celebrated our tenth anniversary, which is looked forward to as our banner night, for both young and old.

Our attendance was the smallest in a good many years, as "Ole man grip" had so many of our families down. And our Brothers, O dear, they are always at a premium. Never-the-less we all relished our turkey supper, and were ready to trip the light fantastic as soon as the tables were cleared. And last, but by no means least, on Jan. 31, we had our Inspector, Sister McArdle, of Div. 51, with us, so we had to be on our good behavior, of course, as she's a meek little body. She arrived on the early morning train and was met by our President, Sister Gumore, and escorted to the home of Sister Moon, where she was entertained, assisted by the President, till 2 P. M., when it was time for meeting, and we proceeded hence and the work began. She just mawled our things good, but we forgave her as Sister Murdock had told her that was her business. We had a very pleasant afternoon and were well pleased with our Inspector, and hope she was with us. After meeting closed we had a very sociable time, till it was time to take the car for down town, where we ordered supper at Hotel Metropolitan for 6:30, but it was lots later before we got it, and maybe we didn't do ample justice to our bite. Sister McArdle left on the 8:25 train, so we hadn't much time but for good-byes and God-speed in her good work. We shall look forward with great pleasure to her coming next year. Hoping all the Divi-

sions are prospering in the new century, I will close.

Yours in F. L. & P.,

COR. SEC'Y, Div. 69.

THEY took the cake. Who took the cake? Three little girls and three little boys. How? Where? When? But just wait, and I will tell you all about it. The ladies of Mizpah Div., 136, Howell, Ind., have thought for some time of giving a social of some kind for the general public. They finally decided to give a coffee social, and, to make it more interesting, have some of the little folks give a cake-walk. The little girls selected were Celia Backus, Stella Hollencamp and Marguerette Carr. Their partners were Jakey Hollencamp, Leslie Brown and Clyde Burns. They were taught by Miss Maggie Joyce, sister of Bro. Charles Joyce, of Div. 154, B. of L. E. Past-President Mrs. C. D. Lursa presided at the organ. They were so well trained and the dance given so perfect that the judges could not decide which couple was entitled to the cake, so they divided it among them all. After the walk the ladies served refreshments to all, and netted quite a sum for their treasury. There were present over one hundred and twenty persons, including quite a number of Sisters from Div. 174. We were well pleased to have them visit us. All declared themselves well pleased, and hoped the ladies would soon entertain again, and the ladies whispered "Mizpah" in the ear of each departing guest. MUM.

THE members of Div. 212, Ellis, Kan., celebrated their seventh anniversary in January. Owing to some misunderstanding, they were crowded out of the hall when the evening arrived. The Sisters were not to be disappointed, and rose equal to the occasion. They, with their families, met at the home of one of the Sisters. A good program was given, consisting of music, recitations, etc. The President gave a few minutes talk, telling of the prosperous condition of the Division ever since its organization, its steady growth in number, and above all its prevailing harmony. A fine supper of oysters, cake, etc., was served, which all enjoyed; and best of all, we did what I believe is characteristic of most of the Sisters of our many Divisions, remembered all the sick members by sending each a plate filled with the best. The evening was one of pleasure and profit, largely due to Sister Yoder, who, by her cordial manner, made all feel welcome and at home. Our Division, though smaller than some, is holding to its teachings of F. L. & P.—not merely *being* something, but *doing* something as well. Quite a number carry the insurance, and our record for the year is a pleasing

one, as we haven't lost a member in any way, but gained several. S. J. H.

J. M. GUSKY Div., 122, located at Bennett, Pa., has not been heard from through the JOURNAL for some time. For fear you will all think we are on the retired list, I thought best to send the word along that we are still with you and prospering. We are giving a series of euchres. The first one was held at the house of our President, Sister Whitney. The prizes were won by Sister Miller and Brother O'Leary. After that everyone proceeded to the dining room, where lunch was served, which everyone enjoyed. As this one proved a complete success, our next one was held at the home of Sister Miller, at which the attendance was large. Prizes were won by Miss Cunningham, of Hazelwood, and Brother Smith. Lunch was served. The evening was spent in a very enjoyable manner. As good-byes and good-nights were said, all wished to meet again soon. Brother and Sister Miller certainly know how to entertain.

Yours in F. L. & P.,
SEC., Div. 122.

ON February 7, at our regular meeting, we had one of the most enjoyable meetings in the history of Silver Star Div., 22, Grand Rapids, Mich. In the afternoon we initiated Sister Hekter and Sister Harvey. While we were in our Division room, we were informed that a special meeting by some of our Brothers was being held in the anteroom, so when the meeting was adjourned we served refreshments, which consisted of ice-cream, cake, sandwiches and coffee, also lovely candy and salted peanuts, also many other good things to gladden a railroad man's heart. When all the tables were ready, we retired to the anteroom and gave our visiting Brothers an invitation to come in and enjoy the refreshments with us and meet our officers and members. The invitation was accepted, and when the door was opened we were introduced to a very fine company of good-looking Brothers, whose names are follows: B. C. Mellish, Bro. Humphrey and A. Rush, of Saginaw; C. W. Pratt, of Ionica, and W. Sims and J. Robertson, of Grand Rapids. After we were all through, Sister Switzer entertained us with some very nice selections on the piano. We all hope to meet again, and have all our meetings as enjoyable as those we have had. We hope all the Brothers' wives will make up their minds to join the Auxiliary of the G. I. A., as it is an honor to the B. of L. E. Yours truly,

SILVER STAR DIV., 22.

SAN XAVIER Div., 241, Tucson, Ariz., held a fair this winter, where all kinds of

fancy articles, useful and ornamental, were displayed and sold, by which the sum of \$85 was cleared. In February we gave a valentine whist party. Each person coming in was presented at the door with the half of a comic valentine. In finding the person holding the other half, you found your partner for supper. Quite a lot of fun was experienced in the matching process. Twenty games were played, after which the prizes were awarded, the first prize to Mrs. Garland and the second to Miss Elsie Holliday. Among the gentlemen, Mr. Barbee captured the first prize and Mr. Ritchey the second. The banquet room next attracted our attention, where the good lunch served by our ladies was fully appreciated. We are now getting ready for our Inspector, and are having rehearsals every week. We want Div. 241 to have no demerit marks, if possible. With success to all Divisions.

KATE FORD.

DIV. 70, Connellsville, Pa., again seeks admission into the JOURNAL. We are as ever one in heart as to the welfare of our order. We have had some pleasant events the past winter. The first was a chicken and waffle supper, held at the home of Brother and Sister Kerns. Supper was served from 5 o'clock to 10. We were well patronized by our other citizens as well as by the railroad people. A number of Sisters were present from Glenwood. Among them was Sister Cunningham, who knows how to make delicious waffles. Sister Graham presented the Division with a hand-painted picture, which was chanced off, bringing the Division a nice sum of money. Our Division is prospering, and consequently happy. Our next pleasure was the visit from our Inspector, Sister Bolton, of Glenwood. At the meeting held she set us straight in our ritual work in her kindly manner. The time was so pleasantly spent that train time too quickly rolled around, and we had to adjourn for lunch. We soon had to say good-bye to her, hoping to see her soon again.

PRES., Div. 70.

SISTER MARTIN, of Div. 137, Harrisburg, Pa., who was appointed Inspector by our Grand President, visited Div. 27, West Philadelphia, on her official tour. She was met on her arrival by our President, Sister Harveston, who escorted her to the home of Sister T. C. Smith, who had prepared an informal dinner in honor of her, which proved quite sociable and very delightful, as Sister Smith is a very charming entertainer. After dinner she was escorted to the Division room by several Sisters, and after the routine business was completed the meeting adjourned and then was

ushered in the material portion of the afternoon proceedings in the form of refreshments, interspersed with well-rendered music. The affair proved a most satisfactory and enjoyable one. Sister Martin, with several other Sisters of Div. 137, and also the Sisters of Div. 64, Altoona, left for their homes, with the best wishes and esteem of Div. 27. **TENE.**

H. GRAVES Div., 485, B. of L. E., and Mrs. W. B. Curley Div., 132, G. I. A. to the B. of L. E., Louisville, Ky., gave their fifth annual joint ball at Leiderkranz Hall, corner Sixth and Walnut Street, on February 6. Quite a large crowd was in attendance and everybody seemed to enjoy the evening hugely. These balls have gotten to be quite a social feature in this section, everyone looking forward to the engineers' ball for a *good time*. The dining room was thrown open at 10 o'clock, and from that hour until 3 A. M. the waiters were kept busy catering to the wants of our guests. Of course it is needless to say that we had a good supper as you all know that when the ladies have charge of this part it is up-to-date. Good music was furnished by Schneider's Band. This ball was a grand success, financially and as well as socially.

At our last meeting in December our beloved President, Sister Pat Cain, in behalf of Div. 132 presented our Secretary, Sister J. D. Pettingill, with an elegant writing desk and bookcase. **Div. 132.**

Div. 74, Boone, Ia., had an anniversary February 10th, but as that date fell on Sunday we celebrated on the 9th. Not being able to obtain a hall on that date, we were invited to Sister C. L. Black's home, where the evening was pleasantly passed in games, conversation and refreshments. This ten years have lapsed into eternity and we are still prosperous and many new members have been added since that time. We occasionally have an afternoon coffee, to replenish our treasury. When our President is anxious to have a full house, she telephones or sends word to all the members that there is something special on hand, and of course we all go, and after our work is done a few Sisters serve refreshments. We are of the opinion that the men are not the only ones whose hearts are reached by way of their stomachs.

Sister McArdle, of Div. 51, has been here and inspected our Division and she failed to tell us whether we "passed" or not, so we are on the anxious seat. At our last meeting new officers were elected, with one exception, and we feel that the old officers retire with the good-will of the members. We should like to hear from Div. 245, as

we have very pleasant remembrances of these Sisters, and would like to hear of their success and prosperity.

Yours in F. L. & P.,
COR. SEC., Div. 74.

ON the first day of May, 1900, Dodge Div., 245, Fremont, Neb., was organized by Sister Sparks, of Boone, and a staff of fifteen ladies, who put the floor work on for us, which was a great help. We were also honored by a Past-President of Chadron, Neb., Sister Woods. When all instructions were given we felt sure we were an "Auxiliary" We have been very successful, both socially and financially, having taken into our treasury over \$100 in ten months. We first had an apron sale and general supper, given at the home of our President, Sister Owens, whose generous hospitality always assures a large crowd. We obtained our aprons by asking our friends to donate to us. The next way of obtaining money that we tried was a social of ice-cream and cake, which was a decided success, and was given at our Secretary's home. We also go out and sew by the afternoon, receiving 10 cents a head for each one who goes, and usually we number 15. The membership is 17 now, with one transfer card to be acted upon; also one application; so we think we are quite prosperous. We have been slow in "letting our light shine" through the JOURNAL, but "better late than never" is an old adage. **A MEMBER OF Div. 245.**

Div. 86, Clinton, Ill., had a very enjoyable time March 4, inspection day, with Mrs. Simms, of Div. 128, as our inspector. The afternoon was taken up with the work of our Order, after which Sister Simms was presented with two souvenir spoons, as a small token of love and appreciation from Div. 86. In the evening a social was held in the hall, to which our husbands and a few friends were invited. A good social time was enjoyed, the time being spent in games and other social amusements until 10:30, when we adjourned to the G. A. R. Hall, where the W. R. C. served an excellent supper, to which all did justice, after which good-nights were said. We hope Sister Simms will soon come again.

A MEMBER.

At the reception given in honor of Mrs. John Sparks, of Boone, Ia., who inspected Mercy Div., 51, Cedar Rapids, Ia., Mr. and Mrs. Cameron's beautiful home was the scene of a happy company on the evening of March 4th. Those present were: Mesdames McArdle, Russell, McMullen, Treanor, Flint, Parmeter, Funk, Burkhardt, Cameron, Richly, Beall, Godfrey,

Jennings and Greer, Misses Smith and Cameron, Master Geo. Russell, and Messrs. Cameron, Burkhart, McMullen, Treanor, Richly, Kimbro, and Funk. During the evening we were favored with music, both vocal and instrumental, by Misses Smith and Cameron, Master Russell and Mr. McMullen. Each guest seemed to vie with each other to make the evening pleasant. Refreshments were served, both substantial and delicious, in the dining room. At a late hour the good-nights were said, each one feeling that a very pleasant evening had been spent.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

THE sixth anniversary of Communipaw Div., 201, G. I. A., Jersey City, N. J., was held at Masonic Hall, Saturday evening, and was a jolly success. It was under the auspices of the ladies of the organization, and they were congratulated upon the excellent manner in which they conducted the event. The hall was prettily decorated and filled with the members and their friends.

An enjoyable entertainment was a feature, and the program was opened with an address by Mrs. E. Huff, President of the Auxiliary, who was introduced by Mr. P. F. Doyle. Piano selections were given by Miss Lottie Cole; violin solos were played by Miss Sarah Allen, accompanied by Mr. Borst, and eleven small misses gave a clever calisthenic drill, under the direction of Miss Laura Miller. Mr. O'Connor danced buck and wing style; vocal duets were given by Miss Lottie Cole and Master Frank Doyle; Master Daniel Lieberfield played the piano; the Geraghty Brothers played banjo and mandolin duets; J. Geraghty played auto-harp solos; Mr. Connelly sang bass solos, accompanied by Mr. Carl Meyer; Mr. McDonald entertained with ventriloquism; Harris and Lightbody played musical instruments; Vincent Doyle recited; Miss Margaret Daly sang, and was accompanied by Miss Sadie Rich; Mr. Scheid told humorous stories and gave imitations on a harmonica, and Mr. Webster gave buck and wing dances.

Mrs. J. Funk won a handsome quilt made by the members, and which was drawn for. Refreshments were served. The committee in charge consisted of Mrs. D. Kirkendall, Mrs. F. Miller, Mrs. M. Schick, Mrs. H. Foster, Mrs. J. Vannatta, Mrs. C. Foster, Mrs. P. Schuyler, Mrs. J. Hoagland, Mr. C. Schroll and Mr. P. F. Doyle.

A FEW weeks since, Div. 52, Columbus, O., entertained in honor of the new members recently taken in, to the number of 13. The President, Sister Haynes, said the words of welcome, and the evening was

ushered in at the B. of L. E. Hall. A program had been prepared, consisting of songs, readings and instrumental music, which was all given in the best of style. Five of the Sisters had learned a dialogue, and gave it as a surprise. The title was "In Need of a Servant." The young married woman had advertised, and the applicants were arriving. Mrs. Lou Cassell, one of the new Sisters, was the lady who advertised. Those applying for the situation were: Sister Humphrey, who appeared as a gaily-dressed Negro girl, and she gave the character to perfection; Sister M. E. Cassell was an Irish girl, with red hair and a rich brogue; Sister McConathy was a stolid German girl, who wanted the man of the house to do all the work; while Sister Lanning was a widow with an unruly boy. It was a pleasing little skit, and all enjoyed the novelty of having something new. After the banquet was served, the 13 new Sisters lined up at the end of the hall, and, selecting a spokesman, thanked the Division for the very pleasant entertainment in their honor.

G. I. A. Voluntary Relief Association.

TOLEDO, O., April 1, 1901.

To Division Insurance Secretaries, V. R. A.:

You are hereby notified of the death of the following members of the Association, and for the payment of these claims you are ordered to collect 25 cents from each member holding one policy, and 50 cents from each member holding two policies, providing, however, that no one be assessed on a policy, if the application for said policy was dated later than Feb. 28, 1901:

ASSESSMENT NO. 24.

Died Feb. 23, 1901. Sister Martha P. Johnson, aged 65, of Div. 52, of Columbus, O. Cause of death, organic heart disease. Admitted April 18, 1890. Held two policies, Nos. 27 and 6181, payable to Edwin L. Johnson, husband, and Clarence Johnson, son.

ASSESSMENT NO. 25.

Died Feb. 13, 1901. Sister Mary J. Latta, aged 68, of Div. 24, Trenton, Mo. Cause of death, disease of heart, complicated with la grippe. Admitted March 30, 1898. Held one policy, No. 4674, payable to Allie L. Buren, niece.

Members must pay their Insurance Secretary on or before April 30, or pay a fine of 10 cents on each policy. Insurance Secretaries must remit to General Secretary and Treasurer on or before May 10, 1901, or forfeit membership.

Assessment No. 25 will be paid from the Death Assessment Fund.

Three thousand two hundred and nine members paid Assessments Nos. 15 and 16; nineteen hundred and twenty paying on one policy and twelve hundred and eighty-nine paying on two policies.

All claims are paid in full—\$500 on each policy.

MRS. GEO. WILSON, Pres. V. R. A.

MARY L. ROBERTSON, Gen'l Sec'y and Treas.

Technical.

The Truck Brake.

BY ROBERT H. BLACKALL.

In the present day there is an urgent demand by the traveling public, not only for fast through, but suburban service as well, and transportation departments are clipping off a minute here and another there, until it has reached a point where engineers have transferred their worry concerning minutes to looking after the seconds, and will gladly welcome anything that will alleviate the difficulty. In many cases engines are taxed to the utmost; they are performing their maximum work, and the seconds lost, beyond a certain amount, must be picked up with the brake. To do this, the greatest possible amount of weight must be braked, and to the highest safe limit. A careful perusal of the figures following illustrates in a very practical manner the necessity and aid of a truck brake. The figures show the percentage that the weight on the engine truck of an ordinary type of passenger engine bears to the total weight of a train of from two to six passenger cars:

- A two-car train, about 15 per cent.
- A three-car train, about 12 per cent.
- A four-car train, about 10½ per cent.
- A five-car train, about 9 per cent.
- A six-car train, about 8 per cent.

In considering the above, it should also be borne in mind that the heavier the engine the greater would be the percentage of weight on the truck as compared to the total weight of the train.

Like all additions to an engine equipment, the truck brake has had in the past the usual uphill fight to demonstrate its usefulness and necessity. The monitor and injector succeeded in spite of the opposition which favored the old pump; and now that they are here, who would be the first to give them up? The driver brake was looked upon as a curse by a great many when it first put in an appearance; what were not to be numbered amongst its bad traits besides its effect on boxes and rod brasses, and yet it has proven a necessity, and it would be hard to tell just how many that same evil(?) has helped out of many a tight place, to say nothing of the increased safety, the saving of tire turning, and the general comfort it has added to the life of every engineer who has much switching to do.

The truck brake is one of the last engine attachments to have crowded itself up through a line of objections, commanded attention, increased the safety of trains,

and demonstrated beyond a doubt not only that it is a necessity but that it is here to stay.

The original objections by railroad officials consisted in the idea that this brake was a luxury; that it would entail an unnecessary maintenance expense; and that using a brake on the truck when rounding curves would be dangerous. The objections by the engineers consisted of the danger idea, and the extra work to maintain a proper piston travel and not slide the wheels. It is now interesting to look back and see how time and the successful operation of the brake have wiped out all objections. A man who has become accustomed to this brake would not consider parting with it any more than he would think of discarding the present brake valve and going back to the old three-way cock.

The "luxury" idea has been supplanted by that of necessity, as is amply proven by the accompanying table of actual tests.

The additional expense is easily overbalanced in the tire turning done by the brake, as it increases the time between "shoppings." Besides this, quicker time can be made, and greater safety is provided.

Practice and time have demonstrated that with a well-designed truck brake, there is not even the danger as with the ordinary car brake, upon which the element of danger has never been considered, or, if it has, time has very effectually effaced the idea as unworthy of consideration. On a car, rods and levers connect the piston in the brake cylinder, fastened to a rigid portion of the car, with the truck levers. When the brakes are applied with the train on a curve, there certainly must be a greater restriction to the freedom of the truck than on the engine truck where the cylinder and levers are all fastened to the truck proper, and are absolutely free to swing with it.

About the only valid objection, and that was very small when weighed against the additional benefits and safety, was the one registered by the already heavily-burdened engineer, who was not over-anxious to have another brake to care for, and upon which it would be necessary to adjust the piston travel. This objection has been very satisfactorily met by the introduction of an automatic slack adjuster into the equipment of the truck brake. The adjuster is set for a running piston travel of eight inches. This travel permits of an efficient brake, and is such that, with the levers properly designed, the likelihood of flat wheels is very remote.

Table taken from the 1895 proceedings of the Air Brake Association, showing the advantage of the engine truck brake in emergency, and full-service application stops with passenger trains of different

lengths, from different speeds, and on a level track:

DATA.

Weight of locomotive and tender, 180,000 pounds;
weight of each coach, 52,000 pounds.
Calculated driver brake force, 75 per cent of
weight carried to rails.
Calculated truck brake force, 75 per cent of
weight carried to rails.
Calculated tender brake force, 90 per cent of
weight of tender.
Calculated coach brake in emergency, 90 per
cent of weight of coach.
Calculated coach brake force, full service appli-
cation, 75 per cent of weight of coach.

leaky rotary valve? (2.) What advantage is claimed for the special driver-brake triple of the Westinghouse Company? (3.) Why does the $9\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pump pump air faster in proportion to its size than the 8-inch pump?

A. (1.) A leaky rotary almost invariably consists of a leak from the main reservoir to the train pipe, in which case it causes practically no trouble, unless of sufficient magnitude to permit of no excess pressure being obtained when the brake

SPEED SHOWN IN MILES PER HOUR—LENGTH OF STOPS IN FEET.

TRAIN CONDITIONS.	Length of Stop at Speed of							
	30 Miles.		40 Miles.		50 Miles.		60 Miles.	
	Emergency.	Full Service.	Emergency.	Full Service.	Emergency.	Full Service.	Emergency.	Full Service.
3-CAR TRAIN.								
With truck brake.....	268	360	517	657	881	1079	1381	1653
Without truck brake.....	298	397	577	731	986	1210	1549	1862
4-CAR TRAIN.								
With truck brake.....	264	386	508	688	865	1118	1355	1697
Without truck brake.....	288	417	557	751	951	1227	1493	1872
5-CAR TRAIN.								
With truck brake.....	261	411	502	721	853	1158	1336	1742
Without truck brake.....	282	437	543	775	926	1252	1452	1892
6-CAR TRAIN.								
With truck brake.....	259	436	497	754	845	1108	1322	1790
Without truck brake.....	277	459	533	801	907	1280	1423	1921

QUESTION AND ANSWER COLUMN.

Q. B. Some time ago I was pulling a train of about 30 cars equipped with automatic quick-action brakes, all brakes cut in. In rounding a sharp curve the train parted six or seven cars back of engine, and brakes set in emergency on rear portion, but the brakes were not brought into action on the front section of the train at all. The first intimation I had that anything was wrong, was the ease and quickness with which speed increased. What was the cause of brakes not applying on front section?

A. The action of the brakes, as you describe, points to the lining of a hose as being at fault. The writer has seen two similar cases where, with a high pressure on one side of the loose lining and none on the other, as was the case after the hose uncoupled, the lining would be forced into the passage through the hose, so that there was not any or else a very slight flow of air permitted. If air could have leaked out faster than it could feed into the train pipe through the brake valve, the head brakes must necessarily have applied also.

Q. Keystone. (1.) What is the proper way to test the extent of the leak in a

valve is in running position, or if the leak causes the brakes to release after they have been applied and the brake valve returned to lap position. A practical test as to the amount of leakage consists in starting the pump with the brake-valve handle on lap, and watching the black gage hand to see if it rises, and, if so, how fast. A more delicate test consists in starting the pump with the brake valve lapped; then open the tender angle cock and put the end of the hose in a pail of water; bubbles will show any leakage. The first test is more easily made, and is sufficiently practical.

(2.) It was termed "special" because, owing to the increase in the size of driver-brake cylinders and auxiliary reservoirs on heavy engines, and the addition of a truck brake, operated in conjunction with the driver-brake triple, it was found necessary to use a triple valve with enlarged ports to accommodate the necessarily increased auxiliary reservoir and cylinder volume; the size of the triple-valve ports are simply increased in proportion, and it has no special advantage over the plain triple used with the smaller reservoirs and brake cylinders.

(3.) It doesn't. The $9\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pump is usually spoken of as being 65 per cent

more efficient than the 8-inch pump. The reason is as follows: The $7\frac{1}{2}$ -inch air piston in the smaller pump contains 44.18 square inches, while the $9\frac{1}{2}$ -inch air piston of the larger pump contains 70.88 square inches — $70.88 - 44.18 = 26.70$, and $26.70 \div 44.18 = .67$; that is, the larger piston has 67 per cent more area, and it will consequently compress, approximately, 67 per cent more air.

Standard Rules for Movement of Trains.

We have been favored with the following train orders from Brother Whitehurst, F. A. E. of Div. 343, stating that the C. P. Ry., is about to adopt the American standard rules and they desire to become familiar with them. And to settle a point under discussion sent in the orders which involve a question of right very essential to be thoroughly understood. Even numbers have superior rights. The question in dispute being, "What are rights of No. 2 Eng. 224 on arrival at F. if 2nd section of No. 1 is carrying green signals?" In this we are asked to get a ruling from some reliable authority, and believing the opinion of the Editor of the *Train Dispatchers' Bulletin* would be excellent, we requested his written opinion and we received his very courteous reply which follows the orders, and is a clear explanation of the standard code as applied to the questions involved:

governed by standard rule 218, which reads:

When a train is named in a train order all its sections are included, unless particular sections are specified, and each section included must have copies addressed and delivered to it.

A train, or any section of a train must be governed strictly by the terms of train orders addressed to it and must not assume any right not conferred by such orders.

Rule No. 220 would also govern. This reads:

Train orders once in effect continue so until fulfilled, superseded or annulled.

Under the operation of Rule No. 218, No. 2 is required by order No. 6 to meet all sections of No. 1 at E. Order No. 7, however, authorizes No. 2 to proceed to F, on arrival of 1st No. 1 at E, and there meet 2nd No. 1. So far as No. 2 then knows, there is no section succeeding the second, but on arrival of 2nd No. 1 at F with green signals, it becomes evident to No. 2 that order No. 6 is still unfulfilled, as far as all sections of No. 1 are concerned, and, although a meet at E. is now impossible, yet, under that clause of Rule 218 specifying that each section included must have a copy addressed and delivered to it, and on the presumption that this has been complied with and that all sections of No. 1 hold copies of order No. 6, it is clear that that 3rd No. 1 must have the right to follow 2d No. 1 to E. against No. 2, since order No. 7 affected the second section alone and not at all any following sections. No. 2, therefore, must wait at F until the last section of No. 1 has arrived there, and should,

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

Train Order No. 6.

Port William, Jan. 19, 1901.

To.....No. 2.....at.....A.....Station.

No. 2 Eng. 224 will meet No. 1 at E.
J. W.

Signed.	To	Order No.	For "OK"	Time.	Dispatcher's Initials.	Rec'v'g Operator's Initials.
"13".....Jones.....	Jones.....	6.....	Com.....	1 H.....	J. W.....	J. J.....

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

Train Order No. 7.

Port William, Jan. 19, 1901.

To.....No. 2.....at.....E.....Station.

No. 2 Eng. 224 will meet 2nd No. 1 at F., instead of E.
J. W.

Signed.	To	Order No.	For "OK"	Time.	Dispatcher's Initials.	Rec'v'g Operator's Initials.
"13".....Jones.....	Jones.....	6.....	Com.....	3 H.....	J. W.....	A. B.....

CHICAGO, Feb. 27, 1901.

EDITOR ENGINEERS' MONTHLY JOURNAL: Answering as per your request, Mr. Whitehurst's communication, I would say that No. 2, having an order to meet No. 1 at E, no sections being specified, would be

until then, carefully protect itself against that, or any intermediate section of No. 1, the later train or trains being—at F—superior to it by order.

It is not good train dispatching to allow a question of this kind to arise. Order No.

6 should have specified the separate sections of No. 1, or, failing that, order No. 7 should have provided a change of meeting point for each separate section following the section actually met at E. As I understand rule No. 218, first paragraph, it provides for a contingency regarded as exceptional, but which may possibly arise through accident or inadvertence.

JOHN F. MACKIE,
Editor *Train Dispatchers' Bulletin*.

The Smallest Locomotive.

FREELAND, PA., March 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Having read and

pounds water pressure; steam pressure, 150 pounds. Small steam gage showing 200 pounds; pump for forcing water in boiler.

Size of plunger, $\frac{1}{2}$ " x $\frac{1}{2}$ " stroke, worked by an eccentric on main axle.

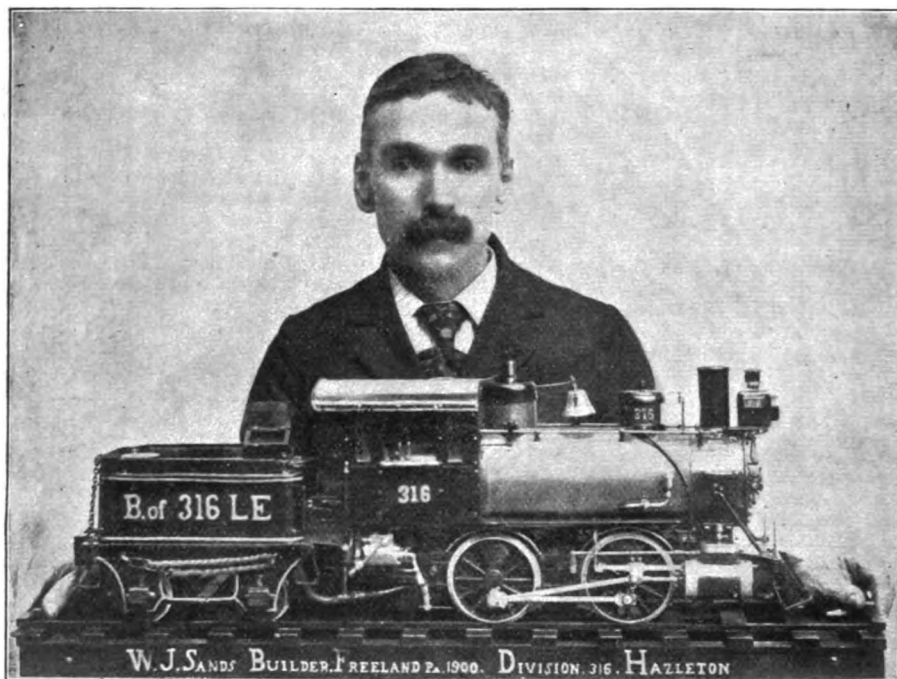
Water capacity of tender, 2 quarts.

Gage of track, $4\frac{1}{4}$ ".

Size of brake cylinder, $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 1".

Driver and tender brakes are worked by cylinder on engine; the brake is worked by steam.

This engine was made by W. J. Sands, a member of Div. 316, B. of L. E., an engineer on the D. S. & S. air train between Drifton and Perth Amboy, and every part of the engine, boiler work, castings and machine work, was made by him in a small machine shop which he fitted up himself, so that the size of the engine can be more fully realized, the photo was taken



seen much about small locomotives, I herewith send a photo and dimensions of what I consider the smallest and most complete four-wheel locomotive in the world. It is complete in every respect, and works by steam which it generates itself. The following are the dimensions:

Size of cylinders, $\frac{3}{8}$ " x $1\frac{3}{4}$ ".
Size of steam ports, $1-16$ " x $\frac{1}{2}$ ".
Exhaust port, $3-16$ " x $\frac{1}{2}$ ".
Maximum valve travel, $\frac{3}{16}$ ".
Diameter of driving wheels, $3\frac{1}{2}$ ".
Total engine wheel base, 6".
Weight of engine and tender, working order, 48 pounds.

Length of engine and tender, 32".

Diameter of smoke box, 4".

Dimensions of fire box, balloon shape, $4\frac{1}{4}$ " x $2\frac{1}{4}$ ".

Thirty $\frac{1}{4}$ " copper flues; boiler tested at 200

as the maker was holding it on his lap.

Respectfully, W. J. SANDS.

Brake Valve on Left Side of Engine.

WILMINGTON, DEL., March 11, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In the March issue of the JOURNAL I wrote briefly but vigorously of the inadvisability of changing location of air pump from the right to left side of engine. From many I have received much favorable comment, my point being considered well taken; from a few others adverse criticism, but they are greatly in the minority. In touching upon these subjects, however, I desire to say

that I have but one object in view, viz.: To better the condition of our profession, and I thank God that in free America we are given the liberty of free speech, not subjected to the tyrannical rule of Russia, and I know of no better medium than through the columns of our own JOURNAL. Nineteen centuries ago Jesus came on earth. He found man toiling painfully and slowly on his upward journey. Many falls were behind him, and many were ahead. Poor beings had interpreted in many miserable ways the intuitive religious spark born in them. Hunted human creatures in caves, cold, frightened, warring with the beasts and the elements, looked upon evil as the most powerful thing in life, and worshipped devils of their own invention. Mothers had murdered their new-born infants for ages to please some atrociously imaged god. Zoroaster, a lofty mind, had taught a better worship, but, knowing that a visible emblem was ended, had indorsed the worship of fire. Confucius had preached his noble but sterile beliefs. The Greeks, intellectually the noblest race born on earth, worshipped a collection of gods that were but tokens personifying their own vices and virtues. The best Greeks rejected the worst gods, and the worst Greeks neglected the best gods. So it may be with some members of our profession, may they soon awaken to a realization of the fact that might, with the right and truth, shall be. There is a wise saying that there is too little known: "Give to all men plenty of thy light, but give to no man of thy oil."

How are we to warm and brighten the lives of others if we foolishly waste the precious stuff that makes our light possible? The motto would be an excellent one for a mother's "rest room," or for the pink chamber or blue boudoir sacred to her dainty daughter's uses, but it could not be applied to the homes of engineers.

Again, I hope to draw the fire of the enemy, and have this question to ask. "Why is the location of brake valve being changed to left side of engine?"

I am informed that it is done to relieve the engineer of the noise. We should indeed be very grateful for such consideration shown us, and personally, I am, but give me the brake valve, I'll stand the noise, and I advance the same argument for its retention as in the case of the pump. Poor fireman, already overburdened with his numerous duties, has the additional responsibility of caring for and watching the pump (and it requires more than passing

notice), now has the brake valve located in his already cramped quarters with its noise and confusion. "Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel." Why all these changes, there must be a cause for it, and will the reasons for the change overcome my objections? I think not, and while I have no desire to be quoted as authority on the subject, I do want to go on record as being heartily opposed to the change.

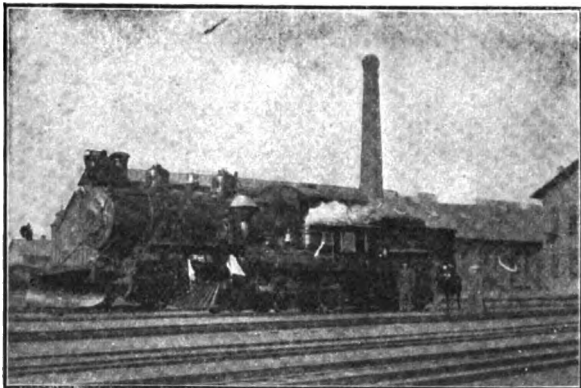
Next month I will write of the brake valve and explain more fully my objections to placing it on left side. Suggestions are in order, who's next?

S. G. FISHER.

Engines of 1871 and 1901.

DENVER, COL., March 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I inclose you a snapshot of two engines which is somewhat of a startling revelation of the wonderful progress of the past thirty years. The differ-



ence in the size and capacity of these two engines shown seems hardly possible until, one of these little dwarfs of thirty years ago, stand beside the modern engines of today:

"The burro, as we call it, was the first carrier who brought the white man to Denver, and it has remained as it was, incapable of improvement or change in size. Both engines then were built at the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and each at the time of its construction was the finest style of an engine. The little engine is named "Ute," and was one of the first of six engine built for the Denver & Rio Grande in 1871. It is number 6.

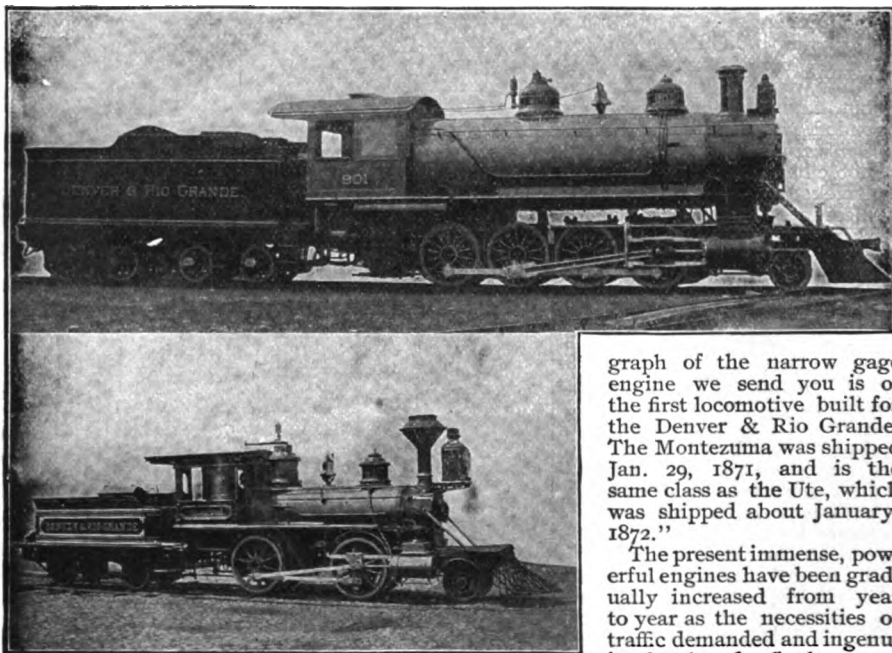
"The powerful freight engine beside it is No. 904, and represents the culmination of improvements in engine building since its smaller companion was made. Down in the shop of the Rio Grande, at Burnham, the "Ute," No. 6, has been having a thorough overhauling, and left the shop on

February 21st. The initials "C. E." on the tender stand for the Colorado Easton, which runs from Denver 17 miles east to Scranton coal mines. The little engine was bought by the Colorado Easton Co. about 15 years ago from the Denver & Rio Grande, after having been discarded by that company to make room for the larger engines, which have steadily grown in dimensions to the monsters now in use. When the little engine, No. 6, was pulling passenger on the D. & R. G. that road only ran to Littleton, about 10 miles from Denver.

"Mr. Robert McDowel, is Supt. of the Colorado Easton; Bro. John T. Russum, Div. 186, is engineer; J. Snyder, fireman;

Grande Railway of Colorado was projected on the three-foot gage plan, and the first locomotives for the line were built and designed in 1871. Two classes for passenger and freight respectively were constructed. The former (of which the one shown was first), were six-wheeled, four wheels coupled forty inches in diameter, *nine* by *sixteen* cylinders, and weight, each loaded, about twenty-five thousand pounds. The latter (freight engines) were eight-wheeled, six wheels coupled, thirty-six inches in diameter, *eleven* by *sixteen* cylinders and weight, each loaded, about thirty-five thousand pounds."

In the letter to us from the builders, dated March 9, Mr. Sanford says: "The photo-



graph of the narrow gage engine we send you is of the first locomotive built for the Denver & Rio Grande. The Montezuma was shipped Jan. 29, 1871, and is the same class as the Ute, which was shipped about January, 1872."

The present immense, powerful engines have been gradually increased from year to year as the necessities of traffic demanded and ingenuity developed. Such a com-

parison as this must seem to those only familiar with the large ones more like fiction or imagination than facts, and the illustration will doubtless be a strong reminder to our older members of the machines they once managed, and how little they dreamed of the growth in size and responsibility that would come to the engine within their sphere of usefulness as an engineer.—EDITOR.

Wm Twining, night watchman, of engine No. 6.

Yours truly,

J. T. RUSSUM."

In order to bring out more clearly the vast improvement in the mechanical construction of locomotives, and to better convey the effort of railway companies to meet the requirements of present traffic. We wrote the Baldwin Locomotive Works for original photograph of both the classes of engines represented in the above small picture, and while the numbers do not correspond the pictures are of the same class of engines. In hunting up the pedigree of the small narrow-gage engine, we find on page 63, in a large book issued by the Baldwin Locomotive Works, the following reference: "In 1870 the Denver & Rio

The Cunard Line abandoned sail and adopted steam in 1840.

Two steam war vessels, *Nemesis* and *Phlegethon*, launched and sent to China, 1840.

THE JOURNAL.

Published monthly, 307 Society for Savings Bldg.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CHARLES H. SALMONS, - Editor and Manager.

Articles for Correspondence Department should be written on one side of the paper only, and must be at this office not later than the 10th, and for the Technical Department not later than the 12th of the month, to insure insertion in current number. Noms de plume may be used, but name and address of the writer must be given, or matter will not be used.

All matters for publication, Division addresses, etc., should be addressed to the Editor. The Editor reserves the right to use or reject matter for the reading columns entirely on its merits. The reading columns will not be sold for advertising purposes.

All money matters should be addressed to T. S. INGRAHAM, F. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg. Send New York or Chicago draft, Express money order or Postal order, but never send personal check, it is useless.

Changes in Address of the JOURNAL subscribers and orders for Division supplies should be addressed to D. EVERETT, T. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg.

Advertising Department matter and all correspondence relating thereto should be addressed to W. N. GATES, 409 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.



APRIL, 1901.

Dereliction of Duty.

We have been importuned by several, whose duties are made disagreeable and onerous by derelict members of the order in the payment of dues, to do something in the way of an effort to mitigate this evil, if possible. Unfortunately, we know from years of labor as a Division official that the complaint is well founded; though in most cases it is carelessness or lax methods rather than an intentional dereliction of duty. They help to elect some member as an officer of the Division, expecting him to get his salary out of the honor conferred in electing him, ready to complain if he does not keep things running smoothly, and yet these forgetful derelicts make him no end of trouble, and treat the matter of dues as though the F. A. E. was collecting a debt for himself, giving him promises instead of dues, and depend upon his brotherly love not to make the delinquent report to the Division that the law requires him to do. Such a Brother puts himself in a position to be charged with disloyalty to the organization, whether he feels it or not, and besides demonstrates a positive in-

difference as to how much he imposes upon the good-will of the F. A. E. by compelling him to resort to frequent duns, never an agreeable duty, and with some, the more he does it the more he may, which is many times a decided mistake on the part of the F. A. E. A report to the Division would bring better results.

This is not a pleasant picture, but the artists are the delinquents, and the coloring is done with dead embers of unfulfilled obligations. We give this strong coloring purposely, and we have been chastised for turning a strong light upon the truth before now, and probably will be again, but what we have said cannot possibly offend any member with sufficient loyalty and interest in the order to cause him to keep square on the books of his Division, and the delinquent, if he enters complaint, will only demonstrate that he has been reminded of a duty undone and has a troubled conscience.

The complaint that the Brotherhood is not all that it ought to be seldom comes from the energetic workers in it, who meet every obligation promptly. The B. of L. E. has done and is doing an immense amount of good, and every member should keep in mind the fact that "the reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another." The accomplishments of the organization and of the Division are always to be measured by the personality that composes it. If each one does his part loyally and promptly, every duty will be performed when it presents itself, and every Brother will find greater interest in Division meetings, and find greater pleasure in meeting his Brothers, and especially the F. A. E., and the officers will feel that their efforts are appreciated. Nothing conduces more to make this desirable condition complete than dues paid promptly, and then the Division is in a condition to meet every financial obligation when due. Ninety-five per cent of the members can pay in advance if they try, and if they would stop to think how much it would relieve the arduous duties of the F. A. E., and what an imposition it is to compel him to be forever dunning, to say nothing of the Division always being in financial straits.

We feel sure that if those who are forgetful or lax in this duty would turn over a new leaf and meet all their obligations, they would please themselves and every other member, be without fear of being charged with dereliction, and feel the better for having put themselves on an equality with the best, and in doing so will have done that which conduces most to the success of the organization generally and their own interest in particular.

Merging.

The merging of many railroad interests continually narrowing the number of factors that are employers still goes on, and if anything, grows larger in proportion but not necessarily detrimental to the large aggregation of employees, for steady, reasonable profits, which is the evident aim of these consolidations, insures ability to pay fair wages, and as we said in the March number, we feel that the employees who perform the dangerous duties incident to the service will have little to complain of. But that does not in any sense relieve the employees of any responsibility which have or may accrue to him to look after his own personal and collective interests. It is an unquestioned fact that "no evils are ever effectively cured except by those who suffer from them," and the right of the employees to merge their personal interests into a common one for the purpose of maintaining reasonable prices and conditions cannot consistently be questioned by railroad managements. It insures a reasonable degree of justice and peace, a condition that can be maintained in no other way. The necessity for a large factor of officers who are employers, who stand between the railroad president and the employee, bring with it varying rules, decisions and conditions many times distasteful to the employees and with no advantage to the company. While officials in general are very considerate, there are always some who are lacking in this respect, as there are employees troubled with the same defect. Thorough organization on the part of the employees actuated by that righteous principle of asking no more than

they would willingly concede will correct both of these elements of contention, and peace, reasonable remuneration and reasonable treatment be secured to the advantage of both the companies and those who serve them. Every engineer of intelligence and character should consolidate his interests with the B. of L. E. and do his share towards maintaining reasonable rates and conditions, and not to stand aloof a menace to both. While receiving the benefits of the energetic efforts of others to render no assistance is not a manly position, nor is it manly for one already in, not to meet his obligations promptly and to make his presence felt. The necessity for thorough organization on right lines never was greater, and the principles of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers are always open for investigation, and we believe the more it is investigated the more it will be approved whether it is done by railroad presidents, men who run engines that are not with us but ought to be, or the public generally. He who would arbitrate never will war with the B. of L. E. He who will not arbitrate renders judgment against himself as one not desiring to be fair.

Senator Debrell.

Bro. F. A. Burgess, of Div. 78, in the Correspondence Department of this issue, takes up the discussion of our subject, "A Texas Friend of Labor," in March number, in which he says: "The writer cannot fully agree with the Editor when he infers that Senator Debrell is interested in the corporations, as we have many practical illustrations of managers of large corporations treating kindly with and showing consideration for their employees, through their representatives."

We did not charge any corporation with employing Debrell. We said: "Of course, we do not know Senator Debrell, and do not know how many corporations he is interested in or working for, nor what makes him so narrow and bitter an enemy of organized effort that he would sooner be in 'hell' than support a measure in their interest."

The discussion in the Texas State Senate

centered on the strike of the telephone companies' employees of San Antonio, which were both commended and condemned, but Senator Debrell at the close of the day's session offered a minority report on the double-header bill, and succeeded in having the bill referred back to the Railroad Commissioner. This bill was fostered by the railroad employees of Texas. Now, this act of Senator Debrell may have been induced by his spleen against any and all propositions emanating from members of organized labor. We do not charge him as being employed by any person or corporation. Nor do we deny him a right to do what he did do, but if we were to draw an inference we should conclude that there was a selfish interest somewhere, though his action might be accounted for as emanating from a disordered liver. But even if the latter conjecture is correct, we do not think the laboring men of Texas should be represented in the Senate by a man whose liver makes him say he would sooner be in "hell" than be their friend.

Charity Ball.

A grand charity ball, in the interest of the Railway Men's Home at Highland Park, was given in the Auditorium at Chicago, Ill., on February 28, by the joint Lodges of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, and is said to have been one of the largest gatherings of the kind that ever assembled in the Auditorium. The *Inter-Ocean* says that thirty-five hundred persons were on the ballroom floor when the band struck up for the grand march. Grand Master Sargent and Mrs. Carter H. Harrison, wife of Chicago's Mayor, led the march, with Mayor Harrison and Mrs. Sargent next in line, followed by Grand Conductor E. E. Clark and wife, O. R. C.; Chief of Police Kepley and wife, the veteran fire fighter, Chief Swenie and wife, and a long line of marchers keeping step to the music of the Second Regiment Orchestra. Several Grand Officers of the various railroad organizations were present, and a goodly number of all the orders joined in making it a decided success.

The General Arrangement Committee was composed of George Goding, Chairman; J. E. Donnelly, F. B. Le Valley, C. A. Griner, W. H. Bradley, E. P. Kline, T. Costello, W. Morrin and F. McNamey. The Floor Committee was under the direction of W. H. Bradley, with five assistants, and a large Reception Committee, working together harmoniously, made everything move off smoothly and greatly to their credit. The Ladies' Society, No. 84, to B. of L. F., also took an active part in caring for the guests. The Secretary says there will be about \$2,000 from the proceeds of the ball to go to the Highland Park Home.

The committee in charge desire through the JOURNAL to thank the Brothers of the B. of L. E. and members of the G. I. A. to B. of L. E. for their many kind words of encouragement and financial aid. But the project of the charity ball, as we understand it, originated with the members of the B. of L. F. of Chicago, who carried it out to a successful conclusion, and the JOURNAL commends their charitable thought, their energy and perseverance that brought such signal success, and the committee and the order as a whole have a right to feel proud of the outcome of their effort in the interest of charity.

LINKS.

WE take pleasure in reporting that Bro. J. R. Murphy, a member of Div. 204, who has been running an engine on the Intercolonial Railroad for the last twenty-five years, has been promoted to the position of Road Foreman on the division between Montreal and Campbellton. We wish you every success Jack. Yours fraternally,

JOS. SCOTT, F. A. E. Div. 204.

DETROIT Div. No. 1, which heretofore has held its annual memorial services the first meeting in February of each year, owing to the uncertainty of the weather, changed the date to the first meeting in April without thinking that date would be Easter Sunday. We are now requested to give notice of change of date to April 23, and we hope our readers who are interested

will bear in mind both the date now fixed and the meeting as well, for it will be a decidedly interesting meeting, and its object will commend itself to every one endowed with true feelings of fellowship, and a desire to honor those who, while living, honored the organization with membership and faithful efforts for a common good.

We take pleasure in announcing the promotion of Bro. Victor U. Powell to the position of General Night Foreman of the Freeport shops. Brother Powell is a gentleman in every respect and a skillful engineer. We are pleased that the officers of the Illinois Central Railway have thus recognized his ability. Members of Div. 27 wish our Brother every success in his present position and hope for his advancement in future. G. W. HALL, F. A. E.

BRO. JAS. C. McCULLOUGH, of Div. 255, who has been Assistant Road Foreman of Engines on the P., C. & St. L., with headquarters at Sheridan, Pa., has been promoted to Road Foreman of Engines on the C. & M. V., with headquarters at Cambridge, O. Bro. Wm. Holbrook, of Div. 255, has been promoted to Assistant Road Foreman of Engines, with headquarters at Sheridan, Pa., in place of Brother McCullough, transferred.

Bro. J. A. Weitzel, of Div. 255, has been assigned the duties of Traveling Engineer to instruct the engineers and firemen in economy in coal and oil. Also Bro. Thos. Caniff, of Div. 255, has been promoted to Assistant Road Foreman of Engines, with headquarters at Dennison, O.

Fraternally yours,

J. C. MCGUIRE, F. A. E. Div. 255.

In appreciation of his ability and satisfactory service as engineer the Rutland Railway has promoted Bro. C. F. Dennis, of Div. 347, Rutland, Vt., to the position of Traveling Engineer, and we feel confident that the officials have made a wise selection in the appointment of Brother Dennis. The members of Ogdensburg Div., 377, congratulate our Brother upon his well-merited promotion and hope it will lead to

a more important position for him in the future.

Yours Fraternally,

F. M. LEWIS, Ina. Sec., Div. 377.

GOVERNOR NASH, of Ohio, has appointed J. C. Morris, of Youngstown, O., as State Railroad Commissioner to succeed Hon. R. S. Kaylor, of Alliance, O., who has held the office for the past two terms. Mr. Morris was Chief Inspector under Mr. Kaylor during his four years. Both were conductors and members of the O. R. C. Mr. Morris before his appointment of Chief Inspector was a conductor on the Erie, running out of Youngstown, O.

Bro. Chas. G. Knight, a member of Div. 34, Columbus, O., who was deputy inspector under Mr. Kaylor will succeed Mr. Morris as Chief Inspector. In these appointments the petitions of the railway fraternities of Ohio had the right of way with the Governor, the petitions of the politicians having to take the siding.

We think the Governor shows commendable consideration for the great factor of those who perform the dangerous duties incident to the conduct of the immense railroad traffic of the state. Whether it is good politics from a party standpoint or not the Governor should be in good standing with every railroad man in the state whatever his party politics.

BRO. MORTIMER F. SMITH, a member of Minneapolis Div. 357, has been honored with promotion to Traveling Engineer for the M. & St. P. Ry. In doing which the officers of that company have not only made a good selection, but have greatly pleased his Brother members of Div. 357. In connection with his appointment the *Minneapolis Times* pays Brother Smith the following high compliments:

Mortimer F. Smith, well known in Minneapolis, and who has been in the employ of the Milwaukee Railroad Company for nearly twenty-five years without a break and for twenty-two years an engineer on the river division, was last week promoted to be traveling engineer of the La Crosse Division. The title of traveling engineer carries with it a multiplicity of duties, which, in their faithful performance, require energy and ability of the highest order, and the selection of a man from the ranks of the river division to fill this position is a well-deserved compliment to the

efficiency of all these men, and one which Mr. Smith and his former associates can share equally.

The life of a traveling engineer is full of action and it is as hard to locate him when in the discharge of his duties as it is to locate the traditional Irishman's flea. He turns up at the most unexpected places, sometimes to the delight of a locomotive runner and sometimes to his disgust, and always supposedly at the right moment. It requires a man skilled in his profession and keen of energy to fill the place, and if "Mort" Smith cannot do the work no other man need try.

BAY State Div., 439, Boston, Mass., celebrated the eleventh anniversary of its organization on Feb. 24, and it proved to be an exceedingly pleasant entertainment. Brothers, with their families, were present from Worcester, Providence, and Fitchburg, and the members of Boston Divisions 61 and 312, participated in the celebration and enjoyment of the day. Dinner was served at 1 o'clock P. M., the procession to the dining hall being headed by C. E. Bro. E. H. Wood and wife, followed by our Grand Chaplain, Bro. G. R. Dority and wife, who in turn were followed by the Chief Engineers of Divs. 61 and 312. The President of G. I. A. Div. 99 was next in line. As there were over two hundred in the procession we will not undertake to name them.

A bountiful repast was served as only Boothby can serve, and enjoyed as only engineers can enjoy such good things, spiced with the real fellowship and sociability such occasions bring with them.

The repast over, the company adjourned to the Division room, where they were entertained beyond their highest anticipations. The program consisted of about twenty numbers, and required about three hours of time, but the unflagging interest was such that time was not thought of. On the program were piano duets, cornet and banjo solos, whistling, several vocal duets and songs interspersed with fine readings. Were I to enumerate all these nice things and name those who honored us with them I fear I should encroach upon the valuable space of the JOURNAL, and to select any one number for special mention would be an injustice to all others as the whole deserves our best compliments, and Div. 439 is to be congratulated

on having among its friends and members ladies and gentlemen with such exceptional talents, and who in tendering their services did so much to make the occasion so enjoyable.

The members of Div. 439 appreciate their kindness and thank them most heartily. Through their efforts and that of the committee composed of Bros. E. H. Wood, E. A. Dillingham, Fred. S. Evans, W. D. Lancaster, Jerry Rowan, D. J. Mahaney and A. J. Desoe, the anniversary was made a most enjoyable affair, and put all present in a mood to look forward to the twelfth annual celebration and feast of the birth of Div. 439 and the pleasure the occasion is sure to bring.

A. J. D.

At a regular meeting of J. R. Collins Div., 242, Ennis, Tex., held February 25, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Mr. L. W. Sutton, formerly in the employ of the C. & O. R. R., having been appointed General Foreman of the Machinery and Car Department of the H. & T. C. R. R. at Ennis, Tex., therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the engineers of J. R. Collins Division, No. 242, B. of L. E., recognize the advent of Mr. L. W. Sutton amongst us—while a loss to the C. & O. R. R. and the members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers of that section—to be our gain, and, at the same time, of mutual benefit to the interests of the H. & T. C. R. R. And be it further

Resolved, That we extend to Mr. Sutton a hearty welcome to our midst, and that we do all within our power to assist him in his new field of labor, so that his coming into the service of the H. & T. C. R. R. will be of mutual benefit to the company and men alike.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be handed Mr. L. W. Sutton and a copy sent to our JOURNAL to be published, and that they be spread upon the minutes of J. R. Collins Division, No. 242, B. of L. E.

L. C. OVERHISER.

R. A. BOOTHRE,

S. C. WEBB,

Committee.

BRO. A. L. DUNCAN, a well-known, popular and efficient engineer of the P., C., C. & St. L. Ry., and a respected "bachelor" member of Div. 416, Carnegie, Pa., and Miss Ada Ginther, a popular school teacher of Gnadenhutzen, O., were united in marriage at the bride's home on Feb. 12, 1901. It was, indeed, a great surprise to us all

when we learned that "Abe" had "kicked over the traces" after living a bachelor's life so long. Ada, you must have some very winning ways to have been able to capture Abraham, when so many have made the same attempt and failed. But remember that these bachelors are rather "foxy," and will bear watching, but I hardly think you will have to resort to corporal punishment, for I am certain that all who know Abe will join me when I say, "You made a good catch, as well as a *big* one." All Brothers of Div. 416 join me in wishing the newly-married couple a successful journey through life, and may it be one of continued health and pleasure.

H. K.

FOREST CITY Div., 318, Cleveland, O., held its annual ball in I. O. O. F. Hall on February 25, which was well attended, the Brothers and their wives, sisters and sweethearts making a jolly party. Some of the Grand Officers were present. They were also honored by the presence of Supt. T. J. Higgins, of the Cleveland Division of the Big Four Route. Quite a number representing other Cleveland Divisions of the B. of L. E. were present, and friends in other orders of train service joined in the dance. The ladies, as usual, looked after the wants of the inner man, as they know how to do, and in consequence the supper was very inviting and greatly enjoyed by all present. Everything passed off nicely, and all seemed pleased with the evening's entertainment, much to the gratification of the members of Div. 318, and especially to the committee, which desires to heartily thank the ladies for their untiring efforts, which did so much toward the success of the ball.

Fraternally yours,

WM. RITER,

WM. COTTON,

C. H. BLUSH,

Committee.

An invitation was extended by Divs. 11 and 492 and their Auxiliaries, of Indianapolis, Ind., to Div. 25 and Aux. 29, located at Terre Haute, Ind., to attend a social and business meeting at Indianapolis on Sunday, January 27.

Application was made to the operating officials of the Vandalia Line for transportation, and, with the kindness and liberality for which they are so justly noted, they not only placed a coach on the train for our use, but furnished passes for all enginemen of foreign roads running into Terre Haute who desired to go.

About forty-five members of Div. 25 and Aux. 29 boarded train No. 12 on the Vandalia Line on that date.

We were received at Indianapolis in a manner that was beyond all praise, and we hope that the kindly feelings that were shown and expressed will be the means of bringing us all closer together in the future, and with a better realization of each other's good qualities than we have ever before been in possession of.

After disposing of a magnificent dinner at the Occidental Hotel, the secret work was exemplified by Div. 25 at the beautiful hall, the home of Div. 492.

Under the order of business "Good of the Order," a number of short speeches were made. Nearly all of them were stirring appeals for a better attendance at Division, and for the Brothers to take more interest in the business meetings of their organization, as there was nothing that would pay them half as well from a financial point of view; in addition to which, they would have full knowledge of the fact that they have complied with the terms of their obligation and fulfilled their duty, as becomes a true man and a representative of that highest type of skilled labor, locomotive engineering.

After the business meeting was over, we adjourned to meet the Ladies' Auxiliaries at the hall of Div. 11, at which place supper was served and an entertainment provided, consisting of music and recitations. The ladies of the Indianapolis Division also furnished a beautiful drill, during which they formed the letters "G. I. A," which was heartily applauded, and unanimously conceded to be just the nicest and most appropriate performance of the kind that any of the visitors had ever seen.

We are under many obligations to the Indianapolis Divisions, but as Div. 25 does not accept invitations without making an

effort to repay such favors, we desire to notify those to whom we are indebted to look out for us, and be ready to respond when it becomes our turn to entertain them.

W. K. LARR,
WM. IDLER,
Committee.

ON March 1 a train on the Plant system consisting of Symonds type of ten-wheeled engine, mail car, baggage car and sleeper, with Engineer A. H. Lodge at the throttle, ran from Fleming, Ga., to Jacksonville, Fla., a distance of 148 miles in 130 minutes, which included two slow-downs and one stop, making the remarkable average of 74 miles an hour. Five miles of the distance was covered in two minutes and thirty seconds, or at a rate of 120 miles an hour. The train further startled railroaders by running from Way Cross to Jacksonville, 75 miles, in seventy minutes. On this run two slow-downs and one stop was made.—*Savannah News*.

ON Feb. 28 State Railroad Commissioner Baker was presented by the members of the State Legislative Board of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers with a group photograph of the members of that board. The presentation was made at the office of the State Railroad Commission by Chairman Jeremiah Harris, Secretary and Treasurer George W. Wrightson, and Chairman A. W. Young of the executive committee of the State organization. The gift was made on account of services rendered and courtesies extended the Brotherhood representatives by Commissioner Baker during his term of office. Chairman Harris told Commissioner Baker that a member of their Brotherhood could not have done more for them than he had.

THE Pan-American Exposition will open in Buffalo, N. Y., on May 1, and continue until November 1, 1901, and those who can should not miss seeing this international display of natural and intellectual products, an opportunity of a lifetime.

Presuming there will be many members of the B. of L. E. and their families who will visit Buffalo during this time, we are

requested to give notice through the JOURNAL, that if those desiring to see the exposition will write the F. A. E. of Div. No. 15, Bro. T. Williamson, 303 Pennsylvania street, notifying him of the number and date they will reach Buffalo, he will secure accommodations for them at reasonable rates. This will be of great service to the visitor who reaches Buffalo as a stranger, and Div. No. 15 shows a commendable fraternal spirit in this offer of their services.

After July 1 it will not be necessary to place stamps on checks, certificates of deposit, promissory notes, money orders, bills of lading for export, express receipts, telegraph messages, certificates of damage conveyances below \$2,500, insurance policies, leases, manifests, steamship passages costing less than \$50, power of attorney, protest and warehouse receipts. Patent medicines, perfumery and chewing gum will also be exempt from revenue war tax.

Some interesting statistics concerning the number of cars ordered in the United States last year have been collected by the *Railroad Digest*, a periodical succeeding the *Car Journal*, which is edited by Albert G. Glover, Edward A. Phillips, and George S. Hodgins, three well-known railroad writers. It shows that in the freight service the addition to the rolling stock has been an aggregate of 141,835 cars, divided among the classes as follows: Box, 73,701; gondola, 53,942; flat, 11,835; stock, 1,985; tank, 219; caboose, 153. In the passenger service the addition to the rolling stock numbered 1,575, which is divided among the classes as follows: Baggage and express, 42; combination baggage and passenger 20; special, 6; dining, 18; parlor, 34; passenger, 1,414; postal, 37; sleeping, 4.

WE present on page 230 of this issue, under the head of Legal News, two bills passed by the Indiana Legislature, sent in by Bro. Wm. Blythe, member of Div. 11 and the local representative of the Legislature of that state. The Legislative Board of Indiana has done a lot of hard work in the past, and has to its credit a number of

statutory enactments, and while in the work has prevented the adoption of much that would have been detrimental.

The Accident Report bill also appears on the same page. In securing the passage of this measure, the Interstate Commerce Commission was greatly assisted by Brother Fuller, who is the Washington representative of the various railway organizations.

HERE is the latest Tom Reed story that is amusing the capital, says a correspondent of the *Brooklyn Eagle*. Representative William Astor Chandler met the ex-Speaker one day in New York during the recent campaign, and said to him: "Mr. Reed, I have read and heard a great deal about trusts during this fight for the Presidency, and I have seen various definitions of a trust. Now I would like to know from you just what a trust is." "A trust," said Mr. Reed, "is easily defined. It is a body of very rich men entirely surrounded by water."

RECENT announcements of new capital issues by railroad companies, which the public has been or will be asked to take up, and which are still hanging over the money market, amount to nearly \$250,000,000. The different issues, the amounts offering under each, and the dates when the subscriptions are payable, or when the first installment is due in those cases where the subscription is not payable in full, are shown in the following statement:

Pennsylvania R. R. stock.....	\$100,000,000
Union Pacific bonds, March 20.....	40,000,000
Erie Railroad (Penna. coal bonds under sale).....	32,000,000
Reading collateral bonds, under sale.....	23,000,000
Great Northern Railway, May 27.....	20,000,000
B. & O. conv. bonds, March 1.....	15,000,000
Burlington Railroad stock, March 11.....	9,922,700
St. Paul Railway stock, on sub.....	8,822,500
Total at par.....	\$248,745,200

No date has yet been fixed for the issue of the new Pennsylvania Railroad shares. All the securities are offered at par except the Erie and Reading collateral bonds, issued at 94. The last four issues enumerated above with the Union Pacific bonds referred to shareholders of the respective companies, and repayable in installments, as follows:

Baltimore & Ohio bonds, seven payments, March 1, April 1, May 1, June 1, July 1,

August 1 and Sept. 1. Union Pacific bonds, 25 per cent on each of the following dates: March 20, April 10, May 20 and June 10. St. Paul new stock, 25 per cent on subscription, and on June 18, July 18, and September 5. Burlington stock is payable, 20 per cent on March 11, 5 per cent March 31, and 30 per cent August 1. Great Northern stock is payable in five payments, on May 27, June 25, July 25, August 26 and September 25.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of W. W. Chidester will confer a favor on his brother by informing him, as he is wanted at Mechanicsburg, O., to settle the estate of his grandfather, who has recently died. When last heard of he was in Paducah, Ky., about two years ago. Address Chas. W. Chidester, 508 Poplar St., Leadville, Col.

Wanted—To know the whereabouts of James S. Willey, who ran an engine on the Pennsylvania Railroad through Harrisburg or Pittsburg 28 or 29 years ago. Anyone knowing anything concerning him will greatly oblige his son by addressing John H. S. Willey, 72 Belgrove Drive, Kearney, N. J.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Julius Grether, formerly an engineer on the N. & W. R. R., will confer a favor by sending information to Mark T. Thompson, Rio Vista, Va. Mr. Grether will learn something to his interest by corresponding with this address.

The address of Robert Lafferty, Jr., is wanted by his father and brother. Address Robert Lafferty, Madison, Wis.

Wanted—To know the whereabouts of Jacob Lindsay. When last heard from was working in the yard at San Francisco, Cal., in April, 1900. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his sister, Mrs. W. R. Hays, 117 S. Hickory street, Centralia, Ill.

Wanted—The address of J. C. Prichett, a locomotive engineer. When last heard of was at Ludlow, Ky., on Queen & Crescent Railroad. Anyone knowing his whereabouts will confer a favor by notifying R. W. Spragg, 619 Adams Av., Moberly, Mo.

Wanted—To know the whereabouts of W. D. Wilkinson, formerly an engineer on the I. C. R. R., and a member of Div. 93. Was last heard from at New Orleans about the first of January. Anyone knowing his whereabouts will confer a favor by notifying Thos. Tate, F. A. E. Div. 93, Jackson, Tenn.

Wanted—To know the whereabouts of David Hall, a locomotive engineer, who ran between Wichita and Eldorado, Kan., about ten years ago. Anyone knowing anything concerning him will confer a favor by addressing his brother Samuel Hall, 367 S. Broadway, Dayton, O.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of M. J. Sheehan, a locomotive engineer, recently employed on the M., K. O. T. Ry., in Texas, and is supposed to have gone to Texas, will confer a favor by notifying W. H. Craine, F. A. E. Div. 206, Temple, Tex.

Members of the following Divisions will correspond with the F. A. E. of their Divisions immediately:

Division—

- 100—I. P. Bowman, Harry Green.
- 416—J. F. Lightell.
- 485—Geo. Collie.

177—F. J. Stinson, James Minter, John Muldowney, James Mulhall, R. A. McConnell, A. L. McDonald, David Evans, Sid. Carley, D. M. Chouquette, F. J. Cronin, E. F. O'Dell.

OBITUARIES.

[In accordance with the action of the Ottawa Convention, no resolutions of condolence, obituary letters or poems will be published in the JOURNAL. All deaths will be listed under obituary heading only, with cause and date of death.]

Joliet, Ill., Feb. 18, 1901, Bro. Chas. B. Mund, member of Div. 478.

Lone Rock, Wis., Feb. 23, of apoplexy, Bro. Peter Seadt, member of Div. 73.

Peoria, Ill., Feb. 15, by suicide, Bro. Joseph Ricketts, member of Div. 92.

Easton, N. J., Feb. 23, Bro. H. J. Atwood, member of Div. 434.

New Orleans, La., Feb. — Mrs. Laura Baehler, mother of Bro. J. A. Baehler, member of Div. 426.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 18, of heart disease, Bro. J. Fuller Hastings, member of Div. 95.

Cincinnati, O., Feb. 22, of Bright's disease, Bro. O. P. Crume, member of Div. 95.

Cleveland, O., Jan. 27, of LaGrippe, Catharine A. Ingraham, wife of T. S. Ingraham, F. G. E.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 16, of dropsy, Bro. Jonas Delanoy, member of Div. 46.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 17, of heart disease, Bro. S. G. Vedder, member of Div. 46.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Feb. 20, Bro. John McKinney, member of Div. 18.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 22, Bro. Wm. Pike, member of Div. 18.

Minneapolis, Minn., Feb. 17, of cancer of stomach, Mrs. Laura C. Brannan, wife of Bro. James Brannan, member of Div. 357.

Baring Cross, Ark., Feb. —, killed by being run over by cars, Bro. Robt. Ware, member of Div. 182.

Wilmington, Del., Feb. 20, killed in wreck, Bro. Edwin C. Mead, member of Div. 342.

Madison, Wis., Feb. 25, of heart failure, Mary Lafferty, wife of Bro. Robt. Lafferty, member of Div. 176.

Rawlins, Wyo., March 3, killed by falling from his engine, Bro. Martin J. Mangan, member of Div. 82.

St. James, Minn., March 2, Mrs. Nettie Brennan, daughter of Bro. C. C. Rowell, member of Div. 82.

Norwood, Mass., Feb. 28, Bro. Henry M. Merrill, member of Div. 439.

Bellevue, O., Feb. 27, Mrs. J. H. Stetler, mother of Bro. H. M. Stetler, F. A. E. of Div. 253, and Bro. David Stetler, F. A. E. of Div. 447.

Oil City, Pa., Feb. 27, of neuralgia of the heart, Mrs. Wm. Agnew, wife of Bro. Wm. Agnew, member of Div. 173.

Kingston, N. Y., Feb. 28, of fracture of the skull, Bro. Chas. Klothe, member of Div. 235.

Louisville, Ky., Feb. 20, of chronic Nephritis, Patrick Cain, member of Div. 485.

Burgin, Ky., Feb. 24, of pneumonia, John King, father of Bro. R. E. King, member of Div. 485.

New York City, Feb. 10, of dropsy of heart, Edwin P. McQueen, and on Feb. 17, Grace Augusta, son and daughter of Bro. Wm. J. McQueen, member of Div. 145.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 6, Bro. John Hagarty, member of Div. 18.

Oliver, Pa., Feb. 23, Mrs. Hannah MacFarlane, wife of Bro. W. E. McFarlane, member of Div. 464.

Uniontown, Pa., Feb. 28, killed in wreck, Bro. Frank White, member of Div. 464.

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 8, of consumption, Mrs. John D. Foley, wife of Bro. John D. Foley, member of Div. 491.

Jersey City, N. J., March 5, of pleuro-pneumonia, Bro. James Riley, member of Div. 53.

Scranton, Pa., March 8, Bro. Cornelius Decker, member of Div. 276.

New York City, Feb. 26, Bro. Frank Blessing, member of Div. 105.

Camden, N. J., Feb. 21, killed in collision, Bro. Walter Earl, member of Div. 387.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Feb. 17, of fracture of the skull, Bro. Geo. Upper, member of Div. 132.

Ennis, Tex., Feb. 23, by being accidentally shot, Earl Ray Brumback, son of Bro. R. F. Brumback, member of Div. 242.

Woodlawn, Ala., March 5, of consumption, Bro. Dennis Corniff, member of Div. 156.

St. Louis, Mo., March 3, daughter of Bro. Hugh Dempsey, member of Div. 556.

Peoria, Ill., March 5, of pneumonia and dropsy, Bro. W. H. Kennedy, member of Div. 417.

Allegheny, Pa., March 8, Bro. John G. Ouston, member of Div. 293.

Portland, Ore., March —, Bro. Geo. Lang, member of Div. 236.

Black's Corners, Ont., March 7, Bro. W. A. Wallace, member of Div. 395.

Duluth, Minn., Feb. 19, killed by falling down elevator shaft, Leslie Craig, son of Bro. G. H. Craig, member of Div. 395.

Lyndonville, Vt., March 8, of scarlet fever, Gladys H. Hutchinson, daughter of Bro. I. B. Hutchinson, C. E. of Div. 163.

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 13, Bro. D. Hallenbeck, member of Div. 419.

Austin, Minn., Feb. 24, of paralysis, Samuel Jones, father of Bros. S. F. and C. M. Jones, members of Div. 357.

Antigo, Wis., March 13, of pneumonia, Bro. C. Donahue, member of Div. 536.

New Orleans, La., Jan. 18, of Bright's disease, Bro. J. H. Strickland, member of Div. 281.

El Paso, Tex., Feb. 7, of consumption, Bro. L. D. Fletcher, member of Div. 281.

Vicksburg, Miss., March 8, of black measles, Bro. W. C. Lowry, member of Div. 281.

El Oro, Mex., March 13, killed by his engine

turning over, Bro. J. J. Gall, member of Div. 224.
Joliet, Ill., March 7, from insanity caused by
overheat in bath, Hot Springs, Ark., Bro. H. D.
Aylsworth, member of Div. 96.

Dennison, O., ———, Michael Quaily, brother
of Bro. Matthew Quaily, member of Div. 255.

Acambaro, Mex., March 9, Mrs. J. A. Burns, wife
of Bro. J. A. Burns, member of Div. 224.

New York City, March 14, Bro. Geo. Burns,
member of Div. 105.

Battle Creek, Mich., Feb. 6, of cerebral apoplexy,
Mrs. M. E. Bonney, mother of Bro. Chas. L. Bon-
ney, member of Div. 482.

ADMITTED BY TRANSFER CARD.

Into Division—

- 357—Michael Doonar, from Div. 313.
- 422—A. D. Ebert, from Div. 134.
- 561—Carl F. Bode, from Div. 199.
- 186—Henry Schranz, from Div. 103.
- 25—John A. Garrity, from Div. 7.
- 475—Z. B. Mansfield, from Div. 318.
- Frank Sadowski, from Div. 183.
- 569—F. R. Hoge, from Div. 395.
- 382—J. J. Butler, from Div. 298.
- 528—Geo. Blenncoe, from Div. 295.
- 224—H. D. Rogers, from Div. 453.
- 339—W. D. Robinson, from Div. 448.
- C. W. Baker, from Div. 317.
- 516—C. J. Deagan, from Div. 522.
- 153—Albert M. Graves, F. R. Swihart, from Div. 360.

- R. E. James, from Div. 133.
- Joseph McKeivitt, from Div. 297.
- 351—J. B. Shultz, from Div. 38.
- 58—Alden Gardner, from Div. 172.
- 24—E. E. Pickering, from Div. 335.
- 554—John McGrann, from Div. 211.
- 245—James F. Doster, M. J. Welch, from Div. 155.
- 436—O. W. Fidler, from Div. 386.
- 53—Frank H. Silvers, from Div. 109.
- 276—E. W. Brown, from Div. 47.
- 110—J. W. Doane, from Div. 502.
- 439—F. W. Jones, from Div. 64.
- 498—M. B. Edwards, from Div. 435.
- James H. Miller, from Div. 153.
- 143—O. L. Lewis, from Div. 197.
- 156—R. H. Jarrell, Edgar Keenon, from Div. 436.
- 385—Thos. Storey, from Div. 56.
- 197—J. A. DeHam, from Div. 427.
- 253—C. M. Dawcett, from Div. 113.
- 458—Geo. W. Teasdale, from Div. 493.
- W. W. Wellman, from Div. 252.
- 44—W. E. Reilly, from Div. 153.
- 570—G. L. Englebright, Millard W. McDuff,
Robt. McClain, Peter McCabe, Chas.
Longley, from Div. 224.
- Edw. L. Scott, Luke N. Sharrai, from
Div. 453.
- Frank Duclle, from Div. 192.
- 399—E. P. Sheerer, from Div. 540.
- E. H. Crowe, from Div. 460.
- 187—R. V. Fallon, from Div. 512.
- J. H. Ebert, from Div. 326.
- B. Brazil, from Div. 384.
- 563—J. H. Caslake, from Div. 535.
- 281—J. F. Behr, from Div. 309.
- Owen Finnegan, from Div. 423.
- 70—Wm. Marks, from Div. 189.
- Wm. Blackhall, Parker Little, from Div. 133.
- 478—Thos. J. Davis, from Div. 221.
- 514—J. N. Hetherington, from Div. 372.
- 186—G. H. Hughes, from Div. 103.
- 448—Chas. Morgan, from Div. 511.
- T. S. Maxby, from Div. 309.
- 554—Geo. A. Lincoln, from Div. 225.

FINAL WITHDRAWALS.

From Division—

- 58—Wm. Bronk.
- 417—C. E. Marsh.

From Division—

- 526—D. O. Keyser.
- 157—E. Crammer.

- 360—M. E. Church.
- 164—Thos. Gleason
- 295—Geo. Preston.
- 224—W. J. Dorgitz.

- 245—S. E. Knight.
- 282—M. M. Powell.
- 28—E. O'Keefe.

RE-INSTATED.

Into Division—

- 159—Henry Mott.
- 276—Wm. A. MacLaren.
- 109—Frank H. Silvers.
- 314—W. E. Pickard.
- 56—A. Williams.
- 77—Geo. Benton.
- 316—Wm. H. Pickering.
- 210—C. B. Muldowney.
- 421—W. F. Olewine.
- 30—John C. Conway.
- 224—Peter McCabe.
- 81—Philip Curry,
Geo. H. Plowman.
- 365—F. M. Scott.
- 499—Geo. Lovelace.
- 456—Jas. D. Hart.
- 153—G. C. Chambers.
- 221—J. E. Adams.
- 145—James Rossiter.
- 205—James Carey.
- 371—W. L. Boardman.
- 332—John F. McWaters.
- 554—J. J. Ginn.
- 282—G. W. Baird.
- 141—A. F. Easterday.
- 197—J. J. Phillips.

Into Division—

- 462—Michael Dillon.
- 2—Thos. J. Conklin.
- 225—J. C. Stokes.
- 312—Wm. T. Palmer.
- 323—James P. Harris.
- B. H. Morris.
- 177—W. T. Ragland.
- 345—F. L. Balcome.
- 176—Wm. Hollenbeck.
- A. J. Gleason.
- 47—S. W. Beckhorn.
- 90—S. R. Herflucker.
- 211—Fisher Wressell.
- 45—Henry Walton.
- 44—C. S. Graham,
C. A. Chase.
- 255—Robt. McQuay.
- 134—J. H. Burton.
- 281—L. Riels.
- 220—Walker Watson.
- 494—A. G. Hammond,
D. M. McKay.
- 186—Michael Reilly.
- 210—J. M. Holloway.
- 397—C. C. Sweesy.

EXPELLED.

FOR NON-PAYMENT OF DUES.

From Division—

- 502—C. L. Forster.
- 324—S. B. Staley, A. P. Quimby.
- 228—Chas. Atkins, A. R. Hill, Geo. Van Dooser,
C. O. Needham, M. S. Mayfield.
- 359—A. E. Reed.
- 295—James Andrews, Henry Fell, Charles Cot-
terell.
- 427—Geo. Canaan.
- 159—C. R. Miner.
- 342—Adam Franciscus.
- 416—Jerry McCann.
- 58—C. A. Potter.
- 376—Geo. B. Stambaugh.
- 296—R. Burrows, E. McCraith, L. O. Corey.
- 488—Edw. Maloy.
- 206—Robert B. Barkley, Thomas Foley, John E.
Pierce.
- 281—Walter Rudden, Myers Trobaugh.
- 82—N. B. Harsh, C. F. Parker, John Graves,
Michael Miller, R. E. Morris, J. F. Butter-
field, John Lynn, J. Riley.
- 401—W. T. Ryan.
- 120—Erice Freeman, Wm. F. McGuire.
- 95—M. Burst, F. B. Coyne, S. J. Clover, J. Ma-
hony, W. F. Moon, P. Rollef, H. Walton,
Wm. Bailey.

FOR OTHER CAUSES.

- 148—James R. Young, for forfeiting insurance.
- 421—M. Ditton, for non-payment of dues and
forfeiting insurance.
- 182—J. M. Sampson, for forfeiting insurance.
- 533—Chas. Schreiner, for intoxication.
- 554—G. W. Yanney, for forfeiting insurance.
- 414—John Garver, for non-payment of dues and
and defrauding Division.
- 377—F. E. Maynard, for forfeiting insurance.
- 284—M. V. Murphy, for intoxication while on
duty.
- 291—S. S. Crowder, for violation of obligation.
- 173—Chas. Balcom, for forfeiting insurance.
- 506—R. H. Fahrney, for forfeiting insurance.
- 545—L. L. Sampson, for forfeiting insurance.
- 210—J. A. Younge, John T. Rachels, for violation
of obligation.
- 408—W. H. Caruthers, for intoxication.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS' MUTUAL LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Official Notice of Assessments 862-865.

SERIES D.

OFFICE OF ASSOCIATION, ROOM 803, SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING, }
CLEVELAND, OHIO, April 1, 1901.

To the Division Secretaries L. E. M. L. and A. I. A.:

DEAR SIRS AND BROS.:—You are hereby notified of the death or disability of the following members of the Association:

Four Assessments for payment of these claims are hereby levied and Secretaries ordered to collect one dollar from all who are insured for \$750, two dollars from all who are insured for \$1,500, four dollars from all who are insured for \$3,000, and six dollars from all members insured for \$4,500, and forward same to the General Secretary and Treasurer.

Members of the Insurance Association are required to remit to Division Secretaries within thirty days from date of this notice, and the Division Secretaries to the General Secretary and Treasurer within ten days thereafter, on penalty of forfeiting their membership. (See Article XI. of By-Laws.)

Secretaries in sending remittances will send same to and make all drafts, express money orders or postoffice money orders payable to Wm. B. PRENTER, General Secretary and Treasurer. Secretaries located in Canada will please remit by draft or express money order. We will not accept packages of money sent by express, unless charges have been prepaid. The JOURNAL closes on the 18th of each month. Claims received after that day will lie over until the succeeding month.

No.	Name.	Age.	Date of Admission.	Date of Death or Disability.	Cause of Death or Disability.	Amt. of Ins.	To Whom Payable.
835	Wm. H. Rice.....	38	Sept. 17, 1890.	Feb. 8, 1900.	Blind right eye.....	\$1500	Wm. H. Rice.
836	Dorr Benn.....	42	Nov. 5, 1899.	Mch. 30, 1900.	Blind right eye.....	3000	Dorr Benn.
837	Geo. J. M. Colburn.....	44	Apr. 18, 1890.	Jan. 21, 1901.	Typhoid fever.....	1500	Jewett A. Colburn, a.
838	H. C. Rice.....	38	Sept. 28, 1897.	Jan. 27, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Jennie M. Rice, w.
839	Bert Launt.....	48	Aug. 2, 1889.	Feb. 5, 1901.	Rt. leg amputated.....	3000	Bert Launt.
840	James Burke.....	45	June 24, 1883.	Feb. 12, 1901.	Heart failure.....	3000	Mrs. Maria Burke, w.
841	Jos. Ricketts.....	45	Jan. 27, 1901.	Feb. 14, 1901.	Suicide.....	750	Mrs. J. Ricketts, w.
842	C. M. Melson.....	28	Dec. 27, 1899.	Feb. 16, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. E. F. Melson, w.
843	S. G. Vedder.....	46	Feb. 27, 1885.	Feb. 17, 1901.	Heart disease.....	3000	Annie B. Vedder, w.
844	J. F. Hastings.....	45	July 27, 1891.	Feb. 18, 1901.	Heart disease.....	3000	Lizzie Hastings, w.
845	EA Bridenbecker.....	30	May 20, 1900.	Feb. 18, 1901.	Killed.....	750	S. H. Bridenbecker, m.
846	Chas. B. Mund.....	31	June 26, 1900.	Feb. 18, 1901.	Systemic poisoning.....	750	Mrs. Alice Mund, w.
847	E. C. Mead.....	34	Feb. 15, 1892.	Feb. 18, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Geo. E. Mead, a.
848	W. Smurthwaite.....	66	Apr. 12, 1887.	Feb. 19, 1901.	Heart disease.....	3000	Mrs. Smurthwaite, w.
849	Patrick Caine.....	44	Oct. 19, 1889.	Feb. 20, 1901.	Nephritis.....	3000	Mrs. P. Caine, w.
850	John McKinney.....	50	June 6, 1887.	Feb. 20, 1901.	Paralysis.....	1500	Mary S. McKinney, w.
851	Peter Sendt.....	64	Jan. 1, 1868.	Feb. 22, 1901.	Apoplexy.....	3000	Anna Mary Sendt, w.
852	Hugh McAuley.....	39	Apr. 27, 1891.	Feb. 28, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Margaret McAuley, w.
853	Chas. Klothe.....	50	Nov. 25, 1878.	Feb. 28, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. Libbie Klothe, w.
854	E. M. Christie.....	62	June 20, 1868.	Mch. 2, 1901.	Apoplexy.....	3000	Frank A. Christie, b.
855	C. F. Madden.....	29	Oct. 9, 1893.	Mch. 2, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. C. F. Madden, w.
856	Andrew Allen.....	70	Sept. 26, 1870.	Mch. 4, 1901.	Softening of brain.....	3000	Mrs. Andrew Allen, w.
857	Jas. Reilly.....	53	Aug. 25, 1891.	Mch. 5, 1901.	Pneumonia.....	1500	As per will.
858	J. Haggerty.....	63	July 19, 1873.	Mch. 6, 1901.	Bright's disease.....	3000	Frank F. Haggerty, a.
859	J. G. Owston.....	74	Oct. 15, 1885.	Mch. 8, 1901.	Apoplexy.....	3000	Sarah E. Owston, w.
860	E. F. Bowers.....	35	Feb. 9, 1897.	Mch. 9, 1901.	Rt. leg amputated.....	3000	E. F. Bowers.
861	John O'Malley.....	34	Mch. 12, 1893.	Mch. 10, 1901.	Pneumonia.....	1500	Bridget O'Malley, w.
862	Patrick Connors.....	68	July 19, 1883.	Mch. 12, 1901.	Chronic rheumatism.....	3000	W. W. Connors, a.
863	George Burns.....	59	Apr. 6, 1887.	Mch. 13, 1901.	Angina pectoris.....	1500	Mrs. M. M. Burns, w.
864	Frank Sheehan.....	30	Jan. 6, 1901.	Mch. 13, 1901.	Lt. hand amputated.....	1500	Frank Sheehan.
865	Geo. C. King.....	7	Sept. 19, 1891.	Mch. 15, 1901.	Colitis.....	3000	Mrs. G. C. King, w.

Total number of claims, 31.

Total amount of claims, \$69,750.

Acknowledgments.

Acknowledgments have been received from the following Beneficiaries for amounts stated in settlement of claims paid:

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount
Feb. 14, 1901.	Matthew Small, Guardian.....	703	J. W. Searls.....	96	\$3000
" 15, "	Mrs. Mary Work.....	705	Geo. R. Johnston.....	69	3000
" 9, "	Mrs. M. A. Kirby.....	713	A. L. Jackson.....	511	1500
" 5, "	May Creeper.....	717	John H. Ryan.....	290	1500
Mch. 1, "	Isabella W. Johnson.....	721	Ed. Hayward.....	162	1500
Feb. 6, "	Mrs. Carrie H. Moore.....	723	Titus Hinchcliff.....	315	1500
" 27, "	{ John Partington, } Adm'rs.....	724	A. Parker.....	483	1500
"	{ Steve Partington, }	727	Pat. O'Donnell.....	76	3000
Mch. 7, 1901.	O. J. Barnard.....	735	N. B. Scrogin.....	433	1500
" 8, "	Mrs. Emma Galloway.....	736	Geo. C. Redhead.....	260	1500
" 8, "	Mrs. O. O. Wood.....	737	J. F. Barrett.....	413	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. Chas. W. Moses.....	738	Wm. Gellis.....	153	3000
" 7, "	Mrs. Floyd Bea.....	739	M. C. Horner.....	557	1500
" 4, "	Mrs. Nettie McCohn.....	740	W. E. Zimmerman.....	95	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. A. Meldrum.....	743	Titus Hinchcliff.....	315	3000
" 2, "	Mrs. J. L. Vaughan.....	745	J. W. Gorman.....	7	1500

Acknowledgments—Continued.

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
Mch. 5, 1901.	Mrs. Kate M. Shover.....	746	J. L. Kennedy.....	74	\$3000
" 5, "	{ Mrs. Josephine Thomas..... }	748	J. D. Bishop.....	239	3000
" 5, "	Mrs. David Wilson.....	751	D. E. Parmeter.....	468	1500
" 8, "	{ Wm. Summers..... }	752	W. C. Jones.....	360	3000
" 2, "	{ Sarah Streitel..... }				
" 2, "	{ Mrs. Ella Petzold..... }				
" 6, "	Jas. Elkenroad.....	753	Wm. McClure.....	221	1500
" 6, "	Mary R. Gray.....	755	John Cassell.....	34	3000
" 6, "	Geo. W. Wrightson.....	756	Ed. Bosley.....	441	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. Mary Riley.....	758	Wm. Apted.....	2	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. Kate M. Lowell.....	759	J. H. Southworth.....	77	3000
" 9, "	Mrs. Susie F. Wilder.....	760	J. L. Fickling.....	210	1500
" 7, "	Mrs. Ettie E. B. Zuer.....	761	C. D. Stevens.....	389	750
" 9, "	Elizabeth S. Oberhart.....	762	N. A. Warren.....	404	3000
" 5, "	Mrs. Jas. A. Stock.....	763	J. S. Hutchison.....	330	3000
" 5, "	Mrs. Elizabeth Miller.....	764	M. Shick.....	157	3000
" 2, "	Mrs. Emelia E. Porter.....	766	C. K. Robinson.....	32	3000
" 6, "	Mrs. A. Campbell.....	767	E. I. Baker.....	105	1500
" 6, "	Ellen V. Rogers.....	768	C. A. Ullery.....	167	1500
" 2, "	Mrs. C. E. Whipple.....	769	J. H. Mack.....	4	3000
" 2, "	Mrs. Jos. Kidd.....	770	M. S. Tobin.....	173	3000

Financial Statement.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, March 1, 1901.

MORTUARY FUND FOR FEBRUARY.

Balance on hand Jan. 31, 1901,	\$ 78,090 74
Paid in settlement of Claims,	76,500 00
Balance on hand Feb. 1, 1901,	\$ 1,590 74
Received by Assessments 767-771, and Back Assessments,	80,323 63
Received from members whose insurance was carried by Association,	1,121 75
Received by Assessments 799-802,	489 85
Total in Bank Feb. 28, 1901,	\$ 83,525 97

EXPENSE FUND FOR FEBRUARY.

Balance on hand Feb. 1, 1901,	\$ 10,508 80
Received by Admission Fees and Arrears,	191 63
Total,	\$ 10,700 43
Expenses during month of February,	927 68
Balance in Bank Feb. 28, 1901,	\$ 9,772 75

Statement of Membership.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1901.

<i>Classified Represents:</i>	\$750 00	\$1,500	\$3,000	\$4,500
Members who paid Assessments 767-771	2,154	13,107	7,099	1,085
Members from whom Assessments 767-771 were not collected,	304	1,635	488	296
Members carried by the Association,	123	276	14
Applications and reinstatements received during month	43	174	47	9
Totals,	2,501	15,039	7,910	1,404
From which deduct Policies terminated by death, accident or otherwise,	12	117	12	4
Total Membership Feb. 28, 1901,	2,489	14,922	7,898	1,400
Grand Total,				26,709
W. E. FUTCH, President.		W. B. PRENTER, Gen'l Sec'y & Treas.		

NATHAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

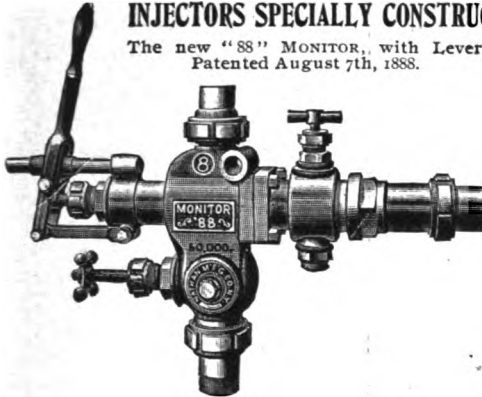
92 and 94 Liberty Street, New York,
and 180 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

MANUFACTURERS OF

The "Monitor" and other Locomotive Injectors.

INJECTORS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR HIGH PRESSURE.

The new "SS" MONITOR, with Lever
Patented August 7th, 1888.



**"NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED
LUBRICATORS,**
*Ejectors or Water Elevators,
New Sanding Apparatus,
New Steam Fire Extinguishers,
Boiler Washers,
Rod and Guide Cups,
Etc., Etc.*

For instructions, see Engineer's
Card, which is furnished with each
injector.

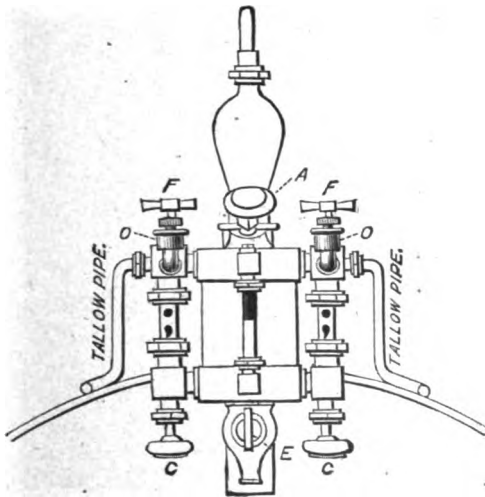
NOTE.—The "SS" Monitor is also made with a quick motion Screw Starting Attachment.

THE "NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED CYLINDER LUBRICATOR FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

Oils both Cylinders.

*No possibility of feeding over
in one cylinder or
into boiler.*

ALSO,
AIR BRAKE,
**SIGHT-FEED
LUBRICATORS.**



NATHAN MANUFACTURING CO., New York.

CATALOGUES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE SANDER COMPANY,

N. E. Corner Thirteenth and Willow Sts., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PROPRIETORS
AND MANUFACTURERS

LEACH, DEAN, "SHE,"

HOUSTON, SHERBURNE AND CURTIS PNEUMATIC SANDERS.

When writing to advertisers, mention this Journal.

A PERFECT FOOD
BAKER'S
CHOCOLATE



COSTS
LESS THAN ONE
CENT A CUP

EXAMINE THE PACKAGE
 YOU RECEIVE
 AND MAKE SURE THAT
 IT BEARS OUR
 TRADE MARK.

TRADE-MARK
WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited
 ESTABLISHED 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.
 GOLD MEDAL, PARIS 1900.

Royal



BAKING
POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

Reject Alum Baking Powders—
 They Destroy Health.

Vose

PIANOS

are receiving more favorable comments to-day from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined.

WE

Challenge

Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information.

VOSC & SONS PIANO CO.
 161 Boylston Street, - - - Boston.

PISO'S

For

CURE

We always keep Píso's Cure for Consumption in the house for coughs and colds. The children beg for it. We have recommended it to our neighbors.

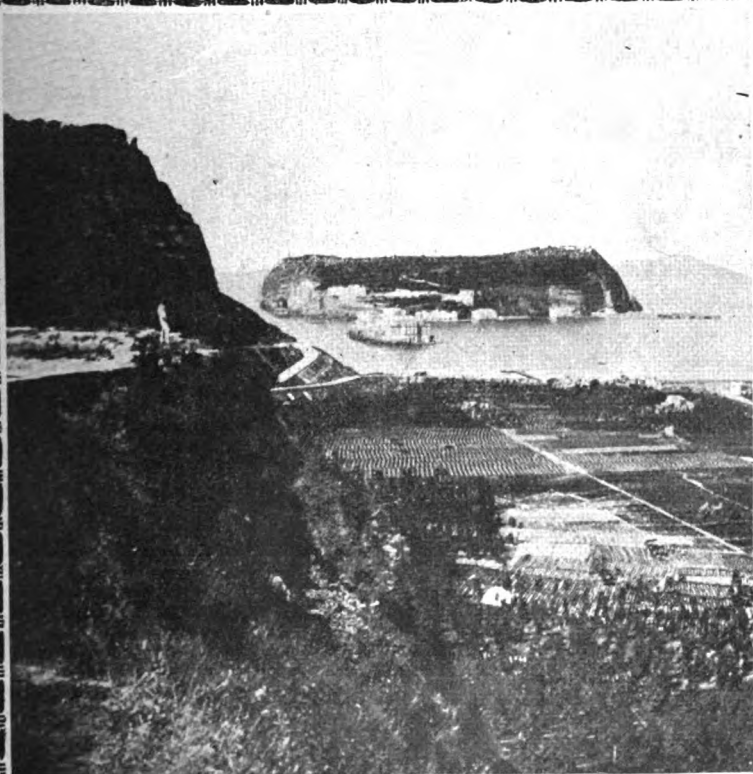
MRS. J. T. BALES,
 Box 43, Augusta, Okla., Sept. 5, 1900.

Piso's Cure for Consumption cured my daughter of an awful cough which the whooping cough had left her with. I can say it is the best remedy for coughs I ever used.

ADELBERT C. PANGBORN,
 Conway, Mich., Sept. 17, 1900.

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS JOURNAL

PRICE \$1.00 BY MAIL



ISLAND OF NISIDIA, NEAR NAPLES, ITALY.

ENTERED AT THE CLEVELAND, OHIO, POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Westinghouse

Over
I,250,000
in use

Built by
The Westinghouse Air Brake Co.
Pittsburg, Pa.

Air Brakes

When writing to advertisers, mention this Journal.

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS MONTHLY JOURNAL

C.H. SALMONS, EDITOR AND MANAGER
307 SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING CLEVELAND, O.

VOL. XXXV.

MAY, 1901.

No. 5.

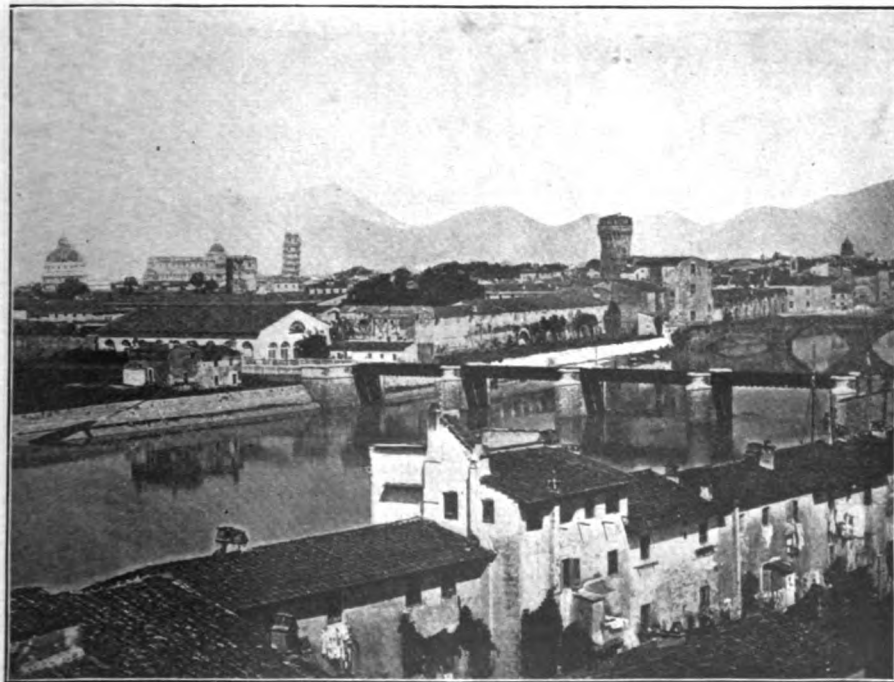
An American Abroad.

In the April number we presented the island of Capri, and we now present the island of Nisidia on the cover of this issue, as it is seen from the mainland, with Capri in the distance. This island is closely connected with ancient Roman history, as it was the residence of Brutus after the murder of Cæsar, B. C. 44, and where Cicero came to confer with Brutus on affairs of state, and where Brutus took leave of Portia before sailing for

Greece. Nisidia was also the favorite residence of Queen Joanna.

On leaving here, we shall visit many places of interest to the traveler, the history of which is interwoven with that already given, and consequently we will confine our subject to brief descriptions of the illustrations shown, and will again take up our historic and descriptive subject later on, after both the writer and reader have had a rest.

Pisa, 49 miles west of Florence, on the Arno, is one of the oldest cities in Italy,



PISA, ITALY.—GENERAL VIEW.

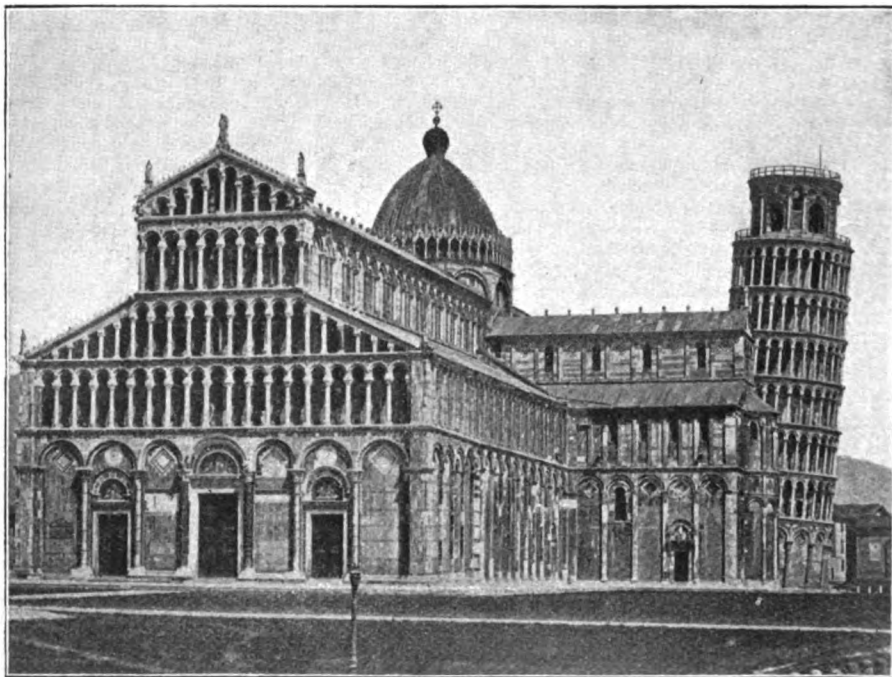
once the rival of Venice and Genoa, and still has its walls and a citadel. It was formerly a great port, though six miles from the sea, but owing to the silting up of the river is now quite inaccessible to ships, and its commerce has been transferred to Leghorn. It is still a city of fine buildings, foremost among which is the Cathedral (1063-1118), with its noble domes, fine paintings and beautiful marble altars, and contains the famous chandelier (shown in our illustration) which Galileo saw swinging and which led to his invention of the pendulum of the clock.

The Cathedral is in the shape of a Latin cross, 311 feet long and 252 feet wide. The

marble, having 207 columns. It is 50 feet in diameter and 180 feet in height.

The Church of St. John, or Baptistry, opposite the Cathedral, is also very interesting (1152-1278). It is circular in form and supports a dome crowned with a cupola. The interior is noted for its wonderful echo. It is finely decorated, and contains a magnificent marble pulpit.

Bologna, Italy, 82 miles north of Florence, owes its origin, which is said to be much more remote than that of Rome, to the Etruscans, by whom it was called Felsina. It was afterward, as Bononia, the chief town of the Boii, from whom it was taken by the Romans and made a



PISA CATHEDRAL AND LEANING TOWER.

nave is 109 feet high. Externally, it has a magnificent facade of four rows of pilasters and arches and fine bronze doors. Near the Cathedral stands the round campanile, the noted leaning tower of Pisa, a magnificent specimen of the southern Romanesque architecture. It deviates fourteen feet from the perpendicular, though not by design. The foundation was not sufficient, and it began to heel over when the third story was completed, the architect deliberately accepting the conditions and carried it to completion, except the last and smallest story, which was completed in the fourteenth century and contains the bells. It was begun in 1174. It is built of white

colony in 189 B. C. It is an irregular hexagon, and is inclosed by a high brick wall five or six miles in extent, with twelve gates, and is intersected by the canal Reno, while on either side the rivers Reno and Saveno sweep past the walls. The city is adorned with many fine palaces of the nobility, and the Palazzo Publico and Palazzo del Podesta are among the most beautiful in Italy.

The great feature of Bologna is its religious edifices, which are remarkable both for their number and beauty. Our illustration, on page 268, of the grand portico surrounding one of these churches indicates the lavish expense of labor and

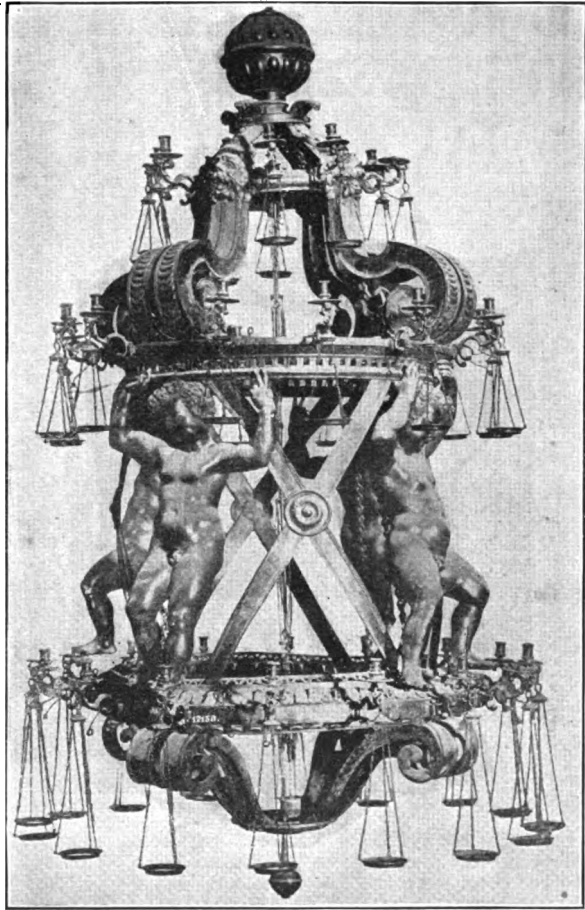
money on these edifices, and their interiors are rich with relics and grand paintings and statuary. Like the leaning tower of Pisa, the two which are seen in Bologna, as seen in our illustration on page 269, are of very great interest to the traveler. These stand in the center of the city. They were constructed about the beginning of the twelfth century. The Asenella is 274 feet in height and inclines three feet and four inches, while the Garisenda, with an elevation of 137 feet, leans eight feet and two inches. The University of Bologna is the oldest in Europe, and it is said that as early as 1262 the number receiving instructions was 10,000. Though now the students number only about 1,500, yet it holds first rank among Italian educational institutions.

Verona is another ancient and interesting city of Italy. It stands at the base of the foothills of the Alps, 72 miles west of Vienna by railway. Verona is a fortress of the first class, and has always been considered a place of strength since it was surrounded with walls by the Emperor Gallienus in 265 A. D. The aspect of the town and the landscape around it are remarkably fine. The walls are now obsolete and the strength of the city depends upon a circle of outlying forts.

It contains many interesting edifices, the chief of which, however, is the amphitheater, built in the second and third centuries. (Seen on page 270.) It is fairly well preserved. The diameter of the building is 404 feet and the arena 146 feet, and it is said it would accommodate 22,000 people. Among other remains of the past are gateways, part of a theater, and some mosaics found in 1885. The streets of Verona are wide. The four principal squares are very fine. There are some fine palaces, and the cathedral (1187), and many fine churches. Verona has had a long and eventful history. Settled by the Rhetians, who were conquered by the Celtic Cenomani, it afterwards fell into the hands of the Romans, and became one of the most flourishing cities in the west of Italy. Constantine took it by assault in 312; Stilicho defeated the Goths here in 402; Attila plundered it in 452; Theodoric the Ostrogoth defeated

Odvacer here in 489, and it was torn by the struggles of the Ghibellines and Guelphs, noted in our article on Florence: and it was the home of Shakespeare's Capulets and Montagues.

Lake Como, seen on page 271, lies 30 miles west of Milan by rail. It lies in a valley surrounded by hills clad with luxuriant gardens, olive plantations and orange groves, with here and there an old ruin to add to interest. The lake lies at the foot



PISA CATHEDRAL BRONZE LAMP OF GALILEO.

of the Bernice Alps. It is chiefly formed by the River Adda, which enters it at its mouth and issues at its southeastern extremity. The total length of the lake from Como to Rena is about 30 miles. Its greatest breadth is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It is 663 feet above sea level. Its greatest depth is 1,352 feet; its mean depth 870 feet. The beauty of the surrounding scenery and the salubrity of the climate have made Lake

Como the most celebrated resort in Italy. Como City, at the head of the lake, is another very ancient and interesting city. It was the birthplace of Cæcilius Statius, the two Plinys, of several Popes, and of the Physicist Volta.

Lake Maggiore is one of the largest lakes in Italy. The greater part of it lies in Italy, with a portion in the Swiss canton of Ticino. It is 39 miles long and varies in breadth from one-half mile to five and one-half miles. It lies 646 miles above the level of the sea and has a maximum depth of 1,158 feet. The river Ticino flows through it. In the southwestern expansion

beautiful scenery of Switzerland, and then turn back to our homeward trip, with Milan as a starting point.

Bachelor Barry's Wooing.

BY KEZIAH SHELTON.

"Your master has returned; run up the flag, boy!" The second inside man hastened to do the bidding of the gray-haired butler, and soon the stars and stripes were waving in the breeze from the top of the



BOLOGNA, ITALY.—GRAND PORTICO.

of the lake are the Barroean Isles, seen in our illustration, page 272. Two hundred years ago the larger island, Isola Bella, was a barren rock, but Count Barroean caused to be transported to it a great mass of earth, and converted it into a series of beautiful gardens, rising on a terrace 100 feet above the waves. It is now covered with magnificent buildings and decorated with lemon trees, magnolias, laurels, oleanders and other beautiful plants. The islands and the grandeur of the surrounding country make Lake Maggiore a strong rival of Lake Como.

In our next we will present some of the

slender staff that was set near the south porch of "Green Lodge."

"Ah! Barry is at home again! There'll be great doings once more."

"Wonder when and how he came! The flag was not flying when we rode past an hour ago."

Barry was neither an admiral nor a commodore, only the pet bachelor of a fashionable coterie, yet who should say him nay if he chose to adopt a naval commander's custom, if some did laugh at the presumption of "the merely rich and fashionable folk?"

"Barry is an odd fellow, and after danc-

ing the cotillion with all the debutantes of the past twenty years, he is apparently as ardent and pleasing a lover as in his youth. He seems to have never lost his grasp upon youth, but to have clung to youth, and kept the youngster up-to-date."

"Barry was reported engaged to Minnie Montague—now Lady Sagebrush—when her sister Lura wore her hair in a braid and was a nuisance on the road, running into everybody's turnout with her donkey team. Yet Barry led the cotillion with Lura at her coming-out ball. Carol was the baby Montague, younger than Lady Sagebrush's baby, and when she was 'introduced' there was the perennial Barry in the front ranks. Yes, there was Barry, making all the younger men play second fiddle to his first violin's notes of adulation."

Said Mrs. Rogers in confidence to her husband: "Speaking of Barry's return, reminds me of what Kate Merryweather said to me the other night, when I rallied her about looking forward to Barry's return. 'Barry! Oh, pshaw! Don't waste valuable time joking me about his attentions; they are never to be mistaken for intentions, and so we girls never count upon them, only as 'space fillers.' We'd politely pass Barry on to the next girl, if an 'eligible' should be sighted.' Isn't it a shame, John, how slangy the girls of today are, and how little real regard they have for men. Barry, for instance?"

"Don't think girls are much different from those I knew when I was young. How about Colonel —"

"Don't be horrid and bring up ancient history like that! As I was saying, Kate was running on about Barry, and said: 'Why, he has been the beau, off and on, of all the best girls in town for twenty years.'

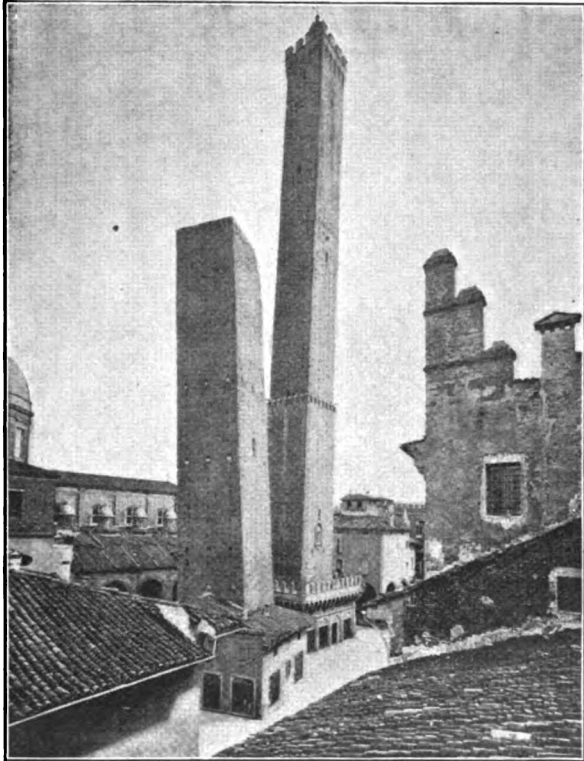
"And then she proceeded to rub it in—"

"Whose 'slang' are you quoting now?"

"Nobody's, if you please! As I was saying, Kate said, that she'd 'heard so much about the devotion of Barry ages ago to my bachelor aunts, both father's and mother's sisters, that I feel as if I might almost rightfully call him 'Uncle' Barry.' And now, John, right here, you must cross your heart, and promise me that you'll never tell a soul what I'm going to tell you now. For I promised Kate most solemnly that I'd never tell a soul,

and I shall keep my word, so if it gets out I shall know that it was through you. Kate says that her aunt Margaret hates to have her go with Barry at all, but worst of all she dislikes to go with them herself as chaperon, and that she contrives all sorts of engagements to find a plausible excuse for asking some friend to take her place and act as chaperon. In truth, it amounts to this, that Margaret shows jealousy of Barry's attentions to Kate, and she is sharp enough to suspect an early attachment years ago. Did you ever dream of such a thing?"

"Oh, you women, what traitors you all



BOLOGNA, ITALY—LEANING TOWERS OF ASENELLA AND GARISENDA, TWELFTH CENTURY.

are to each other! Kate has told you that which, if she suspected, she ought to have considered sacred, and concealed. And you promised not to tell, and now have told me," said John Rogers, reprovingly, and intentionally omitting to answer his wife's question. Mrs. Rogers was from a distant state and had not that almost idolatrous feeling toward Bachelor Barry that "the coterie" felt toward him.

"There, now, that is the consistency of man, to say nothing of gratitude! How

virtuous we are! How long is it since you told Bert Simmons what I told you privately?"

John had the grace to blush, and as he could not deny the charge he showed unusual sense by keeping silent.

"You just wait till I tell you anything in confidence again. I didn't forget my promise. I don't think Kate would care if I did tell just you."

"Oh, I see, you weren't to 'tell a soul,' so you felt that I didn't count! Well, come, don't be angry, and I will do better than you have. I will not tell a soul; and, remember, Mary, that I forbid you to breathe a word of this to anyone. A pretty

ish chatter over the coming event, and witness her childish pleasure in the rhinestone buckles of her pale blue slippers, just the same dainty cloud-like, gray blue as her chiffon and liberty silk dancing gown, she almost wished that she could turn backward, for once, the hand of Time, or that chaperons were permitted to dance. But it was not considered "good form" in her social set, and it had been so many years since she was shelved, that perhaps she had forgotten how.

There had been the long years of mourning, first for her mother, then for her father; and then when she could re-enter society there was Katie grown up and wait-



EXTERIOR VIEW OF AMPHITHEATRE, VERONA, ITALY.

piece of gossip this would make if it got noised abroad. That foolish chatterbox of a Kate needs a severe lesson, but I do not wish that Margaret and Barry should be annoyed, that she may be properly punished, so we must keep silence."

Barry's cards were soon out for a "Dinner and—"

What the blank meant all were guessing, but not one guessed correctly. Barry's dinner parties were always welcomed, and as dancing was a feature to be depended upon at Barry's, slippers and dancing gowns were much in the thoughts of all except the poor chaperons.

As Margaret had to listen to Kate's girl-

ing to be properly "brought out," and none but her to do it. This role of the semi-maternal, as well as that of the elder sister, had not been one that she would have chosen, but she had learned enough of life to know that it is permitted to only an exceptional few, if it ever is to any, to live their lives as they choose; so she settled down bravely to the inevitable, and faithfully lived hers here as it was "ordered" for her to do.

"Margaret, what will you wear—your black velvet?" asked Kate.

"No, no!" and Margaret shuddered. "I am sorry that I ever had that gown. I almost hate it. Black velvet half suggests

mourning, and wholly proclaims the approach of the season of the sere and yellow leaf. I felt like a dowager of seventy when I tried it on. I shall have one of my white brocades remodeled for this occasion. Barry used to say that 'white was the only dinner gown,' and I'm quite of his mind."

"Margaret! I'm sure that he prefers pale blue; anyway, he has often said that it was my color! And don't you think that white is altogether too girlish for you?" exclaimed Kate, regardless of her sister's possible sensitiveness, as one's nearest relative is prone to be.

Margaret shrank as if she had received a

is quite enough to say of it for he was perfect in the art of dinner giving!

But everyone was still wondering what that had meant!—what novelty was to follow the feast!

"Don your wraps, ladies, we are going for a drive!" Was there ever such a host?

The guests went gaily to the dressing rooms. "Where do you suppose we are going? Isn't it lovely?"

When grouped on the veranda, a pretty scene was presented to their view: the circular driveway was filled with fairy-like vehicles, gaily decked with flags and electric lights—a double line of automobiles were ready to take the dinner party—where?



LAKE OF COMO, THE MOST POPULAR SUMMER RESORT IN ITALY.

blow; yet such hurts were too frequent for her to make open remonstrance, so she quietly replied: "I think not, as this is pre-eminently a 'white' year; brocades, at least, belong to elderly ladies, and even that ancient relic, Madame Bouchee, wears white silks and satins."

When the sisters entered Barry's drawing room, there was many a favorable comment made upon the stately Margaret's well-preserved—not "made-up"—beauty; and kindly critics said that it had simply matured, as she was not of that type that must dim, when it changed, the type that is only lovely while youthful.

The dinner was one of Barry's, and that

"Don't bother waiting for chaperons and mothers; this is an informal affair, so all take the first carriage that is at hand when you are cloaked and ready," said bold Barry, and as his will was as good as law with his coterie, he was literally obeyed.

Yet, now as ever, there was method in his apparently unplanned arrangements.

He said to one: "You'll go in this auto," and to another: "You may take seats in this one; and Louis, you come here, and I trust you to see to it that these giddy girls don't get frightened and upset this auto." And Louis and the girls wished dear old Barry all sorts of good luck for

his personal consideration for their enjoyment.

"We are to take the east road to the Sturtevant Tea House, where we shall have tea, and then a dance by moonlight under the pavilion. Start up the line, boys; I'll follow."

Margaret had found herself separated from her young sister by Barry's order in such a natural manner that it would have seemed prudish to have remonstrated; neither could she decline to accept the seat in the auto-buggy with Barry, the last automobile in the line.

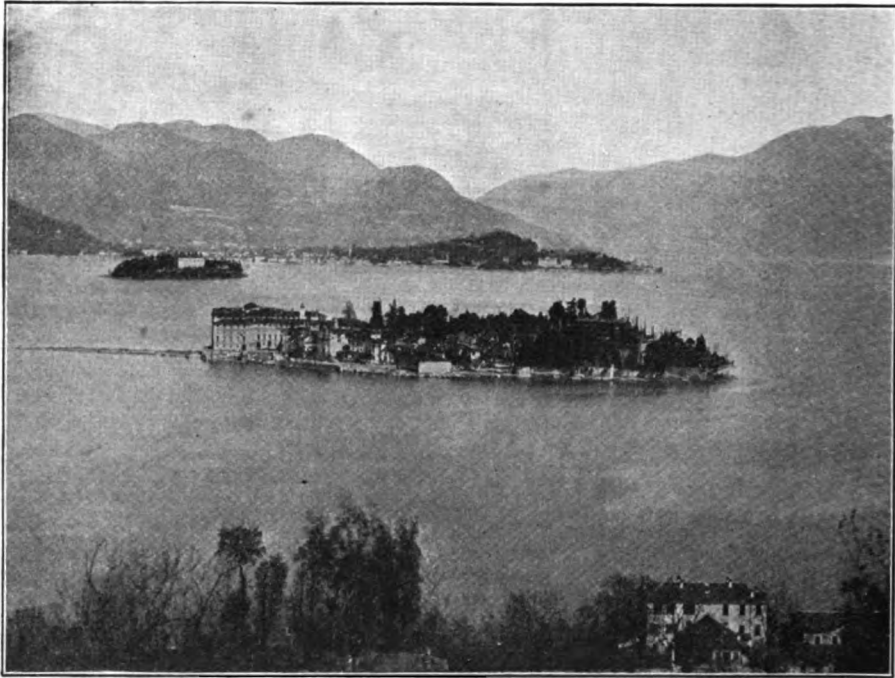
How many years was it since she had sat alone beside Barry of a moonlight even-

"Yes. And you did not come."

"I did come, and the servant said that you were out, and I went away angry, for I thought that you must know why I was coming. I could not ask you to marry me then; I must ask that question under your father's roof." Margaret laughed like a girl at this statement at such a moment.

"Laugh, if you please, dear. I am of the opinion that I would have done wiser then not to have been so particular as to have put off till morning the question that I might have asked by moonlight. Why did you refuse to see me?"

"I never knew that you came. I had a nervous headache that morning, and



LAKE MAGGIORE AND BARBOMEAN ISLANDS, ITALY.

ing? In those days chaperons were not the fad, or the necessity, as now, and her mother would have considered it an insult to both her daughter and Barry to have suggested that they needed a companion.

"Margaret, there is method in my moonlight madness tonight. I want an answer to a question that I was too stubbornly proud to ask you a dozen years ago. Do you remember a moonlight drive that we took twelve years ago tonight, the day before my birthnight party?"

"Yes, I do."

"Do you remember that I asked you to be at home to me at 11 the next morning?"

mother coaxed me to lie down on the lounge awhile, and gave me some sort of a powder, and I remember that I dozed an hour or two. When I wakened I asked if you had called, and the butler said, 'No.' Then I felt hurt and as if I had been trifled with."

"I did not see the butler at all. He was off duty for a few moments, probably. I can recall very plainly the pert beauty of the new maid that answered my inquiry for you. I was so angry that you should not be 'at home' after your promise of the evening before that I would not leave my card."

"As I did not make a confidant of my

mother, she may have given orders to the maids to say that I was out, lest someone should call and needlessly waken me."

"And an unmeant trifle like that has made me the 'bachelor of the town.' Margaret, can you forgive my ill-tempered stupidity? What would your answer have been that morning—what is your answer tonight? Will you be my wife?"

"'Yes' would have been the answer then, and 'yes' is the answer now. But why have you waited and wasted all these years?"

"Because I feared that you having decided to say 'No,' had refused to receive me next morning, to spare me the pain of

The Pan-American Exposition.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Mark Bennett, Superintendent of the Press Department, who furnished us with photographs, we are enabled to present some of the many interesting features, though they will give but a slight conception of the number and magnitude of the structural work of the Buffalo Exposition. When these photographs were taken the work of construction was moving along rapidly, but incomplete. That the exhibition is a mammoth undertaking is evidenced by the following official statement:

The total cost of the Exposition, exclu-



PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO, N. Y.—VIEW OF MALL. MACHINERY BUILDING TO LEFT, ELECTRICITY BUILDING TO RIGHT.

hearing it. But when I was playing at love with Kate the other night, something flashed over your face that convinced me that I had been a stupid dolt for the past dozen years. You will dance tonight, and only with me; and we will, if you please, announce our engagement. That surely should stimulate a healthy excitement among our 'know-it-all' friends. I am so glad that you are in white to-night!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

The North Star locomotive, in 1839, made thirty-seven miles.

sive of exhibits, is now estimated at \$10,000,000. Of this amount, about \$3,000,000 will be expended upon the Midway. The sum for the Midway is more than the total cost of some very pretentious expositions in other places, so that by comparison one may gain a very fair idea of the work which Buffalo is carrying rapidly to completion. A beautiful landscape comprising 350 acres, half a mile wide and a mile and a quarter long, is devoted to this wonderful enterprise.

The word "Pan" as a prefix to American means All—that is to say, the Exposition is for all the Americas, exhibits from

European countries not being accepted. It is claimed for the Pan-American Exposition that it will be the most artistic creation of the kind ever brought into existence. It will excel all former expositions in its court settings, having 33 acres of courts alone, upon which to bestow the wonderful embellishments of fountains and cascades, pools and lakes, canals and lagoons, lawns and gardens. The twenty or more great structures which are to shelter the exhibits gathered from all corners of the Western Hemisphere, and from all the Island possessions of the United States, will surround these courts. Every building is richly adorned with plastic ornamentation and tinted in accordance with a magnificent color scheme under direction of Chas. Y. Turner, the leading artist of the world in this work.

which will be employed to whatever extent may be necessary to produce the most brilliant, fantastic and beautiful electric lighting effects the world has ever seen. The exhibits of the Exposition are divided into about twenty classes, and embrace every line of human activity.

The gates of the Exposition will be open on May 1, continuing six months. Buffalo, a most charming city, of nearly 400,000 population, is preparing to welcome millions of strangers to its gates this year.

It is expected that the structural conditions will be in proper order for May 1, the date set for the interesting exercises of inaugurating this splendid international festival of Occidental nations with the following program:

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, in the beautiful Temple of Music, it is proposed



PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO, N. Y.—MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

No exposition has ever undertaken such an extensive use of sculpture for decorative purposes. This work is under the master direction of Karl Bitter, who has added to the vast knowledge and infinite skill which gave him the leading position at the World's Fair at Chicago the experience of seven more years of activity in his profession. Under his direction thirty or more sculptors, embracing all the leading artists of this class in the United States, are at work upon more than 125 groups of original sculpture.

In the use of electric lights for decorative purposes this Exposition will outshine all former undertakings. Owing to the nearness of Niagara Falls, with unlimited electric power, the Pan-American Exposition has at hand a large volume of energy,

to start the machinery of the Exposition. The special train carrying the President of the United States and his Cabinet from Washington to the Pacific Coast will be connected by telegraph with the electrical apparatus in the Music Temple, and this apparatus will be connected with the great electric generator in the Electricity Building. Direct telegraphic communication will be made at the same moment between the executive offices of the Presidents of all the republics of the hemisphere, and the Governor General of Canada, and this electrical apparatus in the Music Temple. At 2 o'clock, Buffalo time, by arrangement with the cable companies leading to South America, and with the telegraphic companies, and with the Atlantic cable companies, the Presidents and Rulers of all the

countries of the Western Hemisphere will be requested to touch an electric button in their office, which will thus start a piece of machinery of the Exposition, and they will at the same time transmit a message of greeting at the opening to be read in the Music Temple.

President McKinley, from his special train, will start the great fountain pumps, and will transmit over the wires a message of greeting to the people assembled on the occasion of the opening.

The dedicatory ceremonies of the Exposition, which will be very imposing, will take place about the middle of May, when it is expected that Vice-President Roosevelt, Governor Odell, and a large body of national and diplomatic officials, together

Scinta's Band (36 men), four weeks—July 29 to August 24.

Carlisle Indian Band (40 men), four weeks—July 29 to August 24.

Ithaca Band (35 men), one week—August 5 to August 10.

48th Highlanders (40 men), one week—August 26 to August 31.

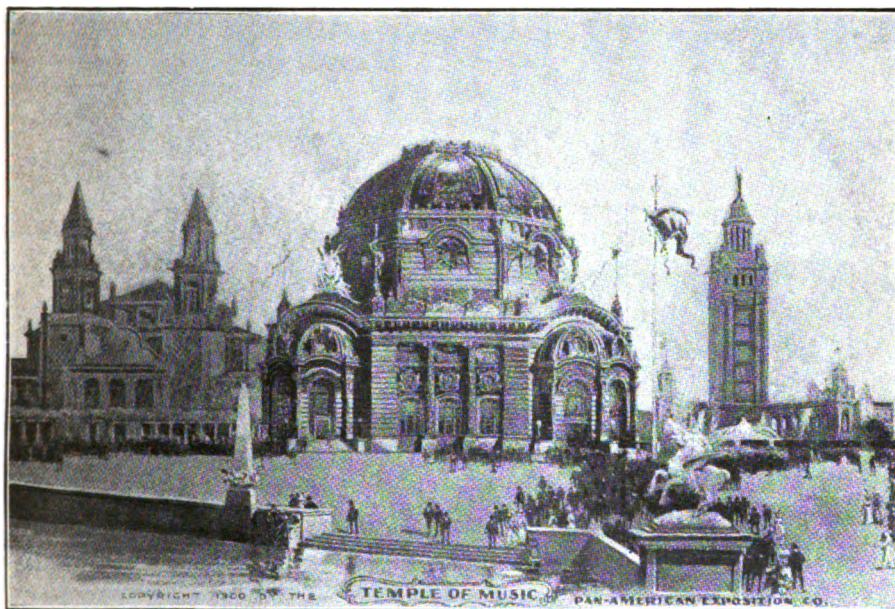
Robertson's Band of Albany (40 men), one week—August 26 to August 31.

Salem Cadet Band (45 men), two weeks—Sept. 2 to Sept. 14.

Brooke's Band (46 men), four weeks—Sept. 9 to Oct. 5.

Boston Ladies' Band (30 ladies), two weeks—Sept. 16 to Sept. 28.

19th Regiment Band (45 men), one week—Sept. 16 to Sept. 21.



TEMPLE OF MUSIC, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

with those of the Army and Navy, will be present and participate.

The music at the Pan-American Exposition will be of a superior order. Among the famous bands engaged are the following:

74th Regiment Band (35 men), three months—May 1 to July 29.

65th Regiment Band (35 men), three months—May 1 to July 29.

71st Regiment Band (45 men), four weeks—May 6 to June 1.

13th Band of Hamilton (40 men), one week—June 3 to June 8.

Sousa's Band (50 men), four weeks—June 10 to July 6.

Elgin Band (50 men), four weeks—July 8 to August 8.

Phinney's Band (45 men), three weeks—Aug. 26 to Sept. 15.

Victor Herbert's Orchestra (60 men), two weeks—Oct. 7 to Oct. 21.

News Boys' Band of Grand Rapids—four days.

The variety of entertainments for the visitors is on an elaborate scale. The Stadium, or Amphitheater for this purpose, is said to nearly equal the dimensions of the great Colosseum of Rome. The arena will contain a quarter mile track and ample space for athletic sports of all kinds, and will have seating capacity for about 10,000 people. The exhibits will be on lines of the Chicago World's Fair, world wide and many of them greatly advanced in development since that date, especially electric-

ity and motive power of all kinds. We cannot undertake to enumerate, but the visitor who desires to make a study of the Pan-American Exposition is not at all likely to allot too much time for the purpose. One very interesting feature if the plans are fully carried out will be the Indian Congress.

The Indians represented in this Congress will embrace 42 different tribes including among others the following: Sioux, Blackfeet, Crows, Apaches, Assinaboines, Ogalalla Sioux, Cheyenne River Sioux, Brule Sioux, Porcupine Sioux, Lower Brule Sioux, Crow Creek Sioux, White Clay Sioux, Wounded Knee Sioux, White River Sioux, Pipe Clay Sioux, Rose Bud Sioux, Flat Heads, Arapahoes, Peigans, Poncas, Sacs and Fox, Pueblos, Moqui, San Carlos Ap-

every way accurate and truthful portrayals of Indian methods of warfare.

There will be every day sham battles between the different tribes, which at times will border more on the realistic than the sham. Before the hours of the battles bands of mounted Indians in all the glory of war-paint and feathers will be seen passing and re-passing the spectators' seats.

After firing a few shots, the Indians will separate into bands, the Sioux and their allies going to the left, and the Blackfeet and their allies to the right, the women and children getting out the best way they can. A Sioux chief discovered in the Blackfeet's territory will be captured and is to be burned at the stake. The Sioux discover the situation and steal up just as the fire is started, release their comrade,



NEW YORK STATE BUILDING, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

cahe, Jicarilla Apaches, Kiowa Apaches, Gereimo's Band (Apaches), Mescalero Apaches, Wichitas, Iowas, Winnebagos, Omahas, Otoes, Crossventre, Pottawatomie, Mojave Apache, Shoshone, Santee, Osages, Pawnees, Chippewas, Tuscaroras, Onondaga, Oneida, Mohawks, Senecas, Cayugas and Ojibways. The 500 or 600 Indians will live as they do in the West, the Sioux in their tepees, the Winebagos in their wigwams, the Pimas in their wickiups, the cliff dwellers in their cliff caves, and each tribe in their peculiar abodes. The Navajoes will be seen weaving their blankets, the Moquis making pottery, the Sioux bows, arrows and stone pipes. Then there will be the daily performances, the reproductions of battle scenes, which will be wild and picturesque in the extreme and in

and rout the foe temporarily; but reinforced, the Blackfeet return and drive away the Sioux with terrible slaughter. Now and then an Indian is seen to keel over, as if shot, and some enemy will perhaps stoop over him and apparently scalp him. All this will give the spectator a faithful idea of the Indian warfare.

The Indians will also form an interesting feature. The dances will include war dances, Sun dances, dances of the different feasts to the various gods, scalp dance, Omaha dance, buffalo dance, snake dance, etc., in which the different tribes will appear in all the grandeur of war-paint and feathers and the various emblems which to the Indian have some significance in connection with these ceremonies.

The Congress will also include an Indian

Museum which will contain a fine collection of relics, curios, pre-historic and modern, culled from all parts of North America.

The Exposition authorities are making large provision for restaurants on the ground. At the different restaurants the service will be varied, so as to meet the demands of all classes. There will be a la carte service and meals at fixed prices. There will be lunch counters where clean but cheap food can be obtained, and restaurants where the service will be equal to that of a first-class hotel, with prices as reasonable as would be found at such hotels.

One Night and the Next.

BY W. THOMSON.

It is but right in these days that both young and old should accept the fact that occasionally there are remarkable dreams which literally "come to pass." Scientific men of the next generation may be able to offer a perfectly clear and natural explanation of such dreams, but, as for myself, I can only state in regard to the dream and events I am about to describe that the whole account is absolutely true in every particular.

My friend, Phil Casey, was talking about



STATUE OF MINERAL WEALTH, PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

In the German village, called Old Nuremberg, a specialty will be made of serving dishes in the German style, and in the Mexican and Italian restaurants meals can be obtained served according to customs of these respective nations. There will be a New England kitchen, and probably a Maryland kitchen, where sea food from the eastern shore of that state will be a specialty.

The Pan-American visitor will not be perplexed about where to get good meals. —*Gleanings from the Official Bulletins, Pan-American Exposition.*

dreams one day in my office. He is a muscular "limb of the law," about thirty-five years of age, with no nonsense about him. "I know you don't believe in dreams," he said, "and neither do I. But now that we're on the subject I'll tell you something which you can perhaps account for—I can't." And then he told me a story.

"A few years ago I was living in the village of Saybrook, as you know. One evening, after I had been working very hard all day over a complicated case, I reached home with that peculiar, don't-

care-a-cent, done-out kind of feeling which excessive brain work is apt to produce.

"After supper I picked out the hardest chair in the room and sat down to read the daily papers, for I was so tired that I feared to fall asleep should I seat myself in an easy one.

"My wife sat near me, quietly sewing—we were no youngsters then, nor servants,—and the house, being on the very outskirts of the village, was still as an empty church. Absorbed, rather selfishly, perhaps, as I was, in reading up arrears of news, I was not a particularly entertaining companion, I presume, and about 9 o'clock my wife rolled up her work and said: 'I think I will go to bed, Phil. Don't sit up too late,' and with a dainty good-night kiss she disappeared.

"Instead of following my better half, as I should have done, I continued to read; but, by and by, with the idea of brushing the cobwebs from my brain before going to rest, I strolled across the road and called upon my friend, Frank Stayner, who proposed a short walk, the night being warm and moonlit.

"This suited me exactly, and we set out by way of an old bridle-path which led across the fields into the country. After a little chatting and laughing, as old cronies will, we came to a small brook, which we passed over, dryshod, on stepping stones, Frank being, at the moment, some yards in advance of me.

"He was leisurely ascending the opposite bank, and had just reached the middle of a clump of alder bushes, when he was suddenly felled to the earth and knocked senseless by a violent blow on the head from a masked man who sprang out of the dense thicket.

"Frank had fallen face downward, and lay motionless as a log. In an instant the ruffian was upon him, turned him quickly over and began rifling his pockets with a skill and celerity evidently born of long practice.

"'What was I doing all this time?' Well, I simply stood there, looking on; not in the least terrified, but, by some strange influence, absolutely incapable, not only of motion, but even of uttering a sound. Stranger still, although standing in the broad moonlight, at less than thirty feet from him, the highwayman seemed totally unaware of my presence, and went on with his work as coolly as if his victim were the only human being within a hundred miles.

"He had emptied my friend's trousers and coat pockets, and was now feeling about his breast for his watch, a very valuable one, as I knew, which Frank always carried in the inside pocket of his vest, secured by a strong silk cord passing around his neck.

"The robber, always working in grim silence, soon found the watch, and, not bothering to cut the string, jerked his prize violently away. The shock seemed to restore Frank to partial consciousness, and he drowsily murmured, 'Hello! what's up?'

"At the sound of his voice all my benumbed faculties awoke to instant life, and rushing forward, still unseen by the footpad, I dealt him a terrible blow on the back of the neck, and he fell, insensible, across the body of his prostrate prey.

"Quickly rolling him aside, I pulled off his crape mask, revealing a most villainous face.

"Then I assisted Frank to rise. He seemed quite recovered and none the worse for the assault. After securing the stolen property we took our pocket handkerchiefs and tied the fellow's hands firmly behind his back. He was still entirely helpless and unconscious; so, one of us at the head and the other at the feet, we carried him off to the village, unresisting.

"On arriving at the little police station, the officer on night watch asked: 'What have you got there gentlemen?'

"'Nothing very nice, I guess,' replied Stayner. 'He knocked me down, however, and picked my pockets in good style.'

"The officer flashed his light upon the prisoner's face. 'Why, sure as you live,' he exclaimed, 'it's Ike Berry (a notorious crook, of whom I'd often heard), that we've been after for the last three months. Dump him down anywhere.' 'All right,' said I. 'Let go, Frank,' and we dropped our burden with a crash to the floor. At that moment a woman's voice screamed out: 'Why, Phil! what's the matter?' and I awoke to find myself sprawling on the carpet and the whole affair a dream."

"A rather lively one, certainly, Phil," said I, "but I've heard lots as curious."

"Why, man alive! I'm only beginning my story. You don't suppose I'd bore you with such stuff if that were all? As I said before, I'm no believer in dreams—never in my life knew one to come literally true—but, somehow, this particular dream so impressed me that I couldn't get it out of my mind.

"Having a dread of my wife's good humored rallery I did not tell her the dream. But the next night I really did go over to Stayner's. I took him into my confidence and asked him to go with me over the ground which I had in imagination traversed the evening before.

"Frank laughed, but readily agreed as a mere lark to take the proposed walk. Before starting out, each of us armed himself with a heavy black thorn shillalah, two of which I had brought from the 'ould sod' the year before and presented to my chum.

"On coming to the little creek, with its

clear water sparkling in the moonlight, Frank banteringly said: 'Well, everything looks quiet here, old fellow. I guess your dream-robber won't materialize.'

"Even as he spoke I thought I saw an especially dense spot in the clump of alders ahead, and, although I really had no serious misgiving, I rather impressively said: 'Wait for me, Frank. Don't go up the bank alone.'

"Oh, nonsense!' he replied as he passed lightly on.

"He had now gained fully sixty feet on me and was walking carelessly past the grove, when the black spot upon which my eyes were fixed, moved swiftly toward him, and I yelled 'Look out Frank!'

"The warning came well nigh too late, as the words had scarcely passed my lips when a masked man, corresponding in all respects with the one seen in my dream, darted from the shade, and, without a word struck at my friend's head with a murderous looking bludgeon, which, if the blow had alighted as intended, would have crushed his skull like an egg shell.

"Frank, however, had partially turned at my cry and instinctively raised his own heavy cane, which, meeting the descending weapon, so far deflected its aim that the stroke fell upon his left shoulder, but still with such force that he was dashed, for the moment senseless, to the ground.

"In the twinkling of an eye the assailant was upon him, and, going through his pockets with wonderful speed, intending, doubtless, either to get away before I could come up, or, if need be, overpower me also, or, perhaps, if driven to it, to use his revolver.

"So far my vision had been realized with remarkable fidelity, but now, happily, there was a break. I was not struck dumb and motionless as in the dream, but, on the contrary, stimulated to exceptional activity; and while the absorbed villain was in the act of groping for Frank's watch, I reached his side, and with one blow of my black thorn I sent him stunned to the ground.

"Turning him on his face, I was busily engaged tying his hands behind him when Frank recovered from his temporary daze. We then somewhat improved upon the dream program by taking off our cravats and securely binding the scoundrel's ankles together.

"On examining Stayner's hurts I found that his left collar bone was broken and the arm on that side quite helpless. His assailant had not fared so well—he remained apparently lifeless.

"Stayner made light of his wounds, but he was unwontedly serious. 'Old man,' said he 'this is a most astounding realization of an apparently wild and causeless dream. How to account for it I do not

know. But suppose we now carry it out as closely as possible by taking this vagabond to the police station. Probably the parallel will fail us there. If it holds good I shall be dumbfounded, indeed, and ready to believe in anything.'

"You know," continued Phil, 'that I'm somewhat of an athlete,' so after we had deprived the thief of his last stealings, and moreover of a loaded bulldog revolver, I shouldered his not very light weight and set off to the village, while Staynor followed with the captured bludgeon and pistol.

"We had nearly half a mile to walk through the solemn stillness of the night, and thus several times I laid down my load in order to rest myself. On the last of these occasions the ruffian revived just as I was reshouldering him. Finding himself a disarmed, impotent prisoner, he poured fourth upon us such a volley of curses that I dropped him again to the ground, and by the help of his own suspenders and wallet gagged him effectually.

"Then I hoisted him again, as one might do a sack of wheat, and we went on, rather relieved to find that we had not become involuntary executioners. As we plodded along we indulged in many speculations as to the identity of the wretched creature. But neither of us seriously believed that the police were likely to enlighten us upon this point. 'Twould be too wonderful for my dream to come true in this particular also.

"Judge then of our feelings, perhaps more of fear than astonishment, when upon entering the station the man in charge, with a single glance at our captive, said:

"Well, gentlemen, you've made a good night's work, sure enough! This is the escaped convict, Ike Berry! There's a reward of \$500 out for his capture, and all the police of the state have been on the lookout for him since last April.'

"Frank Stayner actually shuddered as the officer spoke. Turning to me he muttered: 'This is most too much for me, Phil, It's awful. Let's go round to the doctor's and get my shoulder fixed up.' Then to the officer: 'We'll turn the reward over to you, Jim. The glory's enough for us.'

"But before leaving we told the whole strange story to the man, whose running commentary of almost incredulous surprise was from time to time accentuated by a smothered curse from the now iron-shackled prisoner."

"Well, Phil," said I with judicial gravity, "maybe it's rude to ask the question after your introductory remarks—but honor bright, now, is this really an out-and-out true story you've given me?"

"Tis as true as that you and I are sitting here, old man. Ike Berry is now serving

out a fourteen years' sentence in state prison, and Frank Stayner is still alive to testify as to the dream business. But why that dream—vision—intelligence foreshadowing—call it what you will, was sent to me, was one of those occult mysteries which neither you nor I nor any other mortal at present understands."

The Old Rail Fence.

BY JAMES BARTON ADAMS.

In the merry days of boyhood when we never
knew a care
Greater than the mumps or measles or a mother's
cut of hair,
When a sore toe was a treasure and a stonebruise
on the heel
Filled the other boys with envy which they tried
not to conceal,
There were many treasured objects on the farm
we held most dear,
Orchard, fields, the creek we swam in, and the old
spring cold and clear;
Over there the woods of hick'ry and of oak so deep
and dense,
Looming up behind the outlines of the
old
rail
fence.

On its rails the quail would whistle in the early
summer morn,
Calling to their hiding fellows in the field of
waving corn,
And the meadow larks and robins on the stakes
would sit and sing
Till the forest shades behind them with their
melody would ring.
There the catbird and the jaybird sat and called
each other names,
And the squirrels and the chipmunks played their
chase-and-catch-me games,
And the garter snake was often in unpleasant
evidence
In the grasses in the corners of the
old
rail
fence.

As we grew to early manhood when we thought
the country girls
In the diadem of beauty were the very fairest
pearls,
Oft from spellin' school and meetin' or the jolly
shuckin'bee
Down the old lane we would wander with a merry
little "she."
On the plea of being tired, (Just the country lover
lie)
On a grassy seat we'd linger in the moonlight, she
and I.
And we'd paint a future picture touched with
colors most intense
As we sat there in the corner of the
old
rail
fence.

There one night in happy dreaming we were sit-
ting hand in hand,
Up so near the gates of heaven we could almost
hear the band,
When she heard a declaration whispered in her
lis'ning ear—
One she often since has told me she was mighty
glad to hear.
On my head there's now a desert fringed with
foliage of gray,
And there's many a thread of silver in her dear
old head today,
Yet the flame of love is burning in our bosoms as
intense
As it burned there in the corner of that
old
rail
fence.

—Denver Postscripts.

The Clever Way Molly Caught the Robber.

BY HENRY HOLCOMB BENNETT.

"I don't understand it, Molly."
"Don't understand what, father?"
"Why, this loss of letters." As he
spoke, Postmaster Peter Spiker mechan-
ically fingered the letters which lay in a
heap on the table behind the little glass
screen which constituted the Postoffice
Department as represented in Stringtown.
The rest of the postoffice was a store, of
which the glass screen, with its red and
black numbers, was but one corner.

"Loss of letters, dad? Are letters miss-
ing? You never said anything about it
before." The postmaster's pretty daugh-
ter, who attended to the epistolary busi-
ness of the community, looked up in aston-
ishment from the fancy work she was
doing, her big brown eyes larger than
ever. A wintry sunbeam, struggling
through the dirty window, lit up the
ruddy gold of her hair.

"No, I didn't say anything," replied
the postmaster; "I've been keeping still
about it, trying to see if I could trace the
letters or catch the thief, but I'm clear up
a stump. I sent for an inspector yester-
day. He ought to be here in a day or so."

"Tain't Jim Perkins, is it?"

"Guess not. Jim's too much of a big
silly to take anything. Well, it's the in-
spector's business to find out. Tend store
a little while, Molly; I'm going up town.
And say, Molly, don't say anything about
this to anybody."

"Of course not, dad; this is Gov'ment
secrets, you know," said Molly, laughing,
as her father bundled a comforter around
his neck and left the store. Presently a
slam of the door and a blast of wintry air
made her look up, as a strong-limbed
young fellow entered, carrying a much-
scuffed leather sack.

"That you, Jim? Pretty cold day to
tramp in from the Holler, ain't it?"

"Cold!" echoed the mailcarrier, "that hain't no name fer hit. Hit's colder'n cold. Guess hit froze ole hens on the roos' last night."

"Big mail, Jim?"

"Naw. Thar ain't but three letters, an' one o' them's a postal cyard. Gosh! but I'm froze. Don't see why the Gov'ment wants them letters every day. Coon Holler ain't got no sech important business ez needs immejit answer; they orter wait till they's a batch of letters, an' then bring 'em in."

"Business is business, Jim, and I reckon theirs is just as important to the Coon Holler folks as ours is to us." She turned as she spoke, and began stamping the mail. Then she delivered a paper to a shock-headed small boy, and waited on a customer, while the mailcarrier warmed his hands by the stove in the rear of the store. The customer was a young girl, and the two grew absorbed in the comparative merits of two pieces of dress goods. Then they discussed the happenings at the church fair of the previous night, with many a "And I say, and he says," and "I just told him," until the customer turned to go, with "Well, I must be going. C'mup."

"Well, I will. You c'm down," said Molly, and began rolling up the goods on the counter. As she stood with her back to the room, placing the bolts of goods on the shelves, she heard a faint click at the back of the store. Looking over her shoulder, she saw Perkins, the loutish mailcarrier, in the act of shutting the door of the little safe.

Molly's first impulse was to scream. Then she started to speak. "Oh, Jim," she began, but checked herself. If she let Perkins know that she had seen him, he would leave the store and the town, and there was no telling when he would be caught. She glanced out of the window; no one was in sight. She must keep Jim until her father returned. Jim was buttoning up his coat and pulling on his mittens.

"Don't go yet, Jim. Stay and warm awhile."

"Oh, I'm warm, an' better be trampin. Hit's a long way back, an' I gotter go if I want any dinner."

"Oh, wait a minute, Jim. You never told me anything about the folks. How's Katie Jones?"

Jim grinned sheepishly, but did not answer.

"I heard you and her was keepin' company. How is that, Jim?"

"Shaw! Thar hain't nothin' in that, Molly. I never went with her, 'cept home from meetin' onst or twist."

"Well, that's what they told me. I was gettin' right jealous of Katie." And

Molly smiled a bewitching smile on Jim.

"Oh, huh, Molly. You haint no cause ter talk that a-way; an' I reckon you wasn't jealous much." Jim shuffled his feet and a pleased grin flickered among the freckles on his face.

"Yes, I was, Jim. Most any girl would be jealous if she knew a feller she thought was her friend was goin' with another girl."

Jim sidled over to where Molly stood, and his big hand stole along the counter behind Molly's waist. She moved away a step, and Jim, crestfallen, started for the door.

"Oh, say, Jim, don't go. You know—you know. Oh, somebody might see you."

"Naw they won't. Thar haint anybody comin' along this here street fer a hour." And now the arm, grown bolder, went around Molly's slim waist. She winced, and wondered if the girls at the "Holler" had whale-bone ribs.

"Not so tight, Jim. You hurt."

"Laws, honey, that hain't nothin'. Ef I was to give ye jest one good squeeze I'd break you in two."

"Well, don't try it. I don't mind—that is. Oh, don't be too rough."

"Ef you call this rough! Say, Molly!"

"What is it, Jim?"

"W'y, say, I don't b'lieve ye like me 'tall."

"Yes, I do."

"Do ye now, really? Then gimme a kiss."

"Oh, Jim! Not here."

"W'y not? Come, now, Ef ye don't, I'm a-goin' right away."

Molly shuddered. There was nothing for it. She had started in now, after going so far to gain her end, might as well go through with it. She turned her face slowly up to his, sideways, and the next instant was kissed with a smack that took away her breath. She gasped a little, and then—

"Oh, father," she cried, while Jim started back. "Father, I've got him! Here he is!"

"Got who? Got what?" asked the postmaster, slamming the door behind him and walking to the rear of the store.

"Got the robber! Got the one who's been stealing the letters!"

"What? Jim Perkins? Come, now, Molly."

Just you search him. I saw him. He's got a letter. I saw him at the safe! Look in his pockets!"

"How is that, Jim?" demanded the postmaster. "Have you been robbing the registered letter box in the safe?"

Jim said nothing. His head hung down and his big, red fingers picked nervously at his coat. The postmaster took a step forward. "Go get Constable Stout,

Molly." he said, "I'll watch Jim."

When Jim was searched a letter, not his own, was found in the pocket of his coat, a registered letter, presumably with money in it, and he was marched off in arrest. As they were taking him from the store he turned and looked at Molly. "Was that why ye did that, Molly?"

"Yes, it was! You didn't think—did you?"—

"What did he mean, Molly?" asked her father, after Jim and the constable had gone. "How did you manage to keep him here?"

"Oh, I—I—I," stammered Molly, "I just kept him. That's all." And postmaster Spiker never found out how Molly held the thief.

Followed Him to Sea.

There was a romance concealed with the dingy old coal barge *American Eagle* of the Scully Towing Line of New York, which was one of the five lost recently off Point Judith, says the *New York Sun*. Before being degraded into a coal barge, the *American Eagle* was a spanking American barge of about 600 tons. She was built at Jacksonville, Fla., in 1858, and for several years she was engaged in trading between New York and islands in the Pacific. She was owned in New York, but on one voyage was to start from New Bedford. The year was 1865, the captain's name was Rix, and the first mate's Ira Johnson.

It is concerning the mate, who is still living, that the story is told. Johnson lived in eastern Massachusetts. When he received orders to join his ship, he sent his luggage by express to New Bedford and started to walk down to this city. It was at the pleasantest season of the year in the country, the early part of June.

While on his way he was driven by a storm to take refuge in a smart-looking farmhouse. Here he found as one of the household an unusually pretty young woman. She was Jennie Holdredge, the daughter of Abner Holdredge, the owner of the farm. Johnson was brown-bearded, tall and athletic, a true type of an American sailor. He was detained by the storm all that day and the next, and made a strong impression upon the family, not only by his tales of his voyages and the fact that he was chief mate of a ship about to sail for the other side of the globe, but also by his personal qualities. Upon leaving the following day, Johnson shook Jennie's hand heartily, bidding her good-by. They were alone, and the girl, her face suffused with blushes, said:

"Do not forget Jennie Holdredge, for she will always remember you." Then she fled into the garden.

Three days later found the *American Eagle* booming out into Buzzard's Bay. She had dropped her pilot, and made all sail, when the mate noticed for the first time that there was a boy among the sailors. The boy did not seem at all prepossessing in his make-up to Johnson, who did not like boys on shipboard, and he asked Captain Rix how he came to ship the lad. The skipper, a kind old seaman, said he had shipped him because he was hungry and destitute, and that the lad gave every evidence of being a good cook's helper and cabin boy, and useful for general service.

The boy was known as Tom, and Mate Johnson made it as uncomfortable for him on the passage out as he conveniently could. Tom took his punishment pluckily, and won admiration from all hands except Johnson. He was never heard to complain except on one occasion, when he told a shipmate that "a sailor's life was all hard and all wrong." This was the longest speech he made for three months.

The sailors liked the homesick boy, and did him many a kindness when Johnson's back was turned, but he made no intimacies among them, disappearing in his nest in the steerage when his tasks were done. In this sleeping place the boy could be by himself, and it was so contrived by the skipper.

In good time the bark arrived at Honolulu, and there underwent a thorough overhauling. Here Tom was worked harder than ever, the mate apparently trying to make the boy disgusted with the ship.

"Perhaps," said he to the second mate, "if he is crowded hard enough the little scamp will run away and we will be well rid of him."

So matters ran on until just before the *American Eagle* was to load to sail. One day Johnson ordered the boy aloft. Tom was to be hoisted in a boatswain's chair to the main royal masthead, almost to the main trucks. Sailors working about decks noticed Tom's face blanch as he watched the preparations for his aerial trip. When all was ready he took his tar pot and slowly climbed to the foretopmast head. There he entered the boatswain's chair, and in a feeble voice, which could scarcely be heard on deck, piped out, "Hoist away." In a moment he was at the head of the main royal stay, and he began tarring the rigging there.

The boy did his best, but when he found himself slung by a thin rope between heaven and earth, with nothing near him except one or two equally slender stays, which seemed to grow smaller as he eyed them, he could work no more. Then he looked down, and for the first time he saw the bark beneath him, as narrow as a

coffin, and it seemed to him shaped like one and not much larger. This spying around proved too much for Tom's head. He began to grow dizzy, and he fell back, hanging by his legs from the boatswain's chair. Tom heard Johnson's voice of warning from below. Then he called out to him that he was going to fall. He also screamed:

"I am Jennie Holdredge."

Johnson proved just the man for the emergency. The bark was light and top-heavy, and he yelled at the sailors to rush some heavy casks of water to starboard, across decks.

All this time Jennie, for it was she, was slowly slipping out of the boatswain's chair but before she fell the ship felt the effect of the heavy casks on the starboard side and listed over until the end of the main yard was almost in the water. All hands held their breath as the girl's feet slipped clear of the boatswain's chair and she turned a somersault in midair and then struck in the sea clear of the ship. At the same instant Johnson dived into the water after her. He succeeded in finding and buoying her up until a boat came to the rescue and they were taken aboard the bark. Jennie at once made for her room.

As soon as the two were on deck again the jack tars of the crew fairly uneasy at the unexpected development in the absence of Captain Rix on shore, crowded aft for some sort of explanation. But they got none there. Johnson for the first time in his life found himself at a loss. A few moments before he thought he had a boy to order about. Now there was a young woman shut in her room. There was but one explanation of her presence on the bark and that was her desire to be near Johnson.

The matter, like all troublesome affairs on shipboard, was sent to the captain, or rather the captain was sent for to settle it. When the skipper appeared on board the first thing he noticed was his men standing about idle, and as he crossed the deck he asked for an explanation. Mate Johnson explained the trouble in a few words. Then Captain Rix went below. He returned shortly and blurted out to Mate Johnson:

"Why, bust my eyes, young man, how long would it have taken me at your age to settle an affair like this? Here you are, a young man capable of taking charge of a ship, while down below in the cabin is one of the finest New England girls that ever trod a plank. Right there on the shore is the missionary parson. Why not make it a merry wedding and take the bride along with us. I'll give the bride away and let her have the cabin fixed up to suit herself. Now, go and make up with the girl, while I go and

see if the shore end cannot be fixed for a wedding.

Jennie required two days of teasing from both the mate and old Captain Rix before she would consent to the marriage so soon. News of the romantic wedding flew fast, and many were at the parson's house when the marriage ceremony was performed to catch a glimpse of the plucky New England girl.

The bride subsequently told her husband that after he had gone from her home that morning in June she felt that he would never come back, and she determined to follow and go on the bark with him. She arrived at the vessel and shipped before Johnson got there, having first rigged out in a cabin boy's outfit and written to her family what she was going to do. As for the harsh treatment she received while masquerading as a boy she would say nothing except that she knew everything would come out all right finally.

The bark arrived at her home port in due time, and Johnson and his wife settled down on the farm where they first met. It is one of the prettiest farms in southeastern Massachusetts, and a picture of the homestead was in the cabin of the *American Eagle* when she finally buried her bones in the treacherous sands off Point Judith recently. Their old friend, Captain Rix, was a frequent visitor and died at their house only a few years ago.

An Ugly Little Woman.

Felix Tenby stood aside at the crowded barrier to give place to a little nervous, flurried woman, who, between fear of losing her train, dismay at finding herself unexpectedly in the midst of a noisy crowd, and gratitude to the courteous stranger, became more flurried than ever, got into a muddle with her change, struggled in vain to pick up the slippery ticket with cold, indifferently gloved fingers, and dropped a shower of coppers on the ground.

"Serve you right, Don Quixote-out-of-date," said the friend who was seeing Tenby off. "You have lost your train through your misplaced gallantry."

The ticket clerk was passing Felix a ticket under another man's arm. He had turned aside from looking after the little flurried woman and laughed.

"Thirty," he said, "and plain at that. Misplaced, indeed! The women for whom we do these things owe it to us to be pretty."

She heard, and looked at him. He had not dreamed of that; he had thought she was gone, but she had just risen from picking up the last copper from under the feet of a hurrying commercial traveler, and had heard the laugh and the words. She

looked at him just for a second, not angrily or scornfully, as such words deserved, but humbly, deprecatingly, remorsefully almost, as if begging forgiveness for her crime of ugliness. Then she turned her little worn brown face away and hurried on to the platform. Felix felt as if he had struck a child.

His friend hurried him on to the platform. He did not miss the train after all; it had been delayed a little in consequence of the unusual and unexpected rush of passengers. He had time to get a paper or two, and to choose a comfortable carriage—which he had all to himself, for the extra passengers were mostly third class; even time to say a few more words to his friend, and laugh over a message or two.

When the train had started, and he was trying to read, the worn, patient little face came back to him and reproached him. Had there been tears in the eyes? Had he made this poor little creature cry by his vulgar brutality? After all, his words had meant careless irritation that he had, as he thought, missed his train, more than anything else. What right had he to criticise? He was thirty himself—over thirty, and nothing to boast of in the way of beauty; but then he was a man.

Surely, it must be bad enough to be a woman without having to be an ugly one. Why had God made ugly women? It would have been just as easy to have made them all beautiful.

What makes the joy of manhood? Strength, the knowledge of what is sweet, the power to win and hold it. And of womanhood? Well, women are never quite happy, but they have their joys, too. Love, that makes the man's strength theirs—love, that makes their weakness their pride because it serves as occasion of a lover's tenderness, the sweetness of being a thing desired—the hope of motherhood. But ugly women, what have they of all this? Good God! to be an ugly woman!

How had he come to forget? for he had known this all along: those sad, patient eyes reminded him of so much.

To be an ugly woman—to feel with earliest feeling that one is a blot on a beautiful world—to understand, as soon as understanding unfolds, that one's part in life must be to watch while others enjoy, long while others attain, thirst while others drink.

To be an ugly woman—to be an ugly woman, and know it!

And thirty years old, too, thirty at least—no youth and no beauty! An ugly woman!

Not always old, though. Once there had been an ugly child—those heart-broken eyes reminded him of it. An ugly child, pushed out of the way perpetually for her beautiful sisters—a failure, an em-

barrassment to her family, a superfluity. How bitter it all was!

An ugly girl! he remembered it so well, the hopelessness of it; the flat dullness. Not a clever girl, either—not one who could have taken ambition by the hand instead of love, or made the beauty of art her beauty. Just a girl, with a girl's wondering curiosity of life, a girl's strange amaze at the growth of first emotions, and possibilities of emotions; a girl's love of love, a girl's sweet, impossible dreams. Presently, with a girl's strange new knowledge that one face was more to her than other faces, one voice quicker to reach her ear than all other voices, that one touch had magic in it. He remembered it all.

Yes, that morning, too, when, instead of the ordinary dawn of day, there was a new creation: the heavens and the earth were made anew, and one little, thin, brown girl, sitting up wondering in her white bed, with a letter clasped fast in her hand, saw that they were very good.

Very good, oh, very good! Life was beautiful, the earth glorious, the heavens were very near. The letter had done it all.

It was a wonderful letter, for it said she was loved. It spoke tenderly, passionately, strongly. It told how duty called the writer suddenly away; he must leave without seeing her again, but could not leave without telling her his love. He would not be away long, a year at the most; when he came back he should claim her. And would she not write to him meanwhile? Would she not wait for him—hold herself his, and welcome him when he returned?

Ah, would she not, indeed!

And the letter spoke of her beauty! That was puzzling. The little brown girl dropped back on the pillow and rubbed her eyes with her thin, hard hand, wondering, and read the words again, again and again many times, then smiled, and kissed the letter, and held it to her bare breast. He remembered it all.

He remembered that studio in the afternoon, the pictures there, and all the while the sweet secret of that letter kept sacredly, looking at the pictures, talking to them—careless words from careless friends, "How bright you are today!" Ah, it was small wonder, after that letter!

There was a portrait of the artist's wife among the pictures; it was the most beautiful of them all. The artist's wife stood beside it, a vapid, commonplace, empty-headed woman, not beautiful at all. The little brown girl looked from her to the portrait, like but glorified, and smiled "That is how we seem to the men who love us," and she pressed her hand on her bodice where the letter rested on her heart. He remembered the sharp pleasure as the rough edge of the envelope pressed against the soft flesh.

After that there had been more letters, all wonderful, all sweet and loving and hopeful. A year of delight, of love, of beauty; for the lover creates beauty by praising it. Oh, that year, that pleasant year, how well he remembered it! And the day of triumph, the day when the lover, the creator, was to return; the neat little room, the open window, the scent of fresh-turned earth from the plowed field across the road, the laughter of the birds in the eaves, the laughter of the leaves as they rustled together! He remembered it all—the trembling lips, the breathless eagerness, the burning face, the steps on the gravel, the ring at the bell, the opening door, the suffocating joy.

"My God! it was your sister I meant."

* * *

Oh! it was terrible, terrible, not to be borne, and yet it must be borne; that was the sting of it. The tears rained down his face. Remember? Could such a thing ever be forgotten? The new created earth fell in atoms, the new heavens vanished far out of reach; nothing was left but a little ugly woman, smiling with white lips lest the world should make a mock of her, that such as she dared to dream of love!

And the days that followed, the long days that followed, they were so burned into his memory that he doubted if he could forget, even in the ages of eternity, the hourly pain and the shame of it all. The agony of watching the happy love of sister and lover, the fuss of preparation for the wedding, to sit and sew at wedding clothes that shrouded her own love, to see her lover pouring out his love upon that careless, bright girl who had many lovers, who had not thought of him till now, to hear his friendly praise of herself as "such a sensible girl," take his careless greeting and go from the room that the happy lovers might be left together.

And the thoughtless wounding of curious friends. "Well, my dear, I must say I think you have behaved very well about it. And so you gave him up? All a mistake, you say; dear! dear! what a pity! And you don't mind? Now, that's so brave of you."

So brave? yes, but to the weak courage is anguish.

Oh, the longing to end it all—to cry out, "Give me one kiss, and then let me die!"

But pride forbade death, for to die was to confess her unsought love to the world, and the world always says that a woman's disappointment is her shame.

There was no choice but to endure, endure, endure—always endure.

And the dreariness of it, after the sharp agony of parting, the long pain of loneliness, the days without comfort, the years without hope, the daily death of youth—

youth that should die in childbed, bringing forth to time accomplished hopes, but her youth died sterile.

And the long dull days of life at home, the drudgery of duty uncrowned by love, the thankless service to parents who cared so much less for her unselfish devotion than for the beauty and success of their more fortunate child, even when they died, more moved by the brief shallow sorrow of the happy wife than by the long patient watchfulness of the ugly daughter.

And the bitterness of dependence in the house of that fortunate sister, the careless, tolerant pity of the man she had loved—to feel her love die in contempt, and be more desolate for the loss of it—to look on the great sorrow of her life as a thing of shame, of scorn, food for mirth rather than tears, cruel mirth; the tears were less bitter.

The shame of living where she was not wanted, a superfluity in a full life, a discredit, with her thin plain face and dowdy figure, in a pleasant home!

And the futile efforts to earn her own living, the bitterness of seeing the way made so easy for the young and bright and hopeful, but so hard for her; of seeing the stronger push past her, the fairer chosen before her. The tragic pain of the past was almost sweet, compared with the squalid misery of the present.

There is something in great agony that in itself strengthens us to endurance, but who can endure contempt? In the past she had been so wounded and crushed, that now every touch was agony; and no one spared her; why should they? What graces had she that should win tenderness, a little faded ugly woman, a mark for the mirth of the young and thoughtless, the dislike of the sensuous, the impatience of the strong? Nothing left her but patience, and she has grown so very weary of patience. Life would have been easier if she could have been angry, but she had no just cause for anger. What right had she to expect life to be other than bitter? the world loves beauty and youth and happiness, and she was old and sad and ugly.

The world was full of love, but not for her. The world lives on hope, and she was hopeless; the world is very beautiful, and she was a stain upon it.

"Oh, God! to be a woman and old, and ugly."

It broke his heart; the pain was too great to be borne, he cried out aloud, and started in his seat.

The little brown-faced woman at the farther end of the carriage started too, and shrank into herself; he stared at her, bewildered.

It was so tragic, the gentle pathos of her face, as if she would beg forgiveness for her very existence; as if she would cry out to him not to crush her, as insects are

crushed by the strong because they are unsightly.

He passed his hand across his eyes as if to clear his sight, and looked at her, puzzled.

"May I express my deep sympathy with the very sad story you have told me?" he said,

"My story? I have told you no story. I hope I do not disturb you. I have no right here, I know. Mine is a third-class ticket, but the guard put me in here the last time we stopped because the people in the carriage where I was were so noisy."

"I am amazed, bewildered," he stammered; "certainly you told me your story."

The little woman had pride; she set her lips firmly, and spoke coldly.

"I do not speak of my affairs to strangers," she said; "even if they were of any interest I should not."

Her pride touched him more than all, it was so impotent, so gentle. He moved along the seat till he was opposite her, looking straight into the patient, proud, pathetic face; he spoke tenderly, gently and with infinite reverence.

"I am sure, though you have not told me your story, that the story which has in some strange way come within my knowledge is your story, and I want to hear the end. Do you mind telling me where you are going now?"

"I am going to be a drudge among strangers. What is it to you?"

What, indeed? A little, plain, faded woman, what did it mean that he, a man in the prime of life, handsome, rich, overburdened with friends, felt the tears rise in his eyes, and a great ache in his heart? She might well look at him in wonder. He stretched out his hands toward her, he could scarcely speak.

"I know it all," he said, "I have felt it all. You have suffered so much. You shall not suffer any more. I will make your life so bright to you if you will let me."

"I don't understand," she faltered.

"Neither do I," he cried, "neither do I, not how I know so much, or why I love you. I only know that I must take you right into my heart and keep you warm there, for I do love you!"

"Oh no! me, impossible!"

But, looking in his eyes, she saw it was possible and true, and she held out her hands, trembling, wondering, questioning. He answered the question with words that seemed to come through him, as if they were a message and not only his own thought.

"Every human soul is lovable; we could not hold back from loving every soul on earth could we once see it. But we cannot. Beauty hides the soul equal with de-

formity. Today God has been good to me; I have seen the soul of a woman—and loved it."

One-Minute Romance From Everyday Life.

After her wild tears of grief had ceased because their fountain was exhausted, Jessie Mulligan began to look around for something to do. James Mulligan, her husband, had gone over a bridge with his train on the Yellowstone division of the Northern Pacific Railroad six months before, and his young wife found herself not only bereft but penniless. She is pretty, young and fairly well educated, the daughter of Frederick Wall, a painter, of Indianapolis, Ind., and supposed, at first, it would be easy to find employment. But she met the same appalling difficulties that hundreds of other good, sweet women are meeting every day. There seemed to be no place for her; no avenue into which she could safely turn. Then she thought of the railroad company. Her husband had lost his life in its service; maybe she could get a clerkship in one of the offices. She went to the superintendent.

"Give me a position of some kind!" she urged. "It is absolutely necessary! My children—" but her voice trembled and failed; she could say no more. The official was really disturbed. He had nothing that such a frail, childlike woman could do.

"There isn't a vacancy on the division, except one made by the brakeman who was killed at the Forks yesterday—" He saw her look of utter wretchedness and continued, in the jocular tone in which a man always speaks when he is half-annoyed, altogether sorry, and hasn't the least idea in the world what to say or do:

"You can have that if you want it."

Little Jessie Mulligan rose quietly. "I will take it," she said, "and report for duty at 4 tomorrow morning."

Before the superintendent could protest she was gone. But promptly at 4 a slight figure in jacket, boots, and bloomers appeared, took her orders of the gasping train boss, ran like a squirrel to the roof of a freight car, and began at the brakes. She had been used to railroading in all its branches, so it did not take her long to learn what was expected of her; and strength flooded her arms when she thought of her babies.

So she works through these winter days, keeping her hold at once on the slippery tops of the blizzard-swept cars, and on her position; and the rough men around her give the respect a true woman will meet anywhere in this wide land; while, at home, the little ones, warm and rosy, sing as they wait for her returning.—*Grace Duffie Boylan, in Chicago Journal.*

But They Never Came Again.

In a rural town in an adjoining jurisdiction there lives an old lady who is the possessor of an economical disposition, and two prepossessing daughters who are belles of the town. Not long ago, on a Sunday afternoon, two youths with a decided liking for pretty girls drove out to see these two fair damsels. They were cordially received, delightfully entertained, and when supper time came invited to partake of the evening meal. Supper over, they still lingered. Bed time came, they still tarried.

The old lady, used to early hours, went to her slumbers, but the two young men found no fault with that. Waking from a sleep of several hours and seeing a light still burning, the old lady called:

"Matilda!"

"Yes, mother."

"Have the boys gone?"

The boys, with nods and pantomime, besought Matilda to answer in the affirmative, so the daughter answered again:

"Yes, Mother."

"Matilda!"

"Well, mother!"

"Wasn't them two boys hogs for but-ter?"—*New York Rebekah.*

Brought Him to Time.

"Well," remarked the fond but bashful young man, rising at a late hour to go, "it seems hardly worth while for me to stay any longer. We are not going to see any meteors tonight. It is a great disappointment, but I have enjoyed the evening exceedingly, in spite of that. And there won't be another great shower like the one we have missed seeing," he added, fingering his hat, "for thirty-three years!"

"Well," responded the maiden, looking dreamily out at the darkened skies, "if you'll come we'll sit up and watch for that one, too."

Then he put down his hat.

"Katie," he gasped, "do you think I'll still be coming here, as I am now, thirty-three years from this time?"

"It looks like it," she replied, demurely.

On which hint he spake—and it was still later when he finally did go.—*Chicago Tribune.*

He Believed in It.

"My dear," said Witherby, "I have been thinking the matter over after recently reading a very sensible article on the subject, and I have concluded that if I should die I should want you to marry again."

Mrs. Witherby looked up with a half-quizzical expression.

"That's a strange doctrine for you to profess," she said, calmly.

"Well," said Witherby, "there has always been a good deal of tommyrot about second marriages, and, after all, if we view the matter in a sensible light, there is no reason why a woman shouldn't marry again."

Mrs. Witherby had not lived with her husband for fourteen years without knowing something about him.

"That is true," she said, still more calmly; "and a matter which I have often thought about. Sentiment is all very well, of course, but it isn't practical. A woman might make a mistake the first time—"

Witherby started to interrupt her, but she went on smoothly.

"I don't say they all do, of course. But by the time she is ready to marry again she has had a certain amount of experience and is pretty apt to get the right kind of a husband. Why, then, should she remain single, unprotected, and alone for the sake of an idle sentiment, when, for the rest of her life, she can live in comfort and happiness? I agree with you, perfectly, my dear."

"You do, do you?" said Witherby, savagely pulling out of his pocket and lighting the one-too-many cigar that he hadn't intended to smoke. "Well, I'll just tell you one thing right here. Before I give you a chance to carry out any such deep-laid scheme as you evidently have had in your mind, why, if necessary, I'll live to be a thousand!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Small Favor.

"O, George, dear, I have a little favor I'd like to ask before you go down town this morning," said Mrs. Jooks the other morning.

"Well, what is it?"

"I wish that you would just help Lizzie move the piano out of the sitting-room and help her get those big bookcases and that great heavy couch out of the room. I want the couch carried out into the yard, where it can be thoroughly beaten. And then, if you'll just help get the carpet up and out on the line, and help Susan beat and shake it, and help her take down those large pictures on the sitting-room wall, and carry them out so that the dust can all be brushed off the back, and—well, if he hasn't gone! That's just like a man! Ask him to do any little thing about the house and he flies off faster than if a conscript officer were after him to carry him off to war. I never saw anything like it!"—*New York World.*

Domes'ic Bliss in Indiana.

The most unique complaint ever filed in divorce suit here was put on record recently, by Lerton D. Foist. Among the charges against his wife, he says she burned a hundred thousand fence rails; smashed a plow with an ax, hacked two \$40 watches to bits with a hatchet, cut his harness to pieces twice, sprinkled a barrel of flour over the garden, cut a live hog in two with an ax, emptied feathers out of the bed to the four winds, filled up a well which he was preparing to wall, and compelled him to sleep on the floor for twenty-seven cold nights. He says he could write an interesting book on "Eighteen Years in Hell."

Hetty Green's View.

Mrs. Hetty Green is a typical Yankee, even in her quiet and saturnine humor. To an over-dressed woman who had made unnecessary comments upon feminine apparel she said:

"Wealthy people can afford to dress poorly. The poor and vulgar must wear fine clothing, if only for purposes of disguise."

Her retort to a dissipated official who pleaded for a former excellent record as a reason for reinstatement was:

"It is a wretched company which runs a locomotive after it is worn out.—*Leslie's Monthly*.

Another Theory Shattered.

"I have been studying the matter a good deal of late, and I am inclined to believe that a man is likely in spite of himself to assume characteristics which come from the peculiar nature of his business. A butcher, for instance gets beefy, and there is something about him suggestive of raw meat. A man who drives a mule team gets to be stubborn after awhile, and an engineer is likely to be puffing most of the time. So it is all through the list of men's occupations. If you—"

"Oh, I don't know about that. I went out to buy a pint of oysters this morning, and the man who dipped them up nearly talked an arm off me while he was doing it."—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

Opinions of a Pessimist.

He that can profit by the experiences of others is the man that wins in this world.

No man ever won the respect of other men by boasting of his experiences with women.

The men who think they know it all are always young men.

Ambition is simply a desire to arouse envy in other people.

The father who doesn't make you tired by telling you what his baby says and does isn't much of a man, after all.

Don't cry down public opinion. It helps a great many people to be good.

Women wouldn't wear tight shoes if they thought men always looked at their faces.

Living Is Cheap in Mexican Cities.

American energy and enterprise are spreading south into Mexico, but not to such an extent as the nearness of that country might seem to justify. The insecurity of life and property in the republic, the difference in the language, and the hostility of the people to the Anglo-Saxon hamper Americans. But for those who go there and work hard there are good prospects.

The government has issued a report giving a good deal of raw material in the way of facts as to Mexico. It is intended for the use of persons who wish to do business with the republic or who think of going there.

Living is not dear in Mexico. In the interior towns and villages the common necessities of life are cheap. Coffee and tea are expensive, and so are imported goods, owing to the cost of the duties and the expense of transportation. In the interior, meals may be had at the hotels for about 50 cents each, and board and lodging at from \$2 to \$2.50 a day.

In the City of Mexico living is more expensive. Hotels charge from \$2 to \$10 silver per day. Good meals may be procured at any first-class restaurant for \$1. A tourist intending to take a short trip to Mexico would do well to calculate his expenses at \$10 a day, including traveling charges.

Ready-made clothing is not much in vogue, but imported English and French cloth is made up into suits at about the same cost as in the United States. The big dry goods establishments are as well stocked as those of the larger cities of the United States, and for imported goods the prices vary very little from those prevailing here.

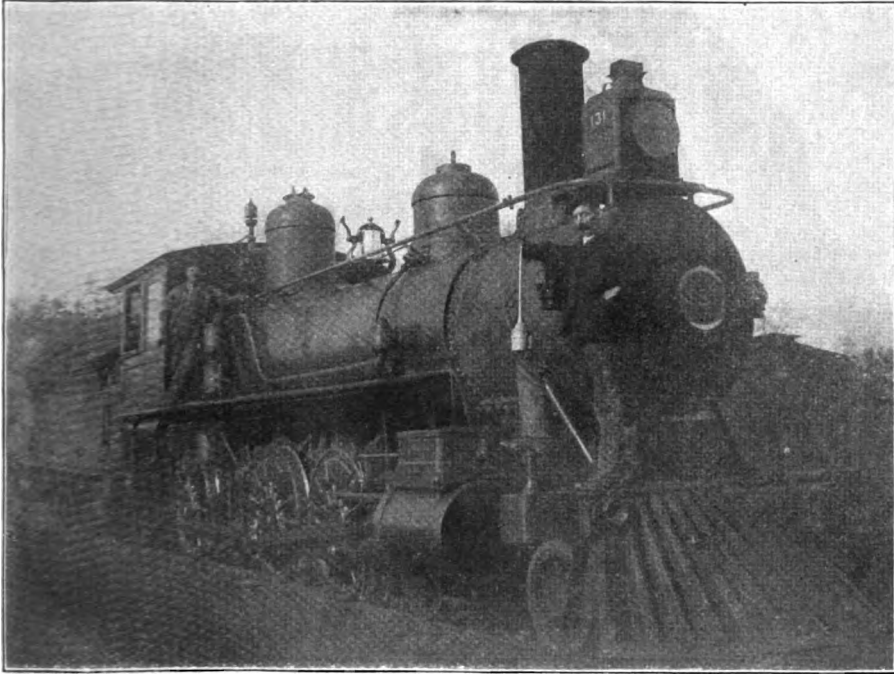
Rents in the City of Mexico, however, are very high. This is due to the cost of house building and to the many taxes, one of which is a municipal tariff of 12 per cent on the annual rental. The expense and taxes on a house costing \$10,000 to build and renting for \$75 per month is \$13.08 per month, or about 17½ per cent of the receipts.

Labor is abundant and cheap in Mexico. Farm laborers receive from 20 to 37½ cents a day. There are instances where the day laborer receives 50 cents a day, but there are also instances where he receives only 15 to 20 cents. The Secretary of the Treasury estimates the daily wage of farm laborers at 25 cents.

A large portion of the farming is carried on under the share system. In many instances rations of corn are furnished to the hired laborer. In some cases he is allowed a small allowance a day for his board in addition to wages; again, he is furnished by the landlord with a small piece of land to cultivate for his own benefit. To farm

one whose early school days were associated with such humiliating and unfavorable circumstances as were those of Daniel Webster, the foster-father of our American nationality." Such is the opening sentence of an article by Forrest Prescott Hall in the January *Arena*. The observation is amply justified by the facts that follow concerning Webster's school days, and his difficulties in making a speech and even in reciting his lessons.

"Daniel's parents were humble folk in straitened circumstances, in what is now called Salisbury Center, N. H. It took considerable contriving to enable him to get the education for which he had a pas-



BRO. J. A. SPEARS, MEMBER OF DIV. 26, RICHMOND, VA., AND HIS FIREMAN, J. A. HANKS, C. & O. RY.—Photograph by Brother Spears' Daughter, Gladys.

laborers the only rations ever furnished are corn and beans.

In the mines, the wages of laborers vary from 40 to 60 and to 80 cents a day, with no rations. In factories, the wages are from 18 to 25 and 37 to 62 cents a day, without rations. A day's labor in Mexico is from 9 to 13 hours.—*Cleveland World*.

Webster's School Days.

"It is doubtful if, among that group of intellectual prodigies whose efforts in the courts of justice and in the national halls of legislation have been materially felt during our career as a nation, there can be found

sionate longing; but on May 25, 1796, he and his father set out for Exeter, where he was placed in a school kept by a Mr. Clifford. The house is still standing, "the pride of the town." Mr. Hall proceeds as follows:

"When Daniel was given in charge of the worthy Mr. Clifford it was the first time he had ever been away from home, and his feelings cannot be better described than by himself:

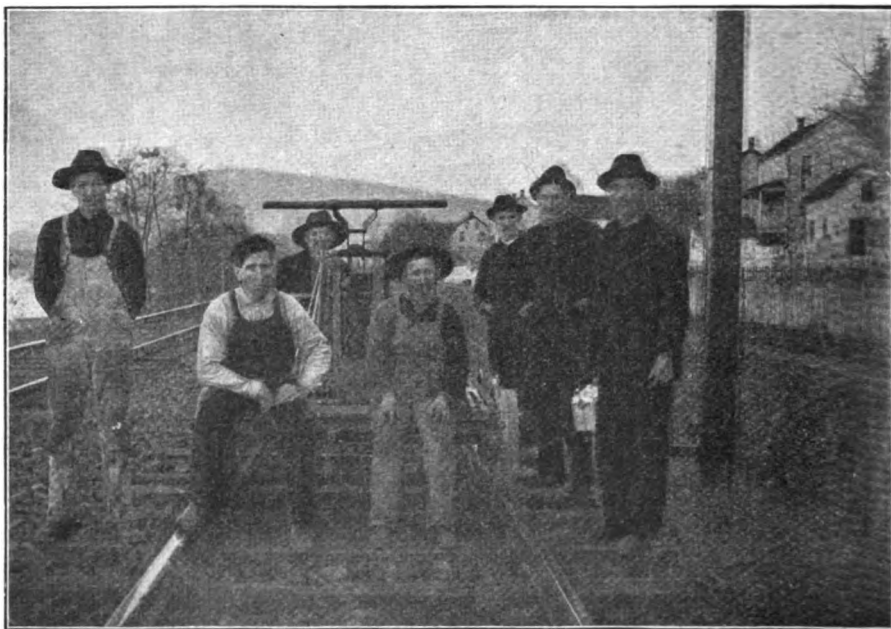
"The change overpowered me. I hardly remained master of my own senses among ninety boys who had seen so much more and appeared to know so much more than I did."

"It is not to be wondered that the change overpowered him, a rough, untrained country boy, at 14 years of age.

"It is said that Webster, upon leaving his son at Mr. Clifford's house, remarked to this gentleman that 'he must teach Daniel to hold his knife and fork, for he knows no more about it than a cow about holding a spade.' It seems that the comparison was a good one, for his manners at the table were so rude that the other students requested the landlord to send him away. But the kind-hearted man would not consent to this, and refused even to remonstrate with Daniel, for he knew that the boy was sensitive and knew no better.

"He hit upon a plan, so the story goes,

good recitation. But what is to be wondered at most of all is that he could not be induced to speak in public. When the day came on which the class was to declaim, although he had learned his piece, he was utterly incapable of rising from his seat when his name was called. 'The kind and excellent Buckminster,' says Daniel in his autobiography, 'sought especially to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation, like the other boys, but I could not do it. Many a time did I commit the pieces to memory in my room, yet when the time came when the school collected to hear declamations, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it.



THE SECTION GANG, P. R. R., SUNBURY, PA.—A very important factor in both construction and operation of railroads, and whose work is more fully appreciated by engineers than any other class.—Photograph, courtesy of Howard Barnhart, Sunbury, Pa.

which resulted in teaching the boy how to use his knife and fork. Webster was accustomed to hold them in his fists. Mr. Clifford one day held his in the same way, and continued to do so until Webster saw how ungraceful it was and corrected himself. The knife and fork episode is not much in itself, but it shows how ignorant Webster was when he came to Exeter, and under what adverse conditions was his struggle for an education.

"As to his studies, his success at Exeter was not great. He himself says so. He seemed unable to recite in a room filled with boys, and though he studied hard, and was far from stupid, he could never make a

Sometimes the instructors frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed and entreated most winningly that I would venture, but I could never command sufficient resolution. When the occasion was over I went home and wept bitter tears of mortification.'

"And now, when we think of Daniel Webster, the orator, whose speeches have become classic and who towered above his fellows like the peak of Teneriffe, we cannot help smiling at the picture of Daniel Webster the boy blushing and stammering before his schoolmates, and unable to pronounce a word of the speech which he had learned and studied for the occasion.

"It is said that Daniel was so much discouraged by his inability to declaim in public, and by his treatment at the hands of his fellow-students, that at the end of the first term, when Dr. Abbot called him up and asked him if he intended to return after Christmas, his answer indicated something like reluctance. The principal well knew that Webster's rustic manners and coarse clothing had drawn upon him the ridicule of the boys, who, says Mr. McGaw, 'in every respect except habiliments and external accomplishments were greatly his inferiors.'

"It must be admitted that Webster was slovenly and untidy in his appearance. It is said that he rarely washed his face and hands. Many stories are told concerning this noticeable habit of youth, and the following instance illustrates very clearly Webster's unkempt appearance and also a sally of wit:

"Day after day Daniel appeared in class with his hands besmeared with dirt, paying no attention whatever to the urgent appeals of the teacher to keep them clean. Finally the climax was capped. One day Webster presented himself in the class room with his usual unclean appearance. The teacher could stand it no longer, and, quickly calling the boy to the desk, took up his dirty hand and exclaimed in an enraged tone, 'Webster, if you can show me another hand in this room as dirty as this one I will not punish you.'

"Webster quickly drew up his other hand and said, 'Here's one, professor.'

"The teacher was wholly taken aback by the brightness of his young pupil, and admitted that he was beaten. Webster took his seat without the thrashing.

"Webster was assured by the kind principal that he was a better scholar than most of the boys, and that his constant application to his books, coupled with a prodigious faculty for labor, was surprising. He also told him that he should be placed in a higher class, where he would no longer be hindered by the boys who cared more for play and dress than for solid improvement.

"These were the first encouraging words," says Webster, "that I ever received with regard to my studies. I then resolved to return and pursue them with diligence and with so much ability as I possessed."

After a stay of nine months at Exeter Daniel was taken to Boscawen, N. H., to be taught by Rev. Samuel Wood. After one year here, the reverend gentleman informed his pupil that he was tired of him and would put him in college at once. He went to Dartmouth, and did better work, learning to speak in public, and by the end of his freshman year had become quite a power in the college.—*Literary Digest*.

Electricity on New York Elevated.

A recent issue of the *Street Railway Journal* is devoted in great part to the plans and work for the conversion of the elevated railway system of New York from steam locomotive traction to electric power. The work is now well advanced and it is expected that the engines will be turning in the power house by June 1 of the present year.

The magnitude of the undertaking will be realized when it is understood that the main power station is expected to be capable of generating from steam engines 100,000 horse-power, and this is to be dis-

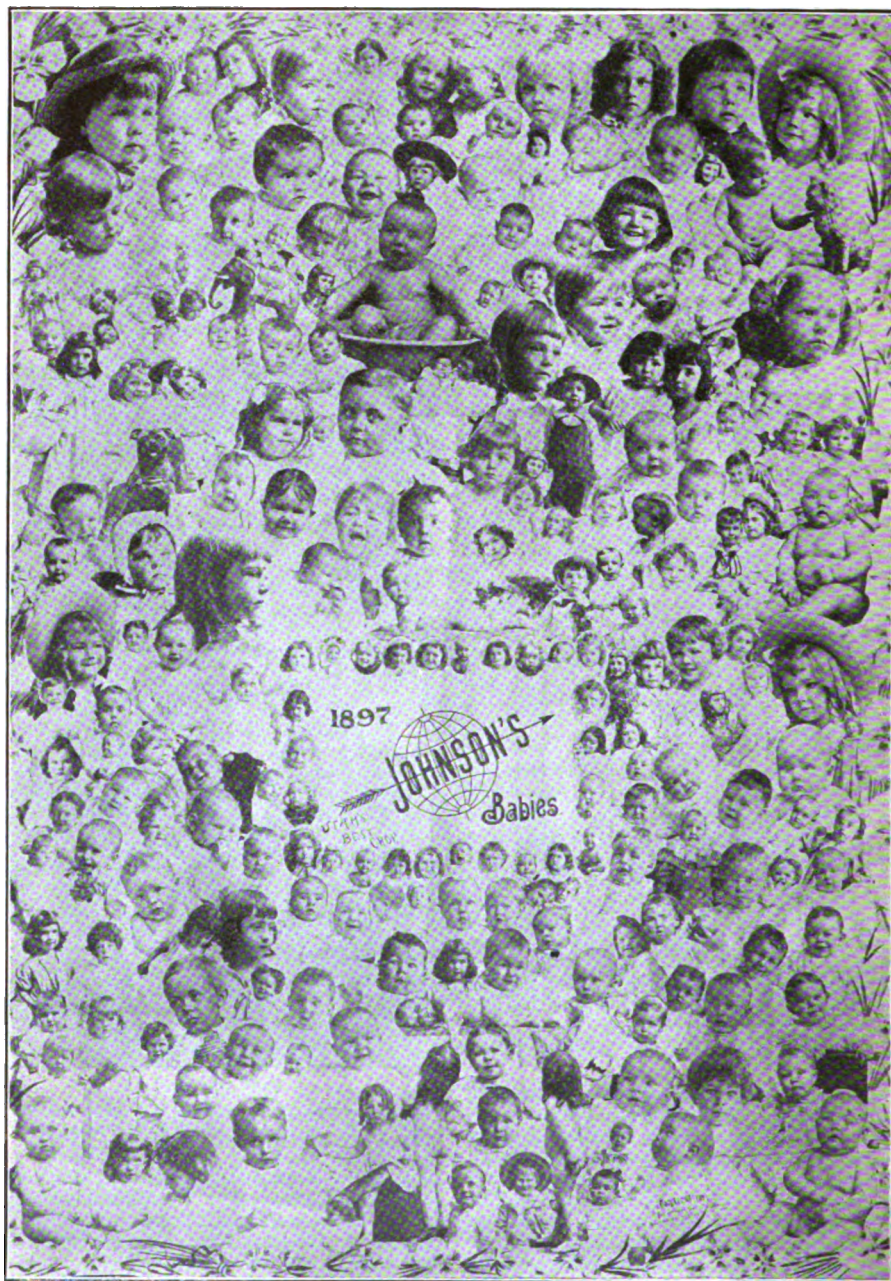


BABY MONROE.

The father, Mr. M. S. Monroe, is Foreman at Blue Island, Ill., C. R. I. & P. Ry.—Photograph, courtesy of Bro. M. J. Griffin, member of Div. 422.

tributed to 200 moving trains with certainty and satisfaction. The completion of this remarkable work will form undoubtedly the greatest electric and power installation, with the exception of that at Niagara Falls, yet attempted. It will probably only be surpassed when some of the great steam railways eventually adopt electricity as their motive power.

The first screw vessel, the *Archimedes*, was built for the British navy in 1840.



Of Johnson's 125 babies, we know of but one, the sixth from the bottom next the border on the left of the picture, which belongs to the family of a Brother. The picture is quite an interesting study and very creditable to Mr. Johnson, who shows very artistic taste in the arrangement of the fine samples of his art work. The Utah crop is certainly a handsome aggregation of Utah's coming men and matrons.

Correspondence.

All contributions to our Correspondence and Technical columns must be in not later than the 10th of the month to insure insertion.

Articles must be written on one side of the paper only. Noms de plume may be used, but every article must be signed with full name and address of the writer to insure insertion.

We shall be glad to receive articles on any subject of general interest to the fraternity.

All communications are subject to revision or rejection, as the Editor may deem proper.

The Editor does not assume responsibility for the opinions expressed by contributors in this department. C. H. SALMONS, Editor and Manager.

Fighting Snow in a Cut.

I was sick, yes, I had a brief dose of the grip,
I recovered, and went out the road for a trip,
To fight snow in the cuts, which were filled quite full,

The old mill which I ran was an engine-house cull;
She was fit to be scrapped, great Jehovah! her like

Isn't running today on a lumber-camp pike!
But I managed to get her well out of the yard,
With the help of my stoker, a faithful old pard.

Her black pointer it held up its head for a spell,
Then it paused for an instant, then backward it fell.

But we ran for the drift at a pretty good gait,
And we buried her up, then prepared for a wait,
'Till the diggers would come. We slashed over the fire,

To get steam to inject her. The pointer rose higher,

Yes, and also the water, two gauges we got,
Then we dropped the back curtain, until she'd get hot.

To the dear land of Nod in a jiffy I sped,
Where all thoughts of old pelters flew out of my head,

I was soon in a dream, one I'll never forget,
It is niched in the halls of my memory yet!
There the season was nearing the last end of June,
I was stretched in a hammock. "The glorious orb'd moon"

Was chock full to the muzzle, the same as myself,
As I swung 'neath the maples, a fortunate elf!

Within reach was a maiden, a Hebe in grace;
She was young, and she had a most beautiful face.
As I swung to and fro she kept fanning me there,
And small blame if I thought her the queen of the fair.

I kept chinning soft nonsense, she made fit replies,

How I felt when I'd gaze in her bonnie blue eyes!
I was nose-deep in glory, my head swelled with pride

As she kissed me, and said I could make her my bride.

Then the nightingale's song, on the spice-laden breeze

Made the atmosphere vocal. I drank to the lees
Of the nectar the gods sent to give me delight,
And approve my betrothal, that mem'able night.

Then we talked of our nuptials. She wanted to wait.

I requested her kindly to make a near date.
And the charmer consented to crown me with bliss,
Then I sprang from the hammock to give her a kiss.

Holy Moses! I found myself down on the deck!
Where I rolled from the seat, an old physical wreck!

With the pointer at zero, the fire-box as black
As the cloud that rolls out of a smoke-burner's stack,

And the crown-sheet was sending down oceans of tears.

'Twas a sight that oft buckled up good engineers.
The old pelter was dead—worse than that, and, my God!

I just prayed to be, like her, down under the sod.

SHANDY MAGUIRE.

Johnson's Babies.

SALT LAKE, March 12, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In looking over the JOURNAL of late I see a great many photos of young children, but not seeing any from Utah I thought I would send you a photo of Utah's Best Crop. I can't say these babies are all engineers' children, but presume that many of them may become engineers and engineers' wives in the future. Now, if you ever run short of kids' pictures just let me know, as I can always supply you on short notice, minus the oil can, which is scarce here.

Fraternally yours,

JAMES T. BELESS, Div. 222.

P. S.—Since I signed my name to this I have found that my youngest daughters' photograph is in there, which is a great surprise to us. I merely intended to send this as a joke.

J. T. B.

We thank Brother Beless for sending us this interesting subject. The controversy over the kids with cans we suppose inspired our Brother to send it, feeling that a whole bunch of babies from one locality gave a comical side to the question; and while we use it as an interesting piece of art work, it has in it a suggestive thought, and in this connection we give this problem: If one picture like the single one which appears on page 291 costs \$6 to insert, what would be the total cost of inserting one of all the children of our married Brothers, and would these pictures continue to have interest for the general reader?—EDITOR.

The Hero of the Road.

We read about the heroes who have faced the guns
in battle,
On the ships that plow the waters, in the trenches
on the land;
But for bravery that is real, and for nerve that is
unflinching,
Take the man who rides the engine with the lever
in his hand.

In the excitement of the moment men may scale a
wall of fire,
And may carry those to safety whose last hope had
gone forever;
But for cool, deliberate action, in the face of in-
stant danger,
Take the man who rides the engine with his hand
upon the lever.

Mid the cheering of their comrades men rush
madly into batt'e,
And we laud them, noble heroes, which their dar-
ing deeds deserve;
But the man who faces danger all alone upon his
engine
Is the hero of the hour, and the man who has the
nerve.

As he drives his engine forward, round the curves
and through the tunnels,
And the blackness of the night obscures his
sight,
Then the metal that is in him proves the hero we
have pictured,
For alone he grips the lever as he dashes into
night.

We never think to praise him for the courage he
exhibits,—
We are only filled with rapture at the speeding of
his train,—
Yet this man, who drives his engine through the
storm into the darkness,
Controls the destiny of hundreds by the coolness
of his brain.

"He went down beneath his engine with his hand
upon the lever."
We will read it in the headlines of the paper,
plain and clear.
Then, like flowers that are scattered after death
upon the casket,
Will come praises in profusion when too late for
him to hear.

"THE POET ON WHEELS."
Buffalo Y. M. C. A.

The Journal Complimented.

BROOKWOOD, ALA., April 7, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I have before me
volume XXXIV. of the JOURNAL for 1900,
nicely bound. It occupies the place of
honor on my desk, where it will serve as
both an ornament and a valuable work to
refer to. One who has never seen a whole

year's issue of our JOURNAL, under one
cover, has never come to a full knowledge
and appreciation of the workings, doings
and sayings of the order. It puts us in
close touch and sympathy with our Brothers
far removed by distance, and by a
perusal of the pages, we can know what
they are thinking as well as doing. We
have some bright minds in our ranks—and
please pardon me for including our editor,
with his pithy editorials and crisp para-
graphs, always to the point and courteous
and fair to all elements. Our Brothers
should feel proud of our literary depart-
ment—by which I mean the JOURNAL, and
its management. It is the equal of any
and the superior of many publications
that exist merely for the entertainment of
their readers, without in any way advocat-
ing their interests. So, when we have
a journal that "speaks out in meeting"
for us, and at the same time furnishes a
full supply of entertaining reading in
every line, why should we not strive to
help it on? I do not believe it possible for
any man to look over our JOURNAL and not
be benefited, or without feeling a greater
respect for our order.

Now, as to the "kids and oil cans," no
doubt a large percentage of our readers
enjoy that feature. Those who do not
have very little cause for grumbling, for
they can entirely ignore the pages contain-
ing them and still find more entertaining
matter in the JOURNAL than they get in
the average monthly magazine at the same
or greater cost. I am confident that lots of
us who have "kids" and use oil cans
would like to see the space used in the dis-
cussion of the subject filled with the por-
traits of our young hopefuls, whose fea-
tures compare very favorably with those of
other people's children, even the offspring
of millionaires and heads of trusts. I have
twin girls, four years old, who are so alike
that it is sometimes very difficult to
"place" them, and I will confess that
often a very great desire to see their faces
in our beloved JOURNAL has assailed me.
But, no; it seems that the "kids and oil
cans" must go, so I shall not annoy some
of our readers, nor increase your perplexi-
ties, by sending their photos.

However, I hold my own private opinion about the suitability of crowding out everything of local interest to many of our readers in order to make room for matter relating to "furrin parts," which is not cared for by some, to the extent that their own home affairs should be sidetracked for it.

I am perfectly willing to leave such matters entirely to our editor. After looking over the bound volume of 1900, my confidence in his ability and judgment cannot be shaken.

Yours fraternally,
W. E. WRYE.

Twenty Years Ago.

The times are sadly changing, Ted, from what they used to be,
But one thing still remains the same—it's merry, childish glee.
And while we watch the playing-ground we played in long ago,
We see the very same old games of twenty years ago.

The girls are playing hide-and-seek; the boys are playing ball;
They throw it o'er the slanting roof and catch it ere it fall,
While from the one that holds the ball the others run, you know.
It is just the way we played it, Ted, just twenty years ago.

The boys they cannot run so fast with boots upon their feet.
And that's the way they dress them now; they say it makes them neat.
While some may think we progress as the seasons come and go,
But give to me the barefoot boy of twenty years ago.

The place still looks familiar, Ted,—this dear old Storms'es school,—
Where first we learned the alphabet, likewise the Golden Rule.
But when they rapped to call us in, a bell swings to and fro;
'Tis but a very little change since twenty years ago.

There are the trees we used to climb to shake the beach-nuts down,
Where those that were too small to climb might pick them off the ground.
How often have we gathered them, both you and I and Joe!
But Joe was in the church-yard laid since twenty-years ago.

Are these our comrades' children, Ted? I cannot see a trace

In all that merry, laughing group of one familiar face.

The names upon the marble slabs are the only names we know;
The rest have wandered many a mile since twenty years ago.

Come, let us leave the dear old school; my tears are falling fast

To think of all this childish glee. How soon, alas, 'tis past!

But while my eyes are dim with tears, its not sorrow makes them flow;

Its the memory of the happy days of twenty years ago.

J. O'D.
Schreiber, Ont.

Jean's Troubles.

'LAN' PON', VT.,
March terteen, nanteen honder an' wan.

BRODDAR EDEETARE, HOLSO CHEEFE
HARTER: Bah Gosh! you'll com' pooty neer breket op mah fam'ly, you. Whal, seh. Ahl goin' hom' to soppar de oddar naght. Ahl wa'k een mah howse sem has menny tams for tirty ye'r of et. Ahl hexpec' to meet et mah waf an' keese et sem has allweys waas. Ahl ant meet 'im. Ahl sey to mahse'f, "She'l maus' be seek." Whal, Ahl tek hof mah "Bot Savage," som' tam' call "mogaseen" (Yankee nem') an' wa'k een seetin' room. Dere, hon cha'r, she's seet. All try, me, to tole ye haw she'l waas look. She's gat wan 'nee'cros' deodder of it. (Fuss tam' Ahl fin' et dat wey sen'e Ahl waas cor't et.) Een wan han', she'l got book. Wan helbo' hon hee's 'nee. Wan feets taouch floor. She' heel go tap—tap—tap, tap, tap. She's leep clos' taight cover op she's twanty-for dollaar teet'. (She's pi'k blu'berry las' fall to pey for et.) She's fes' draon daoun so dat she's ha'r pang waas stan' hon she's forard—look som'ting lak' sawsedge. Ahl wa'k een an' she'l ant notis et. Ahl keek cha'r. She'l ant notis dat, too. Ahl cros' room an' keek speetoon. She's hopen he's heyes w'en she'll do dat she's panghar' he's goin' bac' w'ere she's beelong. She'l sey, "Jean! you'll keek hover speetoon agin, a'nt et?" Ahl tole 'er "No seh; jus' taouch et." Den she's look hat me, an' she'l t'ro' tree fore "Tordien" top mah hed, an' shee'l say, "Jean Charette!" (Ahl spel' et some'tams een angleesh Jo'n Cart, bot has Ahl waas tall mans, me, Ahl som'

tams poot Hee-Har hon las'en' hof et; mek nem' long lak' Ahl was een franch, Jo'n Cart-er.) You'se hol' fool! Ahl sey, me, "Terese w'at you'il meen?" Shee'l sey ag'in. "Jean Charette, you'se hol' fool!" Whal, bawt dat tam' Ahl gat mah "Papineau" 'blow'd op, an' Ahl tole 'er a'nt waander, me, Ahl leeve wit' 'er t'irty yeer, an' Ahl tot Ahl ant to blem for et. Ahl tole 'er "Wat's de matter, tannyway?" She's tro' book hat me—JOURNAL, an' she'l sey, "Wat for you'll 'rote dat lettat an' tole de hol' wold 'bowt yaoung mans keesin' me?" Bah Gosh, Ahl waas maouch susprise, me, to fin' mah privat' lettat to ye an' Cheefe Harter hon JOURNAL. Ahl daoun' kno' haw Ahl do et, bot Ahl tek' een long bre't'; Ahl shek' et mah feest an' wa'k raoun', shek' et mah he'd. W'en Ahl gat tro' dat curcus beesness Ahl fes et 'er, an' sey, "Terese, Ahl belong to dat horder for t'irty year of et, an' Ahl was hon good stan' hon book today, an' Ahl can' honderstan', me, why dey'l geev' et me 'wey lak' dat." Ahl tole 'er Ahl goin' to mah Deeveson an' tole 'em hall abawt et. Ahl goin' to mek' et Cheefe Harter loss hee's jawb, an' deeg op holemans Weelson an' poot 'im bac' w'ere she'l waas w'en Tom Scot hire et, an' Cheefe Harter she'l 'ant be dere wit' hee's hammer paoun'ing teble lak' de dev' an' holler aout, "Com' to hordar." No, seh! He'l 'ant be dere to shot me hoff lak' she's deed menny tams befor'. Ahl geev' et 'im to honderstan' he's bre'k et she's hobleegaton, me, w'ile Ahl waas mekin' dat gre't speech. Ahl keep et mah heye hon dat ha'r pang, an' Ahl notis' she's waas keep raith ple's. Terese she'l sey, "No, Jean, dat an't goin' to do et. Eef you'll do dat you'll breeng et mauch skandle hon mah good nem'." An' she'l sey, "Ant you'll reed et hon paper 'bawt yaoung good-lookin' mans, she's kan look hat good-lookin' whomans, two, fav', prob'ly nan' of et, so long has hee'l can stan' et, an mek' et do ennyt'ing hee'l lak'. Som'tams wan of et whomans mor' heesy den noddar." Ahl sey, me, "No, seh; Ahl ant kno' 'bawt dat kan Dokter. St. Anne de Beaupre she's good enoff for me." "Whal," she'l sey, "deys call dees medeceen heepnoteese, an' Ahl

want et ye to 'rite JOURNAL an' tole 'em w'en you'll katch dat yaoung mans keesin' me Ahl waas heepnoteese." Ahl tole 'er Ahl t'ot, me, hee'l waas try et to gat 'er hon heep, w'en Ahl waas fin' em.

Ahl waas goin' to tole ye hall 'bawt treep to dat beeg hole hon graoun'. Dey call et Mammot' Kav'. Bat Ahl an't goin' to do et, honless you'll promis' you'll 'ant let Terese kno' ennyt'ing abawt et, has dey waas som'tings tek' plese hon dat treep Ahl ant want 'er kno' et. JEAN.

P. S.—Ahl kan sen' ye t'ree, fav' hor seven hof et keeds, bot you'll hav' to fin' hoilkans han' jomper. J.

The Brown System of Discipline.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I noticed in the March JOURNAL an article regarding discipline under the Brown system. I was much interested in the article, and want to say that there was so much merit in it that I read it over and over, and the more one reads it the more he sees it in reality. It is only too true. They are my sentiments exactly, and a subject which I would like to write upon; but as this Brother, as I suppose he is, has fired my shot and used most of my ammunition, it would be hard for me to write an article without using his words, and that I do not wish to do. But if you will spare me a little space I would like to say a few words.

The March article says: "The general managers of a railroad make mistakes as do others in the employ of the company." Yes, the President and all others, down to the very lowest official of a railroad, make mistakes, and perhaps many of them. The number of mistakes perhaps increases as they go down to the lower officials, and you will find that it is the lower officials that have great authority invested in them who abuse the Brown system. Do *they* receive demerit marks? Are *they* suspended for the many mistakes they make? No, most emphatically, No! They are the officers of the law. They are the judge and jury and we are the criminals.

We very often hear people say, "I wonder why the general manager keeps such a man in an official position? He is a detri-

ment to the company. He is making it so disagreeable for the men." And so on. I will tell you why he keeps him—just because he doesn't know he has such a man. You may tell the general manager about it, and he will ask the one that put him there what kind of a man he is, and quite naturally the reply is, "Why, he is OK—a good man," just because he put him there. If our managers were as anxious to investigate such things as our local officials are to investigate and find fault with and attach blame to our every act, I believe the railroads would be better equipped with more good, broad-minded officials than they are today.

I know a large railroad which adopted the Brown system of discipline, and the general officials instructed their subordinates to that effect, and the employees were informed that each one would be started out with a clean slate, and that there would be a sheet for merit marks and one for demerit marks. Well, they started out under this system. The page for demerit marks began to fill up, but the local officials never could find anything commendable enough to enter a merit mark, and in addition to the demerit marks they also used the old way of discipline—10 days, 30 days, 60 days and 90 days—and your past record was always thrown up to you. Do you think the general officials knew this? No; I don't believe they did.

To show how unreasonable some officials are, I was informed a short time ago that a superintendent had issued a circular to the effect that in all cases where trains break in two, for the first offense the men were cautioned; the second, held off one trip; the third, one week, and so on; and on this piece of road they haul 90 and 100 cars. What do you think of such an official?

In speaking of the sadness caused in our little homes when it becomes necessary to tell our dear wife and children that the superintendent had dismissed us from the service because we have made some slight mistake, and a mistake that was unintentional, and perhaps would have happened if the penalty for such mistake was death. I have in mind three cases where men were dismissed. They had nothing but their wages to depend on, and, therefore, were forced to go away and look for employment. They failed to succeed, just because they were followed, or in other words, consent withheld. They became disheartened, and I don't know today whatever became of them. Their poor wives were forced to take in washing, and to do anything that they could get to do.

In one of these cases the poor wife was forced to place her six little children in the orphans' home, because she was not able to clothe them, and educate them, and bring them up as we would all like to see our dear children brought up. I saw the buss drive up to her door, and saw the poor woman, who was once happy, lead her little ones to the buss and put them in, one by one. I thought her heart would break.

I do not wish to be understood that I am not in favor of discipline. We must have discipline; it is necessary. But those who administer it should be men of reason—men who, by experience, know the difficulties of the service rendered, and know the principle of justice. Justice is one of our mottoes, and it is one that we should endeavor to have enforced. Justice is that virtue which gives to every one of us what is right and just according to the laws and principles of equity, and when our railroad officials shall live up to these laws and principles, we will all pull off our coats and make them successful in their positions. Then we shall have little cause for complaint about the misapplication of the Brown system of discipline.

A FRIEND TO "ME."

Railroad Employees' Home.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., April 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Following is the statement of receipts for the Home for the month of March, 1901:

No.	FROM G. I. A. DIVISIONS.	Am't.
4.....	\$ 1 00
65.....	2 00
166.....	1 00
245.....	2 00
Total.....	\$ 6 00

SUMMARY.

G. I. A. to B. of L. E. Divisions.....	\$ 6 00
O. R. C. Divisions.....	58 00
B. of R. T. Lodges.....	15 20
B. of L. F. Lodges.....	28 00
Refunded on bill 83.....	4 77
Grand total.....	\$247 97

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Members of Divs. 117 and 229, B. of L. E., and wives, five boxes containing canned goods, fruits, groceries, cutlery, linen, etc.; also an elegant invalid chair. We wish to express to them and the merchants of Mason City our appreciation of their kindness and thoughtfulness in this valuable contribution.

Mrs. L. M. Bergen, some choice reading matter.

Mrs. George Ball, an easy chair and foot rest.

Thomas Catlow, choice reading matter.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. T. B. WATSON, Sec. & Treas.

Ladies' Department.

Communications for publication must be written on one side of the paper. Noms de plume are always permissible, but to receive consideration must be signed by the full name and address of the author, and addressed to the Editress, Mrs. M. E. CASSELL, 922 Dennison Av., Columbus, Ohio, not later than the 8th of the month.

The Editress reserves the right to revise, reject or use matter sent in, governed entirely on its merits.

Signs of the Times.

BY HELEN WHITNEY CLARK.

There is blue in the sky
And there's balm in the air,
And a mystical charm
Seems to lurk everywhere!
The south wind has melted
The last drift of snow,
And the grass in the fields
Is beginning to show.

The brooklet is babbling
A secret, I think,
To the willows that gracefully
Bend on its brink.
The robin is singing
His merriest trill,
In the top of an elm
On the brow of the hill.

The maple is swinging
Her tassels so light;
The dogwood is gowned,
Like a bride all in white.
The maiden-hair fern
Shyly peeps through the mold,
And the wood sides are bright
With the buttercups' gold.

The bluebird is eagerly
Searching in quest
Of a snug little site
For her snug little nest;
And by these same tokens,
I'll venture to say,
That Spring time is coming,
And coming to stay.

The Twentieth Century Cook.

HOW THE BROWNES TRIED AN EDUCATED SERVANT.

"Arrah, thin, yez'll be after gettin' another c-o-ook!"

The last word ended in a shrill howl, followed by the crash of falling dishes.

Mr. Browne looked across the table at his wife, and she, in turn, fixed her eyes on her plate. Out in the kitchen, Miss Anastasia

was calling Bridget's attention to the fact that the breakfast was not only late, but positively uneatable. Miss Anastasia was a capable housekeeper. She had run things for her brother previous to his marriage, and now the young couple found her absolutely indispensable. She came to the door with a rather set face.

"I've dismissed Bridget," she announced, with her customary calmness.

Mrs. Brown gave a cry of dismay. "Where shall we find another?" she exclaimed.

Anastasia drew herself up with dignity. "Leave that to me," she said. "The state of affairs in that kitchen was something awful. Now, I have had enough of uneducated emigrants. I am going out in the kitchen to get you two some coffee, and tomorrow, Alexis, you will find a new maid in charge."

On the stroke of 10, Miss Anastasia entered the office of the Educated Cook Ladies' Union. She was met by an austere female, who put to her questions as to her age, whether she was single or married, her brother's business, annual income, number of children and number of animals in the house, number of evenings and afternoons on which company was entertained, etc. After these had been answered satisfactorily, she was dismissed and told that a member of the organization would call in the evening at 8.

Promptly on the stroke of the hour the new maid appeared at the Brownes' apartment. She was small and wiry, with a business-like look and a determined eye. After she had given her name as Mary Flint and answered a few questions, Miss Anastasia asked, with her customary politeness, whether she was satisfied, to which Mary Flint answered, with dignity: "I belong to the Cook Ladies' Protective Union. We have investigated your character and that of the house, and we find both proper. The hours of work, as you have no doubt been informed at the union, are from 7 in the morning until 8 at night, with from 2 to 4 in the afternoon for my sewing and other personal matters, and the time for my meals deducted, making it practically a ten-hour day."

"Yes, so I have understood. The new way—housework to be put on the same plane with other labor—is an excellent idea. I believe in it myself," commented Miss Anastasia. "Now, you will come tomorrow in time to prepare breakfast—"

"At 7," the new servant corrected.

"Ahem! At 7," repeated Miss Anastasia.

Next morning, on the stroke of the hour, Mary Flint put in her appearance. Her first act, after inspecting the kitchen, was to take from her pocket a small and neatly printed card, which she tacked over the stove, after which she commenced operations. It was nine minutes after 8 when the Brownes came to breakfast, and they found it all neatly laid out for them—stone cold. Miss Anastasia rang the bell for Mary, who, after listening quietly to what she had to say, asked her to step into the kitchen and read the card over the stove. It proved to be a schedule of the Cook Ladies' Union, and in plain letters was written:

"8:00—Breakfast put on table.

"8:45—Table cleared.

"9:00—Dishes washed and put away."

Miss Anastasia did not stop to read any more, but rushed back to eat her breakfast. "You know, it's the new way," she explained. "If we want educated labor, we must be on time for our meals." And little Mrs. Browne agreed with her. Mr. Browne said nothing, but meekly ate his cold potatoes.

All through the morning Mary Flint worked with a degree of energy which was wonderful to behold. After a stolen look at the card Mrs. Browne and Miss Anastasia seated themselves at the lunch table promptly on the stroke of half past 12 and were rewarded by a well cooked hot lunch.

"She's a treasure," declared Miss Anastasia, her mouth full of a particularly appetizing concoction.

Punctually at 2 the kitchen was clean and deserted. Mary sat in her room sewing. The doorbell rang once, twice, three times. No answer. Mrs. Browne ran out from her room.

"Mary," she called, "some one at the door!"

"I beg pardon," came the polite answer, "but you forgot that from 2 to 4 are my free hours."

There was nothing for Mrs. Browne to do but open the door herself. At half past 3 the Van Twillers called, and at a quarter to 4 Maisie Bender dropped in for a little chat.

"You will have to hire another girl to answer the doorbell in the afternoon," commented Miss Anastasia.

"But where shall we put her in the flat?" inquired Mrs. Browne anxiously, "and I'm afraid Alexis can't afford to keep two servants."

When Mr. Browne came home, he brought with him a college friend to whose society Anastasia was by no means averse, so she flew to put on her most charming gown. Now, the dinner hour on the schedule was 6, and little Mrs. Browne, foreseeing that there would be some delay, was much afraid lest the experiment of the cold breakfast would be repeated, so she sneaked into the kitchen and by cajolery and bribing persuaded Mary to delay the soup somewhat. Therefore it was thanks to her that when the family arrived at the table a trifle late (it lacked one minute to half past 6) the first course was brought on steaming hot. Everything was well cooked and correctly served. Miss Anastasia was at her best, and the friend was seriously considering many things as he gazed at her between mouthfuls. After the salad there was a pause. Nobody noticed it at first because every one was chatting and having a good time. Suddenly Mrs. Browne exclaimed: "Dear me! Why doesn't Mary bring on the salad?" Miss Anastasia rang. No answer. She excused herself and disappeared. She found the kitchen silent and deserted. It was spotlessly neat. Every pan and dish had been washed and put away. The stove shone like a mirror. The clock ticked away cheerfully, and the hands pointed to 8. Miss Anastasia's cheeks grew pale as she gave a hasty glance at the card back of stove. It read:

"7:30—Wash dishes and clean kitchen."

"8—Retire."

The Brownes now have a Japanese serv-

ant. He is an immigrant and uneducated, but he salaams to the ground every time he meets Mrs. Browne or Miss Anastasia, and he does not work on schedule time.

MAUD ROBINSON.

A Trip to China.

CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 29, 1901.

The Study Club of Chicago decided to take a trip to China. We consulted Sister Murdock, our Grand President and Organizer, in regard to it. Her advice to us was to go, by all means, as the Chicago & Northwestern officials had decided to defray all expenses. Sister Murdock promised to accompany us, and to instruct us how to turn the corners square and what to do, and how to appear in a strange land with a strange people. Sister Spoer was our Directress. She was expected to keep a motherly eye over us all, and with one of her gentle raps we were expected to keep quiet and listen with all due respect to the transaction of business. Sister Searles was expected to assist Sister Spoer in the performance of her duties and act in her place when absent. Sister Shields was our Keeper of Records and Seals, and was expected to keep a strict account of the transaction of business, and at roll-call to see that we were all present.

On our arrival in China, we were informed by Mrs. M. E. Cassell, Editress of the Ladies' Department of the LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS' JOURNAL, that we would be expected to procure the services of some foreign personage as author and guide. We selected Rudyard Kipling. With all things in readiness, we sauntered forth, expecting to return wonderfully wise. Sister Spoer looked up the topography of China. Sister Belle Anderson was investigating the government of China. Sister Anderson and Sister Murdock were to sing Comic Opera that night for the Empress of China, they being chaperoned by Sister Frank Severens. Sister Baltz was to report in regard to the marriage customs and to describe a wedding. By the way, Sister Baltz procured a lovely ball dress while in Peking. It was pink silk, with a train four yards long. It was cut low-neck, and the

corsage was trimmed with rice spoons. The front panel was embroidered with purple, yellow and gold dragons. She is to have her hair dressed to stand out over her ears, and to wear two chopsticks in her hair for ornaments. She is to wear sandals made of straw and felt, but will be expected to remove them and dance in her stocking feet. She will carry in her hand a lovely fan, presented to her by the Costumer of Peking. Sister Baltz expects to wear this beautiful gown in Chicago, the 28th of February, at the fireman's ball, given at the Auditorium. Sister Murdock was to look up the education of the children, and as a side issue she will clothe some of them with garments made at the Sewing Circle in Chicago. Sister Fields was having a grand time at the festivals of China. Sister Shields was very superstitious while in China and Sister Ed. Manning very religious. Sister Stettler wrote a character sketch of present life. Sister Graves was also writing a character sketch, and Sister Frank Severens was writing one of the Empress of China. I was expected to investigate the funerals of China, and this was my discovery:

The Chinese never permit burials within the city walls. Graveyards are almost invariably made in the open country on the side of a hill or on the plains. The disposal of the dead has never been a vexed question with the Chinese from time immemorial. They have buried their dead out of sight. What rites accompanied funerals in the primitive times we know not. We read that at the funeral of the Duke Ching, in the tenth century B. C., sixty-six persons were buried alive in his tomb. This number was exceeded on the occasion of the entombment of his brother, the Duke Nuh, when one hundred and seventy-seven men were entombed. Their living sacrifices were self offering. After a short time the living sacrificials died out. The presence of the whole family is expected at the death bed. The last words of the dying are eagerly listened to and written down. When the silver cord is cut and the golden bowl is broken, a loud wail of lamentation is uttered. The water used for washing the corpse is brought from the

nearest river. The chief mourner repairs to the river, supported by friends and accompanied by music. He throws cash into the water and sometimes a live fish. The cash pays for the water and the fish will vouch for the receipt to the River King. The washing being over, the corpse is dressed in three silken robes. At the same time five valuables are placed in the mouth—pearls, precious stones, jade and gold. The combings of hair and the parings of finger nails are placed in the coffin, and two dollars in cash is placed in the sleeve of the garment and shook out. If it falls right side up, he is pleased with the arrangement of his funeral; if bottom side up, something has been omitted. The third day the family put on white sack cloth for their mourning robes, white shoes, and white sack cloth on the head. For a hundred days the men let their hair grow and their finger nails uncut. The coffin is kept in the hall forty-nine days. As soon as the site is chosen for the grave, the chief mourner goes with workmen to the spot. Before beginning, he worships the mountain and reads a notification to the spirits, the letter having been sent on its way by being burned to ashes. If the distance is short, the mourners walk. The return from the grave is in the same manner they went out. On their arrival home, the mourners sit down to baked meats of a funeral feast. The Buddhist priests prefer cremation. The tribes of central and southern China bury their dead, and after an interval of a year they repair to the tomb, open the grave, brush and wash the bones, wrap them in cloth and replace them in the coffin.

Hearing a clock strike five, I rub my eyes and look around the room. I make a discovery. I am at home in Chicago, and in the twentieth century. Alas! it was all a dream.

MRS. J. W. SEARLS,
Crescent Div. I.

Div. 216.

We've just had our election. The story I'll repeat,

The weather it was awful—high winds, with rain and sleet;

Our Inspector, Sister Hall, of Trenton, was also there,
And said our ritualistic work was very fine and fair.

With inspection the hours quickly passed away,
So we thought our officers we'd re-elect that day,
Excepting our Vice-President; also our able Guide,
Who are going soon to leave us. Their places we supplied.

Before the day was over, we responded to a call
To a reception given in honor of Sister Hall.
Sister Krull it was who asked us to her home that night,
She told us to come early and she would treat us right.

So each of us was there on time, a lot of Sisters gay,
No Brothers were invited, but were told at home to stay.
Brother Krull was in the kitchen,—not a bit of noise he made,
For of our crowd of women I believe he was afraid.

Sister Wilson left the room, but soon did reappear.
Bringing in a silver spoon for a souvenir.
To Sister Hall she gave it, in the name of the G. I. A.,
To remind her of this visit when she was far away.

Our hostess then invited us to a rich and dainty feast;
Oh! how they all enjoyed it. I know I did, at least.
And ere I close my letter, I'll give a little toast:
"Here's to the health of Sister Krull, and Brother Krull, our host."

Another toast we also give, and heartily we say:
"A long life and great success for the glorious G. I. A.
May its noble deeds of goodness all people's praise demand,
And its influence be recognized throughout our native land."

Valley Junction, Ia.

ROSE IRONS.

The Home Girl.

In these progressive days, when every field is open to woman and she is winning laurels in the learned professions, it is not strange if a feeling of unrest comes to the hearts of the women and girls whose sphere of action is limited to the labors and cares of home and family, and that they look with sad and longing eyes upon

the achievements of their more favored sisters, and even feel an inclination to desert the part of duty and strive for liberty and glory.

But these women must remember that the part of duty is ever the position of honor, whether distinction crowns merit or not, and the laurel wreaths won by those apparently more favored are oftentimes worn with brows that are throbbing and hearts that are starving—starving for the nourishment that loving companionship brings.

That sphere of action which develops the life and character to the fullest, and calls forth the noblest and highest impulses of our nature, is the greatest educator. The learned professions may train the intellectual faculties, and their use stimulate even some of the highest qualities, but the life that is devoted to home and family has its own true mission, and affords opportunity for the very highest development.

There may be less time to read books, but there is more time to live books—greater opportunity to study the needs and requirements of those nearest to us; and in understanding them, a truer knowledge is gained of the great human family, with a broader development as the result. Experimental knowledge is gained and applied, and a character is developed from inmost to outermost—from the pure impulse of love, out through the most intelligent method of manifesting that love in good works and words.

No true wife and mother can be an ignorant woman. No dutiful daughter is an ignorant girl. It may be a very simple occupation to cook and scrub, sweep and bake, to sew and darn and mend, but it can be glorified by love; and the kitchen tenanted by a loving heart may be more charming than any cold, conventional drawing-room.

Probably you have observed the charm that unconventional simplicity gives, and when you think of rest your heart never turns to your richest friend, but to some modest little home where economy in its strictest sense must be studied and applied, where mother is the center like a sun and the little ones bathe in the sunshine of her presence, where a loving daughter shares the household cares and welcomes you as a restful or stimulating variation in their busy life, where a new dress to her is an event to be anticipated with pleasure and received in gratitude, where its making calls out suggestions from the tiniest tot of

the household and father and mother are interested, where loving hands cut and fit and all their latent artistic powers are drawn forth to combine becoming colors and fashion all into something worthy of this idol of the home, while she in turn cuts down her last year's gown for a younger sister.

This elder sister, with eyes and ears open, has provided herself with Froebel's "Education of Man," and determines to give the little ones the rare opportunity she herself has missed—not lost, for she gains the double blessing of renewing her childhood in their own.

Surely, we must all admit that the truest sphere of woman is that of queen of her home—the loved and honored wife and mother. But, as all cannot be wives and mothers, they can be good daughters and sisters, equally loved and honored at home and in society, and those who feel that their sister women are more favored need only study the conditions of their respective lives to undeceive themselves.

The woman who distinguishes herself in outside pursuits may have been forced to accept the situation by her environment. She may not have home, parents, younger brothers and sisters. She may have recognized a stern duty in the profession she has chosen, and availed herself of it as the best mode of providing herself a life of useful, remunerative occupation. Comparatively few women enter the field of outside labor from choice, but once they have accepted the situation they nobly resolve to creditably fill the office, whatever it may be. But whose condition of life offers the greatest possibilities of doing good to others at home?

Would it not be selfish ambition only that could tempt you beyond your own threshold when duty called loudly on every hand to lighten the burden of an overworked mother, to train carefully the little ones so dear to you, and above all to set them a noble example of unselfish devotion? You may imagine that to go out and do for yourself relieves your parents of expense and responsibility, and if your inclination is in that direction you may flatter yourself that it is a noble resolve; but it might be far more unselfish and noble to "bide a wee" and share those duties and cares. It would bring at last its own reward. You might miss in youth some pretty gowns and gloves—indeed, many things very dear to the feminine heart, but what you would gain would be of priceless value. It would save you many regrets and much sorrow when you take your own turn in life to be the forsaken mother.

The best marriage—the happiest and most enduring—is not made by the society belle, but by the home girl, who, like the violet, is sought in some quiet home, not purchased in some gay watering-place.

There are rich women, noble, self-sacrificing women, living the lives of saints within the sacred precincts of home and doing charities that bless and save. In all conditions of life, from wealth to poverty, we may find heroes by the home fireside as well as at the camp fire. C. K. R.

Old Hymns.

There's a lot of music in 'em—the hymns of long ago—

And when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to know,

I sorter want to take a hand! I think of days gone by—

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wistful eye!"

There's a lot of music in 'em—those dear, sweet hymns of old—

With visions bright of land and light and shining streets of gold.

And I hear 'em singing—singing, where mem'ry dreaming stands,

"From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands."

And so I love the old hymns, and when my time shall come,

Before the light has left me, and my singing lips are dumb,

If I can hear 'em sing 'em, then I'll pass without a sigh

To "Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie."

—The Cooking Club.

A Letter From Our Grand Chaplain.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 5, 1901.

As I failed to send a New Year's greeting to the different Divisions of the G. I. A. through the pages of the JOURNAL, on account of illness, I will take this opportunity. At the beginning of a new fiscal year I wish for you happiness, prosperity and success in all your efforts for the good work of our noble order.

In laying down our work of the old year and taking up the new, we ask what have we accomplished? Have we tried to do our duty? Have we kept our obligations, remembering to do unto others as we would have them do unto us? Have we tried to lighten burdens, and cheer the sorrowing, been charitable, kind, lenient, and considerate, and as a whole carried out the principles of our order according to the constitution and laws? If so, we shall have no regrets, and with a heart that is right, a clear conscience, even though many times we may not be understood, we shall see the benefits and reap the reward.

It is a great pleasure to learn of the good work being done, and when we notice the improvement in the work and the growth of the order with the efforts being put forth for educational and social interests, we must indeed feel encouraged.

The relief work, the V. R. A., all combined, tend to bring forth grand results. United effort will surely win. The California Sisters seem so far away from others, but looking over the Sierras to the many Divisions north, east, and south, then westward to the Pacific, all moving on in the same lines of work, waiting to cheer Brother engineers as they pass hurriedly by, tend to bring them nearer. We are glad to be numbered among them, and think that no better work can be done by us, no better way to serve the Master.

Some of us are in the colder climate, with snow and sleet, storms and chilling blasts to encounter. Others in the balmy atmosphere, with flowers blooming, and wild birds singing at all seasons.

So it is with life, clouds and sunshine intermingled, yet the more clouds that gather the brighter seems the sunshine. At the opening of the new century when there seems to be new life and enthusiasm all over our land, may we as an order feel new interest and look forward to greater success.

Death has claimed many of our number through the year, bringing sadness and desolation into many homes. As an organization we can be of some comfort and help, which is gratifying, while we offer our deepest sympathy to the bereaved.

Fraternally,
MRS. F. S. BOWLEY.

From Kansas.

All hail to the JOURNAL, the glorious, the good!
To engineer interests most true,
Its work, as presented, can be well understood,
C. H. Salmons, the head, thanks to you.

Then we must not forget our own dear M. R. Cassell,

Who edits the Ladies' "ten pages."

Our JOURNAL deserves the high place it holds
When it comes from the hands of such sages!

On March 13, Sister Goodwin, of Sedalia, visited Div. 150, Kansas City, Kan., for the purpose of inspecting, and called the Division to order promptly at 10 A. M. The Sisters carried the work through in a very creditable manner and at noon spread a most tempting lunch in the parlors adjoining the Division rooms. But before the afternoon session was called many visitors arrived from neighboring Divisions, and, poor Div. 150, naturally bashful, became

confused in the presence of so many and such brilliant Sisters and forgot all it *did* know and remembered only what it *did not* know. But Sister Goodwin is kindness itself, and recognizing the situation, gave credit accordingly.

Then we had such a beautiful closing for our fiscal year, on March 23 and 24—a visit from our Grand Vice-President, dear Sister M. E. Cassell, who responded so kindly to our efforts at entertainment that it was with real sadness that we saw the hour approach for her departure, and we truly hope she may come again soon and remain with us longer.

M. E. F.

Study Club Program for June.

Subject: "American Literature."

Quotations from William Cullen Bryant and others.

1. Who was the author of "Star Spangled Banner," and under what circumstances was it written?
2. Name the orators who became prominent during the period 1800-1850.
3. Give character sketches of Webster, Calhoun and Clay.
4. Name the essayists of this period.
5. Name the novelists of this period.
6. Give sketches of Bryant, Poe, Longfellow and Emerson, with lists of their best works.
7. Give a list of inventors and their inventions.
8. Give character sketches of Franklin and Whitney.
9. Name the female poets of this period.

REFERENCES.

- Rufus Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America."
 Tyler's "History of American Literature."
 Stedman's "Poets of America."
 Barrett Wendell's "Literary History of America."

SUGGESTED READINGS.

- Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish."
 Lowell's "Biglow Papers."
 Holmes' "Autocrat at the Breakfast Table."
 Emerson's "Voluntares."

Division News.

MURDOCK Div., 139, Scottdale, Pa., was organized March 15, 1900, by Grand President Sister Murdock, assisted by Sisters Ault and Rimmert, of Pottsville, Pa. Fifteen charter members presented themselves for initiation, and were duly obligated by Sister Murdock, who instructed us in the secret work. Since that time our Division has prospered, and much of its prosperity is due to the kindly interest which the Brothers of W. D. Robinson Div., 454, have shown for us. Shortly after we were organized they presented us with a locker.

Brother Kennedy donated the material for a comfort, which was chanced off, together with a piece of fancy work donated by Sister Fulton. From this we realized \$75. Mr. Lynn, of Rochester, N. Y., drew the lucky number, and presented the comfort to Sister Myers, who was President of our Division at that time. Brother Nichols presented us with a handsome Bible, and the five bachelor Brothers wishing to have their names connected in some way with the charter, accomplished their desire by presenting us with the frame. We have been greatly aided by the members of Merchant Div., 70, of Connellsville, Pa., who, at the request of Sister Murdock, came and instructed us in our work. We afterward visited them in Connellsville. We were met at the train by a delegation of Sisters, who escorted us to the hotel for dinner, and from there to the Division room, where we had a very pleasant and profitable meeting. After the work of the day was completed we were served with refreshments. We then took our departure for home, feeling that we had been very much benefited by our meeting. We must not forget to state that with what money we had in the treasury we were enabled to buy our regalias and all necessary supplies. Hoping this will meet with better success than a former communication, I will close.

Yours in F., L. & P.,

MRS. ROBT. ECKLEY, Sec.

I WISH to extend through the columns of the JOURNAL my sincere thanks to the various Divisions of the G. I. A., which it was my duty as well as pleasure to inspect, and to Bros. E. Stivers, of Baltimore, Daniel Will, of Philadelphia, H. R. Long, E. Moore, and W. Fleigh, of Hagerstown, for courtesies extended while in their city. Also to all the Brothers who so ably took part in our socials and receptions. They think the social part of our lives is as essential as the business part, and I agree with them in that. I was pleased to see that charity and truth walked hand in hand with these two orders. Charity in this sense does not mean giving, although they continually help each other. It is the golden chain that reaches from heaven to earth. It is another name for disinterested, lofty and unadulterated love, and so love, charity and truth reign supreme in their midst.

To the smaller Divisions I would say, my heart is with you in the struggle you have to exist, to stick together. But remember, if you cannot be a great river bearing great vessels of blessings, you can be a little spring by the wayside of life, singing merrily all day and all night and giving a cup of cold water to every weary thirsty one who passes by. We advance step by

step, little by little. Cities were not built in a single day. Our great and noble order is made up of small Divisions, so do not be discouraged but be energetic. Press on. Never suffer your energies to stagnate; there is no genius of life like the genius of energy. You have a work to perform; stick to it, and carry it through. Believe you were made for the work, and that no one else can do it. The world in its very heart admires the stern, determined doer. Consider yourself amply sufficient for the work and you will succeed. Truly, friendship is a flower that blooms in all seasons. Long may it bloom between the members of the G. I. A. and B. of L. E. is the wish of one.

In the March number of the JOURNAL a mistake was made in reporting the union meeting held in Allegheny, Pa., by Allegheny and Pittsburg combined. Div. 20 was the one I intended to praise for their work and not Div. 70 as Div. 70 was not represented. This correction is made in justice to Div. 20. MRS. H. S. BOLTON.

ON Feb. 21, the Division at Derry Station, Pa., was inspected according to instructions received by myself from the Grand President. I arrived there in the morning and as it was the regular meeting day of this Division, upon my arrival at the hall I was greeted in a cordial manner by these good Sisters. The ritual work was done in a fine manner, and I think they deserve a good mark. After meeting a nice lunch was served and my visit of inspection will long be remembered by me, and I hope I shall soon meet with this Division again.

From Derry I proceeded to Scottdale, Pa., to inspect Div. 139. Upon my arrival Sisters Miers and McLinnis met me and took me to the home of Sister Eckley, where a fine dinner was served, after which we repaired to the hall where the entire work was exemplified. I am glad to speak words of praise for this young Division as they do more than average good work. The President, Mrs. M. J. McLinnis, is very enthusiastic and she is ably assisted by a corps of good officers, and best of all a fine musician and a good hall. Here also a lunch was served, after which I took the train for home well pleased with my inspection trip.

MRS. JOHN LAYTON.

SISTER GEORGE W. WOOD, of Div. 227, Fort Scott, Kans., inspected the work of Div. 84, G. I. A., Springfield, Mo., Thursday, March 28. Meeting opened at 9:30 A. M., and the work was beautifully exemplified and one candidate initiated. At 11:45 meeting adjourned until 2 P. M., when the regular order of business was disposed of. Sister Wood installed the

following officers for the coming year: Sister Noleman, President; Sister John Beckerleg, Vice-President; Sister Maggie Heffernon, Secretary; Sister Bob. Shaw, Treasurer; Sister J. C. DuBoque, Insurance Secretary; Sister M. W. Burrell, Chaplain; Sister M. Lavell, Guide; Sister Tom Hasler, Sentinel; Sister George Dillard, Musician; Sisters Alice Berst, Mary Ketchem, F. E. Gano, and George Harmon, Pillars; Sisters H. P. Colvin and Charles Rhodes, Marshals. Sister Noleman was presented with a Past-President's pin. She has filled the chair one year successfully and was unanimously elected to fill the chair another year.

Springfield Div., 84, gave a farewell reception at the home of Brother and Sister George Dillard, on North Jefferson street, Wednesday evening, March 27, in honor of Brother and Sister Charles Kimbro, who leave Thursday evening, March 28, for their old home in Iowa. Brother Kimbro and family came to Springfield two years ago from Iowa, and was formerly employed on the 'Frisco. He resigned his position here and will go into business in Cedar Rapids. The parlor and reception rooms were attractively decorated with palms, ferns, and carnations, which were artistically arranged by the hostess. A large cut-glass bowl on a mirror, filled with carnations and maiden-hair ferns formed the center piece for the dining table. In one corner of the dining-room was a bank of palms and cut flowers which filled the room with their sweet perfume. The evening was spent pleasantly and socially. Music and games proved a good pastime too. Sister Dillard was assisted by her daughter, Miss Susie, and niece, Miss Alice Dillard, in receiving and entertaining her guests. An elegant luncheon was served in several courses to about sixty guests. Brother and Sister Dillard are up-to-date entertainers, and everything had been prepared to make the occasion a success and long to be remembered by those who were there. We were sorry to lose such good workers from our Divisions as Brother and Sister Kimbro were, but each member of Divs. 83 and 84 wishes them happiness and prosperity back in their old home again. Brother and Sister Kimbro have made many warm friends while in Springfield. At a late hour, when good-byes and good nights were said, all departed for their homes saying each had had a jolly good time, and voting Brother and Sister Dillard pleasant host and hostess. OZARK.

F. S. EVANS Div., 99, held an all-day session at the Engineer's Hall, Boston, Mass., on March 20, it being Inspector's day. Sister Cook, of Concord Div., 49, was our guest as Inspector, and we are

pleased to say that the President and several Sisters of Concord Division came with her. Several of our Sisters have visited the above Division many times, and have been very cordially entertained. At noon the Sisters lunched at the Hotel Marston, and all seemed to have had a pleasant time. Two new Sisters were initiated, making it a pleasant feature of the afternoon, as we are always glad to welcome new members. The meeting closed in time for our President, Sister Getchell, to take the 5 o'clock train for New York, to do inspection work in that city. We expect to hear a fine report from her, and no doubt we will. With kind remembrance to all readers of the JOURNAL, I remain,

Yours in F., L. & P.,

PAST PRES. & INS. SEC., Div. 99.

SISTER MARONEY, of Div. 18, Inspector for the Buffalo Divisions, was with Div. 79, Buffalo, N. Y., on Thursday, March 28, to inspect our work. It was our regular meeting, and all our work was genuine. Our beautiful hall was filled with interested women, there being 88 present, 38 of whom were visitors, who paid us a high compliment by being present. There were 21 members from Div. 11, eleven from Div. 232, three from Div. 145, one from Div. 230, and Sisters Maroney and Studer from Div. 18. On the rostrum five ladies were seated—Presidents and Past-Presidents of other Divisions and Sister Inspector. At our installation, Sister Martin as Installing Officer and Sister Hoffman as Marshal for the day performed their duties beautifully, and we of Div. 79 are proud of them. Sister Maroney praised our work and promised never to forget us, as she had enjoyed the meeting so much. The visiting Sisters expressed the pleasure they felt in being able to see our drill. After closing, light refreshments were served and we had a good time generally.

We wish we could have more such meetings. They do the heart good. The tie binding us should be a love knot. Come again, Sisters, and bring others with you. The latch-string is out.

Now, Sister Editress, we would ask, How are we to know our standing? We think it would be well to publish it in the JOURNAL. We never heard a word about the last inspection.

A SISTER OF DIV. 79.

HAVING frequently read of the pleasant times and progress of other Divisions, I beg space for a brief sketch of Union of 1900 Div., 249, Syracuse, N. Y. We organized Nov. 20, 1900, with 41 charter members, all taking a great interest in the enlargement and advancement of our Division. We have since that time added

ten members, and when we meet, the first and third Thursdays of each month, it brings together a goodly number of ladies, who feel a sisterly love and common interest in each other.

During the short time since our organization our path has not been strewn with roses entirely, for we found that our ritualistic work needed a piano. This involved much thought, much work, and a large debt, but with earnest workers, willing hands and strong hearts, we set forth to purchase the much-needed instrument, and are now singing with the poet, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

Our first entertainment was a euchre party, held in our Division rooms, which was largely attended. We entertained at a most excellent supper, and all enjoyed themselves, and gave a hearty welcome to Union of 1900 Division to take her place among other social gatherings of Syracuse.

Sister Heiser made and gave to the Division a very handsome centerpiece, which we raffled as a first payment on our piano. The receipts of the raffle, including those of our euchre party, enlarged our treasury \$108. This seemed very encouraging.

While we feel that we are yet in our infancy, our desire is to be a success, not only in a social way, but by bringing together the Brothers of the B. of L. E. in our city, that they may feel and take a greater interest in one another.

J. G. HAZARD.

THE link quilt made by Border City Div., 206, Laredo, Tex., was disposed of on Thursday evening, March 28, Mr. W. Hipp, Ticket Agent at the I. N. G. N. Depot, being the lucky recipient. The ladies deserve great credit for the decorations of the hall, which were tastefully and beautifully arranged with flags, bunting and flowers. Music was furnished by the Laredo Band, which made the time fly very rapidly. Ice-cream and cake were served by the Sisters, the tables being arranged with bouquets of roses, and the Sisters who served the delicious cake and cream were so sweetly arrayed in becoming evening attire that any young lady and escort would be proud to be served by them. Six dollars was taken in for cream, and the beautiful quilt, which anyone would have been proud to have been the possessor, realized the sum of forty-one dollars. Although our Sisters did not all attend, which would have helped greatly, the evening was spent very pleasantly by those attending, and all expressed themselves as satisfied with the evening's enjoyment. The ladies were disappointed that the majority of the Brothers were not in to attend, but hope that the next time they

give an entertainment they will be much better represented.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

DIV. 101, Missoula, Mont., has not made an appearance in the JOURNAL lately, but but we are still on deck. We have a fine Division, and are taking in new members, who are mostly all taking out insurance. New Year's eve we gave a grand masquerade ball, which was a complete success in every way. We gave prizes for the best dressed couple and the most comical one. Like many other Divisions, we have our socials every month at the homes of our members, which adds quite a sum each time to our treasury. March 16 was Sister Walling's birthday, and we gave her a surprise. She was invited to make a call on one of our sick members, and upon her return home there sat the members of Div. 101 with their friends, who had brought a nice lunch of coffee and cake prepared on a fine set of dishes, which the Division presented to Sister Walling as a birthday gift. She was completely surprised, but recovered sufficiently to thank the Sisters for their kindness. Among the friends present was Mrs. T. P. Barnes, wife of the Master Mechanic. We found her a very pleasant lady and were pleased to have her with us.

Our election of officers is over, and we hope all Divisions have done as well as we have. We are expecting a visit from our Grand President soon. It is nine years since she was here and organized this Division, and since that time we have had a visit from only one Grand Officer, Sister St. Clair. We know we are a long way west, but we would like to have some of the Grand Officers come and see us once in a while. With best wishes for all.

MRS. J. C. ANDERSON.

DIV. 52., Columbus, O., gave a social party at the home of Brother and Sister Ed. Gordon one evening last month. This dear Brother and Sister, who have been for many years members of Div. 34, B. of L. E. and Div. 52, G. I. A., have decided to leave us for a home in another city. It is with regret that we see them depart, and they will be greatly missed from our meetings. Div. 52 presented Sister Gordon with a small token in the form of a china dish, and wished for her a pleasant and happy time in her new home.

THE evening of March 14, in honor of our retiring President, Sister Hilliard, and Sisters Blood and Lilliss, of Joplin, Mo., Sister Smith, our first President, entertained the Sisters of Div. 223, at her pleas-

ant home on Third street, Monnett, Mo. Games and conversation, followed by an elegant lunch, soon bled away the happy hours of a delightful evening. Bidding host goodnight, we repaired to our several homes, each feeling that it was good to be a Sister to the G. I. A. and to Sister Smith.

A SISTER.

THOUGH organized almost eleven years, this is our first contribution to the Division News, and we write that our sister societies may know of our existence. We of Div. 72, Hazleton, Pa., were tendered an unusually pleasant reception at the home of Sister Keck, of Freeland, on the afternoon of March 28. Upon arriving, we were met at the depot by Brother Keck, who escorted us to his residence, where a most delightful and enjoyable repast was prepared. Every delicacy of the season was served in abundance, and after partaking we were escorted to the parlor. We were then entertained with phonographic selections through the kindness of Brother Sands. Each one present did everything possible to render the affair an enjoyable event, which you can rest assured it was. After spending a very delightful afternoon, all returned to their homes with best wishes for all the Divisions and Sisters, and for Sister Keck in particular.

SEC., Div. 72.

NUMBER 57, Toledo, O., comes a-knocking at your sanctum, but don't worry, she'll not demand space in proportion to her size. We were justly proud that when the membership report was read at Milwaukee, we were the banner Division. But as we have not been heard of but once since, some of our "little" Sisters may think the Division is a "great big nonentity," but let me explain that No. 57 has been lively enough, but the President was unfortunate in her selection of a correspondent who has been remiss in her duty.

Our first social reunion was at the beginning of the fiscal year when we accepted the invitation to a joint installation from Div. 4, B. of L. E., and enjoyed the generous hospitality which is characteristic of the Brothers.

Early in the year we initiated ten at one meeting, which was a remarkable circumstance in an old Division of large membership. Several others have been added at other times.

At the close of the last meeting in May the Division held an informal reception complimentary to Sisters Baker of Canada, and Robertson, of Toledo, who had recently been elected to Grand Offices at Milwaukee. The occasion was fraught with genuine good-will and friendliness

fully appreciated by those for whom the effort was made.

In August an all day basket picnic was enjoyed by the members and their families at Walbridge Park.

October brought the grand union meeting of all Brotherhoods and unions in train service, and in the evening when the Brothers closed their doors on the ladies, in order that they might discuss matters too profound for the comprehension of the female mind, the local Auxiliaries to the O. R. C., B. of L. F., and B. of L. E. made welcome about 400 people beside our husbands, who were glad to rest from their deeper deliberations and make us a call on their way homeward. As Brother Salmons has fully described this meeting, it is unnecessary to repeat. The true results of this meeting cannot yet be measured; our views were much widened, in our contact with other orders and in proportion as we carried good feeling to others, will love and good will return to us.

During the winter we held a series of card parties. At each one a committee of ladies served and bore the expense of light refreshments, turning the admission fees into the treasury. One of these parties was held in the hall of Div. 457, B of L. E. and the junction ladies made a delightful committee.

The impressive exercises held in memory of deceased Sisters have already been described in this department.

The correspondent regrets her inability to be present at the inspection on account of absence from the city, but the members think the work was creditably done, though they realize that Sister Proctor must be the judge of that. A social hour with light refreshments followed, and the Sisters much enjoyed the visit with their inspector.

The work of the Study Club has been most profitable and enjoyable; it is an advantage to have for a leader one of the program committee, and Sister Cunningham has spared no pains to make the club a success. The closing meeting last summer was held with Mrs. Zeiser who served an elegant supper after the program was finished. Soon after we held a basket picnic and invited our friends, and recently Sister Cunningham entertained the members and their husbands. The feature of the evening was a paper on China by Mrs. Kline, a lady well known in literary circles; other interesting papers were read and recitations, music and refreshments followed.

The officers-elect will soon be installed and indications point to a prosperous future. Hoping that the next correspondent will prove a better one and that No. 57 may have the credit she deserves, I am,

Yours in F., L. & P., M. L. R.

G. I. A. Voluntary Relief Association.

TOLEDO, O., May 1, 1901.

To Division Insurance Secretaries, V. R. A. :

You are hereby notified of the death of the following members of the Association, and for the payment of these claims you are ordered to collect \$1 from each member holding one policy, and \$2 from each member holding two policies, providing, however, that no one be assessed on a policy, if the application for said policy was dated later than March 31, 1901 :

ASSESSMENT No. 26.

Died March 8, 1901. Sister Mary A. Foley, aged 38, of Div. 234, New York. Cause of death, pulmonary tuberculosis. Admitted Jan. 7, 1899. Held two policies, Nos. 5230 and 5231, payable to John D. Foley, husband.

ASSESSMENT No. 27.

Died March 12, 1901. Sister Mary King, aged 41, of Div. 184, Denver, Col. Cause of death, phlebitis. Admitted June 3, 1895. Held two policies, Nos. 2854 and 2855, payable to William King, husband.

ASSESSMENT No. 28.

Died March 14, 1901. Sister R. W. McKinley, aged 27, of Div. 188, Jackson, Tenn. Cause of death, variola hæmorrhagica. Admitted Feb. 1, 1895. Held two policies, Nos. 2733 and 2734, payable to R. W. McKinley, husband.

ASSESSMENT No. 29.

Died March 26, 1901. Sister Frances E. Hudson, aged 55, of Div. 109, Wilkes Barre, Pa. Cause of death, Bright's disease. Admitted Sept. 15, 1893. Held two policies, Nos. 1954 and 5169, payable to Myron Hudson, husband.

ASSESSMENT No. 30.

Died March 13, 1901. Sister W. H. Willis, aged 49, of Div. 5, Chicago, Ill. Cause of death, nephritis. Admitted Oct. 9, 1890. Held one policy, No. 1116, payable to husband, W. H. Willis.

ASSESSMENT No. 31.

Died March 21, 1901. Sister Hannah Hayes, aged 37, of Div. 42, Sunbury, Pa. Cause of death, acute peritonitis. Admitted Aug. 24, 1898. Held one policy, No. 5001, payable to P. J. Hayes, husband. Assessments Nos. 30 and 31 will be paid from the Death Assessment Fund.

Three thousand two hundred and four members paid Assessments Nos. 17, 18 and 19; nineteen hundred and twenty-six paying on one policy and twelve hundred and seventy-eight paying on two. All claims are paid in full—\$500 on each policy.

A copy of the annual report has been forwarded to each Insurance Secretary. If any have failed to receive one, please notify the General Secretary and Treasurer.

Recent arrangements with the printer enable us to sell stub receipt books at 35 cents each or three for \$1. Record books for Insurance Secretaries should be ordered of the General Secretary V. R. A., but stationery, badges, etc., of Mrs. Harry St. Clair, Grand Secretary.

MRS. GEO. WILSON, Pres. V. R. A.

MARY L. ROBERTSON, Gen'l Sec'y and Treas.

Technical.

Air Pump on Left Side.

WINNIPEG, MAN., April 5, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In the April issue, Bro. S. G. Fisher does not approve of the pump being changed to left side. I would like to see the change, for the important reason that up here in winter, when bucking snow with the thermometer below zero a couple of inches or more, the snow flies back and falls on the pump, where it creates a cloud of steam, which freezes on the front windows, though double glass, and makes it impossible to see through them. We partly overcome this by covering the pump with canvas or an old gunny sack. As to racket of pump, if boiler stud nuts are kept tight and valves proper left, it is music to hear it work. The brake valve should be on the right side.

Yours truly,

J. G. ENTWISTLE, Div. 76.

Broken Brass—Rod Cup—Hot Pin.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 3, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Referring to questions under the name of "Keystone" in the JOURNAL for this month, I would say in regard to driving box and brass breaking through the center on top, would advise to run the wheel on a small wedge (iron), then place an iron block between top of frame and spring saddle, which will take the weight off the box.

In regard to question 2—rod cup for eccentrics—the plunger cup with adjustable set screw and top, then use valve oil in cup. The best way to regulate the feed is to use them first on back end of main rods until adjusted, as a cup two-thirds full will run 200 miles and keep eccentric well lubricated.

Question 3. As to pin running hot after coming from back shop, the fault is in the pin not being set straight in the wheel. When pin is hot it heats the spoke, loosens pin and starts to cut, and keeps so until it wears loose; then engine is ready for new pin, caused by expansion from continual

heat, which causes hub and all to expand.

Yours fraternally,

WM. E. CHAMBERS, Div. 461.

Engineers' Brake Valve on Left Side.

WILMINGTON, DEL., April 6, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: It has become the almost universal practice of late to place the engineers' brake valve on left side of engine, with rod extending across top of boiler, connecting with guide and handle for use of engineer. The brake valve has, since its adoption, no doubt been the cause of more controversy and discussion than any other part of the brake equipment. After many years of condemnation by some and ill abuse by others, it has withstood the test and at last proven itself to be the right thing in the right place. Assuming that it is (and this assertion cannot be disputed), it then becomes every engineer to at least be proficient enough in the action and construction of the same as to be able to handle it intelligently and economically.

Every man prides himself on his knowledge of link and valve motion; everyone should pride himself on his knowledge of and ability to handle the brake successfully. With this thought uppermost in my mind, the question of location of equipment is one to be seriously considered, as the accessibility of same is of the utmost importance. With the brake valve on left side of engine, beyond the reach and almost out of sight of the engineer, is it possible to handle same as successfully as if it were placed within easy reach of the operator? Absolutely, no. As sensitive to a reduction of air as is the nerve of the eye to the touch, it should and must be handled as carefully and tenderly in order to obtain good results.

During the Nashville Exposition, a committee was examining the Willett brake. One member of the same remarked to the inventor, that a man who didn't know when an equalizing piston would raise and seat wasn't capable of occupying a position on the right side of a locomotive. While this criticism may seem just, it is severe; for with valve on left side, it is

possible that being so far away from the engineer it may be subject to some ills or defects such as would cause an application of the brake without equalizing piston leaving its seat, and might escape the attention of the engineer.

I give this illustration in defence of the man who tries to handle his brake intelligently, but is handicapped by bad location. Yet I have none to offer for such ignorance as I encountered some time ago in my travels, when I met a man who acknowledged that he had been running a locomotive for six years who used nothing but emergency application and never heard there was such a thing as an equalizing piston in a brake valve.

In conclusion, I desire to call attention to the Westinghouse 1901 Air Brake and Train Air Signal Instruction Book. On page 11, Fig. 2 is a new cut-out cock located in reservoir pipe instead of train line, with a description of same on page 17,

C., R. I. & P. Pool Engines.

HERINGTON, KAN., March 6, 1901.

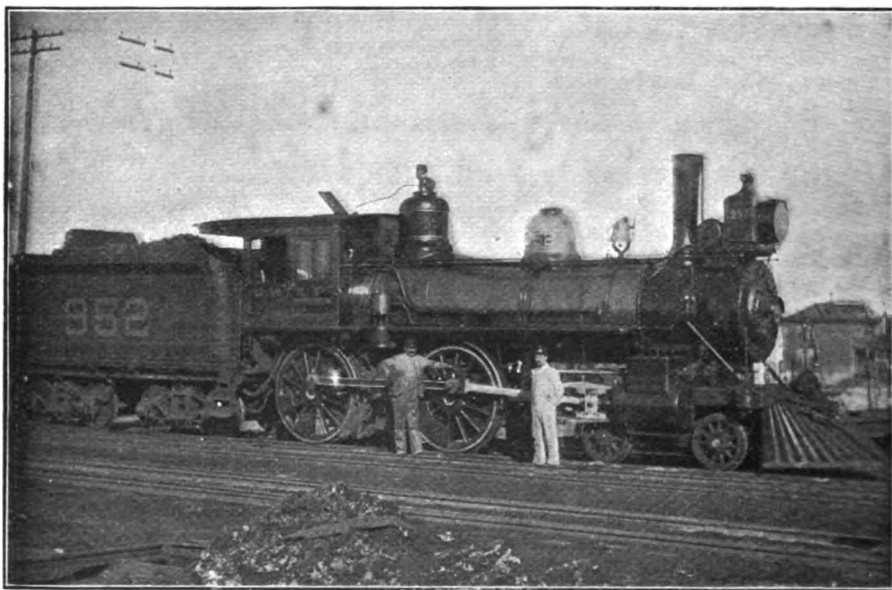
EDITOR JOURNAL: I send you a picture of a C., R. I. & P. engine, which has just been put in the pool between Kansas City, Mo., and Caldwell, Kan. Engineer, Bro. McPhay, member of Div. 261; fireman, G. F. Barrett, member of Lodge 373, B. of L. F. The pool has just been started, and four of these engines make 273 miles each day between Kansas City and Caldwell. They are manned by eight crews. Four others between Kansas City and Herington make 150 miles each day, and four between Herington and Caldwell make 123 miles each day.

McPHAY, Div. 261.

Questions.

DECATUR, ILL., Feb. 24, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: If you can find space, will you please ask some Brother to give his opinion on the following questions:



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC ENGINE 952, IN POOL.

and is of much interest as it is valuable in case of double heading, allowing an application of brake with each in position No. 2 (cut out) brake handle in emergency No. 5.

S. G. FISHER.

No. 1. Is it absolutely necessary to take down side rods on both sides of a ten-wheel engine when for some cause they *must* be removed on one side? It is quite a task to do so, and no one wants to do it

unless it is absolutely necessary. I know it has always been considered the proper thing to do.

No. 2. To what extent will a 19-inch cylinder, 26-inch stroke, heat by reversing engine going 30 miles an hour, wheels 5 feet in diameter, and for a distance of one-fourth of a mile? What will be the pressure accumulated, throttle closed, on simple engine and on cross compound in simple and compound position?

No. 3. Forney, some years ago, gave as the modulus of propulsion 5 cu. in. cylinder capacity per ton of adhesive weight to move any locomotive one inch. Does this hold good today on engines where total weight on drivers is as high as 60 and 70 tons?

If these questions are given any attention, and I hope they will be, even though they may appear simple, I will probably ask some more. Wishing you success, I am,

Yours fraternally,

GRAPH NUTS.

Gleanings from the Traveling Engineers' Proceedings.

Through the courtesy of Secretary W. O. Thompson, we are in receipt of the proceedings of the eighth annual convention of the Traveling Engineers Association, held at Cleveland, O., in September, 1900, from which we glean a few of the many good suggestions, reports of committees and discussions brought out.

How to pack boxes, and best kind of waste to use, was treated in a very thorough manner by the committee in charge. But, as might be expected, the report of the committee on the proper manner of handling air-brake trains on the road brought about a very interesting and lengthy discussion, and demonstrated some distinct differences in opinion on some of the important points, one of which was the question of one or two applications in making service stops—passenger trains.

The committee recommend that when making service stops, as at way stations, with passenger trains, the question of one versus two applications is of importance, and your committee would strongly rec-

ommend the two-application principle as a general rule, for the reason that very few passenger trains are now found whose average speed does not greatly exceed 30 miles per hour at the time when brakes are first brought into use in approaching a station, which when taking into account the fact that co-efficient of brake-shoe friction increases with decrease of speed, consequently the tendency to skid and flatten wheels is more apparent under the one-application principle than with two or more applications; this, for the reason that under the one-application principle the brake force is of necessity greater just before stopping than in the early stages of application; hence it is recommended that the first application be made strong in accordance with the speed at which train is moving, or in other words, graduate the tension of brake power as near as possible to the speed.

When the momentum of train has been greatly overcome and under control, release the brakes fully by leaving brake valve in release just long enough to force all triple valves to release position; then return brake valve to lap position without attempting to recharge the auxiliary reservoirs, leaving valve in this position until all brakes in train have fully released, when the brakes should be reapplied and the stop made with a mild application, not exceeding 10 to 12 pounds reduction in total. This, however, should not be construed to mean that where train is approaching terminal points or extensive yards, where ample time is available for recharging brakes between each application, in which case the brakes should be fully recharged before their reapplication.

Before coming to a full stop the brakes should be released to obviate the recoil of trucks incident in holding brakes on until the train is stopped.

In the way of comments on the practice of using two applications instead of one in making service stops with passenger trains, a great deal of argument has been heard in favor of the one-application principle, for the reason that less time and distance is required in which to make the stop. This argument would doubtless prove to

be correct if it were possible for engineers to make all stops by applying the brakes full force and at precisely the right place at the beginning, in order to make the final stop at the proper place; but as this is an impossibility, it remains that to avoid having the brakes applied full force or nearly so just before stopping, that a quicker stop can be made with two than with one application, if the brakes are set at nearly full force at first, and when released and reapplied to graduate brake force to suit the conditions, and by this means overcome the momentum of train at its greatest speed with a proportionately strong brake force.

When stopping freight trains at way stations and other service stops, owing to the moderate speed at which these trains are usually run, one application, rather than two, is recommended, because more care and skill must be exercised in releasing brakes on long freight trains at slow speed to avoid parting and undue strain to draw-gear. An economy of air is also realized, which is more important with freight than is the case in passenger service. The brakes should always be held on until after the train comes to a full stop, as, unlike passenger cars, the brakes are so hung as to cause no reaction to car body when car comes to rest with brakes set, and unless the locomotive is equipped with some method of brake-retaining device, the tendency is to cause severe strain to draw-gear and consequent break-in-two.

CAUSE OF BRAKES STICKING.

The most natural cause for brakes to stick is insufficient or no excess pressure; main reservoir too small or water in same, and brake valve returned to release position too soon—before pressure is transmitted in force to rear end of train.

The effect of sticking brakes is to cause more flat wheels than from all other causes combined, and with a view to reduce the number of flat wheels on railways, your committee suggest that trainmen be held jointly responsible with the engineer; in this connection the trainmen's duties should be to look the train over at all stops to see that brakes are fully released; this, however, applies more especially to freight trains, which for various reasons give more cause for brakes to stick.

The practice of kicking off brakes on freight trains when brakes are holding too strong cannot be too strongly condemned; the results are certainly serious in the way of slid flat wheels, cracked and broken

wheels on grades, and by no means the least in the pulling out of draw bars, etc.

DOUBLE HEADERS.

When two or more engines are used on one train, and the forward engineer is using the brakes, as should be the case, the rear engineer must cut the brake valve out by closing cut-out cock in train line under brake valve provided for this purpose. The practice of lapping valve on second engine has frequently been the cause of serious results, and the practice cannot be too strongly condemned. If it is desirable to use air from more than one engine, the better practice is to pipe the engines so that all the main reservoirs can be united and the leading man have use of all storage space and air compressor capacity; the cost of piping will be trifling, and will be compensated for by the saving in wear and tear, as when one pump is greatly overcharged.

The practice of the second man cutting in at the proper time to recharge and again closing cut-out cock before brakes are reapplied, has given very fair results; but it is open to criticism, owing to the possibilities of mistakes that are likely to occur.

OVERCHARGING BRAKES.

It has been noticed that in some cases engineers in their anxiety to keep brakes from "leaking on," adopt the practice of throwing the brake valve handle to release position intermittently, as well as leaving it in this position too long when releasing brakes after an application, and in either case overcharging the brakes, that is, charging the brakes to a greater pressure than that at which the feed valve in F-6 or the air pump governor with the D-8 valve is adjusted to carry in the train line, and by this method cause brakes to "leak on," inasmuch as when the brake valve is returned to running or feed position, no air can pass into train line until this pressure is reduced to that at which the feed valve or governor is adjusted to carry.

Hence the engineer should be instructed to leave the brake valve in release position just long enough to start all brakes to release with a certainty and return to running position before brakes are overcharged, and when this is done and brakes are all released, not to disturb the valve from this position until brakes are again applied and it is desired to release fully. Also keep "warning port" well open in brake valve.

Another element which is the source of much trouble, causing brakes to "leak on" is that of air brake "parasites," such as bell ringers, pneumatic sanders, etc. This trouble, however, is almost exclusively confined to where brake valves are used, other than the F-6 type, or with all valves hav-

ing the train line pressure governed by the air pump governor instead of the feed valve, and while sensitive acting air pump governors will do much to offset this, any kind of pump governor would avail nothing if air is used more rapidly than produced by air pump, and if the train line leaks to any extent whatever.

EMERGENCY APPLICATIONS.

When emergency applications are required, the brake valve should be carried to full emergency position and left there, for the reason that a large per cent of brakes still in use are plain (non-quick-acting) as also a certain type of triple which is recognized as quick-acting equalizes at but fifty pounds instead of sixty pounds as does the standard. Hence the brakes equalizing at the twenty per cent less pressure tends to immediately release unless the train line pressure is reduced below the lowest point of equalization.

The committee closes its report with "Forty. Don'ts to Enginemen," among which are:

Don't run your air pump with wide open steam throttle unless it is necessary; your air pump will produce more air per stroke at a moderate speed, also will keep down pump failures and cost of repairs.

Don't lubricate your brake valve by putting oil in the air cylinder of the air pump when valve works hard; this practice is usually the disease not the remedy.

Don't use kerosene or other light oil to clean out air cylinder of air pump, especially when pump is hot; when used in this manner it is not distantly related to dynamite.

Don't pour oil into the feed valve attachment to engineer's brake valve when it fails to operate properly; oil will do more harm than good; have the valve dissected and the defect corrected by "the man who knows how."

Don't depend on the brakes being tested from the rear of the train by opening and closing angle cocks as an assurance that you can operate them from the engine; brake failures have resulted from this.

Moral: test your own brakes with your own appliances.

Don't think when a brake in a train "sticks" that this brake is always out of repair; look to your excess pressure and see that there is no water in your main reservoir, depriving you of storage space; also leave your brake valve in full release the proper length of time.

Don't think you can release the brakes on a freight train at four miles per hour with the same degree of safety that you could at four times four; you are more apt to break your train in two when releasing at slow speed.

Don't "kick off" brakes on a long train when you are going to stop short; release

all of your brakes in time and re-apply again and you will have less draw heads to your credit, as well as sticking brakes and slid flat wheels.

Don't use sand on a slippery rail after you find that you are not going to stop where you wish, unless flat wheels are preferable to running by.

Moral: when using sand use it a full train length before any danger of wheels sliding exists, and continue to use sand until train stops; no amount of sand on rail will unlock wheels after they are once sliding.

Don't release brakes on a long train when in motion until brake valve has equalized from the last application, as the two opposing currents of air colliding within the train line will be certain to provoke a coalition of forces on the outside and cause a rupture of the draw gear; wait until valve has shut off at train line discharge before releasing the brakes.

Don't open throttle on your engine as soon as you put brake valve to release position when brakes are set, but wait six to ten seconds' time for brakes to fully release before opening throttle valve; it requires time for air to travel from engine to rear end of train and time for air to fully exhaust from brake cylinders.

Don't cut out your driver brakes imagining they are causing your driving boxes injury. This theory was exploded long ago. Keep up your wedges and you'll have no trouble, and you will have a valuable stopping device which you may sometimes need. Don't use your driver brake as an emergency brake only—cut it in and use it in conjunction with train brakes always.

Don't imagine you must have 100 pounds of air or more when 70 will produce the greatest brake force the wheels will bear without sliding if the proportions of the brake gear are properly calculated.

Don't fail to pull the handle of your brake valve to "running position" a reasonable time after you've released your brakes. An excess pressure of 20 to 25 pounds in the main reservoir comes exceedingly handy when you have a long train. It's a good thing with short trains as well.

Don't exhaust train pipe pressure to zero in applying brakes, it won't do any good, they are on as hard as they can be applied long before this, and you waste the difference in air. If you've been addicted to this practice in the past now is a good time to reform. Somebody who knows better will find out your practice and tell it as a good joke on you at the roundhouse or lodge room.

Don't, when running double headers, leave cut-out cock open on second engine and depend on lapping your brake valve; an opening for mistakes is too apparent from this practice.

THE JOURNAL.

Published monthly, 307 Society for Savings Bldg.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CHARLES H. SALMONS, - Editor and Manager.

Articles for Correspondence Department should be written on one side of the paper only, and must be at this office not later than the 10th, and for the Technical Department not later than the 12th of the month, to insure insertion in current number. Noms de plume may be used, but name and address of the writer must be given, or matter will not be used.

All matters for publication, Division addresses, etc., should be addressed to the Editor. The Editor reserves the right to use or reject matter for the reading columns entirely on its merits. The reading columns will not be sold for advertising purposes.

All money matters should be addressed to T. S. INGRAHAM, F. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg. Send New York or Chicago draft, Express money order or Postal order, but never send personal check, it is useless.

Changes in Address of the JOURNAL subscribers and orders for Division supplies should be addressed to D. EVERETT, T. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg.

Advertising Department matter and all correspondence relating thereto should be addressed to W. N. GATES, 409 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.



MAY, 1901.

Inviting Disturbers.

In the April 6th number of *Finance*, published in Cleveland, O., the Editor presumes to advise the Cleveland Business Men's League, and calls attention to their misconception of what *he thinks* the league was intended for. We infer that the editor of *Finance* thinks, at least, that he voices the sentiments of bankers and capitalists in the splenetic, narrow, and vicious advice he presumes to give the Business Men's League, in which he has injected insults to organized labor generally, and as a representative of honest, honorable, law-abiding organized efforts, the JOURNAL cannot let the publication of such Shylockian opinions pass without comment, however insignificant the author may be. He says:

"The attitude of the Business Men's Convention League in endeavoring to secure for Cleveland the permanent headquarters of a large labor organization, the International Association of Machinists, is open to serious question and criticism. No attitude of this journal in favor of the general purposes of this particular organization (Business Men's League) can obscure the duty laid upon it of calling atten-

tion to what seems an unfortunate and illogical misconception of what this body is intended for. The support of this journal would not be complete did it not seek to point out any variation from the generally wise and well directed achievements of this body. For a Business Men's League to welcome to the community another such disturbing element to business men as a typically constituted labor organization seems very illogical. Business men are men whose ability consists in preserving, protecting, and extending their personal and mutual interests. They merit the name when their acts approach this definition. The name is a misnomer, it would seem, when they do anything deliberately calculated to undermine their interests and to invite a demoralizing, disturbing, threatening, and dangerous element among them. That the typical labor organization of today is such a menace to the business men of any community needs little argument. Examples of that patent fact are too numerous, especially in Cleveland, and the men of this league would not and could not deny the damage they and all have suffered because of the ascendancy of labor organizations in Cleveland."

We cannot believe that the opinion of the editor of *Finance* amounts to very much to the Business Men's League, whether for or against, yet it must be somewhat annoying to be called either a set of dolts or knaves for *inviting another such disturbing element* as comes, in his opinion, with the permanent headquarters of a labor organization.

Now, the headquarters of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers have been in Cleveland for 25 years. The collections and disbursements of the Insurance Department amount to about seventy thousand dollars a month. The JOURNAL publication, with forty thousand circulation, requires nine tons of paper each month, and the printing, JOURNAL and sundries, about thirty thousand dollars a year, and there are seven Grand Officers resident in Cleveland, and we are willing to place their character to a test with that of the editor of *Finance* and without the least fear that it will suffer with the comparison.

Now, this same Business Men's League invited the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen to locate in Cleveland, and offered such inducements, in which the bankers joined, that they accepted and have been

doing a similar commercial business to that of the engineers for the past year. They also have a full quota of officials resident here, and again we unhesitatingly invite comparison of the character of these gentlemen with that of the editor of *Finance*, and we feel that these two institutions are of vastly more importance to the financial interests of Cleveland than the editor of *Finance* and his paper, and still he charges the Business Men's League with inviting "another such demoralizing, disturbing, threatening and dangerous element among them," and says: "Business men are men whose ability consists in preserving, protecting, and extending their personal and mutual interests." From this we would infer that the editor of *Finance* thinks that protecting personal and mutual interests is a divine right of business men only, and says, "that the typical labor organization of today is a menace to the business men of any community needs little argument." That these organizations stand in the way of such narrow, selfish sentiments as the editor of *Finance* expresses we will admit, and the necessity for organized effort in dealing with such men will be apparent. But he does not stop here. He says:

"The typical labor organization of today is a menace to business men of any community and individually (the Business Men's League) would all assent to this proposition. Collectively, they seek to bring another such dangerous factor here and to introduce a viper into their own nest. The difference between the league members individually and collectively recalls the experience of a man with the directors of a bank. He wanted to secure a loan from the bank and approached all the directors, who were known to him individually, to that end. Man to man they all assented to granting him the loan and promised him their support when it was passed upon in the directors' meeting. When the directors met he was on hand and sent in for the formal approval he expected. Instead, a note came out that the directors as a body could not see their way clear to grant the loan. He burst in upon them angrily and said: 'Gentlemen, individually I think you are the finest and most honorable men I ever met, but collectively, you are a set of fools.'"

This is a first-class picture, not of fools but of knaves, and it may be that the Business Men's League are such fools as to

take this as a compliment, but we are inclined to the belief that the *viper*, if there be such, instead of being in the headquarters of a labor organization is seated in the editorial chair of *Finance*.

Every student of sociology understands that it is not the application of the Golden Rule "doing as you would be done by," that has brought about organized effort for self-protection on the part of those who perform the manifold duties incident to our great commercial interests, but will be charged directly to men whose conduct in their relation with those who labor, conform to the narrow Shylockian opinions expressed by this would be adviser of the Business Men's League and presumptive quasi representative of the bankers and business men of Cleveland whom he advises that it is their duty to organize into one common factor for the purpose of protecting their mutual and collective interests, while he denies that privilege to every other class. If labor must stand alone to be plucked of reasonable remuneration and with it reasonable opportunity for the comforts and education that go to make valuable acquisitions to society, why not all other factors? Does a laboring man become a *viper* when he feels the sting of poverty and joins with others to mitigate the evils fixed for him by a few Shylocks of society, who, without conscience, fix degrading conditions taking advantage of the necessity, that standing alone, compel acceptance however undesirable the conditions may be?

What sort of logic is it when the bankers and business men are advised to organize for control of the market for both buying and selling and in the same breath declare laboring men vipers because they organize in self defense.

Again he says:

"Every business man knows that Cleveland is a hot-bed for socialism and labor unions to such an extent that much capital is deterred from coming to Cleveland for fear of the strikes and agitations that flourish here so significantly. The persistency with which Cleveland voters elect candidates who run on socialistic and confiscatory platforms leads it to be looked upon as a danger-point all over the country."

He paints Cleveland in nice colors, probably very much at variance with the seductive arguments advanced by the Business Men's League. But we shall believe that they are not, as Josh Billings said, "cross-eyed in the tongue, talking one way while they think another, and are presenting honest opinions of the commercial and social advantages of Cleveland, while the rant of this editor would justify the thought that he had been taking something to kill microbes. He sees a great hoard of laboring men in Cleveland who are sufficiently presumptive to cast their ballots in accordance with their own opinions, and he, historically, declares such liberties socialistic and dangerous.

The mediæval theory that the larger factor of humanity was borne saddled and bridled ready to be ridden by a few born to ride brought about a Greek revolution, the fall of the Roman Empire and the reconstruction of France. Presumptive right and intolerance of application evolved hatred that culminated in these frightful pages of history. The editor of *Finance* charges the leaders of organized labor societies with creating evil sentiments, socialistic tendencies and all the isms of which he complains, but we say without fear of successful contradiction, that the putrid mouthings of one who is in reality a representative of the opinions and practice of any factor of business men will create more ill-will, more recruits for organized labor, more socialists, and more independent voters than all the officials of organized labor Cleveland will ever have as residents.

We will not believe that the business men of Cleveland think the following statement is pouring oil on troubled waters :

"Business men here know that the doctrine of the typical labor organization is that every capitalist and business man must be looked upon as an enemy to labor and a man under the ban, to be crushed at the proper opportunity."

While this editor is saying this of organized laboring men he eulogizes million dollar trusts, but is careful to say nothing about who is crushed by them, and, of course, he approves of their control of the

market *at the proper opportunity*, and objects to those who labor asking for a share in the results of the employer taking advantage of the proper opportunity.

Now he assumes the attitude of King John in resisting the granting of the Magna Charta, and says :

"So long as labor organizations have no responsibility before the law for the irreparable damage their conspiracies inflict, so long every effort should be made to exile them from the otherwise prosperous communities they endanger. Instead of inviting them to make headquarters here and relieve some other city of their undoubtedly obnoxious presence, it would be better for the League to combine with business men in every thriving city to discourage the stay of such a scourge to any community."

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers hold written contracts with more than 90 per cent of the railroads of the country, and we unhesitatingly declare that they are adhered to as strictly as any like number of legal documents to which any class of American people are parties, not excepting bankers and business men; and when he alludes to a scourge, we are again reminded of a mediæval condition just such as this editor would doubtless put in force if he could.

In 1349, during the black plague, it is estimated that one-third of the entire population of England perished. The immediate result was a dearth of labor, which the laborers took advantage of, and the employing class appealed to Edward III., who issued an edict in which he directed that no higher wages should be paid than obtained prior to the plague, and the sheriffs undertook to enforce the edict. But wages advanced eventually from 50 to 60 per cent, regardless of imprisonment and the vilest of coercive measures, and as this disposition is still being manifest, the organization of which this editor complains are here, and he wants them banished, and says:

"Their headquarters should be located in the tall grass or outside of the three-mile limit on water, to minimize their damaging tendency."

This is a fine sentiment, and reminds us of an old proverb, "The heart of a fool is in his mouth." If he will investigate a

little he will find the headquarters of the labor orders already located in Cleveland in good, comfortable quarters; that they meet their financial and every other obligation promptly, and will not move out into the tall grass nor into the lake, but will, like the permanent and necessary institutions they are, remain in good quarters, using their good influences to counteract the mean ones of such men as the editor of *Finance* and any factor of society he may represent. He charges the labor leaders with inciting disputes with employers and bringing about strikes "according to the work they are paid to do as leaders."

Ignorance of a subject on which one assumes superior wisdom, and the attitude of dictation to a lot of business men, cannot be accepted as an excuse for such vile misrepresentations, and we cannot believe he has consulted bankers and business men in his splenetic tirade against his moral superiors, but, as Ben Jonson says, "has taken no other counsel than his own, and has had a fool for his tutor."

The Business Men's League invited the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen to locate in Cleveland last year, and they are now asking the International Association of Machinists and the Order of Railroad Conductors to come to Cleveland, and the bankers and business men we believe are, generally speaking, joining in the inducements offered, and both, if they come, will be valuable acquisitions to Cleveland both commercially and morally, notwithstanding the opinion of this wise editor that "the close proximity of dynamite increases the danger of explosion and that the nearness of a labor organization increases the danger of strikes." If he knew more of what he undertakes to discuss, he would know that the head officials of these organizations are mediators rather than agitators. That strikes are inaugurated by popular vote of the membership and not at the dictation of any official, and the duty of the official is to prevent strikes by negotiation and he is not called in until the local organization has exhausted its efforts. The national official then makes an effort for a peaceful

solution, and not reaching an agreement offers to submit the subject to arbitration. We presume such men as the editor of *Finance* would not agree to such a proposition. But it does not alter the fact that he who refuses to submit differences to an impartial tribunal knows he or they are in the wrong and do not desire to be fair.

Pope says:

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
Such mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Until there is a practical application of the Golden Rule in human affairs organization of labor will be permanently located here in Cleveland and elsewhere and they will not have headquarters in the backwoods nor isolated on some lake, but will be where they can deal with just such wouldbe degraders of labor and sweatshop defenders as the editor of *Finance*.

Billion Dollar Steel Trust.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers as a class are not jealous of wealth, and they feel no enmity towards any employer unless the employer has given cause by unfair treatment. As an organized body we do not hesitate to ask for what is deemed right engineers should have, and by conference usually settle all these things without much difficulty. Occasionally there is one who employs engineers who refuses to confer with his employees, which invariably results in ill-feeling and lack of that keen interest and consequent thrift that obtains where the employer shows some interest in the welfare of those he employs and shows a willingness to correct the evils complained of. No strikes are ever possible with the B. of L. E. if the employer is willing to confer, discuss the questions at issue and if they cannot agree be willing to submit the controversy to arbitration, which is one of the engineers' cardinal principles. They never ask for a division of profits, but for reasonable remuneration for services rendered, and rules for the government of officers and men to insure just consideration for both. So, we are not actuated by any

splenic motives in discussing a combination of capital that reaches a billion dollars, an amount so fabulous that the organizer Mr. Morgan himself can only conceive how great it is by the long line of figures it makes, which multiplied by expected profits, demonstrates financial results. We can only obtain a partial conception of the magnitude of such a sum by some comparison. For instance, supposing that the average yearly earnings of each individual membership in the B. of L. E. to be \$1,000 a year it would take the combined earnings of our whole membership thirty-two years to earn such a sum. If the earnings meet expectations, the trust will pay out in interest and dividends an amount equal to the total earning of 200,000 laborers. And this combination of capital stands at the head of many others, among which are the railroads which are merging many properties into a few, and the responsibilities that must be assumed in the management of these great aggregations of wealth, reach far beyond, earning dividends. It involves earning public confidence, which to our thinking is a very large undertaking. Public opinion is often biased not by what those possessed of great power do, but what they may do. The centralizing of such fabulous wealth and power in the hands of a few is heartily commended by socialists as tending toward centralized government and eventual government ownership of all things, because they believe these industrial combinations will arouse envy and general discontent and make more converts to their theories than all the speakers and writers they can command. So the question has a political side to it of no mean dimensions, and these properties if they continue to exist as trusts, must be conducted in a manner sufficiently considerate of public interest to allay fear of its almost unlimited power. Not an easy thing to do, for it requires little to arouse prejudice in the home of want against those who have more than they can use. The mouthings of one such as the editor of *Finance*, who pretends to speak for capitalists, is the best possible help to the agitation for paternalism.

There are two extremes: the unrestrained

competitive system, dominated by selfish greed and paternalism or radical socialism, two vital forces, individualism and co-operation, and government ownership. Public opinion eventually settles all these questions and determines the mean between extremes; but extremes come and bring the evils with them before the cure can be applied, so extremes should be avoided when possible. We do not think we are far wrong in placing four employees to one employer, each individual standing equal at the polls with a vote which determines public opinion. We are not afraid of a full return to *laissez faire*, when every laboring man must stand alone and be plucked at will by the mercenary; labor organizations will prevent that, but the conduct of the managers of these great properties, while they control the wealth, it does not necessarily follow that they control the votes of those they employ, and if the management is inconsiderate of the welfare of either the employees or the consuming public, an extreme in the direction of centralized government and the eradication of individualism may be reasonably looked for and the property rights of capital must suffer extreme restrictions. If this happens, when public sentiment has had time to reach a level between these extremes, the position organized labor occupies now, with conciliation and arbitration as its fundamental principle, will be sustained as occupying a position nearest to the practical application of the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would be done by."

Engineers Discharged.

The newspapers seem to be finding quite sensational material to work on over the discharge of a few engineers and firemen on the C., B. & Q., at Galesburg, Ill., and we have been importuned to discuss the subject, but the disposition manifest by the local officials at Galesburg is not at all new, and is no surprise to us, and we would say nothing about it only for the startling sensational side the newspapers give the subject with such headlines as the following: "Still After the Brotherhood," "C., B. &

Q. Scores Another Victory Over Engineer's Organization, etc."

The official at Galesburg, who we believe is primarily responsible for discharging engineers and firemen because he thinks they are members of the B. of L. E. and B. of L. F., was at Galesburg in 1888, and he evidently has some unpleasant recollections of his experiences at that time, experiences brought about by the company he is employed by, refusing to pay their employees the same rates of wages paid by all their competitors, though the C., B. & Q. was the best paying property of all of them.

They lost millions rather than make reasonable concessions. They claimed a victory. Well, perhaps it was, but there seems to be some of the officials with very bad working livers doubtless traceable to the difficulties and disappointments of 1888. That the directors and local officials of that date were unwilling that their employees should have any voice in fixing the conditions under which they should serve, is what brought the trouble, and the trouble now is that the local officials at Galesburg propose if possible to make every man stand alone, and take such conditions as they may wish to impose. That these employees are seeking membership in the organizations makes it a self-evident fact that there are undesirable conditions, and that the victors are none too magnanimous even to those who helped them win the victory. There has been no proselyting to get these men to join the B. of L. E. It has been prompted by their own desire. One of the engineers two or three years ago did some soliciting for subscribers for the JOURNAL among the employees, to get a premium, but he was told if he continued he would forfeit his position. It would be impossible for him to qualify his objections to the JOURNAL from anything that appeared in it, but it emanated from the B. of L. E. and that was enough. Nothing but the application of the Golden Rule will bring about a dissolution of the B. of L. E. It will be here long after the passing of many who now oppose it, and those who feel oppression will seek entrance, and many who do will have the astuteness to keep their own counsel until there is enough to drown the voice of any one local official, and be heard by their superiors not so ready to deny that there are wrongs to be righted by an effort to suppress those who dare to present an appeal.

The balance of political power in Illinois rests with those who labor, and those interested, and they are legion, and could easily exercise an influence that would secure the enactment of the Pennsylvania law, which fixes a fine for doing what is being done at Galesburg. A man should have an unquestioned right to join what-

ever society he likes, and he who is inclined to be fair can have no valid excuse for an objection.

Tribute of Esteem.

In appreciation of the uniform fairness and courtesy extended the employees by Mr. George L. Sands, Second Vice-President and General Manager of the Wiggins Ferry Company and St. Louis, Kansas City & Colorado Railway, which conduced to peace and harmony, the incentive to best efforts to serve faithfully, the members of Div. 49, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and members of Lodge 44, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, gave Mr. Sands a most enjoyable banquet on Thursday evening, April 18, at the Southern Hotel, St. Louis, Mo., when employer and employee sat side by side, significant of a community of interest essential to the welfare of both interests represented.

There were about one hundred present, with Mr. Sands as the guest of honor. Mr. S. M. Dolan, Master Mechanic of the Wiggins Ferry Company, acted as toastmaster. Among the speakers were Grand Chief P. M. Arthur, of the B. of L. E., and Grand Master F. P. Sargent, of the B. of L. F., who congratulated both the officers and employees on the friendly spirit manifest at the gathering. President John Scullin, of the Wiggins Ferry Company, spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Sands. Mr. Henry Scullin, President of the Scullin-Gallagher Iron and Steel Company; Alonzo C. Church, Vice-President of the Wiggins Ferry Company; Charles W. Thomas and T. E. Rawlston, attorneys for the company; R. H. Johnson, Superintendent of Motive Power of the St. Louis & Southwestern Railway; A. T. Perkins, Superintendent of the Terminals of the St. Louis, Kansas & Northern Railway; H. C. Bernard, Superintendent of the Terminals of the Southern Railway; John Hickey, Superintendent of Machinery of the Rio Grande Western; Charles P. Jones, General Manager of the St. Louis Stock Yards, and Bro. M. M. Stephens, Mayor of East St. Louis, made interesting remarks.

One of the most important features of the gathering was the presentation to Mr. Sands of a jeweled watch charm. The presentation was very gracefully and fittingly made by Bro. Thomas P. Burns, to which Mr. Sands feelingly responded, thanking the employees for their kindness and expressed his appreciation for their faithful service.

The committee of employees who had charge of this feast of good things, the best of which was the demonstrated good-will and mutuality of interests, may well feel proud of their success. Wherever such a condition exists there peace reigns.

LINKS.

THE annual memorial service of Detroit Division, No. 1, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, was held on April 21st. The order of service was as follows:

Opening Ceremonies.....Chas. Baker, C. E.
Prayer.....Rev. D. I. Sutherland.
Hymn—"I need Thee every hour,"
Gaines' Quartette.
Scripture Lesson.....J. H. Muir.
Address.....Rev. W. H. Clark, D. D.
Solo—"My Homeland".....Mr. Burns.
Eulogy.....P. M. Arthur, C. C. E.
Solo—"The Perfect Life".....Miss Mina Wilson.
Address.....Rev. Father Van Antwerp.
"Nearer My God To Thee".....Gaines' Quartette.
Address.....Rev. D. I. Sutherland.
Solo—"The City Beautiful," Miss Emma Hamilton.
Remarks.....D. S. Sutherland.
Prayer.....Rev. W. H. Clark, D. D.
Solo—"Beyond the Gates of Paradise,"
Mr. Fred. Lyon, Jr.
Benediction.....Rev. Fr. Van Antwerp.

Accompanied by Superintendent Sutherland and a number of the Brothers, the Grand Chief attended the service held under the auspices of the Railway Branch of the Y. M. C. A., in the new building at West Detroit, Sunday afternoon. Mr. Sutherland presided. After the service he escorted us around the building, which we found to be well equipped and provided with all the modern appliances for the convenience and comfort of railroad men. The officers of the Michigan & Central Railroad have taken a deep interest in the work, contributing a large amount towards the erection of the building, which is of the most substantial character, as fine as any we have ever visited outside of the city of New York.

After the memorial service, which was held at 2 P. M., the Grand Chief attended a meeting of Div. No. 1, and was much pleased with the interest manifested by the Brothers. Div. No. 1 is in a very healthy and prosperous condition, showing a large increase of members during the past few months.

BRO. HOMER P. PHIPPIN, member of Div. 227, Watertown, N. Y., is getting well along in years and is a very old member of the order, and his unqualified interest in it is manifest, for he has preserved all his JOURNALS, from the first issue to the present. Those of the first seventeen years he had bound, while the others are all well preserved. Brother Phippin is not able to do much now, and would like to dispose of them to some person or Division who will offer a fair price for them. Address Homer W. Phippin, Watertown, N. Y.

BRO. R. M. ORR, F. A. E. of Div. 417, Peoria, Ill., has just been elected City Clerk of Peoria for the third term. We consider this a very high compliment to our Brother. It is not only an evidence of his business ability and honesty, but what must be most gratifying to him, evidence

of a great host of friends, many of whom break away from party lines to, demonstrate their good-will. The JOURNAL compliments Brother Orr and wishes him continued success.

BRO. E. R. WEBB, who will be remembered by many of the delegates to the Milwaukee Convention as the delegate representing Div. No. 1, Detroit, Mich., has been appointed Division Master Mechanic at Michigan City, Michigan Central Railway, effective April 1, 1901. Brother Webb is an energetic student and well equipped for his new duties. The JOURNAL wishes him success in his new field, which we think will eventually develop into larger and more responsible duties.

T. E. ADAMS, Master Mechanic of the Eastern Minnesota, has left that road to accept a position as General Master Mechanic of the Cotton Belt, with headquarters at Pine Bluff. Mr. Adams has been connected with the Great Northern for the last twenty years, filling the positions of Traveling Engineer, Master Mechanic and Division Superintendent. The fact of his being called to his new position demonstrates the ability with which he has filled his former positions.

Mr. J. McGie, Master Mechanic of the Montana Central, has resigned to accept a position as Master Mechanic on the Jersey Central. Mr. McGie is also a man of considerable railroad experience, having served as Master Mechanic on the Great Northern for the past several years.

F. W. DYER.

BRO. JAMES F. WALSH, of the Galena Oil Company, and a member of Forest City Div., 318, Cleveland, O., delivered an interesting and instructive lecture on the lubrication of locomotives and cars, at the Hall of Div. 318, No. 562 Pearl street, on Sunday, March 24, 1901, to which all engineers and firemen and others engaged in train service were invited, whether members of the order or not, and the operating officers of all roads were also invited, a number of whom were present and had a very enjoyable time. In fact, Brother Walsh was so patient and painstaking, that all enjoyed his lecture very much and so expressed themselves. The only fault to be found is that we do not hear him often enough. We are always glad to see or hear from you, Jim, so come again.
C. H. R.

It is again my privilege to call the attention of the JOURNAL readers to a very interesting and successful entertainment and social given under the auspices of Auxiliary Div. 230, B. of L. E., Buffalo, N. Y., at their hall, corner of Jefferson

and Eagle streets, Monday evening, March 25, 1901, being so to speak a success from start to finish. The talent on this occasion was selected from our home circles, and the delightful manner in which each artist rendered their particular specialty was received with prolonged and hearty applause by a very large and intelligent gathering whose evident appreciation of the high character of the entertainment was very flattering not only to the artists but to the Ladies of Div. 230. In connection with the entertainment was a drawing of several beautiful and useful prizes, which added largely to the amusing features of the occasion, and one of the most delightful evenings in our recollection closed with ice-cream and cards. The distinguished manner in which the Ladies handled the variety of attractions is an honor to them and we departed for our several homes firmly resolved to encourage more of 'em. The following evening, March 26, Div. 382 assembled with a large and very unusual attendance to transact important business. When deliberations were about half concluded there was an alarm at the outer door. One of the Brothers was instructed by Chief Muir to ascertain the cause thereof. Investigation developed a surprise not common to Div. 382, the nature of which was a committee of Ladies consisting of Sisters Conrad, Wales, Springweiler, Rahn, Muir, Wheelock, Miner, Johnson and Edwards, desiring to be admitted at once. Their request being in order, further business was hastily disposed of and the ladies admitted, who proceeded to initiate all present into a further surprise, bringing forth from an adjoining room eatables and hot coffee to no end, which the Brothers were cordially invited to freely indulge, all falling into line in giving the ladies an exhibition of real activity as only railroad men can in this respect. A standing vote of thanks was extended to the ladies for so generously prescribing to our physical improvement, the Brothers accepting the condition with the gratifying belief that it was a further pledge of devotion to their high mission, namely, success to the B. of L. E.

N. W. S.

The following letter explains itself:

*Mr. J. H. McConnell, Supt. M. P. & Machinery,
U. P. R. R., Omaha, Neb.:*

MY DEAR SIR—We learn with regret that you are about to sever your connection with the Union Pacific Railroad as Superintendent of Motive Power on April 1st, and having been in the Mechanical Department for a third of a century, we are pleased to know that during all these years of association of employer and employee you have earned our highest esteem, as years have passed, by your honorable and just manner of treating all who have had their little misfortunes. You were

always ready and willing to listen to their troubles and adjust their differences fairly and honorably, with proper regard for the interests of those you represented and justice to all.

On your retirement after so many years in official capacity, and leaving a record of which any man might be proud, therefore permit us to extend to you in behalf of the locomotive engineers of the Union Pacific Railroad our hearty and sincere appreciation of all you have done for our interests, individually and collectively. We heartily and sincerely wish you success in whatever new field of labor you may enter. We are,

Yours sincerely,

GEO. W. VROMAN,

Chairman for Engineers.

C. F. TRACY,
Sec. & Treas. for Engineers.

IN accordance with some changes recently made in the mechanical department of the L. & N. R. R., our General Foreman, Mr. James Ashworth, of Corbin, Ky., goes to Birmingham, Ala., to assume the duties of Master Mechanic, and to the officers and members of Div. 156 we desire to say that we presume he goes there as he came here—a perfect stranger to the men. It is our desire to state to you that his departure from this place is deeply regretted by everyone who has had the pleasure of forming his acquaintance. He has certainly demonstrated the fact during his stay with us that a man can be both an official and a gentleman in every respect.

We realize the fact that our loss is your gain, and I write you this to assure you that Mr. Ashworth is worthy of your every confidence as an official and a gentleman. Mr. Ashworth was up to a few years ago a member of our order.

Both he and his estimable wife have formed a large circle of friends at this point, who regret exceedingly their removal from Corbin.

Assuring you that our entire Division cheerfully bespeaks for him your hearty confidence and co-operation while he remains with you, I remain,

Fraternally yours,

OSCAR BALL, F. A. E., Div. 465.

ONE of the most successful as well as delightful events in the history of T. J. Trice Division, 310, held at Derry Station, Pa., March 21, was a social given by the members in honor of Bro. James Crookston, who is one of Div. 310's charter members, which was organized some sixteen years ago, and is well known on the Pittsburg Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad where he has been running an engine for twenty-one years and has proved himself a competent engineer. The railroad officials not being slow to recognize his ability, have promoted him to the position of Roundhouse Foreman at Conemaugh. The members of

Div. 310 are highly pleased with his promotion and wish him success in his new field of labor. The engineers being on time with their wives and friends, Brother Crookston was called into the parlor and with an appropriate address in behalf of the members of Div. 310 he was presented with a handsome gold chain and B. of L. E. charm. After the presentation refreshments were served to some thirty engineers, their wives and friends. The evening was made delightful by the Derry Male Quartette composed of Messrs. Freeman, Yealy, Bee and Replogle, who rendered some very fine and entertaining selections. Everything passed off nicely and all seemed pleased with the evening's entertainment much to the gratification of the members of Div. 310, and especially to the committee which desires to heartily thank Brother Young and his wife for their kind hospitality in throwing open their home for the occasion, and for their untiring efforts which did so much toward the success of the evening. Those present, much pleased with the evening's entertainment, returned to their homes hoping we may have more of these socials which tend to closer fellowship, lighten our pathway, and in strengthening our bond of union, advance the interests of the order generally.

W. RAMSAY, F. A. E. Div. 310.

A MISSOURI farmer figured it out one rainy day that he had walked 300 miles in cultivating one acre of corn. He thereupon sold his farm and moved to town, where he walked 600 miles to find a job.
—Ex.

JAPANESE railways, on March 31, 1900, says the *Japan Times*, aggregated in length 3,635 miles, of which 832 miles were government lines. In the year ending with that date 223 miles were built, of which 64 miles were constructed by the government. The 14 private companies have a total capital of \$84,610,000 gold; and with the government cost added, the total amount invested in Japanese railways is \$124,000,000 gold, or 250,000,000 yen. The total income from these lines in the fiscal year ending March 31, 1900, was \$19,028,580 gold, an increase of \$3,237,000 over the preceding year. Of the 1900 income, \$12,250,800 came from passengers, \$6,319,620 from freight in income is due to lengthened line and a raise in fares.

GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent of the New York Central Railroad Company, has found a time table of his road of 1844. From it he makes these comparisons:

In 1844 it took 30½ hours to travel by mail train from Albany to Buffalo.

In 1901, by the Empire State Express, it takes 5 hours and 37 minutes.

In 1844 the fare, Albany to Buffalo, was \$11.50.

In 1901 the fare is \$6.15.

In 1844 the route, Albany to Niagara Falls, was by rail to Syracuse, thence via Oswego Canal and Lake Erie; distance, 333 miles; fare, \$10; time, 32 hours.

In 1901 the distance by New York Central is 305 miles; fare, \$6.15; time, 6 hours and 14 minutes.

In 1844 the cars were lighted with candles; there were no sleeping cars; meals were obtained at primitive taverns, and the physical conditions of the roadway made long and tiresome delays necessary and a journey an irksome undertaking.

THE new Federal law, which appeared in the April issue, requires the officials of every common carrier engaged in interstate commerce by railroad to make to the Interstate Commerce Commission, at its office, Washington, D. C., a monthly report, under oath, of all collisions of trains, or where any train or part of a train accidentally leaves the track, and of all accidents which may occur to its passengers or employees while in the service of such common carries and actually on duty, which report shall state the nature and causes thereof, and the circumstances connected therewith.

These reports, nor any part of them, cannot be admitted as evidence against said railroad in any action of damages.

I NOTICE in your February JOURNAL that Bro. J. R. Murphy, of the Intercolonial Railroad, has been promoted to Road Foreman of Engines. I am very pleased to hear of your promotion Jack, and wish you every success in your new undertaking.

Yours fraternally,

WM. F. COWLEY,

General Foreman Seaboard Air Line, Tallahassee, Fla.

THE first annual report of the Pension Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad says that the pensions paid during the year amounted to \$244,019.97. The retirements during the year numbered 1,292 persons, of whom 1,149 were 70 years of age or over, and 143 between 65 and 69 years old. Of the latter 83 were retired at their own request, on the recommendation of their employing officers; the remainder, 60 in number, purely upon the recommendation of their employing officers. One hundred and two pensioners died during the year, 95 of whom were of the 70-year or over class, and 7 of the 65 to 69-year class. The number of employees (all lines east of

Pittsburg and Erie) is now about 80,000.
—*Railroad Men.*

THE striking and valuable development of the past decade in locomotive building in France has been in the most important direction of all, namely, in boiler-power and steam pressure, says the *Engineering Magazine*. For whereas in 1889, a boiler with 900 to 1,100 square feet of heating surface was deemed ample for many of the most prominent express engines in England, such as those of the Great Northern and South Eastern lines, and a total heating surface of 1,200 to 1,300 square feet was rarely exceeded, there are very few main line engines at Vincennes, other than British, which have less than 1,800 to 2,000 square feet, and even two of the four purely British express engines shown have 1,630 and 1,768 square feet, respectively, while M. du Bousquet's new engine for the northern of France line, No. 2642, has no less than 2,275 square feet. Again, in 1889, a steam pressure of 160 pounds to the square inch was the maximum in ordinary use: 175 pounds was comparatively rare and was regarded as more or less of an experiment of dubious value. But in 1900 a large proportion of the engines at Vincennes have 200 pounds steam pressure or more. Most of the new French locomotives have 213 pounds at the least, and the newest of all, M. du Bousquet's huge ten-wheeled "Atlantic" type, express No. 2642, for the Northern line, and M. Salomon's eight-wheeled express engine, No. 2411, for the Eastern Railway of France, have each a steam pressure of no less than 228 pounds to the square inch. Of the four English engines, two—the London & Northwestern and North Eastern exhibits—have 200 pounds of steam pressure; the Great Eastern engine has 180 pounds, and the Midland 170 pounds. In this respect, as in that of boiler size, British progress travels on the lines of the old motto of one of its leading families, "Festina lente"—"hasten slowly."

MR. FRANCIS LA FLESCHE, an Omaha Indian, has recently published an account of the training of children in the tepees of that tribe.

"No child is permitted to interrupt an elder person, or to pass between two persons who are speaking," says the author, "still less to come between them and the fire. We were strictly enjoined never to stare at strangers, nor to address anyone by his personal name without a title.

"From his earliest years the Omaha child was trained in the grammatical use of his native tongue. No mistake was allowed to pass uncorrected.

"No Indian parent ever whips his child. When it commits a fault the entire family

assembles in solemn conclave, and it is summoned and reproved with such gravity, that it never forgets the lesson."

These are not civilized red men, but the class known to us as "savages."

London Truth lately gave an account of the training given in Tokyo in the prefecture of the police.

The Japanese policemen are taught to knock gently at the doors of houses before they enter. Under no circumstances are they to talk roughly. "Rough talking intimidates the innocent, while the hardened criminal does not mind it."

In executing search warrants they must not disturb sleeping children or invalids.

They must deal kindly to dogs belonging to strangers; hospitality is due to animals as well as to men.

No amusement must ever be shown at the mistakes of foreigners. Every effort must be made to impress strangers with Japanese politeness, and all people with the kindness as well as the justice of Japanese law.

Is there nothing which the English-speaking peoples could learn from these two nations, the Omahas and Japanese?—*Ex.*

THE annual report for the year ending Dec. 31, 1900, of the mileage of the Pennsylvania Railroad has just been completed. In it Chief Engineer Brown states that the company now has 813.55 miles of track in New York State, 771 in New Jersey, 3,361 in Pennsylvania, 253 in Delaware, 507 in Maryland, 8.15 in the District of Columbia, and 47.68 miles in Virginia, making a total of 5,788.08 miles of road owned by the lines east of Pittsburg and Erie. This is an increase for the year of 872 miles in that territory.

Its lines west of Pittsburg are 4,654.60 miles in length, while the total mileage of all road controlled by the Pennsylvania amounts to 10,443.58.

The gross earnings of all those lines for the year was \$172,924,739; expenses, \$118,849,182.—*Railway Men.*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The traveling card of Bro. L. M. Rice, of Div. 200, has been lost. If presented, please take it up and forward to the F. A. E. of Div. 200.

Wanted—The address of John H. Abbott, who ran an engine on the Burlington Railroad in 1887 out of Omaha, Neb. He was last heard of on the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern. Anyone knowing anything concerning him will confer a favor by addressing Geo. E. Turkington, 605 Bee Building, Omaha, Neb.

The traveling card of Bro. R. S. Carew, of Div. 282, has been lost. If presented, please take it up and forward to the F. A. E. of Div. 282.

The address of Joseph Keys is wanted by his brother. He was last heard of about two years ago in Cumberland, Md. Anyone knowing anything concerning him will confer a favor by

addressing J. W. Keys, 1103 Ninth Ave., Beaver Falls, Pa.

Miss Nellie Hyde desires the address or any knowledge of her father, N. J. Hyde, an engineer. When last heard from he was at Brownsville, S. D., about sixteen years ago. Address Nelson Hotel, Rockford, Ill.

Members of the following Divisions will correspond with the F. A. E. of their Divisions immediately:

Division—

253—G. F. Lindsey, John Lyons.

OBITUARIES.

[In accordance with the action of the Ottawa Convention, no resolutions of condolence, obituary letters or poems will be published in the JOURNAL. All deaths will be listed under obituary heading only, with cause and date of death.]

Aurora, Ill., March 24, 1901, of appendicitis and peritonitis, Elmer Robinson, only son of Bro. C. K. Robinson, member of Div. 32.

Neodosha, Kans., March 4, of old age, Bro. Andrew Allen, C. E. of Div. 270.

Pittston, Pa., March 13, killed by boiler explosion, Bro. Wilson T. Albert, member of Div. 263.

Chicago, Ill., March 23, of impaction of gall stones, Bro. Henry Gregg, member of Div. 404.

Cleburne, Tex., March 7, Bro. John Fraime, member of Div. 206.

Austin, Minn., March 24, of heart disease, Bro. Godfrey Lauffle, member of Div. 102.

Corning, N. Y., March 29, of heart disease, Bro. Peter Helwig, member of Div. 244.

Hartford, Conn., March 27, of apoplexy, Bro. Thos. O'Neil, member of Div. 77.

Chicago, Ill., March 13, of nephritis, Mrs. Nellie Willis, wife of Bro. W. H. Willis, member of Div. 556.

Grand Rapids, Mich., March 20, Bro. E. D. Benedict, member of Div. 1.

Syracuse, N. Y., March 29, Bro. Nelson Kellogg, member of Div. 169.

Lafayette, Ind., March 15, of colitis, Bro. Geo. C. King, member of Div. 7.

Holyoke, Mass., March 20, of heart failure, Bro. C. W. Stone, member of Div. 77.

Gorham, N. H., March 11, killed by his engine turning over, Bro. Fred. H. Robertson, member of Div. 40.

Norfolk, Neb., March 27, of heart failure, Bro. John H. Brown, C. E. of Div. 268.

Ottawa, Ont., March 21, Bro. T. C. Brackenbury, member of Div. 168.

Brazil, Ind., March 29, Bro. Scott Cook, member of Div. 25.

Waterbury, Conn., April 7, killed by falling from his engine, Bro. C. Littledale, member of Div. 205.

Norwalk, O., April 4, killed in wreck, Bro. H. H. Fisher, member of Div. 360.

San Luis, Potosi, Mex., April 1, of appendicitis, Bro. Walter Clifton, member of Div. 453.

Hornellsville, N. Y., April 1, of catarrh of the stomach, Mrs. W. R. Martin, wife of Bro. W. R. Martin, F. A. E. of Div. 47.

Port Jervis, N. Y., March 24, from injuries received in wreck, Bro. John Muhlenbrink, member of Div. 54.

Jackson, Mich., March 13, Mrs. Henrietta Ogden, wife of Bro. A. J. Ogden, member of Div. 2.

Milwaukee, Wis., March 27, killed by his engine turning over, Bro. H. A. Jones, member of Div. 405.

Greenville, N. H., April 3, Geo. L. Muzzy, member of Div. 61.

Oakland, Cal., March 21, Bro. L. M. Goff, member of Div. 283.

Providence, R. I., April 10, of cancer of the stomach, Bro. Geo. H. Trask, F. A. E. of Div. 57.

Martinsburg, W. Va., April 1, Mrs. Annie B. Powell, daughter of Bro. Asa McKeever, member of Div. 352.

Martinsburg, W. Va., April 9, of paralysis, James E. Wise, father of Bro. S. C. Wise, member of Div. 352.

Shreveport, La., April 4, Bro. J. R. Conklin, member of Div. 245.

Paducah, Ky., March 15, killed in wreck, Bro. F. J. Dicke, member of Div. 225.

Omaha, Neb., April 9, of peritonitis, Mrs. Mary E. Neville, wife of Bro. D. J. Neville, member of Div. 431.

Derry Station, Pa., Mrs. T. J. Daily, wife of Bro. T. J. Daily, member of Div. 310.

St. Louis, Mo., April 9, Bro. E. F. Green, member of Div. 42.

Cripple Creek, Col., March 30, Bro. James H. Williams, member of Div. 5.

Santa Barbara, Cal., April 11, killed by derailment of engine, Bro. Elmer E. Ballou, member of Div. 5.

Joliet, Ill., April 7, of typhoid fever, Mrs. Edw. Ashford, member of Div. 246, G. I. A., and wife of Bro. Edward Ashford, member of Div. 478.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 22, Mrs. Anna C. McDonnell, mother of Bro. Allen McDonnell, member of Div. 15.

Trenton, N. J., March 27, from injuries received in wreck, Bro. B. F. Thompson, member of Div. 373.

Sioux City, Ia., March 5, Mrs. Flaherty, wife of Bro. M. C. Flaherty, member of Div. 82.

St. Louis, Mo., April 3, of Bright's disease, Mrs. Jennings, wife of Bro. S. P. Jennings, member of Div. 327.

Leavenworth, Wash., March 25 by being smothered in tunnel on Great Northern Railway, Bro. W. W. Bradley, member of Div. 540.

Kansas City, Kans., March 27, of peresies, Bro. James F. Cavanaugh, member of Div. No. 491. Brother Cavanaugh was an old and very highly esteemed member of the B. of L. E. and has always taken an active part in fostering its interest. He was a member of the committee representing the employees of the Missouri Pacific Railway, and attached his signature to the first written agreement made with that road in 1882. Brother Cavanaugh represented Div. 164, as delegate to the New York Convention in 1885; represented Div. 81, at the St. Louis Convention in 1898, and will be remembered by many of the delegates to our late Milwaukee Convention in 1900, as the representative of Div. 491. He leaves a wife and one child. The passing of these old and ardent workers and upbuilders of the organization is a serious loss, as with them go out a wisdom gained by experience that means a true knowledge of the value of the organization to its members as well as the right kind of conservatism to preserve it. His life was an example worthy of emulation.

ADMITTED BY TRANSFER CARD.

Into Division—

408—J. B. Wingfield, from Div. 124.

201—Geo. M. Worley, J. D. Varner, from Div. 500.

276—D. C. Georgia, from Div. 380.

346—F. C. Laine, F. Thornton, from Div. 431.

H. Studebaker, from Div. 81.

372—H. S. McCallum, from Div. 113.

369—Chas. Cartwright, from Div. 241.

85—J. C. Keys, from Div. 265.

498—F. L. Stults, J. F. Weisenheimer, from Div. 435.

569—S. W. Hoag, J. C. Hartzler, from Div. 527.

- C. C. Sweesy, from Div. 397.
 158—J. A. Ross, from Div. 55.
 76—Arthur Phipps, from Div. 295.
 383—A. S. Ebbrett, from Div. 443.
 J. H. Burton, from Div. 134.
 228—Alex. M. Stewart, from Div. 196.
 239—F. L. Carpenter, from Div. 548.
 501—A. L. Creveling, from Div. 507.
 539—Ed. Hasler, from Div. 270.
 A. J. McCarty, D. H. Tobin, from Div. 177.
 244—N. E. Decker, from Div. 380.
 238—J. P. Nellis, from Div. 328.
 C. S. Kees, from Div. 443.
 196—John T. Wright, from Div. 436.
 266—M. J. Gleason, from Div. 122.
 Chas. F. Moody, from Div. 494.
 217—Wm. L. Brown, from Div. 347.
 85—W. G. Miller, from Div. 26.
 Gus. Menefee, from Div. 218.
 Chas. E. Jones, from Div. 256.
 J. S. Downing, from Div. 229.
 499—C. B. Allen, from Div. 9.
 F. W. Fink, from Div. 369.
 436—M. J. Fahey, from Div. 198.
 295—James Hendry, from Div. 528.
 439—Henry M. Gates, Geo. W. Merron, from Div. 64.
 554—Wm. H. Taylor, from Div. 100.
 525—S. Dupue, from Div. 126.
 431—W. H. Riley, from Div. 81.
 296—N. M. Duncan, J. W. Lyons, J. G. Lyons, from Div. 429.
 J. W. Powell, from Div. 156.
 M. W. Cahill, from Div. 449.
 304—Chas. A. Robinson, from Div. 493.
 Jacob Williams, from Div. 122.
 315—James Gill, from Div. 229.
 228—W. D. Busted, from Div. 512.
 401—John Donovan, from Div. 111.
 396—H. A. Poley, from Div. 10.
 J. F. Pinks, from Div. 492.
 432—J. N. Niner, from Div. 153.
 778—Eugene Browning, from Div. 182.
 415—D. B. Riley, from Div. 134.
 E. A. Priday, from Div. 383.
 120—Harry E. Patrick, from Div. 124.
 398—Geo. L. Berger, from Div. 33.
 497—Michael Phillips, from Div. 17.
 386—B. F. Smith, C. M. Hawley, from Div. 285.
 Richard Burgin, from Div. 371.
 H. W. Preston, from Div. 225.
 George Collier, from Div. 42.
 F. M. Andrews, from Div. 177.
 J. D. Hayes, from Div. 23.
 265—S. B. Divine, from Div. 196.
 J. A. Cannady, from Div. 375.
 A. M. Willets, from Div. 387.
 110—Samuel Walker, from Div. 415.
 553—N. R. Ragan, from Div. 134.
 E. J. McCutcheon, from Div. 344.
 96—H. G. Ebbets, from Div. 185.
 H. O. Terwilliger, from Div. 494.
 71—James McKenney, from Div. 157.
 253—A. Hannerkam, from Div. 421.
 360—Melvin J. Blackwood, from Div. 124.
 500—T. D. Hagaman, H. C. Moore, from Div. 206.
 384—H. W. Grady, from Div. 36.
 557—J. A. Sanford, H. G. Williams, W. N. Thaxton, E. A. Harper, G. W. Griffin, C. L. Ellenton, I. A. Clay, F. T. Beasley, from Div. 331.
 156—John H. Dean, from Div. 432.
 505—Wm. Thorne, from Div. 486.
 346—J. W. Adams, from Div. 431.
 439—Fred A. Morey, from Div. 64.
 373—J. C. Conway, from Div. 30.
 276—Valentine Butler, from Div. 311.
 276—Burt Tingley, from Div. 311.
 238—R. D. Brothers, from Div. 402.
 45—Byron G. Austin, from Div. 74.
 368—F. M. Slaughter, from Div. 409.
 C. C. Owens, from Div. 239.

FINAL WITHDRAWALS.

At a regular meeting of Div. 567, held March 3d, the following members withdrew from the order

by request of the officers of the C., B. & Q. R. R. :

- | <i>From Division—</i> | <i>From Division—</i> |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| 567—J. F. Storrs, | 567—C. E. Mack, |
| J. W. Butler, | G. H. Allen. |
| R. E. Elmsdorf, | 6—S. W. Herring |
| W. W. Everest, | 295—John McKay. |
| Matthew Wright, | 366—W. H. Scruggs. |
| J. W. Watson, | 331—A. V. Dillon. |
| R. L. Finley, | 207—D. A. Odum. |
| W. A. Paul, | 323—Wm. P. Roney. |
| J. B. Stout, | 310—J. M. Kistler. |

RE-INSTATED.

- | <i>Into Division—</i> | <i>Into Division—</i> |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| 92—M. M. Williams. | 498—A. J. Corrie. |
| 343—J. J. Brown. | 335—Chas. I. Cummings. |
| 433—J. H. Donavon. | 95—S. Brooks, |
| 198—H. L. Wade. | R. G. Thomas. |
| 2—Lafayette Faurot. | Wm. Glasgow. |
| 399—L. G. Bagley. | 371—M. K. Morris. |
| 210—J. F. Emmerson. | 136—Wm. L. Gray. |
| 29—W. R. Brown. | 66—Alfred Mitchell. |
| 459—Solomon Schradley. | 77—Matthew C. Higgins. |
| L. H. Mills. | 331—H. H. Duke. |
| 366—J. B. Hanks. | 254—Fred. Rowland, |
| 110—Fred. Allen. | J. R. Baker, |
| 326—W. D. McIver. | James Hannon, |
| 304—Nelson Blanchette. | D. A. Harris. |
| 30—H. J. Turner. | 253—David McElroy. |
| 315—James Perseley. | 216—E. C. Harvey. |
| 205—A. P. Green, | 292—M. L. Rice. |
| James Carey. | 156—T. P. Swinford. |
| 309—J. M. Knight. | 24—C. E. Gillin. |
| 177—D. M. Robinson. | |

SUSPENDED.

- From Division—*
 544—Horace Hitchcock, Daniel O'Hern, Chester Hoyt, Robt. Pruyne, Chas. O'Connor, James Magner, for non-payment of dues.
 360—S. G. Allen, six months.
 508—E. O. Moore, C. W. Chase, J. R. Campbell, J. P. Haskett, for non-payment of dues.

EXPELLED.

FOR NON-PAYMENT OF DUES.

- From Division—*
 92—Thos. West, Richard Young.
 76—Arthur Johnston, E. W. Lister.
 557—R. A. Ashworth.
 323—John R. Butler.
 494—D. A. Armstrong, E. S. Roberts.
 221—C. H. Beeching.
 142—Alred Goyette, W. E. Evans.
 164—A. S. Bradley.
 95—E. A. Vickroy.
 248—B. Dise, W. T. Martin.
 331—Geo. T. Burke.

FOR OTHER CAUSES.

- 276—Wm. Austin, for unbecoming conduct.
 153—John A. Hancock, for unbecoming conduct.
 163—Thos. Hafford, for intoxication.
 Geo. Heath, for unbecoming conduct.
 282—R. E. Andrews, for non-payment of dues and forfeiting insurance.
 410—Jessie Snipes, for non-payment of dues and forfeiting insurance.
 164—Frank Geros, for non-payment of dues and non-attendance.
 530—Joseph Jones, for defrauding Division.
 373—S. S. Craig, for forfeiting insurance.
 239—G. G. Hall, H. J. Williams, J. A. Burnhardt, for forfeiting insurance.
 177—J. W. Hopper, for defrauding Division.
 129—Foster G. Lucas, for defrauding Division.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS' MUTUAL LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Official Notice of Assessments 896-899.

SERIES D.

OFFICE OF ASSOCIATION, ROOM 803, SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING, }
CLEVELAND, OHIO, May 1, 1901.

To the Division Secretaries L. E. M. L. and A. J. A.:

DEAR SIRS AND BROS.:—You are hereby notified of the death or disability of the following members of the Association:

Four Assessments for payment of these claims are hereby levied and Secretaries ordered to collect one dollar from all who are insured for \$750, two dollars from all who are insured for \$1,500, four dollars from all who are insured for \$3,000, and six dollars from all members insured for \$4,500, and forward same to the General Secretary and Treasurer.

Members of the Insurance Association are required to remit to Division Secretaries within thirty days from date of this notice, and the Division Secretaries to the General Secretary and Treasurer within ten days thereafter, on penalty of forfeiting their membership. (See Article XI. of By-Laws.)

Secretaries in sending remittances will send same to and make all drafts, express money orders or postoffice money orders payable to WM. B. PRENTER, General Secretary and Treasurer. Secretaries located in Canada will please remit by draft or express money order. We will not accept packages of money sent by express, unless charges have been prepaid. The JOURNAL closes on the 18th of each month. Claims received after that day will lie over until the succeeding month.

No. of Ass't.	Name.	Age.	No. of Div.	Date of Admission.	Date of Death or Disability.	Cause of Death or Disability.	Amt. of Ins.	To Whom Payable.
866	George A. Pierce.	51	338	Dec. 10, 1898.	Apr. 2, 1900.	Blind left eye	\$1500	Geo. A. Pierce.
867	L. D. Fletcher.....	30	281	Sept. 20, 1898.	Feb. 7, 1901.	Tuberculosis ...	3000	Mrs. W. B. Fletcher, w.
868	M. J. Mangan.....	35	82	Jan. 6, 1901.	Mch. 3, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. A. M. Mangan, m.
869	H. D. Aylesworth.....	48	506	Mch. 3, 1887.	Mch. 7, 1901.	Acute mania.....	1500	Mrs. P. Palmer, s.
870	J. L. Praine.....	41	90	Sept. 3, 1899.	Mch. 7, 1901.	Rheumatic carditis	1500	Mrs. Mary Praine, w.
871	W. C. Lowry.....	29	281	July 28, 1898.	Mch. 8, 1901.	Measles.....	1500	Mrs. M. P. Lowry, w.
872	Geo. W. Davis.....	56	129	Aug. 23, 1892.	Mch. 11, 1901.	Bright's disease....	4500	Mrs. M. J. Davis, w.
873	Jas. J. Gall.....	33	224	Sept. 26, 1900.	Mch. 12, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. C. Gall, m.
874	W. T. Albert.....	32	263	Sept. 22, 1896.	Mch. 13, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Kate N. Albert, w.
875	F. J. Dicke.....	33	225	Aug. 19, 1896.	Mch. 15, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. J. Dicke, m.
876	Geo. L. Lumsden.....	37	381	Apr. 22, 1890.	Mch. 17, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. M. L. Lumsden, w.
877	J. F. Cunningham.....	37	286	Feb. 23, 1894.	Mch. 20, 1901.	Tuberculosis.....	1500	Mrs. Cunningham, m.
878	L. M. Goff.....	55	283	July 13, 1894.	Mch. 20, 1901.	Erysipelas.....	3000	Mrs. L. M. Goff, w.
879	F. W. Kane.....	34	448	May 5, 1895.	Mch. 21, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. S. E. Kane, w.
880	E. L. Dunkle.....	46	370	Oct. 25, 1888.	Mch. 23, 1901.	Rt. arm amputated	1500	E. L. Dunkle.
881	Henry Gregg.....	49	504	Dec. 2, 1883.	Mch. 23, 1901.	Necrosis of liver....	3000	Mary J. Gregg, w.
882	J. Muhlenbrink.....	49	54	Feb. 2, 1899.	Mch. 24, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	A. M. Muhlenbrink, w.
883	G. Lauffe.....	46	102	Feb. 28, 1898.	Mch. 24, 1901.	Heart failure.....	1500	Mrs. M. C. Lauffe, w.
884	Thos. O'Neill.....	64	77	Oct. 20, 1889.	Mch. 27, 1901.	Apoplexy.....	1500	Mrs. Thos. O'Neill, w.
885	John H. Brown.....	43	268	Apr. 20, 1891.	Mch. 27, 1901.	Heart failure.....	1500	Mrs. Sarah Brown, w.
886	Thos. Ormond.....	49	189	Dec. 5, 1887.	Mch. 27, 1901.	Locomotor ataxia....	1500	Mrs. T. Ormond, w.
887	B. F. Thompson.....	59	373	Dec. 20, 1886.	Mch. 27, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. B. F. Thompson, w.
888	Peter Helwig.....	51	244	July 26, 1884.	Mch. 29, 1901.	Heart disease.....	3000	His Children.
889	N. H. Kellog.....	45	169	Jan. 13, 1900.	Mch. 29, 1901.	Heart failure.....	1500	Mrs. M. E. Kellog, w.
890	M. Hanselman.....	37	343	July 2, 1892.	Mch. 29, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. F. Hanselman, w.
891	W. Clifton.....	44	453	May 26, 1899.	Mch. 31, 1901.	Appendicitis.....	3000	Mrs. S. DuPree, Ex't'x
892	J. S. Hetherington.....	33	448	July 20, 1898.	Apr. 2, 1901.	Killed.....	750	L. M. Hetherington, w.
893	Geo. L. Muzzey.....	64	61	July 18, 1869.	Apr. 3, 1901.	Heart disease.....	3000	Sarah E. Muzzey, w.
894	D. F. Knox.....	46	186	Aug. 5, 1891.	Apr. 3, 1901.	Consumption.....	1500	Mrs. D. F. Knox, w.
895	J. M. Mecum.....	62	465	Mch. 27, 1884.	Apr. 4, 1901.	Appendicitis.....	3000	Mrs. M. E. Mecum, w.
896	Henry Fisher.....	38	360	July 2, 1900.	Apr. 4, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. H. Fisher, w.
897	S. L. Moore.....	59	428	Apr. 9, 1884.	Apr. 6, 1901.	Paraplegia.....	3000	Annie J. Moore, w.
898	R. C. Littlehale.....	46	205	Nov. 5, 1890.	Apr. 7, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. S. M. Littlehale, w.
899	Geo. N. Trask.....	40	57	Aug. 31, 1891.	Apr. 10, 1901.	Cancer.....	1500	Mrs. Geo. N. Trask, w.

Total number of claims, 34.

Total amount of claims, \$68,250.

Acknowledgments.

Acknowledgments have been received from the following Beneficiaries for amounts stated in settlement of claims paid:

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
Feb. 5, 1901.	Anna McDermott	726	Geo. W. De Forest.....	103	\$3000
Mch. 11, "	W. H. Drennan	741	E. J. Stroud	476	1500
" 17, "	L. B. Hendricks	742	E. J. Stroud	476	1500
" 14, "	Samuel G. Shaw	744	D. L. Forsyth	386	1500
" 11, "	Mrs. Ida V. Oldham.....	750	P. D. Burks.....	223	750
" 20, "	Wm. Abbey	757	J. R. Lees.....	192	3000
" 30, "	Mrs. Mary A. Monihan.....	765	C. J. Hillard	452	3000
" 25, "	Agnes H. Henderson.....	771	C. L. Shriver	148	1500
Apr. 6, "	W. J. Chapman.....	772	J. L. Fickling	210	1500
" 10, "	Mrs. Georgia Coffey.....	773	R. J. McCool	201	3000
" 8, "	Mrs. Maud Martin.....	774	J. J. Bornschein	225	1500
" 9, "	A. B. Van Gerder.....	776	M. J. Carroll	14	3000
" 8, "	James Britt	777	A. Atkins	123	1500
" 4, "	Mrs. Kate Ingram.....	779	T. N. Leach	481	3000

Acknowledgments—Continued.

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
Apr. 6, 1901.	Mrs. W. C. Moseley	780	Ira B. Snapp	39	\$1500
" 3, "	Mrs. Albert Garrison	781	F. L. King	434	1500
" 3, "	C. T. Cummins	782	Wm. Quinlan	175	1500
" 11, "	Mrs. Frances A. Hobart	784	T. C. Clarke	47	3000
" 4, "	Wm. G. Correll	786	A. L. Stofor	253	1500
" 4, "	Mrs. James J. Sweeney	787	E. T. Colbath	419	1500
" 3, "	Mrs. M. W. Burwell	788	J. A. Dryden	83	3000
" 11, "	{ Mrs. L. Howard	789	Geo. A. Pierce	338	1500
" 9, "	{ O. W. Hewett, Guardian		W. H. Gillis	153	750
" 5, "	Mrs. Anna Schuy	790	J. G. Nens	552	1500
" 5, "	L. L. Barrell	791	A. D. Willbanks	278	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. S. W. Gillespie	792	C. K. Robinson	32	1500
" 2, "	Eliza Jane Boyd	793	Geo. H. Feetham	149	1500
" 13, "	Mrs. Rebecca Buckey	794	W. E. Gosnell	233	3000
" 6, "	Mrs. A. E. Avery	795	J. H. De Wolf	328	1500
" 9, "	Mrs. Eliza J. Hawker	796	Robert Reid	304	750
" 3, "	Gertrude F. Kingsley	797	J. W. Abbott	191	1500
" 12, "	John Wall, Ellen Wall	800	C. L. Shriver	148	1500
" 2, "	Jessica P. Davis	801	W. B. Nicol	18	3000
" 5, "	Mrs. Bessie Derum	802	Jas. S. Martin	1	3000

SPECIAL NOTICE.—There will be no annual meeting of the Association held this year, not having any special or necessary business to bring before the membership. The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees will be held at the Home Office of the Association on Wednesday, May 1st. All members of the Board have been notified to attend.

Financial Statement.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, April 1, 1901.

MORTUARY FUND FOR MARCH.

Balance on hand Feb. 28, 1901, \$ 83,525 97
Paid in settlement of Claims, 78,000 00

Balance on hand March 1, 1901, \$ 5,525 97
Received by Assessments 799-802, and Back Assessments, 66,893 43
Received from members whose insurance was carried by Association, 911 00
Received by Assessments 831-834, 384 59

Total in Bank March 31, 1901, \$ 73,714 99

EXPENSE FUND FOR MARCH.

Balance on hand March 1, 1901, \$ 9,772 75
Received by Admission Fees and Arrears, 224 75

Total, \$ 9,997 50
Expenses during month of March, 884 47

Balance in Bank March 31, 1901, \$ 9,113 03

Statement of Membership.

FOR MARCH, 1901.

<i>Classified Represents:</i>	\$750 00	\$1,500	\$3,000	\$4,500
Members who paid Assessments 799-802	2,271	13,306	7,109	1,295
Members from whom Assessments 799-802 were not collected,	218	1,495	512	91
Members carried by the Association,	121	277	14
Applications and reinstatements received during month	82	201	78	6
Totals,	2,571	15,123	7,976	1,406
From which deduct Policies terminated by death, accident or otherwise,	11	116	19	...
Total Membership March 31, 1901,	2,560	15,007	7,957	1,406

Grand Total, 26,930

W. E. FUTCH, President.

W. B. PRENTER, Gen'l Sec'y & Treas.

8. Kansas. Missouri.

Digitized by Google

NATHAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

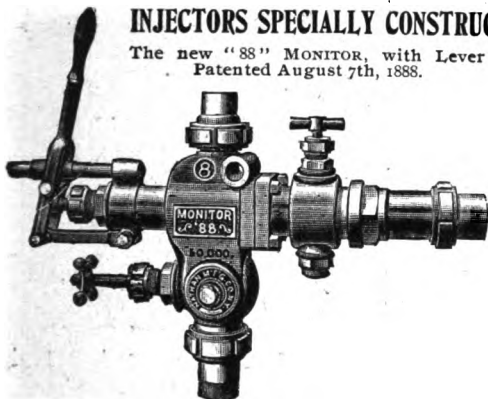
92 and 94 Liberty Street, New York,
and 180 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

MANUFACTURERS OF

The "Monitor" and other Locomotive Injectors.

INJECTORS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR HIGH PRESSURE.

The new "88" MONITOR, with Lever
Patented August 7th, 1888.



**"NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED
LUBRICATORS,
Ejectors or Water Elevators,
New Sanding Apparatus,
New Steam Fire Extinguishers,
Boiler Washers,
Rod and Guide Cups,
Etc., Etc.**

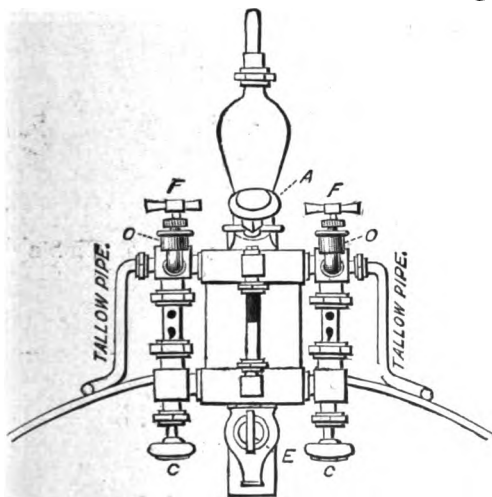
For instructions, see Engineer's
Card, which is furnished with each
Injector.

NOTE.—The "88" Monitor is also made with a quick motion Screw Starting Attachment.

THE "NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED CYLINDER LUBRICATOR FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

Oils both Cylinders.

*No possibility of feeding over
in one cylinder or
into boiler.*



ALSO,
AIR BRAKE,

**SIGHT-FEED
LUBRICATORS.**

NATHAN MANUFACTURING CO., New York.

CATALOGUES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE SANDER COMPANY,

N. E. Corner Thirteenth and Willow Sts., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PROPRIETORS
AND MANUFACTURERS

LEACH, DEAN, "SHE,"

HOUSTON, SHERBURNE AND CURTIS PNEUMATIC SANDERS.

**A PERFECT FOOD
BAKER'S
CHOCOLATE**



**COSTS
LESS THAN ONE
CENT A CUP**

EXAMINE THE PACKAGE
YOU RECEIVE,
AND MAKE SURE THAT
IT BEARS OUR
TRADE MARK.

TRADE-MARK
WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited
ESTABLISHED 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS 1900.

Royal



**BAKING
POWDER**

Absolutely Pure.

Reject Alum Baking Powders—
They Destroy Health.

Vose

PIANOS

are receiving more favorable comments to-day from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined.

WE Challenge Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information.

VOSC & SONS PIANO CO.
161 Boylston Street, - - - Boston.

Piso's

For Consumption CURE

We always keep Piso's Cure for Consumption in the house for coughs and colds. The children beg for it. We have recommended it to our neighbors.

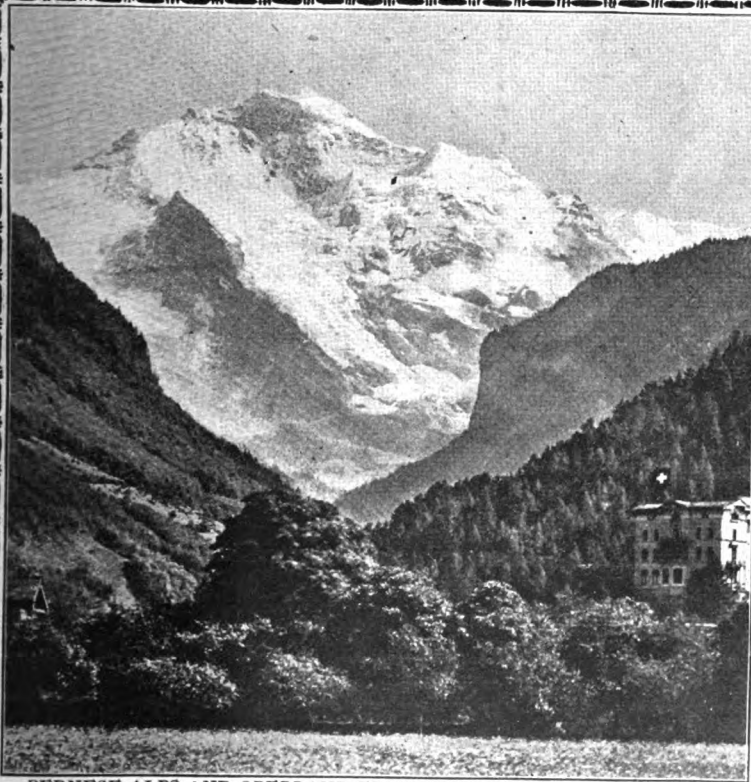
MRS. J. T. BALES,
Box 43, Augusta, Okla., Sept. 5, 1900.

Piso's Cure for Consumption cured a daughter of an awful cough which the whooping cough had left her with. can say it is the best remedy for coughs ever used.

ADELBERT C. PANGBORN,
Conway, Mich., Sept. 17, 1900.

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS JOURNAL

PRICE, \$1.00 BY MAIL



BERNESE ALPS AND OBERLAND FROM INTERLAKEN, SWITZERLAND.

ENTERED AT THE CLEVELAND, OHIO, POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Westinghouse

Over
1,250,000
in use.

Built by
The Westinghouse Air Brake Co.
Pittsburg, Pa.

Air Brakes

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS MONTHLY JOURNAL

C.H. SALMONS, EDITOR AND MANAGER
307 SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING CLEVELAND, O.

VOL. XXXV.

JUNE, 1901.

No. 6.

An American Abroad.

In the May number we gave illustrations of Lake Como and Lake Maggiore, both on the borders of Switzerland, the latter reaching some distance into Switzerland. Between these two lakes in the most southerly point of Canton Ticino, Switzerland, lies Lake Lugano, at the southern foot of the Alps, 889 feet above sea-level. Its length is $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles; average breadth, $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles; the depth varies very greatly, its maximum being 945 feet, while the average is only about 246 feet. The town of

Lugano stands on the northwest shore. In appearance the place is thoroughly Italian; villas stud the lower slopes of the hills embosomed in vineyards, olive and orange groves, chestnut and walnut woods. From Mt. Salvatore, 2,982 feet quite easy of ascent, a magnificent view may be obtained of the beautiful valley.

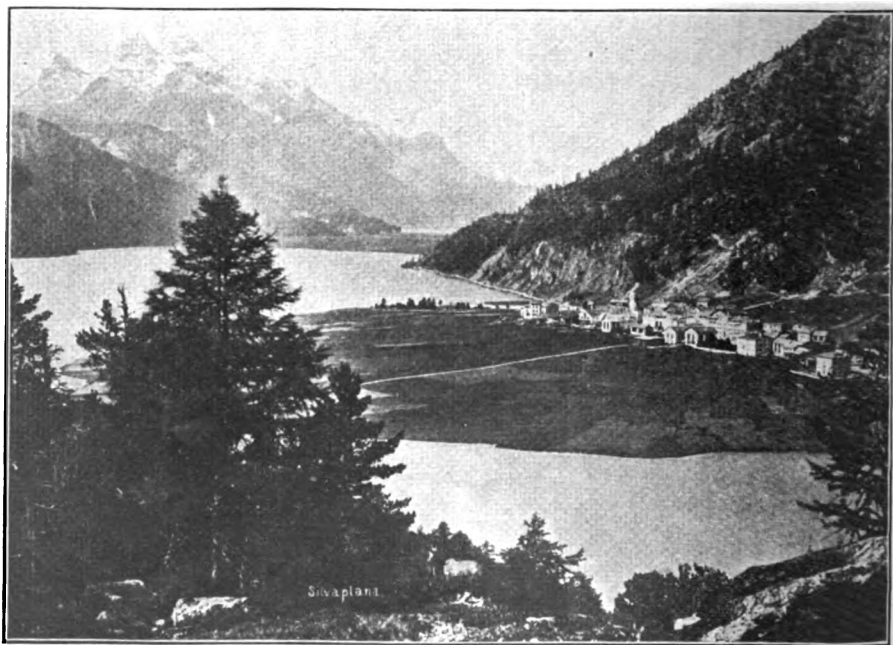
In Grisons, the adjoining canton to the east of Ticino and bordering on Italy, lies the famous Valley of Engadine, one of the loftiest inhabited regions in Europe. It extends northeast for about 65 miles along the banks of the Inn and its lakes, from



LAKE OF LUGANO, VALLEY OF PARLEZZO, SWITZERLAND.



ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND.—ST. MORITZ.



ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND.—SILVAPLANO AND INN RIVER.

the fort of Mt. Maloja to the village of Martinsbruck. It is divided into two portions—that toward the southwest called the Upper Engadine and that toward the northeast the Lower Engadine. The latter is the more wild and bleak, but the Upper Engadine, although it is more open and possesses fine meadow lands, has also an inclement climate throughout, except in the extreme southwest. There are mineral springs and many villages near the banks of the river Inn, the highest of which, St. Moritz, is 6,090 feet above sea-level, while the lowest, Martinsbruck, is 3,343 feet. Our illustration, Silvaplano, is but a short distance to the southeast from St. Moritz.

will be seen that a road leads along the shores of Lake Maggiore and Lake Lugano, merging into one a short distance to the north. This road leads to St. Gothard, or Gothard Pass. The route was first used by Longobardi in the sixth century. In the days of Charlemagne the path was made practicable for pack mules, but down to 1820 it was not wider than 13 feet. In 1820-24 it was widened to 18 feet and made suitable for carriages. Near the summit of the pass stand two hotels and a hospice, the latter for poor wayfarers, thousands of whom used to travel this way every year.

St. Gothard has its feet planted in the Swiss cantons of Uri, Grisons, Ticino and Valais, and lifts its head 9,850 feet high to



ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND.—PONTRESINA.

Pontresina is a little way to the south on the road connecting with the Bernina Pass, and is a tourists' center for Alpine climbers. In fact, most of these villages have become in a large measure health and pleasure resorts. Clusters of inns and a number of English churches are among the conveniences quite necessary for the large number who visit this section. Many of the native young men go to the large cities of the continent, and some to America, and with a little fortune gained as fruit venders, confectioners, or other kindred occupations, return to end their days in their cold but lovely valley, Engadine.

But let us return to our starting point, Lake Lugano. By reference to the map, it

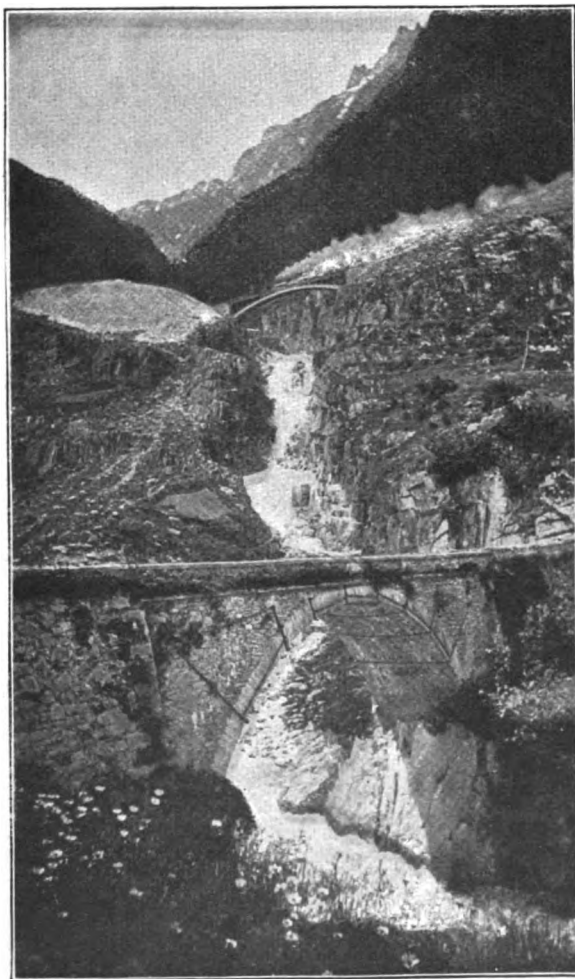
the eternal snows, which is the source of the rivers Rhine and Rhone, Ticino and Reuss, and sends the water from its melted snows to the German Ocean, the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. The road above mentioned winds over the most celebrated of Alpine passes from Italy to Switzerland.

Cornelius C. Felton, in his letters of travel about 1860, says: "The road up St. Gothard is a wonderful piece of engineering, mounting, apparently, inaccessible heights by a series of terraces, so that carriages are very easily drawn up. The Reuss flows down, and the sound of the water is heard the whole distance, though the river is sometimes so deep below the road that one can scarcely see it. Then

the rocky walls rise steep and bare on either side, seeming to rest on the deep foundation of the earth and to support the sky on its summit. Were I to follow the bent of many travelers and tell you of the awful adventures that trip so freely from the pen of summer tourists, I should make each particular hair stand on end by telling of dizzy heights we scaled by paths scarce a foot wide along the edges of perpendicular precipices ten thousand feet or more in depth. I should make you shudder to think of the mighty glaciers we crossed, and the yawning crevasses a thousand feet deep over which we were obliged to jump. I should tell you of the thunder of the descending avalanche that came within a hair's breadth of burying us five hundred feet deep in snow. I

should. But in truth, the whole journey was exciting in the highest degree. The path does wind along the edge of tremendous precipices, and above it the rocky mountain sides do rise sheer and awful up to the heavens. Sometimes the path descends so steeply that it seems impossible to go down without breaking your neck; again it seems strange to go straight up into the air, and the wonder is how any four-footed beast can possibly climb it without rolling over backwards. If you look up, you half believe the mountain is coming down upon you; if you look down, you are struck by the exceeding possibility that you may reach the bottom a great deal sooner than you intend. With all this you can have an abiding confidence in your sure-footed, faithful beast, and you know that he will carry you safely through."

One will likely wonder as we do what Professor Felton would have thought of a proposition to build a railroad that would carry the passengers over and through this wonderful precipitous mountain in both safety and comfort, yet the St. Gothard railroad is an accomplished fact. It follows along the left bank of the Ticino from Italy into Switzerland, and since 1882 the great engineering feat of winding up the side of this great mountain and a passage cut through it has been accomplished. In our first illustration three levels of this road are seen; in the second, still climbing and winding with great bridges over precipitous streams. Then Goschenen and the great tunnel. The St. Gothard tunnel was begun in 1872 and finished in 1880. It extends from Goschenen (at a height of 3,639 feet) in Uri to Ariolo (3,757 feet), in Ticino. It is $9\frac{1}{4}$ miles in length, 26 feet wide, and 21 feet high. It rises with a gradient that reaches on an average 26 in 100 feet, and cost eleven million dollars, certainly a wonderful accomplishment, hundreds of men working from both sides, thousands of feet beneath the summit of this great mountain, and yet through perfect engineering meet in the center without deviation, connecting a great railroad reaching over and through great altitudes, connecting Central Switzerland with Italy.



ST. GOTHARD RAILROAD OVER CASCADE DE NYLER.



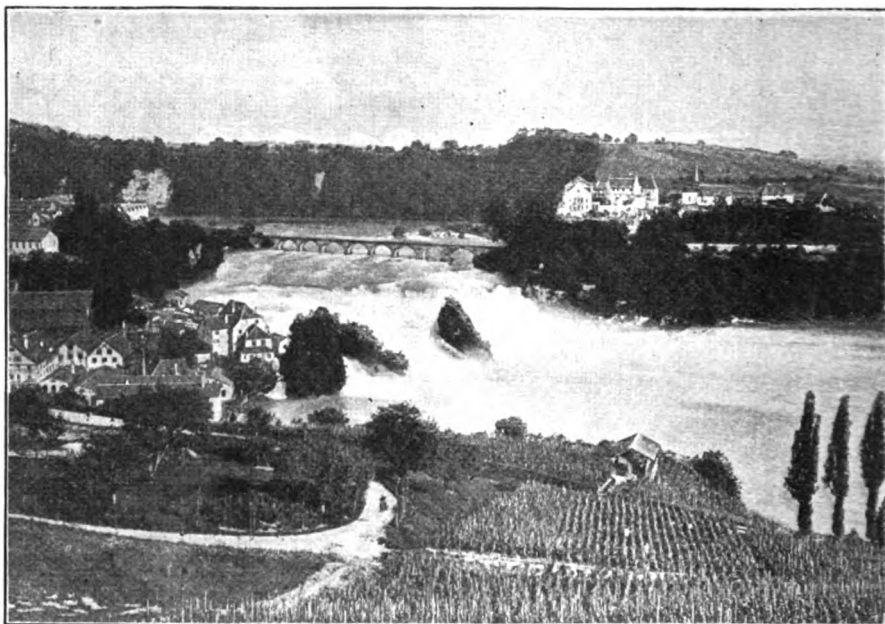
ST. GOTHARD RAILROAD, SWITZERLAND.—SHOWING THREE LEVELS IN ITS ASCENT.

We pass through the tunnel to Goschenen and at our right the Rhine gathers its source and tumbles down the mountain side 5,767 feet in 28 miles, where the two branches meet to wind their way along the boundary line to the Lake of Constance leaving the lake at its northwest extremity to eventually plunge down the falls at Schaffhausen, 70 feet in three leaps. But we proceed down the mountain following along the banks of the Reuss to Lake Lucerne, passing Fluellen seen in our illus-

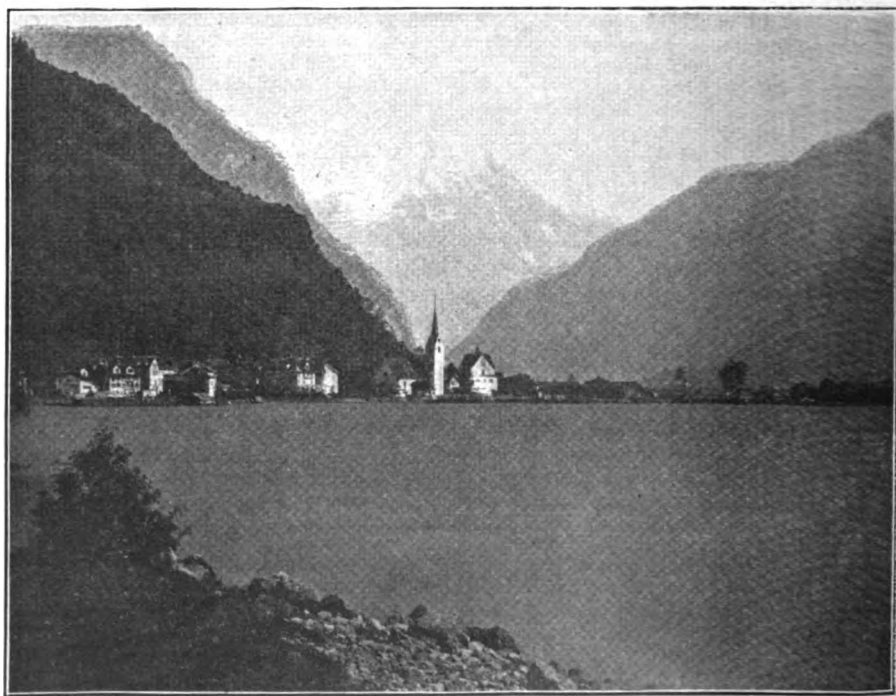
tration and along its banks; then swing around to the northwest passing Mt. Rigi between Lake Lucerne and Lake Zug to Lucerne the capitol of the Canton of Lucerne, a highly picturesque city, inclosed by walls and watch towers, a very attractive summer resort and at the foot of great altitudes. To get the view presented of Lake Lucerne we climb Mt. Pitalus 6,998 feet above sea level. From here the view is one of the most beautiful lakes in Europe —Lucerne (Lake of the Four Forest Can-



GOSCHENEN, SWITZERLAND.—ENTRANCE TO GREAT TUNNEL ST. GOTHARD RAILROAD.



FALLS OF THE RHINE, SCHAFFHAUSEN, SWITZERLAND.



LAKE OF LUCERNE AND FLUELEN, SWITZERLAND.

tons—Uri, Unterwalden, Schwyz and Lucerne). In shape it resembles roughly a cross with crumpled stem; its shores are steep and rocky. The lake is rich in associations of William Tell and his story and its surroundings are beautified with verdure, towns on its banks and great mountain peaks.

Possibly it will not be out of place to give a brief outline of the story of William Tell, though it be mythical lore, its truth doubted by the public generally, though firmly believed by the Swiss. Tell was a countryman of Uri who early in the fourteenth century rescued his native district from the tyranny of Austria. Albert II. Duke of Austria and German Emperor was

sentenced to be put to death, unless he could hit an apple placed on his boy's head. Tell, who was a famous bowman, performed the feat. "What," asked Gessler, "would you have done with the second arrow in your bow?" "Shot you if I had killed my child," was the reply. Tell was bound and thrown into a boat to be taken with Gessler and his men to the Castle of Küssnacht, the residence of the tyrant. A frightful storm burst forth. Tell alone could save the party. He was unbound and pulled the boat to a rocky ledge, Tell's Platt (at the east side of the lake in Uri). He then sprang on shore and disappeared. The tyrant landed and was passing through a defile, the "Hohle Gasse," near Küss-

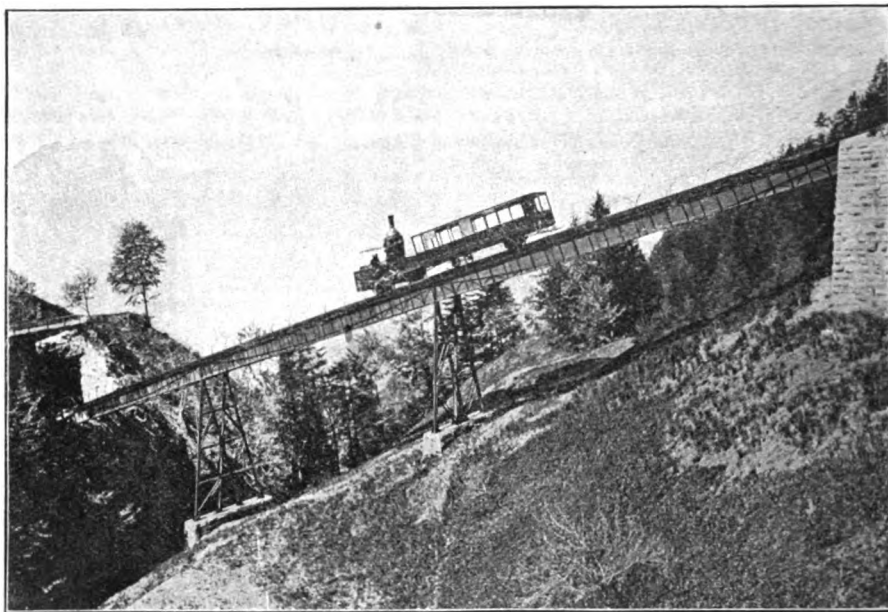


GENERAL VIEW OF LUCERNE, LAKE OF LUCERNE, AND MT. PILATUS, SWITZERLAND.

in 1307 striving to annex the Forest cantons (which surround Lake Lucerne) to his immediate possessions. Hermann Gessler, his steward, perpetrated atrocious cruelties on the inhabitants. Werner Stauffacher, of Schwyz, and Arnold Melchthal, of Unterwalden, met on the Rütli meadow November 7, 1307, and solemnly swore they would expel their oppressors before the following new year's day. Gessler, the Duke's steward, had placed the ducal hat of Austria on a pole in the market-place of Altorf, the chief town in Uri, and intimated that anyone who passed it without uncovering would be punished without mercy. Tell and his boy failed to do reverence to the hat. He was

nacht, when Tell, who lay in ambush, shot him through the heart. A rising followed, and wars with Austria, which ended in the independence of Switzerland. Whether the story is true or not, Tell became the best known hero the world had seen, and the association adds much to the interest surrounding Lake Lucerne.

Mount Righi, before mentioned, stands as a central figure between lakes Lucerne, Zug, and Lowerz, and is frequented by thousands of visitors on account of the extensive views it commands of some of the finest scenery in Switzerland. Verdant pastures clothe the summit, and the slopes are belted with forests. More than 100,000 tourists ascend the Rigi (5,906 feet) every

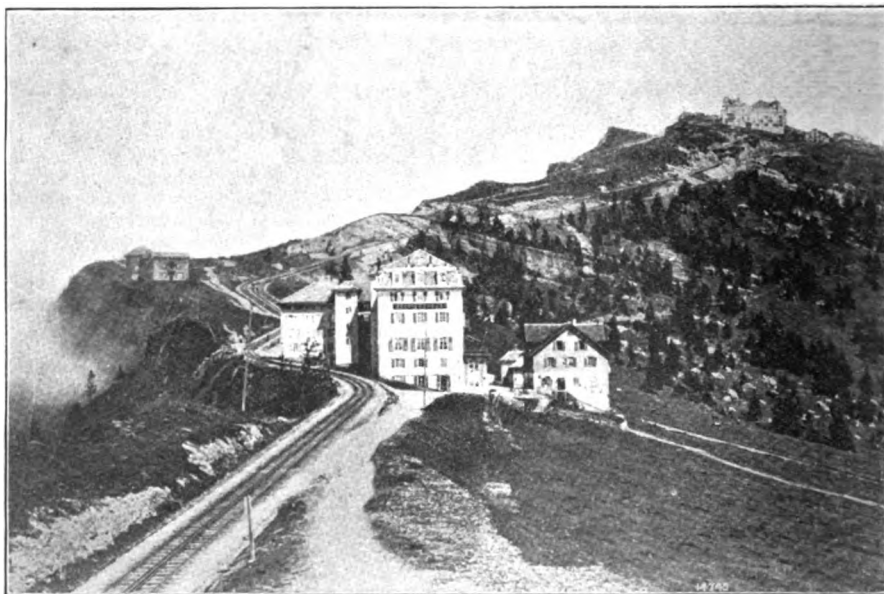


RIGI RAILROAD AND CAR FROM LAKE OF LUCERNE.

season, principally by means of the two cog railways, seen in our illustration. One runs from Vitznau on the Lake of Lucerne, the other from the Lake of Zug. One is $4\frac{1}{2}$ and the other 7 miles long. There are a half dozen hotels near or at the summit,

and a Capuchin monastery (1689), the church of which contains a wonder working image of the Madonna that attracts numerous pilgrims.

The lakes of Switzerland are of nearly as much interest to the traveler as the snow-



MOUNT RIGI, HOTEL RIGI, AND KULM ON THE SUMMIT.

topped mountains and glaciers that make them possible. Many are quite small, but there are fifteen which cover an area of over three square miles, while Lake Geneva, the largest, has an area of 225 square miles. Of the 15,976 square miles in Switzerland, the lakes occupy 520 square miles, and the glaciers (perpetual ice and snow) occupy 710 square miles, and these are principally in four of the twenty-two cantons. The plain of Switzerland lies on the northwest, between the Jura Mountains and the Alps, and between Lake Geneva and Lake Constance. The average elevation of this plain above the sea is 1,200 to 1,500 feet.

From Lucerne we go southeast to Interlaken, situated between Lakes Thun and Brienz, in the beautiful valley of the Aar.

very fruitful, and the dairy produce form the chief agricultural wealth. The city of Berne, capital of the canton, is situated on a lofty sandstone promontory, formed by the winding Aar, which surrounds it on three sides, and is crossed by several bridges, one of which is an imposing iron structure 751 feet long and 115 feet high. It is one of the best and most regularly built towns in Europe, and is the finest in Switzerland. The view of the Alpine peaks from the city is magnificent. Population, about 50,000.

Nineteen miles southwest we reach Freiburg, situated on the river Saane, the capital of the canton of the same name. This is also an interesting town of some 15,000 population. The town is built in the valley and up the slopes of the hills to the



MONTREUX, SWITZERLAND, ON LAKE OF GENEVA.

Along Walnut Avenue, or Highway, between the lakes, there is an almost uninterrupted line of hotels, and the village is visited annually by some 30,000 to 40,000 tourists, who make it their starting-point for reaching many of the most wonderful sights that the country affords, especially the Bernese Alps and Oberland (seen in our picture on the cover of this issue), where are the Staubbach, Lauterbrunnen, and the Grindelwald glaciers, etc. The nucleus of this village (population about 3,000) is a former Augustinian monastery, founded in 1130.

From this point we go by rail, via Berne, through the most populous canton in Switzerland, containing more than one-sixth of the Swiss people. The plains of the Aar and the Emme in this canton are

edge of a precipice overhanging the river. The banks of the Saane are united by a suspension bridge 870 feet long. The Church of St. Nicholas, a fine Gothic structure begun in 1283, has one of the finest-toned organs in Europe.

From here we go direct to Geneva, capital of the Swiss canton of the same name. It is situated at the exit of the Rhone from the lake of Geneva. Geneva is the principal city of Switzerland; population, including suburbs, about 85,000. It has acquired a celebrity equal to that of the first capitals of Europe. Its situation is wonderfully picturesque; the adjacent country abounds in magnificent views formed by the town, the lake, and the numerous hills and mountains rising suddenly from the plain in a variety of fantastic forms. A Gaelic town

originally Geneva acknowledged Roman supremacy in 120 B. C. It was a place of some importance under the Burgundian kings, from whom it passed in 534 to the Franks, and from them towards the end of the ninth century to the new kingdom of Burgundy. It was beset with the wars and strife for power from the fourth to the sixteenth century. Joining with Freiburg and Berne they won independence from Savoy. Calvin, in 1536, made Geneva the center of his protestant teaching, and it eventually became the chief stronghold of Protestantism in Europe. From 1782 it was governed by the aristocracy, but the French Revolution led to a new crisis, and in July, 1794, the government was over-

is a statue of Rousseau, who was born in Geneva. In the Place des Alps is a sumptuous monument to Duke Charles XI. of Brunswick, who, dying here in 1873, left 16,500,000 francs to the city. Geneva is famous as a theological, literary and scientific center, and possesses great libraries; museums with collections of Greek, Roman and Etruscan antiquities; Museum of Fine Arts, geological collections, etc., and has a theater second only to the Paris Opera and Court Theater of Vienna. It is also noted for its meeting of diplomats and religious conventions. The Alabama arbitrators met here in the town hall in 1872. Here the Red Cross society was formed and a code established for the care



GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.—GENERAL VIEW.

thrown and equality under the law was established, a national convention appointed, and a reign of terror commenced. In 1798 Geneva and its territory was annexed to France, but after the overthrow of Napoleon they recovered their independence and joined the Swiss Confederation as the 22nd canton.

Formerly, Geneva was surrounded by walls, but since 1847 the ancient ramparts have been removed and the city greatly modernized. There are many fine buildings and statues. In its course through the town the Rhone forms two islands, on one of which still exists an antique and picturesque cluster of buildings; on the other, laid out as a public pleasure ground,

of wounded in time of war, which was ultimately adopted by all civilized powers.

The lake of Geneva lies 1,218 feet above sea level, and has a maximum depth of 1,022 feet. The shores on the side of the Pays de Vand is a classic spot, celebrated by J. J. Rousseau in his "Nouvelle Héloïse," and by Byron in his "Childe Harold" and in the "Prisoner of Chillon," while the names of Voltaire and Madame de Staël (whose father was born in Geneva) are connected with Ferney and Coppet at the Geneva extremity, and Gibbons with Lausanne. The lake at some periods of the year presents a curious phenomena. The whole mass of water oscillates from side to side of the lake

causing, especially near Geneva, a rise and fall of from two to five feet in the course of eight or ten minutes. The phenomena is supposed to be due to differences of barometric pressure on different parts of the surface.

From the Lake of Geneva Mont Blanc is visible, and although 60 miles distant is often reflected in its waters.

To visit Mont Blanc we go nearly east from Geneva along the valley of the Alps of Savoy (French Alps), to Chamouni at the foot of Mont Blanc, where hotel accommodations are quite good and convenient to the tourist. The scenery here is not as picturesque as some other parts of Switzerland, but superior in grandeur of its

ley to Zermatt, a small town half hotels for the accommodation of tourists. In no other place is the traveler so completely admitted to the wonders of the Alpine world as here.

The Matterhorn, called by the French Mont Cervin, and by the Italians Monte Silvio, is a huge rock pyramid, a peak of the Alps between the Swiss canton of Valais and Piedmont, which rises to the altitude of 14,712 feet. The actual peak was first scaled by Lord Francis Douglas, the Rev. C. Hudson Hadow and Whympster, with three guides on the 14th of July, 1865, when the three first named and one of the guides fell over a precipice and were killed. The rock has since been blasted at the



MONT BLANC, SWITZERLAND.—LES PRIS.

glaciers in which it has no rival except Zermatt. Mer de Glace is but a short distance from Chamouni. Mont Blanc is 15,781 feet, and Le Geant joining it, looking something like a foot hill, 12,600 feet, and a short distance farther to the east, St. Bernard 8,110 feet, where Napoleon crossed with his army in 1800.

Desiring to see Zermatt, we return to Geneva and go by rail to St. Maurice, where the scenery is magnificent. The road follows the Rhone River. Martigny is another convenient stop for short trips to adjacent mountains. At Visp a branch of the road runs up the St. Nicholas Val-

difficult points and rope attached to it so that the most formidable difficulties have been removed, but even now the ascent is so difficult and dangerous that it is not tried by many. A little way east of the peak of Monte Rosa rises to an altitude of 15,217 feet.

At Zermatt we are too near the historic Simplon Pass to think of missing it, and conclude to take that route on our way to Milan, and take the train but a short distance to Brieg, in the east of the canton of Valais. The Simplon road, one of the greatest engineering achievements of modern times, leads over a shoulder of the

mountain from Brieg to Domo d' Ossola, in the valley of the Toce, which flows into Lake Maggiore. The distance from Brieg to Domo d' Ossola is but four miles, but they are wonderful miles. The road was commenced in 1800 under the direction of Napoleon, and was completed in 1806, at a cost of £720,000. It is from 25 to 30 feet broad, and has nowhere a slope greater than 1 to 13. It is carried across more than six hundred bridges, over numerous galleries cut out of the natural rock or built of solid masonry, and through great tunnels. There are twenty edifices on this route for the shelter of travelers. The road is 6,594 feet above sea-level.

Reaching Domo d' Ossola, we find we have had enough of mountain climbing

magnificent view of Lake Geneva and its mountainous shores. Our objective point is Geneva which is soon reached.

Geneva, the principal city of Switzerland, is situated at the outlet of the Rhone from the lake, and is the capital of the Swiss canton of the same name. Its population, including suburbs, is about 85,000.

The Mystery of the Mer de Glace.

"The last day of fiddle-scraping and 'beating the box,' how delightful!" exclaimed Marianne, as she began packing her trunk for the Swiss trip.

"Yes, and good-bye to sauerkraut, and sour professors, and tough veal, and



ST. MAURICE AND THE RHONE RIVER, SWITZERLAND.

and scenery, and board the train for Milan, Italy, of which we shall have something to say in our next issue.

From here we go to Geneva, passing through Lausanne, nestling between the Jura mountains close to the northern shore of Lake Geneva, with the village of Ouchy forming its harbor, where Byron wrote "The Prisoner of Chillon." Lausanne is noted for its educational institutions, fine buildings and museums, and is much frequented by visitors from all parts of the world. Here Gibbon resided for many years and the house in which he wrote the "Decline and Fall" is still shown. Fifteen miles farther on the shore of the lake we stop at Montreux, from which we get a

tougher studies!" climaxed her friend Ina. "How we shall revel in mountain-climbing after sitting the stool so long. I vote we stick to the French cantons, and get a truce to all gutturals of Saxon Deutsch for a while, to rest our throats."

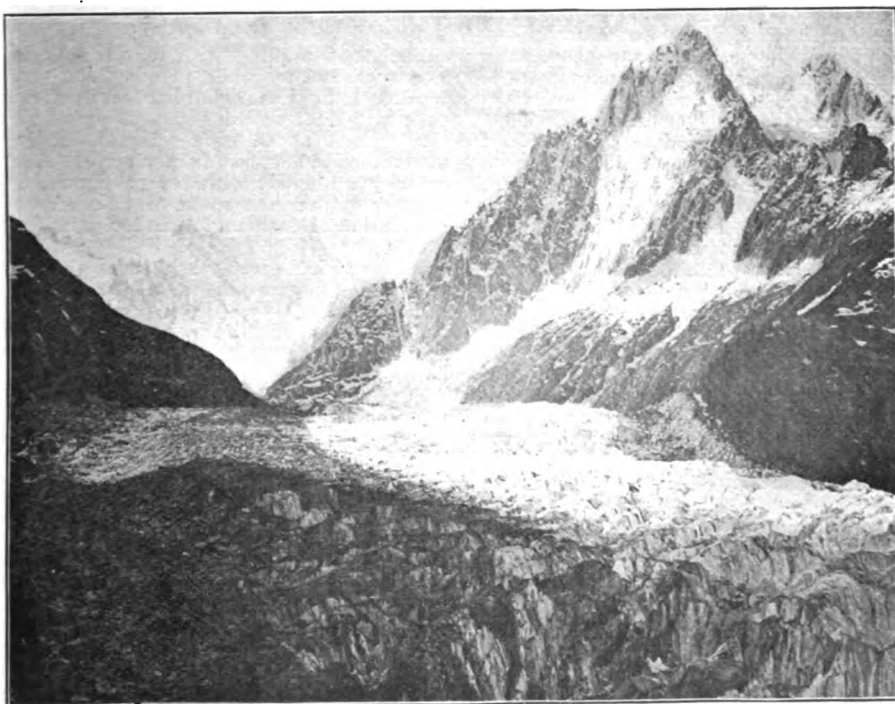
"Then we must revise the plan Mr. Russel sketched out for us; that took in the Bernese Oberland," argued her friend.

"Well, we enter Switzerland at Geneva, and why not be guided afterward by what turns up, and not by a traveling musician? We may meet friends from home, and want to join company."

Marianne had her own reasons for wishing to stick to the schedule, but she did



MONT BLANC AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTH.



MER DE GLACE AND ARQUELLE DE CHARNOZ, MT. BLANC.

not give them; she was determined not to stray wide of the mark.

Next day, Leipzig, with its hundreds of professors and thousands of students, was left behind for "la belle Suisse."

The morning broke gray; there was no revelation as they neared Geneva. They met their fellow-students who had preceded them, and made their start for Chamouni.

"What do you say to walking from St. Martin, Ina?"

"You must be crazy, Marianne, with your shoes not broken in, any more than yourself. If you'd been running up and down stairs an hour or so a day, all right."

"How do you know that I haven't?"

"You do as you like, Ina. I'll walk with the Millers. It's only five hours."

Ina made no response.

"Well?" asked Marianne.

"I was only waiting to hear your 'That ends it!'"

"Yes," added Ina, "what you see at the end of little old-fashioned books—a gravestone and a 'Finis'." And they both had a good laugh, and got ready for the diligence.

There were great discussions at the table d'hôte which excursion should be made first, but settled on Mt. Blanc.

"Oh, Lucy, what a sight!" exclaimed Marianne to her walking companion, catching the first glimpse of Mont Blanc; the great white peak high up above their heads, floating, as it were, on masses of golden-tipped clouds.

"If that is all we ever see of Mt. Blanc, it is enough for a lifetime. How glad I am we are not poked up in that stuffy old diligence, breaking our necks to see out, and jolted to death."

Marianne begged to leave the "Mer de Glace" for another day, but as she gave no reasons, it was fixed on for that afternoon, the "Flégère" occupying the morning.

However, the latter took so much time that the guide refused to make such a late start.

After consulting her guide-book, Marianne had begged to be excused, when she found the rest of the party planning such an early start.

"If we don't run a race with the sun, he'll be blinding us. Better have him at our backs; that's what Jean was trying to make us understand. Oh! I see now," Ina continued; "you're expecting Mr. Russel for this trip. He can't get in from anywhere till afternoon. You'll have to repeat the trip with him, if you're bound to perish together in the same crevasse, as Jean's Miss What's-her-name did!"

"Nonsense! Ina; who mentioned Mr.

Russel?" a faint flush fleeting over her pretty face.

"No one; but who thought of him? It was telepathic; that's all. Perhaps a telepathic wave tells you some one will arrive. We shall see."

Marianne was persuaded, notwithstanding, to don her mountain suit and start with the others.

They had reached the "Montanvert," and were looking across the valley, with the little town nestling in its hollow, across to the "Flégère," when Ina remarked:

"Weren't you disappointed to see Mt. Blanc, the giant, lower in the chain than his companions? One would expect to see him dominating the crowd."

"If you had been with me," Marianne answered, "you would have seen him alone in glory, dominating the clouds even!"

"There were two old ladies in the diligence, who—" She stopped suddenly and fixed her eyes on a figure mounting the path they had just left—a gentleman, alpenstock in hand, gaining on them at a great pace. The sudden tourist-apparition evidently affected both girls at once.

"Let's move on slowly," said Ina, as she looked back now and again, and seemed suddenly lost in thought. Marianne looked back, too, and felt a sudden impulse to leave Ina's side and return to meet the tourist. Then a something held her back, something undefinable. Ina's impulse was similar, but arguing with herself that it was a case of mistaken identity, she was wanting to hold back, but her feet keeping pace with her reasoning she was presently many paces ahead of her friend, whose instinct made her slacken her steps. Her color heightened with every moment. Neither of the girls spoke to the other, as the tension of each mind was too great for words.

Marianne had given surreptitious glances back as her fingers plucked a blue gentian in her path.

At this moment the pedestrian caught up with her, and his name, half whispered, was on her lips—"Bernard."

But he passes her by rapidly without so much as a look; overtakes the other, greeting her with arm thrown around her. She sees the profile of Ina's mutely delighted face as he takes her hand and places it on his arm.

The two walk on, regardless of all surroundings, while Marianne sinks upon the bit of moss on the bank.

She felt stunned at the slight, and then came the query, How and where could she hide herself and her injured feelings from Ina and her companion? To go back to the hotel would be the best. She might meet Lucy Miller and her party, and what reason could she give? A

forgotten letter to mail—anything, anything would do.

She remembered the Miller party was to start on Friday to the St. Bernard. But for the life of her she could not tell when Friday would arrive. The very days of the week she had been counting on her finger tips had passed from her. At last, with a strong effort, she began her calculations from the time of leaving Leipzig, and she concluded Friday was tomorrow, and no time was to be lost if she was to start with them.

The "Col de Balme" was the route Bernard was to have taken, she called to mind. He had been playing with his troupe in the north Italian towns, and had agreed to meet her here and ascend Mt. Blanc together. Now it will be with Ina. "Little snake," she said, involuntarily. Then she began a sharp self-recrimination. Why had she trusted him on so short an acquaintance? (His student's course was almost over when hers began.) Why couldn't she have divined that he was merely an outrageous flirt that must always have a fresh plaything? For the moment she hated him, and hated the very image her thoughts called up—dark, pleading eyes, and the curved mouth that the mustache could not cover.

Then she hated herself for her reticence with Ina, or Bernard's treachery would have come out long ago, when it would not have mattered to her what she did!

She puzzled her brains, as she walked down the lovely unregarded slopes, where Ina could have met him.

They were all three Americans. She from New York State, Ina Helmholtz from Maryland, and Mr. Russel—his father was a Methodist minister, living now in Boston, but a Methodist minister is hard to locate.

But why had Ina, so communicative by nature, been equally reticent? Was it to be free to flirt with others? She had known her long enough, although not so very long by the calendar.

"Thank goodness," she said, almost audibly, "his Leipzig days are over, or I should have to move to Strassburg. As it is, how can I live under the same roof with Ina?"

In her mind she was going over the other schools when she found herself back at the hotel, and Lucy and her married sister on the broad veranda gazing on the eternal snow, dazzling now in shiny whiteness, that she had forgotten in her mental distress.

"Why, Miss Hurst, what brings you back so soon?" But with the question, her sympathetic eye detected an aspect of trouble, and she continued: "But what's the matter? You look sick. Have you

had a fall on 'Montanvert,' or on that rightly named 'Mauvais Pas'?"

"No; I came back, and I want to change my plans." And soon the arrangement was made, and Lucy was delighted to have a walking companion after her own English heart. As it was a "ten-hour pass," Marianne agreed to sleep at the Hotel Bellevue, where the party was staying.

Half dazed, as she still was, she went to her own quarters to pack, and to scribble a line, telling Ina of her changed route, and to leave word with the chambermaid that she had a headache and was keeping her room.

She was right in thinking she would be too preoccupied to hunt her up; and, indeed, these young people were so oblivious to everything around them that they ascended the pine forest without noticing where the winter avalanche had torn up the ground at their feet, and if the Icy Sea had suddenly thawed into watery waves they would hardly have been surprised.

The morning broke invitingly bright for Marianne, who, in her sleeplessness, had been going over and over her intercourse with Ina, and trying to discover in some hidden chamber of her brain a clue that might have opened her eyes to this treachery.

"Yes, Ina was always familiar with the name Russel," and she fancied she could recall a look that would come into her dark eyes as she named it, with a mischievous smile lurking about the corners of her mouth. And then some of her little jests occurred to her. "Inconstancy, thy name is legion," and then she would sing a snatch of the old song, "Men are deceivers ever!"

"Now I am convinced she has been playing a part, and a cruel part, ever since I have known her, and she persistently sought my friendship to make me a victim of a deliberate scheme to leave me miserable."

Then, just before the hotel noises began, she lapsed into a doze. But the ominous sounds of early preparation woke her—boots thumping down along the corridors, and the murmuring of the guides' voices as they sat on the benches beneath the windows.

However thankful she was to be off, this particular route would not have been her choice, as Bernard Russel had traversed it the day before. She caught herself thinking of Bernard; then she would mentally shake herself: "His back was towards me then, and so I leave the past behind me for good and all," forcing herself into conversation with Lucy, the guide, or anybody.

There was no loitering at Martigny, the little starting point for many routes, except for a night's rest, the party were early agog for the great St. Bernard.

Marianne was the only lady walker of the party, having discarded her mule as too tedious for anything. After pointing out the cross marking the spot where a tourist lost his life, Henri remarked: "It ees not worth the pain to climb a mountain so low, though Mademoiselle could mount Mt. Blanc two times her height, and I will guide Mademoiselle with pleasure."

Although wishing it had another name than this, dating a thousand years back, Marianne set herself to enjoy everything, including the "souper maigre" of the convent—being fast day—and the four o'clock in the morning funeral mass in the chapel.

Looking over the register, her eyes lighted on the well-known signature "Bernard Russel." The Father on duty was close to her pointing out some of the notabilities who had signed the book. She pointed to the name, asking the Father in her broken French if he had noticed that gentleman.

"Yes," he said, "a handsome American, who pleased us with American songs in the evening."

"Mademoiselle is Americaine?"

The truth flashed once more cruelly upon her. There was the date of his sojourn there, timing the very day that would have brought him to Chamouni on that wretched morning.

Marianne knew that Bernard Russel had intended crossing over from Italy by this pass, for there was a melancholy interest hanging over it that attracted him. A brother of his, traveling for his health, had died and was buried there.

Directly after breakfast in the spacious refectory, with the genial Father presiding at the long table, a visit to the morgue was suggested.

"Won't you come, Miss Hurst?" Lucy Miller asked; "we are all going."

"I think I'd rather not," she replied. But reassured by an English girl, to whom viewing the corpse at a funeral was unheard of, they all hurried out into the cold, frosty air, although it was August. As the sun was piercing the early mountain mists they wended their way down the outer stone staircase which led from the second story of the massive white building down into the crypt. The Father, as he led the way, told them how the winter snows drifted high enough to entirely bury the lower stories. To Marianne he said on entering, "Come, Mademoiselle, to this side; here is the brother of Monsieur, your friend, who entertained us with his songs." She knew it to be two years since his death, and she had previously expected to see but his casket, but there on a stone slab was the counterpart of the man she loved but in whom she had lost faith. A heavy brow on which rested dark, short wavy hair, long chiseled aquiline nose, and

heavy mustache. But for a retreating chin, it might be he himself. Most of the other marbled figures were in sitting postures, just as the St. Bernard dogs had found them beneath the Alpine snows.

The Father, noticing how the sight affected her, said gently, "Mademoiselle would rather come into the open air again?" and excusing himself to the rest of the party, led her out into the sunshine.

"How can it be two years, and he looks like life?" she asked the Father.

"It is the cold that preserves the features of the dead like that. Our average temperature is the same as in Spitzbergen. I have often wondered," he continued, "that it has never occurred to people to build an ice chamber and to preserve their beloved dead. There would be more satisfaction in placing flowers around their persons, than leaving them on a mound of earth. I, too, did lose a dear friend once," he said, sadly, "and I often think that if I could have brought her with me here, and looked into her face from time to time, my life would be supremely happy!"

Shutting off the glimpse he had revealed of his inner life, he went on. "Your friend had a weak heart. This high altitude was too much for him. We were preparing to take him down to St. Remy (pointing towards warm, sunny Italy), but God willed it otherwise."

"The strongest of us can only stay here up to the age of thirty-five; only the dogs have long lives here."

"Mademoiselle was at the funeral mass this morning?" questioned the Father, breaking into the reverie which followed the previous query.

"Yes Monsieur."

"We have arranged, now that his brother has looked on him, to bury your friend this afternoon. Can Mademoiselle not stay for the office?" She explained that her English friends (almost strangers to her) had arranged to leave early.

"We could hasten the office, and prepare for it at this moment even."

And a few minutes later they were standing round a shallow grave. The body was carried on a litter by the Fathers, and lowered according to their rites. The shovelful of earth, at the words in the Latin, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes," was whitened with snow, and Marianne scattered the few edelweiss that the guide had gathered for her, a "symbol of the heavens" she thought, "to which his spirit had fled."

The Father, who was now off duty, walked with her as far as St. Rémy, from whence they were to drive through the Val d'Aoste. That past, she was glad to again walk up the picturesque Val Tournanche, through which the stream zigzagged its placid way.

The sun set upon the stately Matterhorn, which reflected his glories long after the nether mounts had received him in their grasp. Later it appeared but a pale ghost in the weird moonlight.

"On tomorrow," said Henri, "I will show Mademoiselle the great glacier."

"Mademoiselle must well sleep tonight for the twelve hour pass tomorrow," was his parting advice that night. She was persuaded, however, to take a mule on the first three hours till the Moraine was reached of the great *St. Théodule Glaciers*.

By mid-day the sun was intensely hot, and they were glad of the rock-sheltered cabin that nowadays goes by the name of Tyndale's hut.

Henri was cutting the new name that Marianne's alpenstock had earned while she was watching a couple of specks on the mountain fronting the hut. Flies in the clear distance crawling on the snow! "Flies shan't fool me any more," she exclaimed mentally, and opening her large sunshade she went beyond the reach of the chattering group. A sudden gust of wind blew it out of her hand; carrying it with great velocity out over the expanse of snow. Without thought of danger, but following her impulse, she rushed madly after it, and was far away before anyone missed her.

"Mais, where is Mademoiselle?" said the faithful guide with alarm. All straining their eyes in every direction, he was the first to discover her, a mere speck in the white distance. Wringing his hands, as only Swiss guides can, he said with bated breath, "*Mon Dieu*, there is a death crevasse by there! Give me the ropes," addressing the woman of the hut, and seizing the ice axe, lying on the ground, and flinging Mr. Miller's field-glass out of his hand, he gave chase.

"What a girl your friend is," remarked the sister to Lucy. "What a wild goose chase after a sunshade!"

At this moment another guide appeared on the scene, accompanied a tourist.

"More rope!" he called to the woman, and both having taken in the situation at a glance they started after the first guide.

Breathless, the group watched their progress as the woman told blood-curdling tales of hair-breadth escapes and cruel deaths in these death traps in the glaciers.

Meantime Marianne and her blue sunshade were no longer to be seen at all.

Had they simply disappeared behind a prominence, or did the ice dip there in its original downward rush? No, the field-glass could reveal them nowhere. Henri was still ahead of the other two. He followed her track; they his.

Henri was presently seen to stop at what looked like merely a ragged dark line on the white field. The other two, hardly a moment behind, stopped too.

The next report from the field-glass in Lucy's hands was "She has evidently fallen into a crevasse. The men are lashing themselves together. Henri is using the axe breaking away (I should say) the overhanging crest that deceived Miss Hurst. It looks as if the strange gentleman was trying to go down first, for Henri has pushed him aside; now he is going down himself. His head only is now above ground; now that too is gone."

After what seemed an interminable silence, while her brother-in-law had the glass, Lucy asked, "Do you see nothing?"

"Nothing," he replied, "except that the guide keeps letting out more rope now and again. I can see that the tourist is not used to such work. He looks to be much excited while his guide is as cool as a cucumber."

In going down to where the girl lay, Henri hewed steps in the blue ice wall for the sake of the upward climb with the burden of an apparently lifeless body. The crevasse was so deep and narrow wedged that it is a wonder she survived the shock. But Henri succeeded in extricating her and bringing her to the surface.

Once above the cold yawning tomb, the tourist took possession of the limp form. His own guide said something to Henri in patois, who relinquished the burden which he had considered his by right.

He, however, forced some of his "bonne medicine" between the girl's teeth, and later shared the burden as they brought her back to Tyndale Hut.

Eventually Marianne began to show signs of life and her mental faculties soon returned, to see standing over her with a much distressed look upon his face, the man she loved, but whom she was trying to hate because of the slight of their former meeting and her belief that he had only trifled with her in the past.

Bernard Russel seemed to read her thoughts, and to set himself right, explained the mystery of the meeting at Mer de Glace. He said he had examined the register at Chamouni and saw Ina Helmholtz's name, whose acquaintance his twin brother, who had died in the mountains, had made in Baltimore and formed a schoolboy and girl friendship, and with that association he had also become acquainted with her, and had hurriedly followed her to the mountain, not knowing that Marianne was of the party and did not observe her at that meeting, and in fact did not know of her presence until he returned to Chamouni and again examined the register, when to his chagrin he found that the one he loved and longed to meet, left with another party.

"When I found that my bird was flying from Chamouni to Zermatt, and knowing that I could never overtake you by the same route, I went back to Geneva, took the

train along the shores of the lake, and struck the quickest pass for Zermatt."

"And how did you get to the St. Théodule just at that fearful moment?" she asked, with a little shudder.

"Oh, we were just in time to see that something was happening that excited your guide and hurried on to assist, only to find that the one in danger was the dear one I myself was seeking. And I thank God for the privilege of helping, and for this opportunity of setting myself right."

Marianne gladly accepted his explanation, for with it came a return of happiness. Her bitterness of feeling had obscured the beauty and grandeur of the mountain scenery, but now with Bernard, and confidence restored to her, the bright hue that love gives to life and things associated with it, she was extremely happy.

As a souvenir of their disappointments, dangers and lasting understanding the sunshade, which had nearly cost Marianne's life was recovered, and became a sacred keepsake to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Russel, who never after had occasion to regret their eventful travels on the Alps of Switzerland.

LOUISA A. NASH.

Nashville, Oregon.

Not Such a Fool.

"You are an old fool, Kingsbury!" said Mr. Madison, rapping the bowl of his meerschaum against the edge of the chimney-piece to empty it of the silvery crust of tobacco ashes.

"Forty-seven last week," said Major Kingsbury, smiling. "Is that such a venerable age?"

"To think of marrying a young girl—yes! Do you suppose she really cares for you?"

"She says she does."

"Only a caprice—only a caprice, Kingsbury, depend upon it. What does a child of 17 know of her own mind?"

Major Ralph Kingsbury was silent, but his grave mind betokened quiet reliance upon the affection of the beautiful young girl who had promised to be his wife.

"Of course," added Mr. Madison, vindictively, "I might know better than to expect you to take any one's advice on the subject. There's no fool like an old fool, I've all my life heard."

And Mr. Madison filled his meerschaum a second time and began meditatively to smoke.

Major Ralph was silent also. Somehow the words of his old college friend had left a drop of bitterness in his heart. Was it true that pretty Ida Casserly was too young to unite the fair current of her life with the stronger, deeper stream of his

own mature destiny? Was it possible that she had allowed herself to be influenced by the remembrance that he was a rich man? Why had he never thought of these things before? Surely they were sufficiently evident. And he sincerely wished that Nicholas Madison had held his tongue.

And when Mr. Madison had smoked out his meerschaum for the second time, and gone, he sat for a moment or two gazing into the red gleams of the anthracite coal fire.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed aloud, rising and giving himself a shake, as if he would shake off this strange mood of misgiving. "Why should a sour old bachelor like Nick Madison know about a young girl's heart? I must make haste, or I shall miss the last up-train tonight, and Ida made me promise I would come without fail! Dear little Ida!"

Ah, it was quite evident that Major Kingsbury was very much in love, indeed.

The scarlet billows that closed over the keel of sunset had long since faded into orange when Major Ralph climbed the hill that led up to Rose Villa, the summer residence of Mrs. Casserly and her three pretty daughters, just where an occasional gleam or two of the Hudson could be caught, through bowing masses of elm trees, cedars and drooping willows.

The wide veranda was empty and deserted, but at the sound of the bell, Bridget, to whom the major's countenance was familiar, met him with a broad smile.

"The young ladies is out in the garden, sir!" said Bridget. "Will I call 'em?"

"Oh, no, certainly not!" said the major. "I'll join them out there!"

And he smiled to himself at the idea of surprising Ida among her flowers, the fairest blossom of them all.

Ida Casserly stood just where the dying light shone full in her face, as lovely a young creature as heart could imagine, with eyes and hair like violets and sunshine, and a rose-red mouth all wreathed in smiles. Her white dress, just relieved by a scarlet cashmere scarf, fluttered softly in the evening breeze, and she held a bunch of vivid scarlet salvias in her hand.

"Why, Ida!" Kate Casserly, her younger sister, was exclaiming, "I am astonished at you! I thought you liked the major so much!"

"The major!" Ida echoed, with a contemptuous motion of her pretty head. "A horrid, old-fashioned thing! Well enough when you can't get anything else, but—"

"Then you really prefer Alexander?"

"As if there could possibly be any comparison!"

Major Kingsbury felt the angry scarlet rise to his cheeks, while a sharp pang of jealousy shot through his heart. Who was this "Alexander" for whom Ida

Casserly expressed so decided a preference? "Well," cried Flora, the younger of the three sisters, "I didn't think you were one to throw over an old favorite just because a later novelty has appeared!"

"Don't be sentimental, Flo!" cried Ida, with a little grimace which made her mouth more like a red cherry than ever. "I tell you I won't have the major about the house any longer!"

Our hero stood appalled. "New friends," bitterly thought the major, as he turned away and noiselessly retraced his steps. "Madison was right; she never could have cared for me. Well, I'm glad I have found it out before it was too late. Alexander—Alexander—if I knew who the villain was I would punch his head for him."

And Major Kingsbury just succeeded in catching the last down train for New York by running himself into a violent perspiration.

And he passed a wretched and sleepless night.

The next morning brought a little scented note in Ida's dainty handwriting.

"How have I offended you?" it ran. "You came last night, but you went away without seeing me. What has gone wrong? Surely you will not deny me the opportunity of pleading my own case. I shall be at home this evening again. IDA."

"She's all right," said the major. "Of course, she never will be anything to me again, but I ought certainly to allow her the chance of explanation."

Major Kingsbury took the evening train once more. Ida was waiting for him on the veranda this time.

"Ralph!"

Her pretty, pleading eyes—her outstretched hand! Ralph Kingsbury would have either been more or less than a man to have resisted them.

"What has offended you, Ralph?" she asked, piteously.

"Tell me," he said, still striving to speak sternly, "who is Alexander?"

"Alexander?"

"Yes, and the admiral!"

Ida looked at him as if she believed him to be crazy.

"Ida, I accidentally heard you talking to your sisters on the lawn last night. You distinctly stated that you preferred the before-mentioned gentleman—and the major was—was—"

Ida burst into a merry peal of irrepressible laughter.

"Stop, Ralph, stop!" she cried. "I understand it all; I remember it now! Yes—I did say so!"

"You did?"

"And I mean it, too, Ralph!" she added, with eyes that sparkled roguishly. "But you misunderstood the matter altogether. We are going to have a new border of

tulips—the 'Duc Major' is an ugly, brown, old-fashioned bulb, and the 'Alexander' and the 'Admiral' are beautiful double yellow varieties."

Major Kingsbury's face cleared up. "What a goose I have been, Ida!" he cried, rapturously.

"Of course, you have, you dear old darling!" said Miss Casserly.

And when they parted the pearl cross hung around Ida's neck, and the day for the wedding was set.

Virtue Its Own Reward.

Her adversary was my opportunity. Young Watson was boring her, I could see, so I made my wav between the dancers and said, easily, "Our dance, I believe."

Mrs. Featherstone is a woman of intelligence. She consulted her program with an anxious brow, and said, gravely, "So it is. People do scribble so on programs, or perhaps it's the pencils."

"Are you going to reward me for that?" I said, as I led her away from young Watson's best story.

"'Virtue is its own reward,' the copy-books say."

"But this was not virtue; it was a lie. How do you propose to compensate me for my loss of self-respect?"

"I will sit out this dance with you."

She seemed in a most pliant mood; her gray eyes were pensive, and the corners of her mouth drooped a little. She even made no objection to the conservatory, as I had feared, but sank back in an easy chair, her hands clasped inertly in her lap.

"You aren't yourself tonight. Are you tired or in love?"

"I am sure I am tired, and I expect I am in love."

"What are the symptoms? I will diagnose it for you," I said.

"A longing for his presence, a delight when he is with me, a blankness when he goes, a craving for his approval, a dread of his censure."

"H'm. It sounds like a serious form of the complaint. Appetite good?"

"Certainly. It's quite out of date to lose your appetite when you are in love."

"When did you first notice the symptoms?"

"So long ago that I fear the complaint has become chronic."

"And is it reciprocal?"

"I hope so." Her voice broke a little, and I could see she blushed. It suddenly occurred to me that she was in earnest, and I had not believed Mrs. Featherstone could be in earnest over anything.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"I don't like to tell you." She turned her head away.

"I suppose I am not the happy man." It is difficult to hit just the right pitch of voice between jest and earnest; but I flattered myself I had done it, and she need not have answered so heartily, "Oh, don't be so ridiculous, of course not. That would be all right, but now—if people knew they would drop me."

I was rather staggered. Of course, there were excuses to be made for her. A pretty woman, with a bookworm husband who never went out with her, and a natural taste for frivolity; still, one must draw the line.

"Don't you think it's rather a pity?" I asked.

"Oh, it is, is it? But what am I to do? I can't help it," she said.

"Does the man know?"

"I think so."

"Look here, how would it be if I saw him and spoke to him; asked him to keep out of the way, and all that?"

"He wouldn't listen to you, I am sure."

"Is he a man I know?"

"I think you have met him, but you hardly know him. He—he isn't in our set," she faltered.

"Oh!" I said, rather dismayed; she had never struck me as being that sort of woman. I wondered whether it were an actor; some women go crazed over a man they have only seen on the stage.

"I know it's a terrible thing. I have tried my best to cure myself of it, but I can't," she said, despairingly. "And—and I am so terrified lest people should guess. It—it is unheard of; but I think I am quite safe with you."

"Of course you are." I stroked the clasped hands gently. A father confessor may do that much by way of benediction. "But be brave. Put an end to this unworthy infatuation. Go away where you can't see this fellow for a time." I was quite ardent in my missionary zeal.

"I—I can't. He wouldn't let me."

This was terrible. She had evidently fallen into the hands of some villainous blackmailer, who would never loosen his hold on her until he had wrung the last penny from her.

"You haven't written any letter, I hope?"

"A few—" very reluctantly.

"Mrs. Featherstone, let me act for you in this matter. Tell me this man's name, and trust it all to me."

"I am afraid you will be shocked," she murmured.

"Not I. Tell me!" I insisted.

She looked at me with a desperate courage in her gray eyes. "Ah! don't look at me. Turn your head away," she entreated.

I obeyed. I could hear her quickening breathing, the rustle of her gown. Was she only holding her tears at bay?

"It—it—it's my husband," she said. And this is the reward of my knight-errantry.—*Madame.*

A Kiss, a Word.

When the Princess Alexandra Serbatoff was presented at the luxurious court of Catharine II. two men had the most influence in the empire. One was Gregory Alexandrovitch Potemkin, the mighty minister; the other, Prince Monomoff, the handsome favorite of the czarina.

The gossiping world said that the pretty eyes of the favorite had just as much share in governing the land of all Russians as the great brain of the family statesman.

The quick eye of Prince Monomoff noticed at once the extraordinary beauty of the new court lady, and, of course, it was only natural that so wide awake a statesman as Potemkin, whose less pretty but nevertheless watchful eyes were always open, couldn't help seeing and admiring.

Both men fell in love with the young princess, and in the ensuing ardent but secret struggle for her love the czarina's favorite, Monomoff, was finally the more successful. He became the devoted admirer of the princess, and the wise Potemkin, knowing that he was "not in it" any more, withdrew, burying his malice in his diplomatic heart.

Thanks to his intrigue, the new love of Prince Monomoff now became known to the czarina, who, to avoid a scandal, ordered her favorite to marry at once the girl.

The "punishment" was taken by the prince with resignation, which was only natural, knowing that the young princess was not only bewitchingly beautiful, but also enormously rich.

The wedding took place with great pomp and ceremony. The young pair was overwhelmed with the costliest presents, among which the most valuable was that of the czarina. Its wondrous fire had a beautiful color.

Nothing marred the happiness of the young couple, and their honeymoon passed in joy and pleasure.

Once in a happy hour the young wife approached her loving husband with this inquisitive question:

"Tell me, dear, what is the value of that large diamond which you have on your finger?"

Monomoff looked upon the czarina's present and did not answer for a while.

"Tell me honestly, sweetheart," continued the princess, "how much was given for that stone?"

"A kiss," thoughtlessly replied Monomoff. They both laughed at the joke.

"Won't you sell it to me? I will pay

you double that much for it." And the charming young woman demonstrated right away her generosity by allowing her husband to "help himself," and the price, two kisses, was willingly paid—in fact, overpaid,—but, of course, that is none of our business.

"Alexandra, if you value our lives you must not tell of this bargain to anyone. You know the czarina."

"I do promise to you, dear, that no soul shall learn from me the price of the diamond."

"I have also promised to Catharine and told you just the same."

"Yes, but I won't."

And she didn't—until the next court reception. Of course, she didn't mean to tell it to a soul, and it was only by a mere chance that the secret escaped her lips. During the evening, her most intimate friend, the Princess Orloff, had admired the sparkling gem, and (we must remember that all this happened in Russia) inquired about its value.

Princess Monomoff smilingly whispered into her rosy ears: "It was given to my husband for a kiss. I gave him double the amount for it. But I said this only for you, and to no one else. Don't let it go farther, or it may bring us into danger."

Of course, Princess Orloff did not want to tell the secret to anyone, and, in fact, did not tell it to a soul except to the wife of General Romanoff, but she was such an intimate friend of hers that she could be trusted without fear. And she knew also perfectly how to guard an intrusted secret. Nobody learned it from her but her bosom friend, the Princess Kerchikoff. The Princess Kerchikoff told it to no one except the Princess Dashoff. So the well-kept secret reached Princess Potemkin shortly after midnight, whispered confidentially by an unrecorded lady's rosy lips under the promise of strict secrecy.

Princess Potemkin hated Princess Monomoff, and, being the wife of a great diplomat, she was herself a great intriguer. She had maneuvered so skillfully that she approached the empress unnoticed, and when the Princess Monomoff paraded by she remarked innocently:

"Oh, how beautiful is that diamond the Princess Monomoff wears! Splendid!"

The czarina recognized at once her former lover, but, nevertheless, nouchallantly said:

"Yes, it is a fine stone. It must be very valuable."

"The princess tells everybody that it was given to her husband for a kiss, but she gave two for it."

After the court ball, in the early morning, Prince and Princess Monomoff retired, giving orders to their attendants not to

disturb them until 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

It happened, however, that hardly one hour after they were rudely awakened by somebody who executed a lively tattoo on their bedroom door.

"Who is there? Who dares?" called out indignantly from their bedchamber the sleepy prince.

"His excellency the chief of police wishes to pay his respects."

In Russia every door must open before this "sesame," and in the next minute Prince Monomoff appeared in the half-opened door.

The chief of police was polite.

"I must beg your pardon a thousand times, your excellency, but I must disturb you at this unseemly hour. I regret it very much, but duty compels me to do it. My most gracious czarina has bade me to deliver to you this order, and also to carry it out personally and without delay. Knowing good manners, I do not wish to intrude into the sleeping apartment of a lady, but I have brought with me lady attendants to help me in executing it. I must beg your kind indulgence to allow these ladies to enter."

Prince Monomoff threw a troubled look in the direction of the "lady attendants," who were all lined up nicely in the hall. They were all six feet high, very well built "ladies." They were all richly although a little negligently dressed. They wore very large French hats with large feathers, and their faces were thickly veiled. On their large hands the fine suede gloves nearly bursted. But the most extraordinary thing was that, instead of a fan, every "lady" had a rod of birch in her hand.

The chief of police delivered his order to the prince. It was a sweet little perfumed, rose-colored billet doux containing these words:

"One kiss—one word, then women—hundred rods."

Monomoff paled. The chief of police politely withdrew, and the "ladies" advanced in orderly steps. Two of them took the arm of Monomoff, and all entered into the bedchamber and closed the door.

What kind of a ceremony they performed we don't know positively, but one thing is certain, that when they emerged again from the sanctum of the princely pair their rods were used up to a great degree.

The chief of police took polite leave of the prince, and the "ladies" arranged themselves in line again and filed away in a nice, soldierly manner.

Before leaving, the chief of police assured the prince that all these "ladies" were selected especially for one merit, their knowledge how to keep a secret.

But, in spite of his assurance, the story soon became known all over the world.—*New York Journal.*

The Irish Widow.

"Thim op'ry singers gives me a pain, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"How is that, Mrs. Magoogin?"

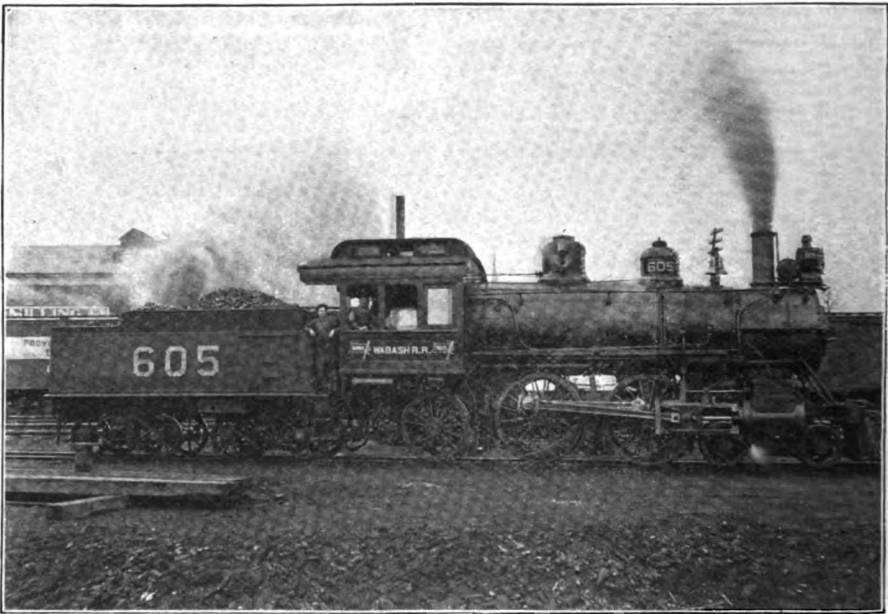
"They nuver lurn nawthin at all, at all."

"Is that so, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Yis; id is, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the widow, with a spiteful sort of emphasis on the "yis" and "is." "They comes over here ivery year," she continued, "an sings them sangs and rakes in our mooney,

Toozy. She hurd that her futball play'r was in town takin' another gerrul to th' op'ry, an' begorry nawthin id do her but she moost go and make me spind me foine foor dollars to take her up in th' balcony th' way she kud shtab his ribs, as my b'y Tammy say fwihin he manes poipin a body off—keepin an oye an him, as id war, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Loike th' danged fool Oi was, Oi put an me green shawl an' 1813 impoire theayther bonnit an' wint wud her.

"There was two opries—'Plinlimmin an' Bally' an' 'Cabby Leary's Roosty Annie'—and belave or belave me not, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but Oi kudn't undershtand a single wurrud in ayther wan uv thim. Oi thought th' Plinlimmin was Joe Immett's



WABASH ENGINE 605, COLUMBIA TYPE.—Running out of Peru, Ind., and Danville, Ill.—Bro. W. C. Bickle, member of Div. 548, Engineer, and E. J. Mulcahy, member of Lodge 142, B. of L. F., Fireman. Courtesy of Mr. H. H. Meyers.

an' devil shkure th' wan wurrud av our langewage they lurns to spake, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Wan cud eshkuze thim fur not being able to shpake anny but Oitalyun th' fusht toime the kem over ov th' suchond, but mebbe but they've bin comin year in an' year out, an', begorry, they talks th' dago yet an' won't condayscind to jabber anythin' but Frinch.

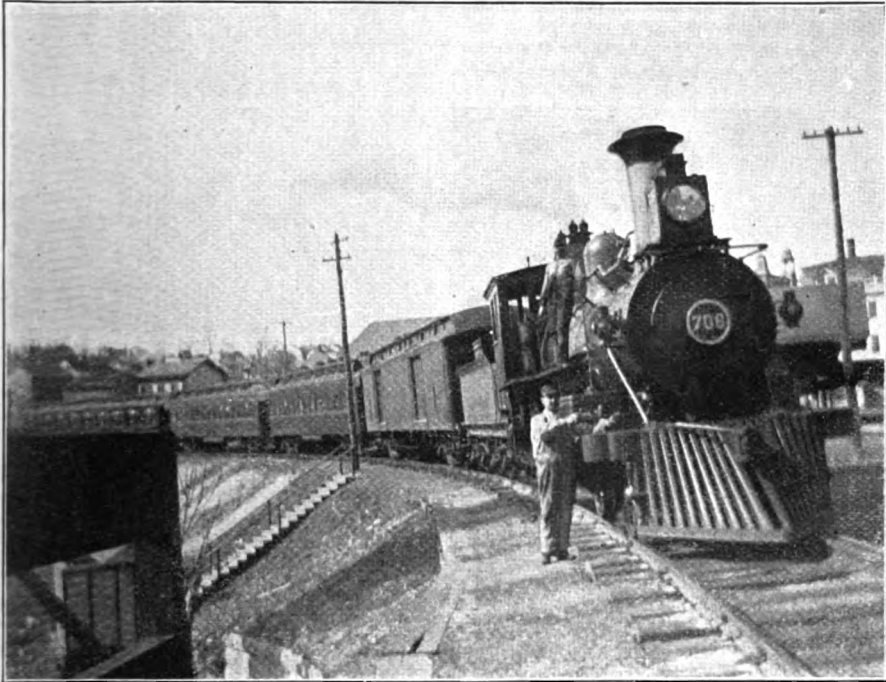
"Be all that's good and howly, Oi'll nuvur go to see thim agin until they laives their garibaldis an' polly voos behoind an' comes down to talkin' rale sinsible Yoo Noited Shtates, that's good enoof fur anybody, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi want to hear thim the other noight wid me daughter

big Foundnewland dog an' that Blaky was somebody else's dog, but devil th' mut was on id at all, and I was raily disappointed. There was nawthin but singin in th' op'ry, an' Oi'd sooner hear Katie O'Donnell sing 'The Harrup uv Tara' ur Mickey Dooley sing 'The Man That Bruk the Bank at Monkey Charley's' than all uv thim put together. Oi was very sarry, though, fwihin Oi saw th' beyootiful assimblage that Oi had left me doimind at home an th' kitchin mantelpace, because there was nawthin but doiminds there. Yurra my, Oi thought they'd bloind me, they shparkled so! Id's a wondher they didn't set foir to th' house, Mrs. McGlaggerty.

"Toozy ped no attintion to them, though she was lukin fur her futball play'r. An' Id's a gud thing fur himself that she didn't ketch him, fur she had blud in her oye, Mrs. McGlaggerty. She towlt me she was goin' to throw vitreel au him, but Oi think id was a bottle av Johnny Joomp-oop colony wather that she tuk along wud her. Oi'm glad, though, fur his sake that he wasn't there. Oi had no vitreel, Mrs. McGlaggerty, but Oi hilt a shtove led lifther in th' heel av me hand undher me shawl and heavin help him aff Oi had met him

It is said one person in every 25 of the male sex is more or less color-blind, although only one in 400 of the gentler sex is so afflicted.

The defect often runs in families, and the curious fact has been noted that, although the boys are the subjects, the trouble comes from the mother's side. Thus the children of a color-blind man, both boys and girls, are free from any defect of this kind, but the sons of his daughters will have their grandfather's inability to distinguish colors, while his grandsons in



CLASS O ENGINE 706 AND PASSENGER TRAIN PENNSYLVANIA RAILWAY.—Standing at the entrance to the famous bridge over the Susquehanna River at Wrightsville, Pa., with Loughrea (nom de plume), member of Div. 104, who frequently writes for the JOURNAL, in charge, oiling the engine trucks, with fireman Jacob S. Adams, member of Lodge 252, B. of L. F., on the running board.

Mrs. McGlaggerty."—*New York Mercury*.

Color-Blindness.

It is little more than a hundred years since this curious defect in vision was discovered by scientific men, and barely twenty-five since its practical bearing in relation to railway employees became fully appreciated.

It occurs in varying degrees, from a slight confusion of two of the elementary colors to an absolute inability to distinguish any color at all, everything not pure black or white having a grayish hue.

the male line will escape. This, of course, is only a general rule, and exceptions to it are not very infrequent.

The defect may be acquired as well as inherited. It may occur as a consequence of disease or accident, or it may result from the excessive use of alcohol or tobacco.

A color-blind person loses much of the pleasure to be derived from the sight of flowers, pictures, and the like. Otherwise the defect is of no special importance, except in the case of railroad men and seamen, upon whose ability to distinguish between red and green signals the lives of hundreds often depend. It is in regard to

these two colors that the defect is most common.

Many persons, indeed, who are not regarded as color-blind, and who can answer to the various tests, are unable to see the red berries in a bunch of holly or barberry, unless they are very numerous, or until they have been pointed out.

In testing for color-blindness little skeins of yarn of different colors and shades are used, and the person is given one of a certain color, usually light pink or green, and told to match it as nearly as possible from the bunch before him.

There is no cure yet known for color-blindness, although slight degrees of the defect are sometimes helped by the wearing of yellow-tinted glasses. This is hardly



MASTER CLINTON DODD.

Two-year-old son of Bro. Samuel Dodd, member of Div. 156, Birmingham, Ala.

worth while in the case of an ordinary person, and it is wholly inadequate in the case of a color-blind railroad man or navigator.
—*Youth's Companion*.

At the Necktie Counter.

"Black neckties, if you please."

Drummond, the salesman, stared across the counter at the speaker as if his thoughts were in Egypt.

"What is it?" he said at last.

"Black neckties. Silk."

Drummond threw a box down. The customer opened it. "These are red—and not silk," he said, quietly.

"Nobody wears black silk now," Drummond said, yawning, and looking indifferently at the plain old man before him. Then he took up the box and threw it back into its place.

"Have you none of the kind I want?" asked the old man.

"No! That kind of goods went out of style years ago. We don't keep 'em," said the salesman, insolently.

"There are plenty of black silk ties," said Sanders, the man at the next counter, in an undertone.

"I know; but what's the good of bothering with an old back number like that? Methodist preacher, I'll bet five to one! But I was telling you about my cousins, the Harts. The three brothers all left the village and came up to town. One is now a railway boss, one a banker, and the third is a sugar man. All of them millionaires."

"A lucky family! How was it?"

"They all had capital to start with. The man with capital wins out every time."

"Perhaps you have neckties—black silk?" the old man said to Sanders. He had been lingering near the counter.

"I think there are some, sir," said Sanders, taking down some boxes. He opened one after another, but there were no ties of the kind the old man wanted.

Drummond, with a half-amused stare at the persistent customer, turned away to gossip and giggle with a salesgirl. Sanders anxiously took down box after box.

"I am afraid I'm giving you a great deal of trouble," said the old man, kindly.

"That's what I'm here for," said the salesman, pleasantly. "I am sure I shall find them." The box was found at last and a necktie of the right width chosen, wrapped and handed to the troublesome customer with a smile.

The next morning Sanders received a printed slip, notifying him of his promotion in the store. Drummond also received a slip, but it informed him that after the end of the next week his services would no longer be required by Colton & Co. Underneath the printed form were written the words, "Civility and efficiency are capital as well as money. You will fail because you have neither."

"Who was the old bore?" demanded Drummond, in a fury.

"It was John Colton, the silent partner of the firm," said one of the men.—*Youth's Companion*.

Treated Like an Animal.

A special dispatch from San Diego, Cal., says: Ragged and penniless, Captain Thron-



MASTER DELOSS E. FUNK.

Son of Bro. W. G. Funk, member of Div. 459, Harrisburg, Pa.

san arrived here after eighteen months spent in the Mexican prison at Ensenada. He and his crew of men were captured by the gunboat *De Mocrata* while they were poaching guano from the island within Mexican territory. Thronsan was given a one-year term, but this was extended to eighteen months.

"I was treated like a wild animal," said Captain Thronsan. "During my whole term I had only one suit of clothes and one blanket to cover me. My bed was the concrete floor of my cell. When my money was gone they gave me twenty-five cents allowance. Six weeks before my release this was stopped, and I lived on bread and water."

Why Buchanan Didn't Wed.

Mr. Buchanan, who was the first bachelor elected to the presidency, was sixty-five years of age when elected, and had deliberately given himself to a life of celibacy. In the days when he was a young lawyer of Lancaster, Pa., he had loved Miss Coleman, a beautiful daughter of a citizen of that town. They had been engaged to be married, when one day he was surprised to receive from her a request to release her from the promise. According to Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, the separation

originated in misunderstanding on the part of the lady, who was unusually sensitive, over some small matter exaggerated by giddy and indiscreet tongues. Soon after the estrangement she was sent to Philadelphia, and there died suddenly.

Throughout the rest of his life, or for nearly half a century, Mr. Buchanan is not known to have revealed to anybody the circumstances of this romantic tragedy. He would only say that it had changed his hopes and plans, and had led him more deeply than ever into politics as a distraction from his grief. In his old age, long after he had retired permanently to private life, he called attention to a package containing, he said, the papers and relics which would explain the causes of his youthful sorrow, and which he preserved with the idea of revealing them before his death. But when he died, and his will was read, it was found that he had directed that the package should be burned without being opened, and his injunction was obeyed.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

ALL is fair in love and war, but it's only half-fare in a railway war.

THE railroad engineer may not be a society leader, but wealth and fashion frequently follow in his train.



MASTER LAIRY E. PRICE.

Eleven-month-old son of Bro. E. E. Price, member of Div. 401, Roanoke, Va.

Correspondence.

All contributions to our Correspondence and Technical columns must be in not later than the 10th of the month to insure insertion.

Articles must be written on one side of the paper only. Noms de plume may be used, but every article must be signed with full name and address of the writer to insure insertion.

We shall be glad to receive articles on any subject of general interest to the fraternity.

All communications are subject to revision or rejection, as the Editor may deem proper.

The Editor does not assume responsibility for the opinions expressed by contributors in this department. C. H. SALMONS, Editor and Manager.

Billy Kane's Deliverance from Death.

There's old Dr. Sawbone's carriage going up to Billy Kane's.

He has skill, that's why we got him; Nature gave him lots of brains.

Modest Billy proved a hero. If he'll live, we cannot say,

And some eyes are red from weeping for poor Billy Kane today.

He is all a man could ask for as a friend and Brother dear;

One who throttle bared the Thirty as a model engineer.

Steady, sober, honest, loving, never given to complain,

And the height of his ambition was on time to have his train.

It is thirty years and over since he first came on the line;

He was noted as a fireman for the way his brass would shine.

To a shifter, to the local, to a through freight, to the stock

He was lifted, and he ran them just as steady as a rock.

Very soon he reached the zenith of an engine-man's delight,

Tossing crank pins, hauling coaches, on a day run from a night;

And day in and out his signal gave us pleasure, for we knew

That it meant he home was rolling safely with his cars and crew.

T'other evening rose the thunder and the lightning and the wind,

And the belching rain, it followed, human eyes to sorely blind.

Ere a score of miles was covered, running close to Benson Hill,

Down the Thirty went and Billy to the foot of Bailey's fill.

He had little time for thinking, yet he scorned to leave his post,

And the brakes he sprang to danger and he soon began to roast,

For the firebox door flew open, but the rescuers were near,

And they quickly extricated the heroic engineer.

There are times he seems to rally and at other times he raves,

Just as others did before him who are filling hero's graves;

When we tell him how his courage saved his passengers, he smiles,

And how flowers reach him daily from admirers round for miles.

Here's old Sawbones now returning and we'll shortly know his doom,

If again he'll live to join us or be carried to the tomb;

"All the danger's past this morning, you'll see Billy back once more

In a week or two at longest just as sprightly as of yore."

We have many men like Billy, who play touch and go with death

In the cabs of locomotives with their very latest breath,

And unnumbered scores of heroes we have gently laid at rest

Till the trumpet shall be sounded, with an E. upon each breast.

SHANDY MAGUIRE.

My First New Engine.

EDITOR JOURNAL: It was in the eighties, and one evening, when I arrived at the roundhouse, I was ordered to go and report to the "Old Man."

Of course I knew what for, as it had been whispered around that I would get the 119, a new engine just out of the shop.

You would naturally think that after running an old "scrap-pile" for the past ten months I would be highly pleased with the good news just received. So I was. Yet a veil of sadness overshadowed it at this particular time, caused by a bulletin tacked up a few days previous, as though to give me notice in due time to consider how I would take my "medicine." The bulletin simply stated, "Engines will not be paid for trying new engines from this date," or something to that effect.

Now, it was customary in those days when getting a new engine out of the shop to run it up and down the yard, and sometimes a few miles on the main track, to loosen up the machinery and get the bearings in good shape for road service, the gang that built her going along.

On my arrival at the office, after the usual greeting, the "Old Man" told me I

was to have the 119, and that she was ready for me to take out and try her.

I had already made up my mind to tell him that as there was no pay there would be no try, but he continued talking, telling me of the many improvements put on her, and that I would be expected to do just as good work in proportion to what I had been doing on those old engines I had been running. Then he smiled one of those master mechanic smiles, that tells you how generous he is, and that invites you to bring the conversation to a close with thanks.

But that bulletin was flitting before me, and I was about to break in on him when he seemed to think of something else, and his eyes opened wide with one of those stares that tells you how little you are, and said: "You don't stop at the brewery, or buy any beer, either. These men are paid for their work, and you don't owe them a cent;" and concluded by saying, "If you do, I'll discharge you." Then he smiled as though there was nothing in this wide world I could ask for or complain of. But I did have something to complain of, though he made it more difficult for me to begin.

However, the time was now. So I began by saying: "My dear sir, I know what it is to get a new engine, especially in the dead of winter, as it is now, and I feel very grateful to you, not only for your present kindness, but for all you have done for me in the past as well, and especially for the good advice in regard to buying beer for the men, as the custom is very distasteful to me, and I feel thankful that I have a good excuse for dispensing with it by adhering strictly to your request,—but when it comes to running an engine for nothing, that's another thing altogether. It's not right. It's unjust. It would be degrading! I would be pointed at by you as an example, and by my brother engineers with a finger of scorn. I cannot do it."

This storm of protest was not expected; neither was it very effective, for he asked me if I would like to go back on the 104 and let someone else have the 119.

"To be sure, I would not," I replied; "but if you can get someone else to run

her three or four hours up and down the yard for nothing, I presume I will have to."

He did not seem to like the way I put it, as he changed his tactics by informing me that she must go out tomorrow, Friday, and by taking her out a couple of hours today I must see what trouble I could save myself.

"But I won't mind the trouble," I said, "as I would be paid for it. I know it would be no easy task, but I would rather do it than establish the precedent of working for nothing."

"But tomorrow is Friday," he said, "and she must go out on her regular run tomorrow, and you fellows are always kicking about taking engines out on that day."

"Not I, for one," I replied; "there is no superstition about me."

He seemed to be worried a little, for he put his hand to his face and stood thinking for a moment, then turned to me and said: "I wanted her to go through without any possible chance of delay; that is the reason I want her tried in the yard first. But if I insist on it I presume you are just bull-headed enough not to do it, and I don't want to fire you, so you may take her out on her run tomorrow. But, mind you, if you cut a pin or journal, you know what you will get."

The veil of sadness disappeared. I thanked him, and hurried away to feast my eyes on the prize I had won. The "Old Man" followed me, perhaps to see that the beer deal did not go into effect.

I went straight to the gang boss. I had my hand in my pocket, and was somewhat excited, for when I drew it forth to shake hands with him I had a dollar in it. It would place me in a very embarrassing position to drop it back, so I kept it concealed in the palm of my hand when I greeted my old friend. I told him she looked fine, and as he had overlooked the work on her I knew there was nothing hid beneath that glossy coat of varnish.

He held on to my hand as though he was going to take it home with him. What to do I did not know, for the "Old Man" was sharp and cunning, and no doubt

would accuse me of giving him money for beer if he discovered that dollar in my hand. In the excitement of the moment it slipped from my grip, and the boss let go of my hand as though it was a red-hot iron and grabbed up a piece of waste and wiped his hand, then shoved it down into his pocket. No doubt my dollar went with it. However, I was pleased to know it had disappeared.

Again the "Old Man" brought up the question of the old custom of buying beer every time a man got a new engine. He said it *must* be stopped, and wanted us to set the example. The boss declared we would. I never saw a man as tickled as the boss seemed to be, yet there was, apparently, nothing funny about it. However, we all joined in with such approval that the "Old Man" went away highly pleased.

The next morning I was on hand bright and early. The 119 was standing at the coal chute, her pop sputtering and fizzling away as though anxious to be off. After seeing that all the supplies desired were on hand, I backed up to the yard. The same crew that I had been pulling for a month was there to greet me,—the best crew all round it was ever my pleasure to couple to.

The conductor, whom I will call Ron, came up to the engine with orders, and pleasant greetings, and said: "I suppose you feel proud, don't you?" "You bet!" I replied. Then he continued in this strain: "Well, I'm glad to see you get a new engine, but I thought you had more sense than to take her out on Friday. But it's just like you. We will have trouble now; mind what I tell you. To make it doubly sure, they have given me the old 100 caboose while mine is in for repairs, and she don't care whether she is on wheels or on the cupola. She jumps the track once in a while just to jolt a fellow up a little, then takes to the track again. Now, you mind what I say, something will happen." Then he urged me to be careful and watchful, and concluded by saying that he would ride on the middle of the train, as neither end would be safe.

There is no use of me rehearsing the trouble I had all day with hot boxes, hot

pins and foaming boiler. You have all had experience enough to know it was no picnic.

We took water by syphon in those days, so it was not long before I had something more than a white cap bobbing up and down in the water glass, and within twenty miles of our destination she had cooled down sufficiently to determine what she could do in the way of speed.

We were late, of course, as a natural result under the circumstances, and the last twelve miles were favorable, and good enough to get any speed desired. As I wanted to find out what she could do, go in on time, and knock the superstition in Ron's cocoanut into smithereens, I let her go.

It was in the dead of winter, as I said before, and the ground was covered with snow. I hung out of the side window about far enough to balance on the arm rest, and kept my eyes on those two streaks in the snow, with only an occasional glance at the driving wheels, which soon resembled a buzz saw in rapid motion, the rods were but a blur, as it were, while the guides were choked up with cross-heads.

Gee! how she did go. And she did it so easy. No thumping boxes, no rattling rods; just a sweet humming noise that brought joy to my soul.

I was thinking how kindly Ron would feel towards me when he landed safely in the yard as usual, and how much pleasanter his work would be in the future with so large a chunk of superstition dislodged, which would be, of course, since he was so positive of an accident.

The fireman had put in his last fire, as we were near the point where I usually shut off, and approaching the last switch, which had no light on it, but from the glare of the headlight I could see it was all right. Just as it disappeared in the shadow of the headlight she gave me a jolt that nearly threw me out of the window. Then an explosion followed. To say the least, it seemed very much like one to me. The engine shot ahead in the darkness like she was frightened at the shock; steam was escaping from below with a great roar that

filled the cab instantly; the injector had broke and burst the hose, I thought, so I shut it off. The steam cleared away. I looked back, but could see nothing, not even the tank. Then my eyes naturally sought my companions on the other side of the cab. There were two white faces, and two pairs of eyes staring at me. No one spoke. But in that inquiring stare I could feel their very thoughts saying, "What has happened?" I could but answer them in the same silent way, for I did not know.

I was satisfied nothing followed, so I stopped and looked back into the darkness and listened. I could see or hear nothing except the beating of my heart and the whistling wind that seemed to hiss in my ears, "I told you so."

I backed up cautiously. As we came near to where the explosion took place I could see two lights flitting here and there that told me plainly that my two fellow trainmen were alive and safe and my heart ceased its throbbing.

In backing up, the engine made no noise whatever. She rolled along on the rails as noiselessly as a sled on the snow; therefore, we came very near to them without being noticed. Ron was stooping down looking under something and yelling my name in a very high key. I answered him. He raised up quickly and stood staring at us in a bewildered sort of a way as though we were spirits that appeared before him in mockery. He drew his hand before his eyes as though to clear the vision, and looked again; then seeming satisfied came up to us. There was a stream of blood running down each side of his face from the bridge of his nose.

He looked into one side of the engine, then into the other, as though to satisfy himself that we were real living beings.

His eyes sought mine. Then he said: "What did I tell you about accidents? Look at my caboose up there!" He pointed upward, and held his light so I could see. I looked up, and sure enough there it was "up in the clouds"—not suspended but sitting on top of numerous other things, of which the 119 tank was the base.

We got down and went to discover the cause of it, if possible. The switch was a stub, and we found impressions in the rail of a wheel flange where it had caught the end, climbed up, then gone off on the ground. We could but conclude that it was the tank, as we afterwards learned, and also that the guard rail was torn up and passed up through it; and there it stopped, while the balance of the train bumped it forward and downward into the hard frozen ground more than six feet, tearing up more rails, which pierced more cars, thus allowing none to pass; then piling up, crushing down, bursting, filling in here, piling up there, until it was but a great mass of debris, much resembling a garbage dump, topped off with a caboose minus trucks as evidence that a railroad train was mixed up in it.

There was broken glass and old iron, that a few moments before was bottled beer and a fine lot of cook stoves. In another place there was a pile of mixed candies and fine-cut tobacco, on top of which was a boot and a few bars of soap, and over all a barrel of molasses was smearing itself.

We bowed our heads to this monument of evidence against us, shed a few tears, and christened it "I told you so," then hurried away to get the engine in, and flags out, for there was nothing else we could do.

The brakemen were given signal lamps and flags and three bottles of beer that escaped getting their necks broken in the melee, and sent out to stop all trains.

The engine had a flutter in the bottom gage and a little fire, just enough to get in with, so we pulled out a second time for a home stretch.

On the way in, Ron and I discussed as to what plea we might offer that would save us from absolute discharge. Each looked to the other for a solution. There was none, we both declared. So we decided to go to the superintendent's house, get him up, tell him a straightforward story and die game. We shook hands, and Ron appointed himself spokesman.

We got the engine to the roundhouse all right and turned her over to the hostler, who wanted to know where the rest of her

was. We told him it would be in in a day or two and hurried away, as we did not care to talk as we did not know what was best to say just yet.

We found the superintendent at home and told him our story. He wanted to know how long it would take to clear the track. We told him we thought about two hours. "Very well," he said, and bid us good night.

After appointing a place to meet on the morrow to rehearse for the final act, we went to our different homes.

I rose early, donned my best clothes and went down to breakfast. My mother looked up in surprise and asked me if I had taken a notion to lay off a trip? "Yes," I said, "perhaps several of them." "Well, I am glad," she said, "that you are getting sensible. You have been working yourself to death. You ought to lay off a month and take a real good rest." "I am going to, mother," I replied, "and I am not sure that a month will satisfy me; I may take two or three."

She smiled, and seemed to be very much pleased with the earnestness of my reply, little dreaming I meant every word I said.

Just then the door bell rang. I went to it and found the call boy there, who told me they wanted me to come to the round-house right away. My mother heard it all, and said she just expected that would be the way I would get my vacation. I told her perhaps they wanted to inform me that my expected vacation was granted, and that I would go and see. As I passed out of the door I told her she might expect me back soon.

I made straight for the master mechanic's office. He was standing in the door, and as soon as I came up he wanted to know what I was doing with those clothes on. I informed him that they were mine. "Of course, I know they are yours," he said, "but I did not suppose you wanted to work in them." Then he told me to hurry up and get on that engine on the turntable track and wreck train, and that everybody was there waiting for an engineer to take them out.

I was thunderstruck with surprisc, and stood staring at him until he said: "What's

the matter with you? Don't you want to work for this company any more?"

"Why, certainly," I said, "if!"—"If!" he said. "There are no ifs about it. Get on that engine and go and clean up that mess you made last night." This was, indeed, good news, but too mystifying to be enjoyed.

I hurried to the engine ready for me, you may be sure, and backed up in the yard. At the switch there was another surprise. It was open, and Ron stood by it with orders in his hands, and gave me a signal that indicated he wanted me to kick the train out of sight, but in reality given in haste so eager was he to get out.

As I came up to him he handed me the order and said: "Isn't this immense?" "Too good to last," I replied. He put up his finger and we sped away.

Daylight did not improve the looks of the wreck; in fact, it was much worse than we expected.

The superintendent and road master went out with us, and on arrival immediately went on an investigating tour, while the wreck boss stood gazing at the pile of wreckage before him as though it was one of the seven wonders of the world.

Ron stepped up to him and asked what he could do to assist him, and was told to go and sit down until he could find a key to the puzzle before him, as he could not move the whole of it at once.

Ron gave him a look that was equal to straightening a crooked link over his head but did as he was told, sitting down on a piece of broken wheel, with his elbows on his knees and his head between his hands, silenced.

And there he sat until the superintendent came back. Thinking he would have something to say to us, I got down off the engine and went up to Ron just as the superintendent came up and made this inquiry: "You were running about eighteen miles an hour, were you?" Ron told him he thought we were. He gave us a hard look, then wanted to know how that flat car got over in that field. We looked in the direction he indicated by pointing his finger, and to our great surprise there we saw a flat car, minus trucks, sitting in the

snow as though it had dropped down from the heavens above.

Ron stood staring at the car, apparently having nothing to say, so I ventured to reply by telling him the ground was frozen hard and covered with ice and snow, consequently the car could have slipped over there very easily. He shifted his eyes from my companion to me so quickly it staggered me: then said he could see no signs where it slipped. "It ought to leave some mark!" That shut me up like an oyster, and I felt like one—a bad one, too. But dear old Ron came to the rescue by saying, "Why, certainly it left marks, but it was snowing when we left, and they were covered during the night."

Of all the facial expressions I ever saw, the superintendent's beat them all,—first surprise, then madness; and disgusted with us he turned on his heels and walked away, saying to himself, "Snowing! funny there's no snow on the car."

Strange as it may seem, these were the last words we ever heard about it. They made a new tank for the 119. I took her out with the same crew and made the time every day never exceeding *eighteen* miles an hour.

RAM ROD.

The Railroad.

Dedicated to the Railroads of Mattoon, Illinois.

Of all the mighty levers
That are lifting up the world,
With the Bible, church and schoolhouse
As their banners are unfurled,
Stands the noble railway system
Binding state to state as one,
With their telegraphic messengers
To urge the engines on.

How the travel route is shortened
Between the East and West,
What a palace home is given
Where the weary one may rest;
How by night or day we're gliding
As free from all alarm,
As in our buggies riding
Or working on the farm.

We remember—in the olden time—
How travelers used to toil
By stage upon the corduroy,
And how the mud would boil;
Phrenology has never found
The bumps that we found there,
Although full many a time we sat
In a reclining chair.

Sometimes 'twas wading through the mud,
Or walking up the hill;
Sometimes between those beechen logs
Adown would go a wheel;
Then men, yes, women, too, get out,
The men folks get a rail,
Then: "All together!" with a shout,
The strong arm would prevail.

'Twas then load up, each in their seat,
And jog on for awhile;
Then down again, the thing repeat,
And so for many a mile.
The fare was paid for just the same,
The meal—we understood—
Was surest when 'twas brought from home,
If not, do best we could.

The prairie schooners went this way
When times were at their best,
And households traveled many a day
In settling up the West,
To find on Western soil a home
And with the country grow;
They faltered not because of toil,
They had the will to go.

Had you, then, spoke of the engine
Running over hill and plain,
At a speed of fifty miles an hour,
With twenty cars in train;
Of dining cars and palace cars,
Of resting in a bed—
Yet speeding on, both night and day,
Without a thought of dread,

Folks would have thought that you was wild,
No such thing could be done;
But genius, wealth and industry,
United, stood as one.
They joined their hands together,
They labored with one aim,
And the fruit of their endeavor
Is the modern railroad train.

We are reaping from their sowing;
It was for us they lived;
They fought on Science battlefield,
And we from them received
The victories of their sacrifice,
The crown their valor won;
'Tis good to be a hero's child—
To be a chieftain's son.

'Tis better if we're of that cast
That dares to do and be,
And live for other people's good
In this land of the free;
To carry on work well begun
To make our nation great,
And what is noble 'neath the sun
That thing to emulate.

So when in passing to and fro,
As on the cars we ride,
So smoothly that the very wheels
Seem on the track to slide,
Let us think of the dispatcher
As o'er the road he looks
To watch each train and every stop,
And writes it in a book.

Please watch the operator,
With his signals, green and red,
As he speaks to the conductor
As to what dispatcher said.
Note the engineer, who's watching,
As he listens for the word
Of his true yoke-fellow shouting
To the people, "All aboard!"

Ah, but sometimes 'tis a signal
You must turn upon the switch—
The fast mail now is coming,
All ready, now be quick.
And that engine seems as gentle
As a kitten in its play,
And the fast mail train goes flying
Like a meteor on its way.

Why was there no collision?
Why was there not a wreck?
Why hold the operator
In such confident respect?
From president to office boy,
Roadmaster down to flag,
There's a thought for others' welfare,
Of the comforts to be had.

The safety of the passengers,
The safety of the men,
The safety of the railroad's name,
The safety of the train,
The safety of the rolling stock,
The safety of the road,
So finance, business, character
Make up their heavy load.

Of constant watch care o'er the line,
Each station, bridge or grade,
Each engine, car, in each supply,
Inspection must be made;
In shop, material in store,
Skilled labor by skilled men,
From making engine, track or car
To the running of a train.

A steady mind, a level head,
Must every day appear.
Intemperance has here no place,
No room for drunkards here.
Life is too sacred, in finance;
Too sacred in the home
To have a thought of accident
To those on journey gone.

The picnic trains are all the go,
No thought of care or harm,
We fill our baskets, step on board
Without the least alarm.
We spend the day with joyous friends,
And home again at night,
And plan for future gatherings
By rail, to heart's delight.

But do we ever think of those,
Who have so much in charge,
And hold—as in their very hands—
The traveling world at large.
Who night and day, in storm, in sun,
In winter's piercing cold,
Or summer's heat, our life, our joy,
They really seem to hold.

How many thanks are due to those
Known as our railroad men,
Through whom so many comforts flow,
In the running of the trains;
That binds our many states as one,
Though spread from shore to shore,
And bring the markets of the world
And lay them at our door.

To take the produce we can spare
To markets near and far;
What should we do, East, West, North, South,
Without the railroad car?
Without our transportation lines,
Without the fast express,
Without the freight train, daily mail,
The train boy and the rest.

O! Thou wondrous combination
Of labor, wealth and skill,
That tunnels through the mountains
And bridge the streams at will;
That opens up the country,
Increasing ever store,
We gladly own thy mighty work
Above the days of yore.

So of all the mighty wonders
As a nation we have shown,
Enrolled among the mightiest
The railroad stands as one.
With telegraph and telephone,
With phonograph to hold,
And electric lights to cheer us on,
New wonders to behold.

God bless the people of our land,
And may we grow to be
The grandest nation of the earth,
The soul of liberty;

May science, labor, wealth, unite,
High honors to attain,
With glory in the highest,
Peace on earth, good-will to men.

REV. G. D. KENT,
Chaplain I. O. O. F. Old Folks' Home, Mat-
toon, Ill.
Courtesy of Bro. Wm. Bosley, a member of
Div. 37.

Foretold By a Dream.

WINONA, MINN., May 3, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: During the spring and summer of 1896 I was placing a stationary engine in a sawmill in Alabama. Being obliged to remain there until fall, and being in a small town where there was nothing but a small general store, a turpentine still and the mill being built in which I was setting up the engine, I had my wife come down to keep me company. I also had a nephew with me as helper.

Some time in July, I think it was, my wife woke me up between 12 and 1 o'clock at night and asked if I was sick, saying I had been making things lively for her for several minutes. I was wet with perspiration and felt very much exhausted, but told her I felt well and went to sleep again. Next morning at breakfast I told her and my nephew my dream, which was as follows:

I thought I was in St. Augustine, Fla., in company with the General Roadmaster of the East Coast Line. In an instant I was transferred to the depot platform at Elroy, Wis., and was waiting for a train to come in. I had worked on the C. & N. W., and knew the Elroy yard as well as I know my own dooryard. The train I was expecting would come from the north. I walked leisurely back and forth on the platform, looking up the track occasionally to see if the expected train was in sight. All at once I noticed a freight car that had run out of the siding and was standing in such a position that the expected train would certainly strike it unless it were flagged in time to stop. At the same time I saw the smokestack of the engine and the tops of the coaches over the box car, but could not see the cab, and could not get a signal to the engineer. I sprang from the platform and ran as fast as I could in order to get out to one side far enough to enable the engi-

neer to see my signal. The engine was getting very close to the car, and I was straining every nerve to accomplish my purpose when my wife woke me up.

After telling my dream I thought no more about it. Two or three days after I stepped into the store, and picking up a New Orleans paper, the first thing that attracted my attention was the heading of a short article which read, "Wreck on the northwestern road. Passenger train runs into a freight car standing on main track. Engine derailed and turned over. Engineer G. W. Young injured; also lady passenger probably fatally injured." I knew the fireman, and Brother Young was one of my particular friends. I borrowed the paper, took it to our boarding house, and pointing to the article asked my wife to read it. I immediately wrote Brother Young, telling him of my dream; also telling him what track the car ran out of, the position it stood in, how he struck it; the time to a minute, and all about it. He had his right hand quite badly injured, and at the time he received my letter could not write, but his daughter wrote as he dictated, saying I had described the whole affair as it occurred, time and everything.

I am not superstitious, and never believed in dreams, but I must say such things are very strange to say the least. All the parties interested are living and every word I have stated can be verified.

P. A. MOREHOUS.

Influence of a Dream.

EDITOR JOURNAL: There comes a time during the life of most everyone when something happens to leave a lasting impression on the mind. I will relate a dream that I am happy to say seemed so real at the time that after waking up and assuring myself that it was really imaginary I thanked my stars for my deliverance. A dream, I suppose, is an aerial flight of the soul for the time being. It ran about like this:

I got the appointment as roundhouse foreman on a Western trunk line, through a pull with a friend of mine. Of course, I desired to make a showing. I kept a close

tab on the engineers and firemen, and when, in my opinion, they slighted any little detail in their work, I at once notified my superior officer, and embodied such remarks in my reports as my judgment would dictate; always, of course, to the detriment of the men. My! but how big I did feel as I strutted around the shop. The men, of course, did not know that I ever said a word that in the least injured them. I always listened to their stories and shook hands with them, and appeared very pleasant, so it was not very long until I was appointed master mechanic. Well, sir, I thought my first act was to buy myself a new hat, and it was several sizes larger than any I had ever worn. I thought I had just eaten a very hearty meal and felt all puffed up, like a Chicago alderman. Having received the report of an accident on the road, I was turning over in my bewildered mind who should be held responsible. While it is true the switch had been left set wrong by the conductor who had a moment before preceded us and taken the siding, no light on it and just around a sharp curve, the brakeman standing on the ground giving the engineer of the fast approaching train an "all-right" signal with his lantern. The result was a collision. I turned this matter over and over in my brains, and as Nature has provided us with eyes to more readily solve vast problems, I also brought them to bear on the case. But would you believe it, sir, there stood right in front of my vision the image of an engineer. I could not see past him, try as I would. I tried to see where the blame belonged on someone else, but he was so close in front of me that he looked as big as a mountain. I could see nothing else. Oh! cruel Fate, why didst thou thus afflict me? Now, to make myself appear as a severe dispenser of discipline, I, of course, caused him to resign. On reaching my home that evening I discovered in my mail a copy of the *ENGINEERS' JOURNAL*, and the first article that greeted my eyes on opening it was about the Brown system of discipline. After reading the article, I began to think how I had deprived not only this man but his family of their means of living; of how

like circumstances affected my own father, with his large family, when I was but a mere boy, and the many privations we were compelled to endure; how my father had counseled me time and again to give ear to the man holding a humble position, lest I should do him an irreparable injury by some hasty word or act—

It was the alarm clock. Was I really awake at last? Well, sir, this dream has left a lasting impression on my mind.

MR.

The Spook Engine—A Tale of a Single Track Road.

BY F. C. LAURENT.

Hank Bowen sat in his kitchen reading the evening paper when the caller announced that his train was due in half an hour. Laying down the paper, Hank put on his overalls and started for the bunk room, where the railroad men were accustomed to wait for their trains.

There were about a half a dozen men gathered about the stove, which was situated in the center of the room, as Hank entered. Drawing a chair close to the fire, he sat down to listen to what the men were discussing.

"Well," said Buck Browning, Hank's fireman, "I don't believe one single thing that I have heard concerning this spook engine. It's all bosh."

"But I seen it myself," returned Bill Highland, who had just returned from his trip, and was stopping to chat with the other railroad men. "I seen it myself," continued Bill, "and I would take my oath that I saw it at Brown's siding when I went down on this trip."

Brown's Siding was a branch track where the superintendent's private car was left when the superintendent was inspecting that part of the road.

No one could convince Buck Browning that there was a spook engine on the road.

A long blast from the whistle of the mail fell upon the ears of the men, and Hank Bowen and Buck Browning arose, and taking their grub boxes left the bunk room to relieve the tired and worn-out crew on the incoming train. The mail consisted

of three mail cars with a passenger coach in the rear. Hank boarded the engine followed by Buck.

"Say Hank," asked the fireman, "do you believe that story about the spook engine?"

"Well, Buck," returned Hank, "To tell the truth, I don't know what to think about it. If there is one, I would like to see it myself."

"Well," said Buck, "we'll keep our eyes open at Brown's Siding, and maybe we will see something, if there is anything to be seen."

"All aboard," shouted the conductor, and Buck gave a couple of jirks at the bell cord while Hank pulled open the throttle and number 27 was soon under way.

Not a word passed between the two men. Brown's Siding was about a mile distant. Hank looked over across the boiler at his fireman. Buck Browning's body was leaning far out of the window, and he was gazing far ahead with intense interest. Nearer and nearer No. 27 approached Brown's Siding. Both men were looking earnestly ahead now.

Suddenly, as they rounded the curve at the siding, there appeared an engine approaching the mail.

"Good, God!" exclaimed Buck, and Hank looked toward the fireman just in time to see him jump from the engine.

A brave engineer never deserts his post, and number 27's whistle blew down brakes, for trains on the M. and M. were not equipped with air brakes as they are on the New York Central and other well known roads.

But the expected crash did not come. It must have been the spook engine. Hank Bowen no longer doubted the story which he had heard from Bill Highland at the bunk room.

The train stopped and the conductor came running forward to see what was the matter. In a few words the engineer explained the cause of the stopping and then the train backed up to where Buck had leaped from the engine.

There he lay unconscious. It took nearly ten minutes for Hank and the conductor to bring him to.

Buck opened his eyes. "Many killed?" were his first words; and then looking at the unharmed train, exclaimed: "It must have been the spook engine."

Hank and his fireman again boarded the locomotive. The train stood in the same place as it did when the men saw the spook engine. Buck mounted his high seat, and was about to ring the bell before Hank pulled the throttle open, when an exclamation fell from his lips: "If that ain't that infernal spook engine again!" Yes, there it stood not twenty feet in front of them.

"I'm going back and tell the other men," said Buck, and he left the engine. Meanwhile Hank looked steady at the spook engine, and had Buck been there, he might have seen a smile pass across the face of the engineer.

Buck returned with the conductor and brakeman. All looked at the mysterious engine before them.

"I'll give it up," exclaimed Buck, and the conductor and brakeman did likewise.

"Well, you might as well give it up, too, Hank," remarked the fireman.

"Hardly," returned Hank. "Let me ask you a few questions, Buck."

"All right; go ahead."

"What did you do just before we pulled out of Weston?"

Buck thought a few moments, and then replied: "Well, if I remember correctly, I shone up the number on the front of the engine—it needed it bad enough; but what's that got to do with that infernal engine there facing us?"

"Just one more question. What is the number of the spook engine?"

"The number looks as if it was hind side before," returned Buck.

"Read it hind side before, then."

"No. 27, by thunder! Same number as our own engine, Hank. Shines as good, too. Oh! I see through it now." And the conductor had just caught on also.

The explanation was simple. The superintendent's private car stood there on the siding. This car was highly finished, and in the rear, the door, instead of being in the middle, as generally placed, was on one side, the remaining space being occupied by an enormous window, while just inside stood a large mirror, nearly the size of the window.

"Well," said Hank, "you see that the spook engine is nothing but the reflection of our engine, as the headlight shines on the mirror in the superintendent's car."

The mystery had been solved.

Number 27 started up again, and at the end of the trip it was a big story that Buck Browning had to tell.

NOTE.—The reflection of Number 27 in the mir-

ror of the superintendent's car is not the imagination of the author, but is taken from an event which actually happened.

Appreciation.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Sometimes after reading different articles and discussions of numerous subjects published in the JOURNAL, I feel tempted to say my little say, but as I am not "up" in literary work and others with ideas so much more brilliant contribute to its pages, I have continued to feast without donating one morsel.

Since reading the letter from W. E. Wrye, of Brookwood, Ala., I must tell you Mr. Editor that I think your editorials are fine—in fact could not be bettered. Your article pertaining to labor and strikes at the time of the street railroad strike in Cleveland, in 1899, was instructive, broad-minded and just; your remarks on Queen Victoria after her death—a complete sketch of her life told in a very few words.

Who could object to dear little baby Monroe with its sweet innocent face? I think the form is mostly papa's. I love that baby without ever having seen it. And can you not find room for the twins spoken of in the letter I referred to?

I was a girl myself once upon a time, and though not altogether a woman's rights advocate I shall look for that pair of baby girls in the June magazine. I have met a goodly number of locomotive engineers in my day and I positively know that they all liked girls.

Very truly,
JULIA WOOD RATEBUN.

Railroad Employees' Home.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., May 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Following is the statement of receipts for the Home for the month of April, 1901:

No.	FROM B. OF L. E. DIVISIONS.	Am't.
24.....		\$ 10 00
117.....		5 00
255.....		5 50
265.....		3 00
336.....		3 00
355.....		12 00
Total.....		\$ 38 50

SUMMARY.

B. of L. E. Divisions.....	\$ 38 50
O. R. C. Divisions.....	83 00
B. of R. T. Lodges.....	57 44
B. of L. F. Lodges.....	20 00
L. A. to B. of R. T. Lodges.....	13 00
Miscellaneous—Ball given by Lodge 58, B. of R. T., and Lodge 175, L. A. T.....	20 00
Grand total.....	\$231 94

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Mrs. A. Jones, choice reading matter and a comfortable.

Mrs. Dr. Conger, choice reading matter.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. T. B. WATSON, Sec. & Treas.

Ladies' Department.

Communications for publication must be written on one side of the paper. Noms de plume are always permissible, but to receive consideration must be signed by the full name and address of the author, and addressed to the Editress, MRS. M. E. CASSELL, 922 Dennison Av., Columbus, Ohio, not later than the 8th of the month.

The Editress reserves the right to revise, reject or use matter sent in, governed entirely on its merits.

June.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,

And over it softly her warm ear lays;

Whether we look or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

Every clod feels a stir of might,—

An instinct within that reaches the towers,

And grasping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

Now is the high tide of the year,

And whatever of life hath ebbed away,

Comes floating back with a ripply cheer

Into every inlet, and creek, and bay:

Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;

We are happy now because God so wills it:

No matter how barren the past may have been,

'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;

We sit in the warm shade and feel right well;

How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell!

We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help know-
ing

That skies are blue and grass is growing.

—*Sunshine at Home.*

To the Land of Roses.

The good Sisters of Divisions in the far West, and especially in California, had often urged me to take a trip in that direction, so one bright day in March I left my home in Ohio and turned my face toward the setting sun.

My first stop was in the great city of Chicago, where our Grand President resides. Learning that our Insurance officers and trustees were there, and also Sister St. Clair, I decided to stop over a few days. Sister Murdock met me and extended to me the hospitality of her home. While in Chicago, I had the pleasure of attending Divs. 96 and 1 during their inspection. Sisters from Div. 7, Garrett, Ind., were present also, and it was a pleasure to meet them. I expect a report

will be sent in about these inspections, so will not dwell upon them.

My next stop was at Fort Madison, Ia., where I was entertained by Sister Gumore at her cosy home. I attended their meeting, at which they installed their officers. The ceremony was nicely done, and if the rest of the ritual work is as well done this Division will stand a good inspection. That same evening a banquet was held at the home of Brother and Sister Dawson, where quite a number of Sisters and their husbands greeted me. A musical program was given by the young ladies, showing the taste and cultivation of the young people belonging to engineers' families. At Ft. Madison I found the Division composed of good, bright women.

Kansas City was my next stop, where I remained over Sunday. Many Sisters of near-by Divisions called on me, and a reception was tendered by Div. 150 at the home of Sister Monroe, where we spent a pleasant afternoon. From here I went home with Sister Hake, who resides in Argentine, on a beautiful hillside, where a fine view is to be had of cities and river. That same evening a banquet was given in their hall by Div. 152. As we entered the room, a table the full length of the room laden with good things met our view. After a short program, Sister Finn, President of Div. 152, in most beautiful words of praise and encouragement, presented me with a lovely bouquet of pink and white roses, which was appreciated, I assure you.

Monday, March 25, found me in Topeka, in the comfortable home of Brother and Sister Jack Kelley, where a reception was given in the afternoon. In the evening a banquet was held at the home of Brother and Sister Amos Beeler. Many Brothers and Sisters were in attendance. This was also the occasion of the fifteenth wedding anniversary of this amiable couple. The G. I. A. ladies wished to present them with a fine punch bowl and glasses, and asked me to be spokesman for them. In making the presentation, I told them that I thought when I struck Kansas punch bowls would not be in evidence, but supposed this one was for fruit punch. In

response, Sister Beeler thanked the ladies, saying she thought this party was in honor of the Grand Vice-President, and she was, therefore, surprised at the gift. Whereupon the Grand Vice-President said: "Never mind, Sister Beeler, in honoring you they honor me." I have ever had a warm liking for the Sisters of Kansas, and these visits there have but strengthened the feeling I have for them.

The next Division that greeted me was at Raton, N. M. I arrived there upon

shown the first semblance of a real Mexican village that I had ever seen. It is a certain portion of the town called "Chiwawa." In Raton I found all kinds of adobe houses, from the most primitive hut of the Mexican to a most beautiful modern home. It was interesting to me, as I thought only huts were made of adobe. When I saw lovely cottages, and even elegant houses, made from this same mud, I conceived the idea of reproducing the pictures of them in connection with this



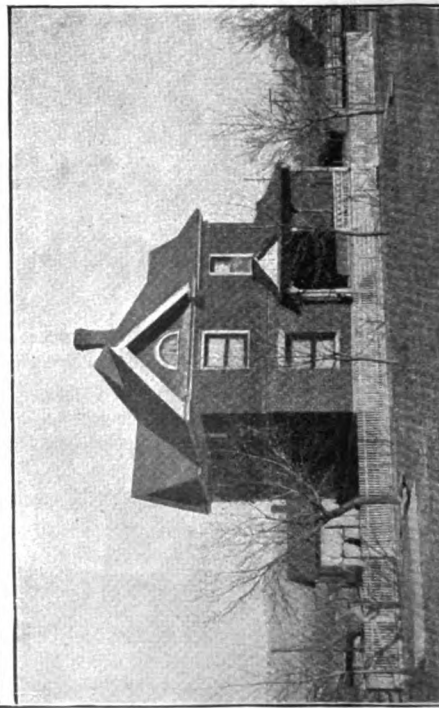
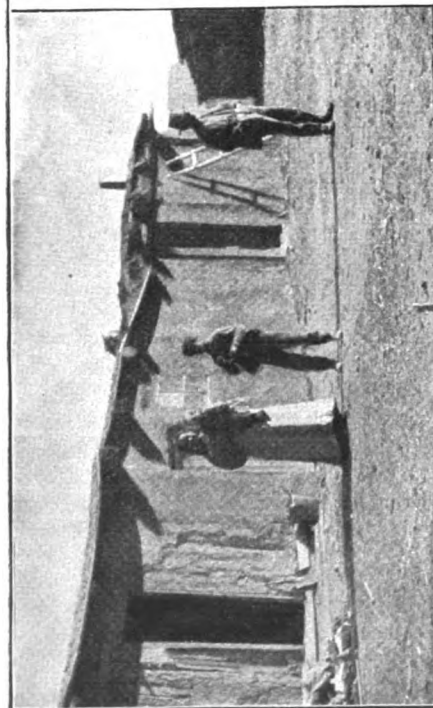
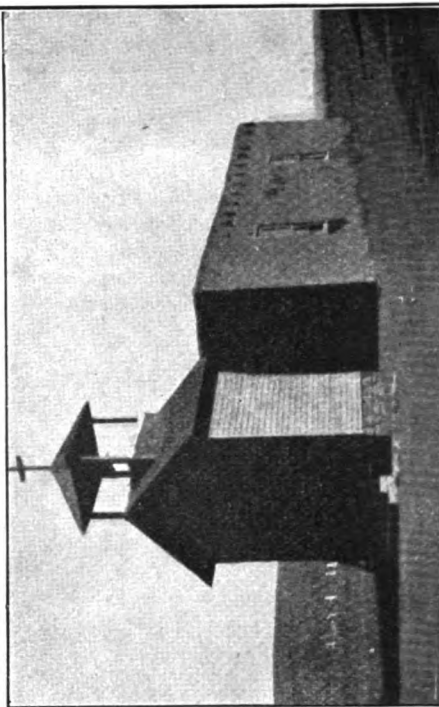
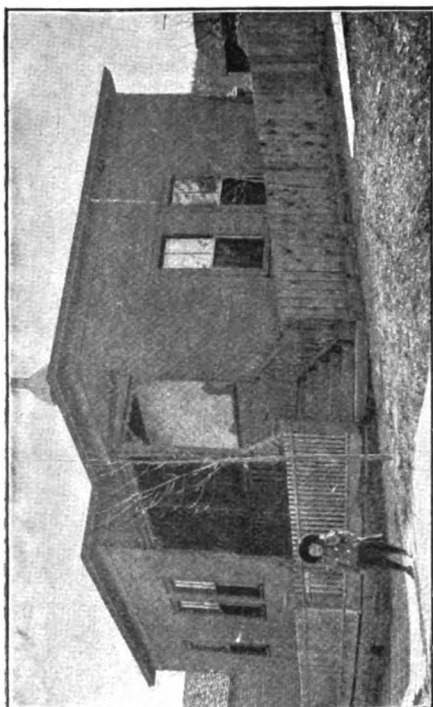
A MEXICAN MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION.

their regular meeting day. The train was many hours late, but the good Sisters waited for me. Brother and Sister Boomer met me, and I was taken to the hall, where a short Division meeting was held, after which all repaired to the banquet hall, where we did justice to the splendid collation. This Division is a fine one, in excellent condition, and composed of fine-looking, bright ladies, of which Sister Bormer is a good sample. Raton is in a valley surrounded by mountains, and I was here

article. Sister Boomer being an expert with the camera kindly sent me the pictures.

My entire trip through New Mexico and Arizona was full of interest to me, the country here being so entirely different from any that I had ever visited.

At Las Vegas, Sister Bushey tendered the hospitality of her home. I found her a bright little lady, and my stop here was made pleasant by her happy, genial manner. The Division at this place is small,



A VARIETY OF ADOBE BUILDINGS SEEN IN NEW MEXICO — THE THREE BUILDINGS AT RATON — THE CHURCH AT ALBUQUERQUE.

but good. I had the pleasure of meeting with them in the evening at Brother and Sister Seelinger's, where a delightful time was spent. Sister J. H. Lowe added greatly to my enjoyment by taking me to drive through the old part of the town, where again I saw the the Mexican life portrayed.

At Albuquerque I was greeted by Sister Fenner, who was delegate to Milwaukee. Her home was also mine during my short stay in Albuquerque. This Division held a social meeting in their beautiful hall, where refreshments were served and talks of interest about our order were given. Here, as in the two previous towns, I was taken to the old part of the town, where I again saw typical Mexican life. Here was shown me an old adobe church, said to be 300 years old.

Between Raton and Las Vegas, out on the desert, from the car window I saw a strange procession of Mexican men and women. It was headed by a half-dozen girls in white, followed by men bearing a huge cross, the others walking two by two, all forming a long line. They were kneeling, and at times lying prone upon the ground. I was told they were going out to perform a Mexican religious rite called the "Penetentas," which they always do on Good Friday. In this number this performance is described in an article by Sister Boomer, which I am sure all will enjoy reading.

I will continue my trip in the next issue.

MARY E. CASSELL.

The Penetentas.

On reading the article on Oberammergau and the editorial on Easter, with its invitation to contribute our mite towards the JOURNAL by articles on customs and modes of living of different countries, it occurred to me that the "Penetentas" of New Mexico might be of interest to our readers.

It is brought more forcibly to mind this beautiful Easter day, since it ends for another year that custom of self-torture, the horrors of which cannot be realized except by those who have witnessed some parts of it.

This custom belongs exclusively to the Mexican population, and the intrusion of the white people, prompted wholly by curiosity, is openly resented by the Mexican.

The "Penetentas" or Penitents, are composed principally of the men of the settlement, the women taking a minor part in the ceremonies. It is practiced only during the Lenten season, and during the forty days they devote most of their time to self-torture.

One can hardly believe in this enlightened day and age that so barbarous a custom prevails, with no signs of it dying out.

Their modes of torture are many; a few I will briefly describe.

One is to gather cactus and soap weed and put them into a sack or bag. They bare the back and taking a knife they cut the skin in many places so the blood will flow freely as they scourge themselves by throwing this sack of cactus and soap weed first over one shoulder and then the other. Again the cactus or soap weed are twisted or braided in ropes and used in like manner.

It is said they walk with their bare feet and crawl on bared knees and hands over sharp pointed rocks, every possible means of torture seeming to be used.

As Good Friday approaches the whippings increase, and on that day it never ceases. Some fall from exhaustion; others dying as they fall.

The women walk on their knees, and when they come to a prostrate form they step on them instead of over.

The men bend under the heavy crosses they carry or drag. These crosses are intended to represent in size and weight the one on which our Savior died. In certain parts of their ceremony the crosses are used and should one die during Good Friday his body is nailed to the cross that night.

They pass from house to house chanting a dirge-like song. In these homes are rude altars, with pictures showing the crucifixion, resurrection and ascension. The whippings continue, and the walls are bespattered with the blood of the Penetentas. There is always one selected to be

crucified, and each one strives to be the favored one. They proceed to crucify him in the same manner Christ was crucified except, if he is alive he is tied instead of being nailed to the cross; not because they are not willing, but the authorities will not allow it to be done.

Centuries have elapsed since that dread day on Calvary, when Christ suffered and died for us, yet in our midst is the poor, ignorant Mexican who believes that only by self-inflicted torture and practice of this barbarous custom can he be saved.

It is to be hoped that the good work done by the mission churches and schools in these localities will have the desired effect on the rising generation by obliterating this horrible custom.

MRS. JENNIE E. BOOMER.

Raton, New Mex.

Dan's Wife.

Up in early morning light,
Sweeping, dusting, setting right,
Oiling all the household springs,
Sewing buttons, tying strings,
Telling Bridget what to do,
Mending rips in Johnny's shoe,
Running up and down the stair,
Tying baby in his chair,
Cutting meat and spreading bread,
Dishing out so much per head,
Eating as she can, by chance,
Giving husband kindly glance,
Toiling, working, busy life—
Smart woman,

Dan's wife.

Dan comes home at fall of night,
Home so cheerful, neat and bright,
Children meet him at the door,
Pull him in and look him o'er,
Wife asks how the work has gone,
"Busy times with us at home!"
Supper done, Dan reads at ease,
None to worry or to tease,
Children must be put to bed,
And the little prayers are said,
Little shoes are placed in rows,
Bedclothes tucked o'er little toes—
Tired woman,

Dan's wife.

Dan reads on and falls asleep,
See the woman softly creep,
Baby rests at last, poor dear,
Not a word her heart to cheer,
Mending basket full to top,
Stockings, shirt and little frock,
Tired eyes and weary brain,
Side with darting, ugly pain.

"Never mind, 'twill pass away."
She must work but never play.
Closed piano, unused books,
Done the walk to cosy nooks.
Brightness faded out of life—
Saddened woman,
Dan's wife.

Up-stairs, tossing to and fro,
Fever holds the woman low.
Children wander, free to play,
When and where they will today.
Bridget loiters, dinner's cold,
Dan looks anxious, cross and old.
Household screws are out of place,
Lacking one dear, patient face,
Steady hands, so weak, but true—
Hands that knew just what to do,
Never knowing rest or play,
Folded now and laid away,
Work of six in one short life—
Shattered woman,

Dan's wife.

KATE TENNANT WOODS.

June Bugs.

A strong will is firmness, a strong won't is obstinacy.

Wigs, according to the language of flowers, must be lie-locks.

A man should have a pound of common sense to each ounce of learning.

The man who lacks faith in his ability seldom accomplishes anything.

There are three sources of knowledge—experience, conversation and reading.

Idleness is the mother of crime.

Success belongs to him who dares win it.

In practical every-day life tact towers far above talent.

Life is full of golden chances, but only wisdom sees them and only labor reaps their harvest.

Another New Division.

On the ninth of April Twentieth Century Division, 252, was organized at Decatur, Ill. Their charter membership was twenty. The day was spent in organizing and exemplifying the work. Eighteen members were present from Helping Hand Div., 86, Clinton, and four Sisters were present also from Lake Div., 165, Chicago, one Sister was there from Prairie City Div., 29, and one from Victoria Div., 55. Sister Tracy acted as Marshal, Sister Filbert as Secretary, and Sister Sheridan as Chaplain, with other members assisting in exemplifying the work. The officers of Div. 252 seemed to be of good selection, and showed con-

siderable interest in the work. They were all new members with the exception of the Vice-President, Sister Farmer, who withdrew from Excelsior Div., 14, to organize in Decatur. I wish to compliment the two Marshals; they never made one mistake in the work of initiation and only saw it given once. They were perfect. The Decatur Sisters certainly entertained the visitors in a royal manner, served a lunch at noon in their hall, and at 5:30 chartered a street car and took us to Grieder's restaurant, where a fine supper was waiting for us. At 7 o'clock secret work was again taken up for a little while until the Brothers began to think they were not going to be admitted, so we closed our meeting and passed to the social part and another feast, consisting of ice-cream and cake. We feel sure when we meet these Sisters again they will have made good progress in their work.

Div. 155, B. of L. E., showed their loyalty in the new movement by presenting the Sisters with a beautiful leather-bound Bible and record book. The presentation speech was made by Bro. E. J. Wilkins in a very pleasing manner. It was responded to by the newly-elected President, Sister Grace Schmugge, thanking the Brothers very kindly in behalf of Div. 252 and feeling proud to receive their token of encouragement. We trust they will be an honor to Div. 155, and may harmony exist between the two Divisions. Div. 86 joins in thanking the Sisters of Div. 252 for the enjoyable time we had in their city and hope to be able to return the favor some time in the near future.

ELLA ROBINSON.

Inspection.

On February 8th and 9th I visited Div. 88, at Albany, and Div. 198, at Schenectady, N. Y., for the purpose of inspecting their work. These being small Divisions it is hard for them to do the ritual work, but they have some wide-awake Sisters and I expect when I visit them next time to find an increased interest. Sister Jones, of Div. 88, made my stay very pleasant by inviting me to her pleasant home, which I enjoyed very much indeed. On February 28 I went to Concord, N. H., to inspect Div. 49. They have a fine Division and do very fine work. They held an all day session; dinner was served at the hall. A number of visitors were present and the Sisters of Div. 49 showed themselves up-to-date in the art of entertaining. All seemed to have had a very pleasant day.

March 20 found me on another tour of inspection. This time my duties took me to New York and New Jersey, where I had six Divisions to visit. To give the details

of my visits to each of these Divisions separately would take too much space. Enough to say that I received a cordial welcome at each Division that I visited. The many courtesies extended to me and the pleasant hours I spent with the good Sisters will long be remembered by me. I had the pleasant company of Sister Tucker, of Div. 244, at all the places I visited, and her home was mine while there. I wish to commend Div. 153 for the beautiful work they did at their public installation which it was my pleasure to attend. They did the work in a very creditable manner and certainly deserve praise for their efforts. Here I had the pleasure of meeting the Brothers and children, which I enjoyed very much.

And now one word of praise for Div. 244 as it is one of the younger Divisions. They have a fine Division and do more than average good work. Their standing shows that they have done some hard work in the short time they have been organized.

With best wishes for all,

F. L. GETCHELL, Div. 99.

HAVING been appointed to inspect several Divisions, I started out to do the work. Div. 14, at Springfield, Ill., was my first stopping place. On March 6 we met for an all-day session. This was their annual election time, and all work was well done. At the close of the meeting I was given a most beautiful bouquet of pinks, which was greatly appreciated. Sister Skeevers entertained the Sisters at dinner, and the newly-elected President invited the Sisters and their husbands to her home in the evening, where we spent a social time together. Refreshments were served, and at a late hour I returned home to prepare for the next Division on my list, which was at Bloomington, Ill.

Here I found the Sisters ready for work on March 7. Sister Webster kindly entertained me during my stay. A large number of the Sisters greeted me upon my entrance to the hall. Sisters were present from Divs. 86 and 128. The ritual work was well done by Div. 55, which is a large and good Division. Sister Spreen, President of this Division, presented the officers' drill at the Milwaukee Convention, which was adopted. At the close of the meeting the President surprised the Inspector by giving her a lovely fruit dish in behalf of the Division. In the evening the spacious house of the President was thrown open to us, and many came out to enjoy her hospitality. Games and cards were indulged in and a bountiful collation served.

March 13 found me in Peoria, where I was met by Sister Orr, who came through rain and snow to greet me upon my arrival. Div. 10 is in a flourishing condition. All

the officers of the past year were re-elected. The Treasurer of this Division has held the office for thirteen years. In the evening we went to a card party given by the W. R. C. Sister Orr won the prize, which was a very pretty watermelon plate. She, in her usually generous manner, then presented the prize to the Inspector. The next morning I left for Clinton.

March 27 I was in Murphysboro, at the home of Sister Naylor, President of Div. 160. I must give great credit to this little Division. It has only nine members in town, and, of course, all are officers. As far as it could be done with this number, the ritual work was well done. In the evening, such a banquet as these faithful few did serve! Their husbands were all out with one exception. They are a jolly crowd and like to have a good time.

My last Division to inspect was at Centralia. Sister Hartman, President of Div. 91, was the first to meet me. This Division numbers 51 members, the largest one on my list. In the evening a public installation was given, which was perfectly done according to the form in the drill book as given by Div. 1. We then had speeches from the Brothers, music by the daughters, and songs by Bro. David Ryan. Later, a banquet was served to about one hundred persons. Next day the ritual work was exemplified in a fine manner, proving that this Division takes pride in its work and practices to make perfect. A solid-silver teaspoon, on which was engraved the Division number and date, was presented to me, also a bouquet of white pinks, which were appreciated.

This ended my work as Inspector for the year. The many courtesies I received made the work very pleasant, and I shall not soon forget the many kind Sisters who are working for the good of the order.

ELLA ROBINSON.

GOLDEN CHAIN Div., 227, was inspected March 21, by Sister C. W. Goodwin, of Sedalia, Mo., who arrived here on the evening of the 20th. As our Division is a small one and as the Sisters are all of them very bashful we awaited Sister Goodwin's arrival in fear and trembling, but our dear President, Sister Wood, did not let us forget our debt of courtesy, so we arranged to hold a reception for Sister Goodwin in the B. of L. E. Hall as our hall was so far up town as to be undesirable for this occasion. An invitation was extended to all B. of L. E. men and their families, and about thirty couples responded in the affirmative. At an early hour Sister Wood's gavel fell and she introduced Sister Goodwin in a few well-chosen words. Sister Goodwin responded with a delightful short talk for the good of the order, which was enjoyed

by all present, after which we had a most delightful musical program, both vocal and instrumental, rendered by the young people belonging to the B. of L. E. families. As the Brothers can boast of some very bright children you may be very sure that the music and singing was something worth listening to. And that is was listened to was proven by the many encores which followed each piece. After the short program was brought to a close the guests broke up into small groups and prepared to discuss the various new soups and sofa pillows. But, ah me, hardly had they got themselves comfortably fixed when a cry rang through the room which effectually scattered all thoughts of soups and sofa pillows. That cry was "Supper is ready." As all present had partaken of our suppers at some previous time the cry did not have to be repeated, but on reaching the supper room we almost held our breath with delight. The tables and ceiling were decorated profusely with the colors of the Division entwined with smilax and sweet alyssum. Lovely carnations graced each plate, and that together with the bright and happy faces and lovely dresses made the picture not soon forgotten. Everyone present did ample justice to the sumptuous viands spread for their benefit. After the banquet was ended a little visiting was indulged in, but as the hour grew late good-nights were exchanged and all retired to their homes saying they had had such a jolly good time, and wishing they could all be Sisters of the G. I. A.

The next afternoon we were called to the Division room by the President and prepared for our inspection. And really, some of the Sisters were so frustrated they forgot their gum. But in spite of our years we passed a very creditable inspection. Sister Goodwin was very kind and patient with us and gave us a good deal of encouragement. She said she could plainly see that we were greatly embarrassed. Of course she did not know that it was our excessive modesty that caused us to wriggle on our chairs and stick our fingers in our mouths whenever she asked us a question. We were delighted with Sister Goodwin and would not mind having her for our inspector next time. Hoping this will not find the waste-basket I will close in F., L. & P.

On the 20th of March I visited Sierra Nevada Div., 48, at Wadsworth, Nev., as its Inspector. I was met at the depot by a number of ladies and taken to the home of Sister Marshall, who entertained me beautifully while I remained in their town. The Division had been apprised some time before of the date of my visit, so it had everything in readiness, having secured

Masonic Hall, which was larger than its own, in which to exemplify their work. It has a membership of twenty, fifteen being present at this meeting. I found the members a bright, busy band of women, who did not work as if they had just "brushed up" for the Inspector, but with a will and understanding which showed careful thought and study of time. Nearly all the officers had the ritual work committed to memory. The Chaplain made her duties particularly impressive by not referring to the ritual at any time. Their floor work was almost perfect. I wish I could take time to mention each Sister individually. As this cannot be done, I will say that I wish every reader of the JOURNAL could meet with Div. 48. Many good lessons could be learned. Peace and harmony certainly abide within their halls. They are as one happy family sharing each other's joys and sorrows, and the wishes and feelings of each are respected. The mettle within them has the true ring to argue success. Their charity work claims first attention. Then everything is done to aid and promote the interest of the B. of L. E. Division. They all are good brotherhood women. After our work was over the social function was not forgotten. In the evening a reception and social was given at the home of Brother and Sister Nolan, who proved themselves right royal entertainers. During the evening, in behalf of Div. 48, the hostess presented your humble servant with an elegant souvenir spoon, which will ever be a reminder of one of the most pleasant occasions in my life. It was with reluctance that I bade these good Sisters and Brothers adieu. Let us hope that the success they merit will be theirs.

MRS. B. LIGHTNER, Org. & Insp.

I WISH to express through the columns of our JOURNAL my appreciation of the hospitality and courtesies shown me by the members of Divs. 86, 4, 19, 29, 16 and 47, and their Divisions of the B. of L. E., during my visits to their cities for the purpose of inspecting the G. I. A. work; also to the members who were present at our meetings, for their interest shown in the work. I was met at each place with a greeting that at once showed to me that we were not only sisters while in the Division hall, but at all times and places.

Generally speaking, the greatest drawback I found in doing the work was lack of numbers to do it prettily. Some Divisions have a small membership, but, comparatively, are equal in interest and effort. Our cause is one cause ahead of us all, and our efforts will all meet with the same reward.

I want to make special mention of Div. 86 and its work, particularly its benevolent

work. No doubt there are many Divisions interested in this same line, but this one came under my personal observation; and while hearing the members relate some of their good deeds, the thought came to me that our duties do not lie in one direction alone, but embrace the five grand principles of our order.

I look forward with interest and pleasure to meeting with these Divisions a year hence, and believe from promises given me that the work will be still better exemplified.

With love, harmony and interest reigning supreme, there can be but one result. May we all be abundantly blessed with each.

MRS. F. SIMMS, Inspector.

Division News.

I WONDER how many of the delegates who attended the Milwaukee Convention will remember the little "Five Spot" of the West. I know that all who do will be interested in knowing that we are progressing finely, and their whisperings of good cheer and kindly encouragement have not been forgotten by their delegate, so we send you kindly greeting, to let you know that we are still going up the hill, but not with the little "Five Spot." Time and perseverance have developed us into a "compound," and we can make the hill, I think, with a "helper." Barr's specials being annulled on May 1st, we hope to make the time by using a little sand. We have a few extras on our new time card, which recently went into effect, such as banquets, socials, picnics, etc., with no seniority ruling. I will give a description of our first run of note, made on March 22, 1901, as it was given in our home paper:

"Mrs. H. M. Dolph, of Joliet, Ill., Grand Organizer and Inspector of the G. I. A. to the B. of L. E., arrived in the city Friday morning to inspect Kate Shelly Division, No. 77, which she inspected Friday afternoon. She expressed herself as being much pleased with the condition of everything pertaining to this Division.

"Saturday afternoon, the members with their families tendered Mrs. Dolph a reception in K. of P. Hall, where a public installation was held, Mrs. Dolph acting as Installing Officer; Mrs. Guy Strong, Marshal; Mrs. D. C. Mac, Chaplain, and Miss Harp presiding at the piano.

"The following officers were installed for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. S. H. Ballou; Vice-President, Mrs. D. C. Mac; Secretary, Mrs. Fred. Frey; Treasurer, Mrs. Warren Davis; Insurance Secretary, Mrs. D. C. Mac; Chaplain, Mrs. R. T. Myres; Guide, Mrs. James Hayes; Sentinel, Mrs. Charles Savage.

"The installation over, we were all invited to the banquet hall, where the tables were loaded to their 'Barr' tonnage with all the substantial and delicacies of the season. To say that each took her share of the load, will give you to understand that there were no 'empties' left at any of the stations on our division.

"Mrs. Mac, in behalf of Kate Shelly Division, presented Mrs. Dolph with two beautiful plates, one bearing the picture of our Indian Schools, the other of the hall in which she installed us. At 6:30 good-byes were said, and all present voted the ladies of Kate Shelly Division delightful entertainers. Mrs. Dolph left last evening for Fort Madison, Ia. While in the city she was the guest of Mrs. D. C. Mac."

The Topeka *State Journal* also had quite a nice little write-up of our "special," which made us feel very proud. To the Sisters whose husbands couldn't join us in our festivities, we gave each the privilege of inviting one other engineer's wife eligible to our order, so that they would become interested and tell others, and we could give them an idea of what our work was. We were sorry not to be able to invite all, but we were too small in number for such an undertaking. However, we expect to give a May picnic, and will invite them, with their families, to join us, and will try to interest them so that they will in a short time become members of our order. We have adopted a new plan to raise some flower money. We take our names alphabetically, and each one in turn makes some article not to exceed 25 cents in value. Then we each pay 5 cents a chance on it,—no member being excused,—and the third name drawn gets the article.

Hoping I have not tired any of my readers, or used too much our valuable space in my first effort, I will close for fear I may also be Barr-ed.

Yours fraternally,
KATE SHELLEY.

THOUGH you have not heard from us in many months, perhaps it would be well to enumerate a few of our social functions held during the past winter. First, we "broke the ice" by giving a Valentine ball, which was held Feb. 14, at Ellis Hall. The attendance was exceedingly large, so much so that some of the oldest members were surprised. The Brothers of Div. 46 and the Sisters of Div. 88 entered heartily in the square dances. I will say right here that the Sisters of Div. 88 would be more than pleased to see more of our Brothers at our entertainments. Brothers, won't you try to please us? It would require such a little effort on your part. Financially, the opening ball was a grand success. April 16th we held our Easter ball, which proved to be as good a success as the one previous.

To afford pleasure and inducement at these festivals prizes were awarded. At the Valentine ball a door prize of money was given, which was captured by a handsome and brilliant Albanian, Miss Wish, who amid unceasing applause stepped forward, accompanied by her gentleman friend as a "bracer," to receive her booty, but I am sorry to say she refused to make a speech, which was the desire of the jovial assemblage. She bowed her thanks in her own inimitable style.

Socials have been held during the winter at the homes of the several Sisters. A very enjoyable occasion was the one held at the beautiful new home of our President, Sister Lock. The spacious

parlors were tastefully decorated with ferns, potted plants, etc. During the evening a short program was rendered in a manner unsurpassed, after which an elaborate collation was served. Brother and Sister Lock proved to be experts as host and hostess.

Another of these socials was held at the home of Sister Jones. The occasion was largely attended and an exceedingly enjoyable time was had by all those present. The forepart of the evening was spent in card playing, followed by a short but tasty program. The vocal selections so kindly and well rendered by Robert Jones were deserving of all the praise given him. A dainty lunch was then served, to which all did justice.

At the installation of the present officers, Past-President Sister Peck presented Sister Lock, our President, with a handsome gavel; also the Secretary, Sister Jones, with a costly fountain pen. They were both accepted with thanks. A vote of thanks was then extended Sister Peck for her kind thoughtfulness.

We are happy to say that the Division, as a result of the gatherings, is in a better financial condition than it has been for some time.

With the desire that I have not taxed our dear Editress or beloved JOURNAL with too lengthy a report, I am the well-wisher of the G. I. A.

Sec., Div. 88.

On Monday, March 25, Manila Div., 244, Brooklyn, N. Y., was inspected by Sister Getchell, President of Boston Div., 99. We had present with us on that occasion delegations of Sisters from Divs. 201, 215 and 234. We were pleased to have our visiting Sisters with us, and as ours is the youngest Division around here we felt honored by their presence. After our inspection was over we felt that when we received our report we would be pleased with it, because our Inspector complimented us on our ritualistic work. We also installed our new officers. Sister Jardin was Marshal of the day. Sister Yorkey, in behalf of the members, presented our retiring President, Sister Grimm, with a silver service. She was also given a Past-President's pin, for which she thanked the members kindly. Sister Van Cleif presented our new President, Sister Wohlfacka, with a handsome bouquet in behalf of our Division, and Sister Rosencrance, our Insurance Secretary, was presented with a recognition pin by Sister Tucker, in behalf of the members, for faithful service rendered since we organized; and to our Inspector, Sister Getchell, whom we all have learned to esteem, was presented by Sister Grimm, with the best wishes from the members, a solid-silver souvenir spoon, with the picture of the Brooklyn Bridge engraved in gold upon the bowl and the name and number of the Division on the handle. She was taken by surprise, and when she recovered the use of her vocabulary she thanked us in a pleasing manner for the remembrance, and said she would always remember her visit to Manila Division. We had present and seated upon the rostrum four Presidents and two Past-Presidents, and all were called upon for remarks. After all had responded

to the invitation refreshments were served, and we had a very social time. We returned to our homes, and the inspection of Manila Division was a thing of the past.

MRS. F. H. TUCKER.

WE would like the readers of the JOURNAL to know that Floyd Valley Div., 166, Sioux City, Ia., is still on earth, and although it is not large it can furnish a good time as well as the larger ones.

April 11, after initiating a candidate, the officers for the ensuing year were installed in the presence of a large party of invited guests. After the installation ceremony, Sister Thompson, who acted as installing officer, was presented with a Past-President's pin, which she acknowledged by a few well chosen words. The company then adjourned to the banquet room, where a dainty lunch was served by the Sisters.

One afternoon the Sisters, carrying well filled baskets, surprised Sister Donaldson, who had been confined to her home by illness for some time. The afternoon was most enjoyably spent, the Sisters returning to their homes wishing Sister Donaldson a speedy recovery.

On May 8 occurred the Division's eighth annual ball, which was largely attended. The Sisters wearing the robes of the Division colors, led the grand march. It is needless to say all enjoyed themselves and went home tired.

SEC., Div. 166.

At a regular meeting of Enterprise Div., 15, Sedalia, Mo., held on the 9th of January, it was decided to celebrate our thirteenth anniversary on Jan. 22, at Hoffman's Hall, on East Third street. From sixteen charter members only eight are with us now, and on account of sickness only two were present, Sister H. Lister and Sister Chaple. We had a literary and musical entertainment, given by the children of the members, which was a very pleasing feature of the evening, especially "The Raggedy Man," by little Joe Wolf, and "The Village Blacksmith," by tiny Sadie Bowser. After an elegant supper dancing was indulged in the rest of the evening, music being furnished by Miss Belle Wills and Master Raymond Boyle, our President's son, with violin and piano accompaniment.

On March 21, Mrs. W. B. Horstman, Grand Organizer and Inspector, came to inspect our Division. She has a very pleasing manner, and made a very good impression on all the Sisters who had the pleasure of meeting her. She was very kind in her corrections when examining us, and the only regret was that she could not be with us longer, as she had made arrangements to return home on the 22nd. A very pleasant reception was given in her honor at Sister Douglas's, and a majority of our Division were present. After a delightful evening spent in social conversation and music we bade Sister Horstman good-bye, wishing her a safe journey home and hoping she will visit us again very soon.

We have been having a series of surprise parties, leaving each member visited a nice present as a souvenir of the occasion, which we all enjoy very much on account of the sociability it fosters.

Taking all together, the past year has been one of prosperity and harmony. Right new members have been added to our number.

Yours in F. L. & P.,

COR. SEC., Div. 15.

UNITY Div., 13, Saginaw, Mich., has just passed a prosperous year, and the members are working together faithfully for the best interests of the Division. They have given several teas at the homes of different members, two ladies furnishing and serving each time. They have also given a number of pedro parties during the year, a lawn social, and have made and are now getting ready for the one who is lucky enough to win it, a handsome autograph quilt. They have been very successful by these different means, and have raised quite a sum of money. January 20th they presented Div. 304, B. of L. E., with a beautiful velvet carpet for their Lodge room, which was accepted with thanks. Thursday, Feb. 28th, the Division was inspected by our organizer and inspector, Mrs. D. R. Briggs, of Detroit. A number of members of Valley City Division were with us during the afternoon, and in the evening a pedro party was given at the home of our President, Mrs. Wm. O'Herron, in honor of Mrs. Briggs. A very pleasant evening was spent. We have added about a dozen Sisters to our number this year, and as they are in all probability very anxious to work you will undoubtedly hear again from Div. 13.

SECRETARY.

THE members of Div. 70, Connellsville, Pa., like to read of the good times other Divisions are having, and we also like to tell of our own good times. On April 4, by invitation, we visited Div. 139, and were taken to the homes of Sisters, where good dinners awaited us. A Division meeting was held in the afternoon, and upon our arrival at the hall we beheld many smiling faces. After the usual routine work the annual installation of officers took place. This Division is a young one, but it is up to date in ritual work, I assure you. An excellent lunch was served. Train time rolled around all too soon and we had to part, hoping soon to meet again. On April 10 we had our own installation, which we all enjoyed. The retiring President did the work. She had served us faithfully for two years, and was presented with a handsome Past-President's pin, which she received in a graceful manner. She urged the Sisters to support the new President as they had supported her. Sister Cunningham, of Glenwood, surprised Div. 70 by presenting us with a lovely altar cloth, which was accepted with thanks. After a few remarks by the incoming President, the new officers served a lunch of cake, fruit and ice-cream. The rest of the time was spent in social chat, and all departed feeling that the occasion would long be remembered.

Div. 70.

On last Easter Sunday, Div. 22, Grand Rapids, Mich., decided to surprise the Brothers of Div. 286. They accordingly went to the hall where the

Brothers were holding forth at a regular meeting. At the close of the session, the doors of the dining room were thrown open and the good men were invited to a lovely spread. They eagerly responded to the invitation and were soon around the table, where mirth and merriment prevailed. The tables were decorated with carnations, and the occasion was one to be remembered. Afterward we repaired to the main room, when Brother Richmond spoke many kind and encouraging words in an address of welcome to the ladies, and he urged all B. of L. E. men's wives to join the Auxillary and help brighten the lives of our railroad men by just such gatherings as these. We were also entertained by the daughters, who gave us selections on the piano and violin, and Master Frank Healey sang for us. All the Brothers present voted this one of the best meetings we have ever held jointly. Div. 22 is in good condition and doing good work.

SILVER STAR.

On March 26, Div. 82, Scranton, Pa., celebrated its tenth anniversary. All who attended enjoyed the excellent musical and literary program, which was prepared by a committee, after which we had the privilege of witnessing the public installation. A good supper was then served, and the time soon came when we were obliged by the lateness of the hour to adjourn. Our next occasion of pleasure was in the nature of a surprise party, which was given in honor of the birthday of our President, Sister Garrigan. On April 4 the Brothers and their wives gathered at her home while she and her husband were attending church, and upon their return they found we had taken possession. Upon recovering from her surprise, Sister Garrigan did her best to be entertaining. Mrs. John Loomis, our Secretary, presented Mrs. Garrigan with a handsome jardiner and fern as a gift from the Division. Refreshments were then served and the guests departed, wishing their hostess many happy returns of the day.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

Div. 182, Freeport, Ill., had a very enjoyable time on March 21, inspection day, Sister Anderson, of Chicago, being our Inspector. Sister H. M. Fisher, of Div. 1, and Sisters Woodward, Printy and Welch, of Div. 218, being visitors. The afternoon was taken up in exemplifying the work of the order, after which Sister Anderson was presented with a souvenir spoon in filagree work as a small token of love and appreciation from Div. 182. In the evening a social was given at the hall to which the husbands and a few friends were invited, the hall being very prettily decorated in the colors of the order. A program had been prepared, consisting of speaking and vocal and instrumental music, which were given in the best of style. Excellent refreshments were served, to which all did justice, after which good-nights were said. Sister Anderson and other Sisters left for their homes with the best wishes and esteem of Div. 182.

Yours in F. L. & P.,

MRS. HARRY TENNEY, Cor. Sec'y.

Div. 84, Springfield, Mo., had a good time on the afternoon of April 25, at our hall on Commercial street. After the meeting closed, cake, cream and fruit were served by the social committee in the reception room to the new initiated Sisters, and to Sister Jinn Robertson, who has moved to Texas. We regret very much to lose Brother and Sister Robertson from our Divisions, but we know their hearts are with us in the grand, good work. We all enjoyed the lunch greatly, and hope we may have many more such gatherings. Div. 84 is much alive and doing nicely. We are having good success, and deriving much good from our sewing club. We will say to those Divisions that have not started sewing clubs that they had better start out and be up to date, and create a spirit of sociability and good-will to all.

OZARK.

MEMBERS of Centennial Div., 221, Nashville, Tenn., were delightfully entertained on March 12 by one of the members, Sister Chas. Haddox, assisted by her two sisters, Misses Emma and Annie Reynolds. We enjoyed some well-rendered selections on the piano by Sisters McMurry and Shugart, and also enjoyed pinning the tail on the donkey. The first prize, a handsome cake plate, was won by Sister Rea, and the booby, a rubber doll, was won by Sister Meeks. Later we were invited into the dining room to partake of an excellent supper, to which all did justice.

A MEMBER.

G. I. A. Voluntary Relief Association.

TOLEDO, O., June 1, 1901.

To Division Insurance Secretaries, V. R. A.:

You are hereby notified of the death of the following members of the Association, and for the payment of these claims you are ordered to collect 75 cents from each member holding one policy, and \$1.50 from each member holding two policies, providing, however, that no one be assessed on a policy, if the application for said policy was dated later than April 30, 1901:

ASSESSMENT No. 32.

Died March 18, 1901. Sister Jennie A. Smith, aged 41, of Div. 134, Hornellsville, N. Y. Cause of death apoplexy. Admitted March 2, 1901. Held one policy, No. 7015, payable to husband, William F. Smith.

ASSESSMENT No. 33.

Died April 11, 1901. Sister Emma Wise, aged 42, of Div. 27, Philadelphia, Pa. Cause of death basilar meningitis. Admitted Feb. 1, 1897. Held one policy, No. 3783, payable to husband, Wm. C. Wise.

ASSESSMENT No. 34.

Died May 8, 1901. Sister Catherine Cochran, aged 46, of Div. 78, Meadville, Pa. Cause of death, gastritis. Admitted Feb. 17, 1897. Held two policies, Nos. 3853 and 3854, payable to husband, Samuel Cochran.

Three thousand two hundred and ten members paid Assessments No. 21 and 22; nineteen hundred and eleven paying on one policy, and twelve hundred and ninety-nine paying on two.

All claims are paid in full—\$300 on each policy. Insurance Secretaries are requested to collect all cancelled policies and forward with present Assessments to General Secretary and Treasurer; also to see that all names written on applications are legible to avoid errors on policies.

MRS. GEO. WILSON, Pres. V. R. A.

MARY L. ROBERTSON, Gen'l Sec'y and Treas.

Technical.

Question and Answer Column.

BY ROBERT H. BLACKALL.

Q. J. J. S. A dispute has arisen in regard to which is the right way for an engineer to test for train line leaks, and as to the effect of a leak in a long or short air train. Won't you settle the question for us?

A. The proper method of testing for train line leaks is for the engineer to make a service reduction of seven or eight pounds, place the brake valve handle on lap position and watch the fall of the black gage hand. By this method the reduction in train pipe pressure causes the triple pistons to close the triple feed grooves thus shutting off the auxiliary reservoir from the train pipe pressure. Any fall of the black hand will now indicate train pipe leakage, whereas if no reduction had been made and the brake valve had simply been placed on lap the fall of the black hand represents the combined leakage of train pipe and auxiliary pressure as both are directly connected through the feed groove.

Some test for train pipe leaks by simply noting the speed of the pump, but this method simply tells the condition of the leaks at all points, that is the leaks might either be in the train pipe or auxiliary, or main reservoirs. This method gives valuable information as to leaks in general, but not as to the train pipe in particular.

If a specified amount of leakage is to be considered, as, for instance, the amount that could escape through a one-sixteenth hole, the effect would have to be considered in two ways, both as to its effect when the brakes are released and when applied. When released, after everything is fully charged, the pump would have to do the same amount of work in either a long or a short train to supply the escape through the one-sixteenth inch hole; but, after the brakes were applied the leak would be much more noticeable in the short train as the volume being less the pressure would reduce more quickly and the brakes would creep on correspondingly fast.

Q. J. D. S. Will you please state any bad effects that would be caused by a leaky cylinder packing?

A. The effect produced depends considerably upon the amount of leakage. If a slight leak the brake after being applied would gradually release, and in descending a grade with the retaining valve handle on this car turned up, no air would be retained in the cylinder as the leak would permit the air to pass by the piston and to the atmosphere at the non-pressure end of the cylinder.

If the leakage were considerable the brake would probably not apply in response to a service or gradual reduction of train-pipe pressure, while with a sudden reduction it would probably apply and immediately release. The application in response to a sudden reduction would be due to the sudden rush of air to the brake cylinder through large ports of the quick-action triple.

Q. F. E. Z. Would it not give better results if the preliminary exhaust port in the brake valve was made larger?

A. This experiment has been tried by many railroad companies, but they were always very glad to return to the standard size as soon as possible. In the old D8 brake valve, containing the excess pressure valve, this port was originally a trifle larger than the one now in use, but even that has now been brought to the standard employed in the size of the preliminary exhaust port of the latest Westinghouse valve.

A larger preliminary exhaust port would naturally reduce pressure above the equalizing piston more quickly thus causing the piston to rise with corresponding quickness, producing a tendency to throw the brakes on a short train into quick-action. The size of this port is of vital importance and should never be changed from standard.

Q. J. G. What is usually the cause of brakes applying in quick-action in response to a gradual service reduction of train pipe pressure?

A. This action is often ascribed to a weak graduating spring or pin, but in the great majority of cases lack of care of the

triple valve is responsible for the erratic action. The valve becomes so dirty and gummed that the triple piston does not respond to a light reduction; when the train pipe pressure has been reduced sufficiently, the piston suddenly breaks free from the gum, and the sudden movement causes the piston to strike the graduating post, compress its spring, and move to emergency position. The air suddenly taken from the train pipe by this valve starts the next ones into quick action, then the next, and so on throughout the train.

Air Brake Association Meeting.

BY ROBERT H. BLACKALL.

The annual meeting of the Air Brake Association was held at the Leland Hotel, Chicago, beginning on April 30. The excellent subjects upon which papers were to be read proved a sufficient inducement to draw a large gathering of representative air brake men from all parts of the country. The papers were well prepared and brought out considerable interesting discussion, and the meeting was generally conceded to be successful, instructive and full of interest. Reports showed the association to be in a flourishing condition, both financially and as to membership. The wide representation showed that this organization is creating a wide-spread interest in air brake matters throughout the United States and Canada.

The place of meeting for next year will be Pittsburg, and Mr. Otto Best, of the N. C. & St. L., was elected President for the ensuing year.

The papers presented were as follows:

"Air Pump Exhaust for Passenger Train Heating. Progressive Form of Questions and Answers on the Air Brake."

"Terminal Test Plants—Why and Where Needed. Best Methods of Installation and Operation."

"Unconnected Hose Hanging Free versus Coupled with a Well-Designed and Located Dummy Coupling."

"The Pressure Retaining Valve; Its Value, Present General Condition, and How It May Be Best Improved and Maintained."

The papers and discussion of same are to be printed and placed upon sale, as usual, and should prove of interest to railroad men, both from the standpoint of operation and maintenance.

The following is a brief synopsis of the main points embodied in the papers:

"Unconnected Hose Hanging Free versus Coupled with a Well-Designed and Located Dummy Coupling."

The dummy coupling was intended to accomplish the following: Exclude foreign matter from entering the hose and train pipe; protect the hose from the evil effects of swinging, and hold the couplings so as to prevent them from striking rails, frogs, etc.

The weak points of the old-style dummy were brought out. These included the liability of the guard finger becoming bent, the hose being hung on the finger instead of between it and the flat part, and the evil effect produced when the finger was so bent that the hose gasket would not form a tight joint on the face of the dummy. All of these disadvantages were thought to be overcome by the modified form of dummy coupling now in general use.

The idea was advanced that fewer hose have been found kinked on cars upon which the dummy has been discarded, but that this was more than offset by the fact that train pipes, strainers and triples are much dirtier; also that ruptured hose and broken couplings are more numerous. It was suggested that there were so many air cars at present and so few hose hanging down on cars going over roads that little dirt worked into the train pipe, excepting where cars were switched in yards, and especially at points where front ends had been sparked.

Numerous cases of bad effects produced by allowing hose to hang down were cited, and the committee advised the adoption of a well-designed dummy—one that would stand rough usage, and allow the hose to assume a natural curve when hung up.

"The Pressure Retaining Valve; Its Value, Present General Condition, and How It May Be Best Improved and Maintained."

The committee brought out the neglect

into which the retaining valve had fallen by citing numerous observations, some of which were: On a lot of 1,500 cars only 137 valves were found to be operative; it was ascertained that on most roads no attention whatever was paid to cleaning retainers, even when the triple valves were cleaned, and some roads were making little or no effort to clean either.

Of 3,000 cars examined, 26 per cent of the retainers and pipe leading to them were found to be defective. Of this number no test was made under pressure, the defects being readily discernible to the eye. Of the total number, 450 were standing in a position other than vertical, thus rendering the valves useless; 165 pipes leading from the triple valve to the retaining valve were broken, 82 cylinders and reservoirs were loose, 27 valves were missing, twelve had never been applied; 265 retainer-pipe unions were loose, and 56 had an exceptional as well as an unnecessary number of joints, bends and elbows.

Two hundred and fifty new cars were found in which the retainer-pipe unions used were so large that they could not be tightened without stripping the threads; retainer pipe was found to be generally badly clamped; loose auxiliary reservoirs and brake cylinders were found to be responsible for many retainer as well as train pipe leaks, inasmuch as the pipe connections were strained every time the reservoir and cylinders moved in response to a brake application; many retainers equipped with the 10-pound weight were found to be still in use; many had the old-style quick release instead of the restricted release port; many were found to be so located that they could not be put in operation unless a train were stopped to permit the trainmen to turn up the handles on these valves; a few valves were found with the small port closed, thus adding to the likelihood of overheated and broken wheels.

The retaining valves were found to be in a generally deplorable condition, due to lack of care, and the following recommendations were made in order to reclaim the valves from their present state. They should be cleaned and tested each time the triple valve receives this attention;

they should be located in such a manner that they stand in a vertical position, that they can be reached while the train is in motion that the cap can be removed; and the retainer pipe should be as free as possible from bends, sags, elbows and unnecessary joints.

Actual tests showed that the weighted valve in the retainer holds better when a car is in motion.

The paper gives interesting tables showing the results of tests of the retaining valve in hill service, also the length of time in which the air from an eight-inch cylinder would escape through the restricted port of the retainer, with a varying piston travel.

The committee considered that the use of the retaining valve on tenders should be governed by the amount of heat produced on the tender wheels in any particular service, and they advised that larger retainers, ports and pipe should be used with large cylinders; this being considered necessary because of the slow release of the brakes on passenger cars equipped with a large cylinder and standard retaining valve.

A synopsis of the other papers presented will be given in the next issue of the JOURNAL.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

A discussion of the report brought out the following:

Q. R. J. D. I have one of the new slide-valve feed valves sent out by the Westinghouse Company. I think I understand what could be the trouble with the old style feed valve if train line pressure equalized with that in the main reservoir, but would like to have you tell me what would cause the same effect with the new device?

A. The usual cause would be dirt lodged on the seat of the regulating valve; in this condition there would be a direct connection from the chamber on the opposite side of the piston from the slide valve, and the train pipe. The air would continue to escape from this chamber after the regulating valve had seated, the tension of the spring in front of the piston being insufficient to force the piston back against

main reservoir pressure. As a result the port leading to the train pipe would be exposed to main reservoir pressure in the chamber in which the slide valve operates, and main reservoir and train pipe pressures could equalize.

A leak on the seat of the slide valve or a bad gasket between the slide valve feed valve and the brake valve body could also permit the two pressures to equalize, but in the two latter cases the equalization would take place more slowly owing to the passage of air being more restricted.

Q. G. H. What are the chief differences between the New York and Westinghouse quick-action triple valves. I mean the latest triples of each company?

A. In an emergency application of the brake the New York triple vents a certain amount of train pipe pressure to the atmosphere, while the Westinghouse valve vents the air to the brake cylinder.

A New York triple valve applies the brakes with the same cylinder pressure in either the service or emergency application, while the Westinghouse triple gives a brake cylinder pressure about twenty per cent greater in emergency than that obtained in a service application.

Q. F. T. D. We have had a dispute among ourselves as to what effect would result if a freight triple valve were used in passenger service on a passenger car. We understand that this practice is wrong, but differ in opinion as to why it is wrong; will you kindly give us some information on the subject?

A. The emergency application of the brake is likely to result under these conditions in response to a service or gradual reduction of train pipe pressure. The reason for this is that a passenger triple slide valve is designed to use in connection with a larger auxiliary reservoir and brake cylinder and the ports are made correspondingly large. The ports in the freight triple will not reduce auxiliary reservoir pressure sufficiently fast to correspond with the train pipe reduction and as a result the graduating spring is compressed and the triple piston is forced to emergency position.

The Proper Maintenance of Locomotive Boiler Pressures.

BY EUGENE M'LAULIFFE.

The proper maintenance of standard boiler pressures necessitating the frequent verification of gages and adjustment of pop valves is a matter deserving of close attention. Boiler pressures are usually based on the strength of the boiler, and taken in connection with size of cylinder and wheel diameter, bear a certain direct relation to the adhesive weight of the engine itself. If the original figures are correct, and no radical constructive changes are made, the determined maximum pressure should be maintained, and any variation either above or below should be refused toleration. Pressures below the determined standard are expensive, depriving the engine of a per cent of its power, rendering it unable to properly handle its load, causing delays, doubling of hills, and an undeserved criticism of the engineer, who is helpless; on the other hand, excess pressure is dangerous, reducing the margin of safety and giving the man who dishonestly comes by this extra power an advantage over his fellows, provoking comparisons on the part of train dispatchers and operating officials that may possibly grow into prejudice. When an engine leaves the shop, all defective parts restored, the boiler in first-class condition, with the pops set to carry a pressure determined by competent men as the maximum allowable, and then goes in at the expiration of eighteen or twenty months with cracked sheets and defective stays, and the pressure increased 10 to 25 pounds, something is wrong. On this line one fact must be kept sight of: the average engineer will try to pull any train that is put on him. If the tonnage is excessive, he will scheme for more power by touching up the pops and taking a little harder run for the hills. Perhaps it is only fair to say that the total disregard on the part of operating officials of the fact that an engine can pull but so much has dulled the conscience of some engineers. We cannot put the packing hook in the spring scale, as our predecessors of twenty years ago did, but we inherited the inclination

to do so, nevertheless. To the end of moving the greatest possible tonnage with expedition, motive power officials should see that boiler pressures are fixed at the highest point consistent with strength of boiler and adhesive weight of engine, determining the rating accordingly.

No variation from this pressure should be tolerated, and to keep proper check on same the engineers should be required to state what point engine pops at on work report at the end of trip. All the different makes of pops commence to weaken from the time they go into service, the springs losing their set; this weakness often reaching three pounds a month, necessitating frequent adjustment. A deficiency of pressure should be cared for as quickly as an excess, inasmuch as five pounds often make or unmake the reputation of an engine and crew. The practice of testing gages, making no subsequent comparison with pops, amounts to leaving the job half done.

It is quite unnecessary to take off and test locomotive gages every ninety days, breaking joints that subsequently leak, and often working and cramping the gage by improper fastening to brackets that are subject to extremes of temperature, with a proportional error of record on the part of the gage. Leave the locomotive gage in its place, using instead a supplemental gage readily attached by disconnecting lubricator steam pipe. This gage should be tested at frequent intervals, and unhampered by fastenings will show a truer pressure than most locomotive gages in long service, the pops and working gage to be set by this one. Impress on every man's mind that the limit of pressure must not be exceeded; on the other hand, be equally willing to see that it is maintained, and better results will be secured.

It is needless to say that the practice of crowding up the pressure against muffled pops by shutting off the injector and forcing fire on hills is a most pernicious one. It is a fact that with some pops 12 to 15 pounds can be gained in this way.

A rating that is pulled by such tactics needs some modification.

Give the Brakes Better Attention.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Why so many pages each month about air brakes? What incentive is there for me to know all about the construction of the brake apparatus? Let me tell you something about air brakes; something I have learned in practice. You are wasting your lives by overcrowding your brains with scientific knowledge to handle poor brakes. If it is desired by the railway companies to have their trains handled smoothly in making stops and in proper condition for high speed and safety, the first thing for them to do is to see that the brakes are in proper condition. The greatest trouble I have ever found in handling the air brakes is to set the air brakes in proper shape to be handled. The man that has learned all about brakes out of a book cannot make a good stop with poor brakes, even though he has handled air brakes all his life. Put the brakes in good condition. See that they all develop the braking power expected of them both on the cars and the engine and you will find that the percentage of efficiency among engineers in handling them has increased 90 per cent. I find about one or two trains a month that I can make nice stops with over the entire division; approach all stopping places at a good rate of speed and make a nice easy stop; have the brakes released so there will be no jerk using only one application. The balance of the month the brakes hold poorly, take hold slowly, don't seem to develop over half the power they should and take such a long distance to stop in that no one man has the capacity for the amount of judgment necessary to measure the required distance to make a given stop with one application. All your articles on air brakes don't seem to reach the seat of the trouble. Your knowledge of their construction does not make them hold any better, neither does it make you any more proficient in handling them. The close observer that has had a long practical education in their handling can make the best stops, whether he knows anything about their construction or not. Don't annihilate.

Yours fraternally, Mx.

Water in Cylinders.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., May 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In *Locomotive Engineering* of April, under the head "Tests of

Plant System Engines," appears the following:

The diagrams indicate that the valves were deficient in lead at all points of cut-off, particularly in the well-forward notches. The double lines on some of the cards are due to water in the cylinders. Southern engineers seem to be emphatically high-water-level men.

Now, the assertion appears to me to be both broad and narrow—broad from the fact that there is a large number of engineers in the South, and it would take a lifetime for one man to say on the whole how Southern engineers carry water; and it is narrow for the reason that words of this character have the appearance of being more the outgrowth of prejudice than of even casual observation.

Sayings of this kind from one who deservedly stands so high in the opinion of railroad officials has, no doubt, the effect of depreciating Southern engineers as a class with railroad companies.

Engineers in the South are old-fashioned enough to believe that it is the part of a friend to be friendly, and they readily notice that Mr. Sinclair finds an opening between the lines of his scientific discussion on valve motion to openly insult them without any apparent excuse.

But perhaps the editor of the above-named journal wishes to exchange compliments with the Southern engineers. If so, he should not be disappointed. But when the time comes, I sincerely hope that he will start out with them on equal footing by carrying high water and nothing else, and confine himself strictly to facts.

E. D. BUTLER, Div. 309.

A Technical Ambiguity.

SONORA, CAL., May 8, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In technical books there is a confusion of terms as to dead-center points. The location of the front or back center of an engine depends on the setting of the engine. The front center of a locomotive engine is termed the back center of a stationary engine, and the forward stroke of the former is the back or return stroke of the latter. Auchincloss calls the out stroke of the piston rod the forward stroke and the in stroke of the rod the return stroke. "Roper's Hand Book of the Locomotive" informs the student that the port opening will be greater in the front end of the cylinder than in the back end if the eccentric rod is shortened; meaning that the excess admission will be in the out-stroke end of the cylinder.

A correspondent of *Locomotive Engineering* says that Alexander misled him with the information that a loose spider causes a pound on the front center. Alexander meant, perhaps, that the pound

would occur in passing the out-stroke center.

The proper way to designate the strokes, centers and cylinder ends of all engines is to term them the out stroke and in stroke; as the out stroke and in stroke of the piston rod, the out-stroke and in-stroke centers, the out-stroke and in-stroke ends of the cylinder.

As the strokes, however, are influenced directly by the ports, the port through which the steam enters the cylinder to move the piston rod outward would be the out-stroke port, and the in-stroke port admits steam for the in stroke.

In the days of early railroading in the West, an old-fashioned stationary engineer and machinist obtained employment in a roundhouse on the Southern Pacific. He was an expert filer and brass fitter. One morning he was fitting new brasses on a main pin of an eight-wheeler, when her engineer came in and the following talk ensued:

"Say, old Stationary, I wish you'd make the main rod on that side a little shorter than it was before; the piston was getting too close to the front cylinder head."

"If that's the case, I'd better lengthen the rod for you."

"Shorten it!" he said. "If you lengthen it, she'll thump out the front head, sure."

"No, it won't."

"You're an old harp."

"You're another."

"Say, which end do you call the front end?"

"The stuffing-box end, of course."

"That ain't the front end; it's the back end."

"Oh, it is, hey? Then the follower, which goes on behind, must be on the wrong side of the piston in this engine!"

The locomotive engineer retired, weary.

FRED. W. CLOUGH.

Strain on Stay Bolts.

ANSTED, W. VA., May 10, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Please answer in the columns of the JOURNAL how much strain there would be on each stud bolt on a boiler having studs four inches from center to center of each stud and carrying a boiler pressure of 160 pounds, and oblige,

Yours fraternally, T. G. M.

We presume Bro. M. means stay bolts. Each bolt sustains a pressure equal to the square of the distance from center to center, its sustaining power reaching half way to the other bolts, and at 160 pounds pressure per square inch would have a strain of 2,560 pounds, less than one-tenth of the tensile strength of a stay bolt three-fourths of an inch in diameter.—EDITOR.

THE JOURNAL.

Published monthly, 307 Society for Savings Bldg.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CHARLES H. SALMONS, - Editor and Manager.

Address matter for publication - Correspondence, Technical and Link Departments; name and address of Outside Subscribers; name and address of Initiated and Reinstated Members, Transfers Withdrawals, Expulsions, Suspensions, Special Notices, Obituaries, and changes in Division Addresses - to C. H. SALMONS, S. G. E., Editor JOURNAL.

No reading space will be sold for advertising purposes under any circumstances.

All money matters should be addressed to T. S. INGRAHAM, F. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg. Send New York or Chicago draft, Express money order or Postal order, but never send personal check, it is useless.

Changes in Address of the JOURNAL subscribers and orders for Division supplies should be addressed to D. EVERETT, T. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg.

Advertising Department matter and all correspondence relating thereto should be addressed to W. N. GATES, 409 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.



JUNE, 1901.

Official Business.

We desire to call special attention to the matter which appears at the head of this Department, which contains instructions how to properly address the Grand Office, and enumerates matters that should be promptly reported to the Officer indicated. A large number of letters containing Brotherhood matters are addressed to W. N. Gates, our advertising agent, who is not a member of the order, and whose office is in another part of the city, and on reading contents is put to the trouble and expense of forwarding it to the Grand Office. We have before us now a postal card written by the F. A. E. of one of our Divisions, containing official business without seal, and addressed to Mr. Gates. It seems strange that any member should address a letter to Mr. Gates, unless he wanted advertising space, for on the first page of the JOURNAL appears the name of the Editor, again at the head of Correspondence, then at the head of the Editorial columns, and all the Grand Officers' names at the head of Division Addresses, and one at all familiar with what appears in the JOURNAL could hardly make such a mistake. No officer, however, need depend upon the JOURNAL for

this information. Section 8, page 36, and section 6, page 31, will give the needed light in this matter, as it will the legality of postal cards without seal as official documents. If the seal is necessary between Divisions, it certainly ought to be on official papers, relative to the standing of members, which go into print, and for changes on our roster. We believe everyone desires to do the proper thing, and we call attention to this matter for the purpose of a better understanding of the law, and the necessity of correct address to insure prompt delivery and attention.

We also desire to call the attention of the F. A. E. of Subdivisions to the necessity of reporting deaths promptly to the S. G. E., that the name, date and cause of death may appear in the JOURNAL in the obituary column, and that our roster of membership may be at all times a correct record of our total membership. The report of the Insurance Agent to the Insurance Department does not in any manner excuse the F. A. E. from doing so to the S. G. E. It is very little trouble, and not to have a deceased Brother's name appear in the obituary column looks exceedingly indifferent on the part of his Division, to say the least.

While we are on this subject, we again desire to call attention to the action of our Milwaukee Convention, which makes every member responsible for the correct address of his own JOURNAL. [See pages 269 and 270, Report of Proceedings.] It is the duty of the F. A. E. to report name and address of initiated and re-instated members only; other members who do not receive their JOURNAL should write to D. Everett, T. G. E., giving name, number of Division to which they belong, their old and new address.

The law provides for no JOURNAL agents. We shall be glad to have any member solicit for outside subscribers, and win a premium, but there are no duties under the law for a JOURNAL agent for members of the order. Those who do not receive their JOURNAL can write a postal card to Brother Everett, with little trouble to themselves. If the JOURNAL is not worth that trouble, it is not worth having.

Amicably Adjusted.

In response to a call from Brother Chas. Lalumiere, Chief Engineer of Div. 388, to assist the Brothers employed on the Quebec, Lake St. John and Great Northern Road, in adjusting their grievances, I left Cleveland Thursday, April 25th, arriving there Friday afternoon. On the following day, accompanied by Brother Lalumiere and the committee, we met President Garneau and General Manager Scott. After a somewhat lengthy discussion of the differences we succeeded in obtaining for the Brothers a schedule covering the rate of wages and hours of labor, thereby improving their condition very much. The Brothers seemed well pleased with what had been done for them, and much credit is due to Brother Chas. Lalumiere for the success attending our efforts, as the officers of the road knew very little concerning our Brotherhood and were at first opposed to having anything whatever to do with an officer of the organization, preferring to do their business with their own employees. We did not succeed in securing for the men all they desired, but did succeed in obtaining for them quite a substantial increase over what they had been receiving for the same work.

During my short stay in Quebec I was entertained by Brother Lalumiere, taking in the sights of Quebec, which is one of the most interesting cities in America, and has often been called a bit of the old world set down on the shores of the new. The city, which covers an area of 16,000 acres, may be divided into three sections for the purposes of description—the upper town, crowned by the citadel and facing the harbor at the Dufferin Terrace and the Grand Battery; the St. John suburbs on the northern slope of the plateau beyond the walls, meeting the level tract of St. Roch and St. Sauveur; and Champlain street, running along the shore of the St. Lawrence under the steep sides of the plateau on the S. Dufferin Terrace, stretches along the rock for a quarter of a mile at a height of 180 feet. It forms part of the line of fortifications around the city proper, and in summer is a favorite promenade of the citizens.

The plateau is intersected by two main thoroughfares, St. John street, within and without, vanishing in the St. Foye road, and St. Louis street, with Grand Allee, having for its prolongation the St. Louis road. These run parallel with Champlain street, and meet at the one end at Cap Rouge and at the other by means of the short connecting links of Fabrique street, Buade street, and the Place d'Armes at or near the Chateau St. Louis, once the residence of the French Governors.

G. C.

The Steel Trust President.

Charles M. Schwab, the salaried president of the million-dollar steel trust, when before the Industrial Commission to testify on the amalgamation of the industrial enterprises he represents, explained that in the formation of the United States Steel Corporation the combination secured control of the stock of all of the companies entering, but that no controlling or directing officers had been appointed, the object being to amalgamate in reciprocal sympathy, each company retaining its individuality in so far as freedom of action was concerned.

With the steel company owning 80 per cent of the ores and a controlling interest in the various plants that have been absorbed, "freedom of action" would seem very queer logic, which no one will believe; in fact, he furnishes evidence that he does not believe it himself.

He said:

The United States Steel Corporation is intended as a clearing house of information as to the best methods to pursue for mutual protection, and to save expenditures by confining the manufacture of certain specials to certain mills, rather than have several competing on one line.

With this statement, it is evident the trust officials can order any mill in the combine to do their bidding, confine its product to some designated specialty, and destroy competition; and if they find it advantageous, they can order the mill, or any number of them, closed down, and in doing so practically destroy the thriving town which has grown up around this nucleus of business life, and force hundreds

of men into idleness, and, incidentally, bring ruin to other industries which had their support from the men employed in the mill.

We have no intention at this time of discussing the legal right of trusts to get the controlling interest in these mills, destroy the individuality of these enterprises, and suppress competition in the interest of the trust, but there ought to be a little consistency in these propositions. It is possible that President Schwab is so carried away with greed for the dollar that he is blind to the fact that he claims a privilege for trusts that he denies to others of the human race who are so situated that they cannot buy a share of the privilege he accords trusts.

He was asked for his opinion of organized labor and its advantages, and his answer is just what might be expected from one whose god is the dollar and whose golden rule is that old mediæval one—

Let him take who has the power,
And let him keep who can.

Of organized labor, he said:

If I were a workman, as I was, I would not want to belong to a labor order. It absorbs a man's individuality, puts them all on a plane, and prevents superior ability from rising. If I possessed ability to get ahead, I'd not want to be held down by the rules of any labor organization.

Men like C. M. Schwab can hardly be expected to occupy any other position than an open market, and the more fierce the competition in all things the better, except those wherein his interests are involved. It is certainly not his love for the few with superior ability that causes him to condemn organized effort, whose aim is to secure betterments, morally, financially and socially, but because the organizations are in the way of putting into practice a competitive system where every man stands alone to accept such compensation as such men as Schwab may fix.

In referring to his methods of management he cited the instance of several furnaces, each making the same article, and said:

Some managers would put one man in charge of all these; I put a man at the head of each and pit them against each other, thus getting the very best results.

Yes, he pits one man against another, and gets the most work for the least money,

and while he stands at the head of a million-dollar trust destroying individuality, and competition with it, he wants an open market, with men who labor standing alone pitted against each other in a competition for such pittance as C. M. Schwab might offer. Fortunately for the laboring man organization of labor is much in evidence, and stands in the way of men, who, without such safeguard, would pit one laborer against another in order to "get the very best results." The most work for the least outlay. And the extreme of this practice leads to something morally worse than "demanding the pound of flesh," for it means a hungry life, and a miserable death. If trusts have a legal inch to stand on, organized labor certainly has an unlimited moral space in which to live, with its mission of defending the weak, helping all in securing reasonable remuneration, reasonable treatment, and reasonable opportunities for educating the children into better citizenship. Work and the almighty dollar seem to absorb all the mental faculties of C. M. Schwab. He advises young men to shun college as a waste of time, and tells them they should go to work when sixteen or seventeen years old. What an exalted world we would have if C. M. Schwab could rule the destinies of human affairs while he watched the struggle between the weak and the strong with no compassion for either, but keeping his eye continually on the dollar, indifferent as to how many fall by the wayside in the struggle.

With such men at the head of the great trusts which have absorbed plants in which thousands are employed, organized protection is a positive necessity for the good of those who labor, and society generally as well, for these organizations go a long way in the direction of good citizenship, and the opinion of President Schwab will put more men in than out of the societies he does not like because they at least partially control the market and price of labor not to his liking, when not in his own interest.

Frauds.

We have before us three communications from members of the order relative to

frauds Bro. O. R. Sackett, member of Div. 15, who resides in Niagara Falls, sends a synopsis of his own experience and a clipping from a local paper, which he requests us to publish, and from which we glean the following:

One of the most extensive and gigantic frauds perpetrated in western New York within the past decade has just come to light. Employees of the Erie Railroad are the victims, and nearly every engineer on that line has been fleeced out of a considerable portion of his hard-earned money.

While the scheme of extortion is an old one, the manner of developing it is decidedly new. About a year ago a smooth-faced, glib-talking agent appeared in this city and sought interviews with representatives of the Erie Railroad. He explained that he represented the Crawford, Adsit Company of Chicago, a publishing concern of reputed national reputation, that proposed to issue a beautiful souvenir volume devoted entirely to the Erie Railroad and its employees.

Engineer Orville R. Sackett, who is engaged in switching in the local yards, was one of the men approached. Mr. Sackett told him that he did not wish to purchase the book, and would not make any agreement that involved a purchase. The agent then asked for a biographical sketch, which Sackett declined to give. He then handed Sackett a pad with a printed form for name and address, and asked for his address so that circulars describing the work might be mailed to him. In an unsuspecting moment the engineer signed his name, and the agent departed. At least 28 Erie engineers were persuaded in a similar manner to sign. It now appears that the pad submitted had in each case a contract folded underneath, by the provisions of which the person who signed agreed to pay \$31.25 for the book.

Several months afterwards a Mr. Brutch appeared in the city and produced credentials from the Crawford, Adsit Company. He explained that the first representative of the company had not acted squarely, in fact had obtained signatures by fraud. He also said that this agent had afterwards disappeared with his commission and had skipped a board bill at the Continental Hotel in Buffalo.

Despite this fact he said the company was acting in good faith and the book would appear just as soon as the biographies were secured. He then wrote short sketches of the lives of the engineers and others employed here at their dictation but with the express understanding that they did not wish to order any copies of the book. Several weeks later requests were received from the Chicago office for photographs and these were forwarded by the men.

Six weeks ago Engineer Sackett was notified by the Wells Fargo Express Company that there was a book in their local office here, sent C. O. D. from W. H. Welch of Chicago to him. Mr. Sackett refused the book on the ground that he had not ordered it. The express company communicated with the consignors and were instructed to hold

the book for Mr. Sackett as he had agreed to take it. The book still remains at the company's office here.

On April 23, when the Erie Railroad agents applied for their March pay they were told that \$40 had been garnished by order of Illinois courts in favor of the Chicago publishing firm. The matter was brought to the attention of Supt. C. A. Brunn of the Erie and he advised the men to contribute \$5 each and fight the matter out in the courts. His suggestion was not taken, however, and after some correspondence with the firm most of the men settled for \$31.25 which included the book.

We do not know what the book is like, but it is easy to surmise that the price is out of proportion with any possible value that could be put into it, as this paper says it is an old scheme in a new form. We heard much complaint about the history of the Erie entitled "Between the Ocean and the Lakes—The story of Erie," by Edward Arnold Mott; J. S. Collins publisher, New York. This is a 500-page book listed at \$7 library edition, though we believe the subscribers paid much more for it. We do not think this has any connection with the Chicago concern. Some concern in Chicago notified us months since that they had established a publishing company for the purpose of writing up the history of Western roads. There is but one way that we know of to keep clear of such grab games, as this rehabilitated old "lightning rod scheme" in a new form, and that is not to sign any paper presented by strangers. Our Western Brothers will do well to take heed and be on guard against all such schemes.

Another case, evidently of a similar character, shows up in Auburn, N. Y., where a man calling himself E. McClain claimed membership in Div. 47, Hornellsville, N. Y., and that he was a member of the Grievance Committee for that Division.

Mr. J. F. De Witt, Secretary of No. 5, National Association of Stationary Engineers, wrote Bro. W. A. Martin, F. A. E. of Div. 47, who writes us that they have no such member, and do not know of any such man, and requests that an effort be made to head him off. Mr. De Witt says this man is soliciting for the Imperial Reference Library, and represented that the Brotherhood had secured a special rate of \$29.50, and that he was in a position to

offer the same rate to the stationary engineers if they desired the work, and that "some of the boys" had bought books, and asks, "Is this man what he claims to be?" He was answered by telegram, "No." We hope every member of the B. of L. E. will keep this man in mind, and whenever he shows up put an effectual stop, at least to his representing himself as a member of the B. of L. E.

We have still another case that we think should be sifted for the benefit of all concerned who would prevent abuse of the name of the organization and the misuse of the names and influence of individual members.



WHO IS HE?

We have letters before us from both ends of the continent relative to a man calling himself H. S. Williams, and we have been favored with a photograph, which accompanies this article, and we would be pleased if some Brother or Brothers will tell us what they know about him. From letters received, he is unworthy of any assistance, and besides he should be prevented from securing favors from railroad officials through the use of the order or the name of any member of it. He is charged with deserting his wife, whom he married on short acquaintance in Toronto, Canada. This is not the first complaint, and we hope we may receive the pedigree of the man, so we may put him right before the members.

Our law provides a penalty for members who desert their wives or families. Circumstances may force a separation from them for a time, but there is no possible excuse for not keeping in touch with them by letter and to do for them at the earliest possible moment, and any man traveling over the country working the order for his own comfort only, should not be tolerated, and he deserves to be exposed and rightly

condemned. The Minnesota Legislature in recognition of this evil has enacted a law making wife desertion a felony, and provides a penalty of from one to three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. There are few extenuating circumstances that justify desertion, leaving wife or family in destitute circumstances, and we should do our lawful duty to such who are members of the B. of L. E.

Editorial Paragraphs.

The Grand Officers are in receipt of an invitation to attend a grand union picnic of the railroad employees of Pennsylvania at Reservoir Park, Harrisburg, Pa., on June 27, 1901. The Brothers of Pennsylvania have a large well-constituted committee making preparations on a large scale and they are quite sure to spend a delightful day at Reservoir Park, and we would like much to be of the company, but we shall have to be content with thanking the Brothers for their kind remembrance, and wishing them success.

A. B. Youngson Div., 487, B. of L. E., and Easter Lodge, 481, B. of L. F., have their second annual Railroad Excursion and Picnic on June 16th, at Clifton Terrace on the line of the Chicago, Peoria & St. Louis Railway, about 30 miles up the Mississippi River from St. Louis, leaving St. Louis at 9 A. M., and leave Clifton Terrace at 6 P. M. This is a very inviting trip along the river. Clifton Terrace is a beautiful place for an outing, and those who are fortunate enough to go will find themselves in exceedingly good company. The Grand Officers have been honored with complimentary tickets and an invitation to join them and get a share of the pleasure and the good things sure to be had. This circumstances will not permit, but they have our thanks and good wishes for their success.

The Fifth Biennial Convention of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen convened in West Side Turn Hall, Milwaukee, Wis., on May 6th, with 600 delegates, representing about 48,000 members.

The Order of Railway Conductors convened the twenty-eighth session of their Grand International Convention in the Auditorium, St. Paul, Minn., on May 14th, the delegates representing about 28,000 members. Each of these bodies made some important changes, which we will indicate in our next issue when we have the necessary correct information on the subjects.

LINKS.

THE committee in charge of the arrangements for the union meeting of the Canadian Divisions to be held in Belleville, Ont., during the month of August (date of which will be published in July JOURNAL), extend a cordial welcome to members of Divisions bordering on Canada to participate. These union meetings are yearly increasing in popularity, and are doing a great deal towards advancing the interests of the Brotherhood. Every effort is being put forth to make this one of the best meetings ever held in Canada. As the city of Belleville is centrally located on the beautiful Bay of Quinte, and in close proximity to the border, there is no reason why a large number of our American Brothers should not avail themselves of the opportunity of being present.

W. J. LOGUE, Cor. Sec. Div. 189.

HON. JOHN B. CORLESS, Member of Congress from Detroit, Mich., gave us a very pleasant call recently. He presented letters of introduction from Bro. Edwin C. Madden, Third Assistant Postmaster General, and Bro. H. R. Fuller, our Legislative Representative at Washington. Both letters speak very highly of Congressman Corless, and Brother Fuller gives him the major part of the credit of securing the passage of the Accident Bill passed by the Fifty-sixth Congress, and both letters commend him very highly as a staunch friend of railroad men. The Congressman is Vice-President of the Michigan Lubricator Company, whose advertisement appears in this issue.

I WILL endeavor to write a few lines to introduce our new Division, which is just

three weeks old. On the evening of April 16, 1901, Orcola Div., 165, Louisville, Ky., was organized by Bro. L. L. Cofer, of 485, and a staff of about twelve Brothers. Some interesting addresses were made by Bros. Pearce, Smith and Cofer, of Div. 485. We have entered into the work with much zeal, and when once perfected we shall enjoy it greatly. Our meetings have been very pleasant and largely attended. We wish to extend to the Brothers of Div. 485 our sincere thanks for their assistance, and hope always to merit their esteem and good wishes.

M. J. CARROLL, F. A. E. Div. 165.

BRO. C. C. FORBES, of Div. 343, Princeton, Ind., has accepted the position of Road Foreman of Engines on the St. Louis & Louisville Division of the Southern Railroad. Brother Forbes was a choice selected purely on his ability as a successful engineer. He is a self-possessed man in every respect and has the confidence of all. We extend to you our congratulations and guarantee you hearty co-operation.

MEMBERS OF DIV. 343.

BRO. C. C. WALLACE, a member and past Chief of Div. 368, has been honored with promotion to the position of Traveling Engineer of the Atlantic and Macon Divisions of the Southern Railway. Brother Wallace has been an engineer in the service of the company for several years and with marked success. It was a great surprise to the Brothers of Div. 368 as those divisions of road had been without a traveling engineer for some time. We wish Brother Wallace every success in his new field.

Yours fraternally,

D. O. SHANK, F. A. E. Div. 368.

BRO. H. A. MORRIS, of Greenbush Div., 59, has been appointed Traveling Engineer on the B. & A. R. R. to succeed Bro. Wm. A. Buckbee, who has been promoted to a higher position. Brother Morris is a staunch Brotherhood man and enjoys the confidence of all engineers and firemen, also the officials of the B. & A. R. R. He is well qualified for the position and we are sure the officials made a good selection when they appointed Brother Morris for

that responsible position. He has the very best wishes of all of Div. 59's members also the engineers and firemen on the B. & A. R. R.

CRACKER-JACK-ONE-EYE, Div. 59.

BRO. JAS. F. RODDY, a member of Div. 252, has been appointed Traveling Engineer of the middle and Oklahoma divisions of the A., T. & S. F. R. R. to take effect May 15, 1901.

Brother Roddy has been a very active member of the B. of L. E. for years and was a member of the General Board of Adjustment that made the first contract and schedule between the A., T. & S. F. Co. and the B. of L. E., fifteen years ago, and has been a member of the board continually as chairman or delegate, and at the present time is chairman of the executive board, Chief Engineer of Div. 252 for the past five years, and chairman of the local Board of Adjustment. It is through Brother Roddy's fair and upright dealings that the good feeling between this company and the B. of L. E. has been created. In all of these years Brother Roddy has worked in the interest of the B. of L. E., and Div. 252 in particular, and we, the members of this Division, feel the loss of Brother Roddy keenly as an active member, but we all unite in wishing him success in his new field and that his official pathway may lead along pleasant lines and higher attainments.

Yours fraternally,

J. SNYDER, F. A. E. Div. 252.

A COMMITTEE of Brothers from New York City Div., 105, had occasion to visit Port Jervis, N. Y., on May 7th for the purpose of paying the last tribute of respect to a deceased Brother, and, incidentally we desire to pay our compliments to the large delegation of our Brothers of Div. 54 who met us at the train, and not only gave us assistance, but entertained us royally. No effort was spared to add to our comfort and pleasure from the time we arrived until we were again on the train bound for New York. In fact, Bro. A. Bell, of Div. 54, manipulated affairs so nicely that we missed the train we intended to take. We

desire to most heartily thank the Brothers of Div. 54 who entertained us so nicely, but we can hardly refrain from warning Brothers who are in a hurry to leave Port Jervis not to let Brother Bell know you are in town, for you will surely miss your train even if he has to "tote" you up on top of the mountain to see the new reservoir.

JIP, Div. 105.

At a regular meeting of Omaha Div., 183, Omaha, Neb., held on May 6th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It is with a feeling of sincere regret that we are called upon to note the resignation of Bro. E. R. Fonda as Division Secretary and Treasurer of our Insurance Association to accept a position as Superintendent of the National Cemetery at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., to which he recently received the appointment by the Government in appreciation of his faithful services as a soldier in the War of the Rebellion. The intimate relations held between ourselves and Brother Fonda render it proper that we should place on record our appreciation of his long and faithful services as First Assistant Engineer, Secretary of the General Board of Adjustment and Secretary of Insurance; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the departure of Brother Fonda to the new field of labor to which he has been assigned, Division 183 loses the services of an able and conscientious Brother, one who dared to ever champion the cause of a worthy Brother in trouble. We sincerely hope he may soon be in a position to again serve our noble order.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolution be placed on our minutes, a copy published in the JOURNAL, and a copy presented to Brother Fonda as a slight token of our esteem for him.

MATT MURPHY,
E. R. DICKSON,
T. C. LIVINGSTON,

Committee.

Brother Fonda has been a member of the order for many years, and as Secretary of the U. P. Committee and delegate to several conventions became widely known as an energetic worker in the cause. The position to which he has been appointed is an honor of no mean proportions, and though we regret his loss to the B. of L. E. we rejoice at his good fortune, and our Brother has the good wishes of the JOURNAL for his future success and happiness.

NOT having seen anything in the JOURNAL in regard to Div. 473, I desire a little of your valuable space to say that our Division is in fine shape and everyone seems to

be working for the good of the order. Everything is well with our boys all along the line, and they are at peace with the officials of the road. If grievances do come up, our worthy chairman, Brother Thompson, responds promptly and has no difficulty in settling everything satisfactory to all.

By the way, I noticed an editorial in the May JOURNAL, which said the boys of the Wiggins Ferry Company and St. Louis, Kansas City & Colorado Railway—Div. 49, B. of L. E.—gave Mr. George L. Sands, Second Vice-President and General Manager, a banquet. The boys may well feel proud that they have such a man to look after their wants. Mr. Sands is a self-made man that came up from the brake wheel. Allow me to give a little sketch of his history that came within my personal knowledge. In 1867 and '68 I was firing on the C. & N. W. Ry., from Boone, Ia., to Dunlap, Ia. George Sands was a freight brakeman and was later promoted on the same division to conductor. I left the C. & N. W. Ry. in June, 1868, and went to running on the U. P. R. R., from Laramie to Rawlins. George Sands came there as a passenger conductor, and I found him to be the same old George. The company soon found him to be a reliable and able man, and promoted him to train dispatcher, and I found him to be the best train dispatcher I ever run under. From that he went to superintendent, and we still found him the same man as he was at the brake wheel. He is in every way worthy of the honors our Brothers of Div. 49 have shown him.

Yours fraternally,

J. H. COURTENAY, Div. 473.

ON Sunday, April 21st, Detroit Division, 1, held its annual memorial service in honor of our Brothers "gone before" whose "faults we write upon the sand, their virtues upon the tablets of love." The names of those who have responded to the last call, which we honor upon this occasion are: A. W. Corbett, M. Bartle, N. Huxford, P. Patterson, Dan'l Shaughnessy, Wm. Price, Thos. McCoy, Wm. Walsh, G. R. Abbott, Robt. B. Boyd, Thomas Quirk,

James Derum, L. Tabor, I. R. Dobson, Martin McElroy, Nathan Palmer, Gustave Zemlin, Patrick Clancy, Wm. Donald, John Rolfe, John H. Ellis, Andrew J. Lee, Andrew Mullen, and Emory D. Benedict.

The following order of service was carried out. Rev. D. I. Sutherland was to have made the opening prayer and an address, but unfortunately and much to our disappointment owing to sickness he was unable to attend, and the opening prayer was made by Rev. W. H. Clark, D. D.:

Opening Ceremonies.....Chas. Baker, C. E.
Prayer.....Rev. W. H. Clark, D. D.
Hymn—"I Need Thee Every Hour,"

Gaines' Quartette.

Scripture Lesson.....J. H. Muir.
Address.....Rev. W. H. Clark, D. D.
Solo—"My Homeland,".....Mr. Burns.
Eulogy.....P. M. Arthur, G. C. E.
Solo—"The Perfect Life,".....Miss Mina Wilson.
Address.....Rev. Father Van Antwerp.
"Nearer, My God to Thee,".....Gaines' Quartette.
Solo—"The City Beautiful,"

Miss Emma Hamilton.

Remarks.....D. S. Sutherland, Supt. M. C. Ry.
Prayer.....Rev. W. H. Clark, D. D.
Solo—"Beyond the Gates of Paradise,"

Mr. Fred. Lyon, Jr.

Benediction.....Rev. Father Van Antwerp.

The whole service was in harmony with the sentiment that brought about the gathering; the speeches and music eloquent and touching. One of the important features was the presence of our Grand Chief who came to fill his engagement regardless of the inclement weather. No kind of weather keeps him from performing whatever duty he thinks is right and good. His address was replete with good words for the living and a touching tribute to the memory of our departed Brothers. With each recurring visit he leaves with us a lasting impression. May we have his wisdom as a leader and be able to listen to his eloquence many years to come.

We wish through the medium of the JOURNAL to thank all who so kindly assisted us, the gentlemen not of us, but who take such a kindly interest in us, and who in prayer, address and benediction, gave us exalted lessons in sympathetic fellowship and higher moral attainments which we trust will bear good fruit and lead us to be true Brothers, as Brother Dougherty, of

Toledo, said in his remarks, "When a Brother will share your troubles and weep with you in times of sorrow, then we have the personification of the principles that are involved in the teachings of our Brotherhood." We feel specially grateful to Superintendent D. S. Sutherland for the generous courtesy shown our Grand Chief and for his able address and words of wisdom and expressions of good-will which are highly appreciated.

We do not forget the Gaines' Quartette and the beautiful, touching, artistic music they rendered, and they come in for a full share of our thank offerings.

Nor do we forget the ladies of Div. 17, G. I. A., our faithful, fraternal Sisters and closer relations, who are always ready to help us make a success of every undertaking. In storm or sunshine they are always loyal, always helpful, and we both commend and thank them.

The committee of arrangements are entitled to our best thoughts for their untiring efforts, and they may well feel proud of the success attending their good work.

After the memorial service was concluded the Division held its regular meeting, transacting the usual business, and notwithstanding the lateness of the hour candidates were initiated. We are never too tired to do that. The Grand Chief remained with us and gave us a talk replete with good advice and beneficial instructions.

Our Division is quite proud of the distinction of having been instituted Aug. 17, 1863, and a year later, Aug. 17, 1864, reorganized as Div. No. 1, the first of our great family of Divisions, but still full of fraternal life, and glad to welcome visiting Brothers, to whom we extend a hearty invitation to meet with us at all times.

Fraternally yours,

A. B. WALLINGER, F. A. E.

BRO. J. R. SPRAGGE, member of Div. 295, who will be remembered as Third Grand Assistant Engineer by many delegates to the Atlanta Convention, has been an official of the Canadian Pacific Railway for several years, and receiving further promotion was highly honored by his asso-

ciates and the employees who served under him, on May 17, of which the St. John (N. B.) *Daily Telegraph* says:

A large number of railway men assembled at the Park Hotel Friday evening to do honor to Mr. J. R. Spragge, Master Mechanic of the Atlantic Division of the C. P. R. Mr. Spragge must feel proud of the feeling manifest towards him when he is about to leave this division to take charge of a similar branch, with his headquarters at Toronto. About 75 persons sat down to a sumptuous repast. The menu card was neatly arranged, being printed in gold, with an excellent cut of a railway scene on the outside. The contents of the card were most tempting.

Mr. Thomas McKenna, the veteran engineer of the C. P. R., was chairman, and the duties were carried out in the good manner in which an engineer is supposed to carry out his orders. The first toast of the evening was to the King, and was heartily drank, with musical honors.

Mr. McKenna then read the following address:

"MR. SPRAGGE: We, the locomotive engineers and firemen who have worked under you so pleasantly during the past five years, cannot allow you to leave us without in some way communicating to you our high appreciation of your worth and our deep regret that we are to be deprived of your further direct supervision, a regret which, however, is naturally modified a great deal by the pleasure we feel in the fact that your removal is in the nature of promotion, and that your field of labor and usefulness will be greatly increased and enlarged.

"We desire to assure you that we all appreciate most highly the uniform courtesy and kindness which have characterized your dealings with us in all matters connected with the important branch of railway work we have been together engaged in carrying on; and in all those smaller, but hardly less thought of, matters which, perhaps, lie apart from the strict routine of business, but which have been quite as important factors in obtaining for you the respect and esteem of those under you. We rejoice in your success, furnishing as it does an object lesson on what we may hope to attain by an earnestness, perseverance and devotion to duty which have enabled you to attain your present high position and which will, we are sure, continue to carry you on until you have reached the pinnacle of your ambition.

"We trust you will accept our hearty congratulations on your success, our earnest hope for the welfare and happiness of yourself and family and believe in the sincerity of our regret that we must lose you."

The chairman then presented Mr. Spragge with a handsome gold scarf pin with a large opal, which was greatly admired. Mr. Spragge responded with a neat speech, in which he regretted the leaving of his associates and men but said that during his stay at McAdam during the past four years it had been a pleasure to him. He hoped to be able to return frequently to this division and visit the men. As he resumed his seat he

was given an ovation. Mr. S. H. Clark, the vice-chairman, proposed the health of the bench and bar, which received due honor.

The toast to the locomotive engineers and firemen brought speeches from Messrs. Bartlett, S. H. Clark, F. W. Henderson, and a speech and song by Mr. W. M. Beattie.

Mr. W. C. R. Allen proposed the health of the C. P. R., which was responded to in a happy manner by Mr. L. W. Power, trainmaster, Mr. J. G. Shewen, of the general manager's department, and Mr. Walter Brown, chief train dispatcher. Other speeches and songs made a pleasant happy evening.

At a special meeting of Div. 77, April 28, the Chief Engineer, Bro. Geo. B. Close, in behalf of the Division, presented Bro. S. P. Rand with a handsome gold-headed cane. Brother Rand was one of the charter members of Div. 77, which was organized in 1866, and has been an active member ever since. For 29 years he has been, and is now, the Second Assistant Engineer of Div. 77, and any time his name is mentioned it is easy to detect how he is appreciated and esteemed by every member of the Division. He began running on the N. Y. & N. H. R. R. in 1851, and after 40 years on the engine he was appointed Enginehouse Inspector, which position he now holds, and I think I express the sentiments of the Brothers when I say, long may he live to enjoy the fruits of a well-spent life.

At a regular meeting the following Sunday, Bro. W. N. Searles presented the Division with an elegant crayon portrait of his late brother, S. T. Searles, who was a member of this Division for 18 years, and was killed in a wreck on the Northampton Division March 1, 1900, by his engine running into a washout. Brother Searles was another who was held in high esteem by all that knew him, and stood ever ready with an open hand to help all worthy Brothers when trouble in any form assailed them. For years he was Chaplain of this Division, and held that office at his death. The portrait was presented by his daughters, Mrs. John Law and Mrs. N. H. Yungerman, and his brother, W. N. Searles.

Immediately following the presentation of this portrait, Chief Engineer Close presented the Division with another, a frame which contained the photographs of 51 en-

gineers that ran on the old N. Y. & N. H. and Short Line Road in 1880. The engineers had them enclosed in a frame that stood six feet in height, and presented it to Bro. H. J. Kittendorf, who was at that time master mechanic, which position he held for 12 years. Brother Kittendorf's photo was placed in the center, between two engines. The one on the left was of the style of 1831, and the one on the right of 1880. Brother Kittendorf died in 1889, and at the death of his wife, which took place in April, 1901, the picture passed into the hands of their daughter, Mrs. Geo. B. Close, and thence to the Division. It is also a gift that will be highly prized by the members, as most of them were members of Div. 77, and there are only 13 of them living at the present time.

Such occasions tend to bring to the surface lively feelings of fellowship and goodwill, as they bring to mind pleasant recollections of the past and a sense of brotherly love, which should at all times exist in organizations of this kind, for where brotherly love and harmony work together success is sure to follow.

W.

At a regular meeting of G. O. Clinton Div., 478, held on April 25, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our esteemed President and General Manager, C. H. Achert, leaves the employ of the Elgin, Joliet & Eastern Railroad to accept the position of General Manager with the Mobile & Ohio Railroad, and by his departure we lose a just and considerate superior, and a true and kind friend; therefore, be it

Resolved, That G. O. Clinton Div., 478, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, as a body and individually, expresses its regret at the loss of so efficient, conscientious and worthy an officer and loyal a friend; therefore, be it further

Resolved, That, knowing as we do his sterling qualities and true worth, we congratulate the Mobile & Ohio on securing so capable an official, and we predict that the course of time will prove that what is our loss is their gain; and be it further

Resolved, That it is fitting that this expression of gratitude for the many favors shown us in the past be extended to him, with the united wishes for his future success and the continuance of our friendly relations.

WM. GRADY,
JNO. D. DRISCOLL,
DAN'L F. NICHOLSON.

R. S. RUSSELL,
WM. T. STONE,

Presented April 27, 1901.

The Albany, N. Y., street car strike has been settled after the usual turbulence, presence of militia, and several casualties, which seem necessary in most cases to arouse public feeling sufficient to demand that a settlement be made, and in this case the common council of Albany demanded a settlement within a given time or they would forfeit the charter of the railway company. An exchange says:

As is usual, both sides to the controversy claim the credit. From the face of the agreement it is evident that the striking men won these points:

Increasing night men and extra men's wages to twenty cents per hour; granting the men the right of appeal from a decision of an inspector or the superintendent to the traction company's executive board; providing that inspectors boarding a car need not be rung unless they present an equivalent to a fare; the railroad to pay any employee for lost time when suspended and found not guilty; employees permitted to ride on their own divisions free by showing their badges; no discrimination against strikers who have not committed violence.

On the other side the traction people obtained these concessions:

That men who were in the strike and committed violence shall not be reinstated unless proven guiltless; that the road may hire or discharge any man without reference to his affiliation or otherwise with a union; that no proposition to strike shall be acted upon until forty-eight hours has elapsed from the time of notification, and that if a strike is ordered it shall not take effect until six days after ordered.

General Oliver waited for some time for Sheriff McCreery to notify him that the strike was ended, but finally began to make arrangements to take the troops to their homes. Orders were issued to the Second and Ninth Regiments to prepare to leave immediately, and they had taken in their details and broken camp before General Oliver received word from Sheriff McCreery that the troops were not needed any more.

THE New York *Commercial-Advertiser* says:

German doctors are said to be in a very bad way financially, and in one place, Leipzig, they have gone on a strike. In this country it is rather difficult to understand how doctors can strike, and even if those that have practices should do so there are more than enough to take their places.

But in Germany it seems to be different. Since the passage of the employer's liability and compulsory insurance laws the sick funds have increased enormously. Each sick fund employs its own physician, who attends all its members at a reduced nominal and inclusive fee. The temptation to join these funds is naturally great, and the doctors have discovered that nearly all their patients have left them and become members of the funds in order that their bodily ills may be attend-

ed to at a minimum rate. Moreover, the fees themselves have been rapidly diminishing. It is related that a doctor who had 100 cases in one day received only seven marks for all, or \$1.75, the rates being seven pfennigs a case. The doctors organized a society for their own protection, and as they got no satisfaction from the funds they struck. The result is a deadlock, and the greater part of Leipzig is without medical attendance.

President Schwab would advise these doctors that they were foolish to organize into a society for self-protection, because someone of this lot of starving humanity might have more brains than another and possibly might earn more money if he would be content to let the others die of starvation, and there is another kind of sympathetic advisers who would likely tell the doctors if you do not like your job, *quit*. We have a lot of both kinds of these advisers when they are not feeling the pinch of poverty themselves, but when the tide turns they are the ones that would be found following the other extreme and the greatest howlers against unfair conditions. Some, no doubt, would join the Reds. It is somewhat difficult to preach just what one is willing to practice.

EDITOR.

AN amusing incident was witnessed in a certain menagerie the other day. Here and there between the cages a number of the well-known trick mirrors were placed. An Irishman, after a critical survey of the monkeys, had wandered away from his better half, and suddenly found himself in front of one of these mirrors. After one glance at his distorted reflection he rushed back to his wife, who was still watching the antics of the monkeys.

"Come away, wid yer, Bridget," he exclaimed. "Oi've found a bigger trate than that—the ugliest baste in the show. He's in a little cage in the corner."

Bridget offered no objections. Two or three of the bystanders who had heard Patsy's remark were equally anxious to obtain a peep at the "ugliest baste," and there was quite a procession to the "little cage in the corner." Patsy, as the original discoverer, secured first place and dragged his wife in front of the mirror. To his astonishment, there was more in the "cage" than he expected.

"Begorra, Bridget!" he suddenly exclaimed, "there's a pair av 'em!"

Patsy had a lively time of it when some one explained the situation to Bridget.—*Weekly Telegraph.*

ONCE more it has been demonstrated that the Auxiliary is a real benefit to the social welfare of the Brotherhood. At a regular meeting of Div. 154, B. of L. E., Howell, Ind., on the evening of April 15th, our routine work done, Bro. W. D. Thompson, our General Chairman, who was visiting us, was explaining what had been accomplished on the L. & N. system since his previous meeting with us, when there was quite a commotion in the outer hallway. Our Third Assistant started to ascertain the cause, and as he opened the door in rushed a troop of youngsters, whom we recognized as future engineers, and following them were the members of G. I. A. Div., 136. No one dared rebuke the tyrants of our several homes for their intrusion, but the Chief Engineer asked them for an explanation, which was given in a neat talk by the President. She told us of several things engineers could do without, but reminded us that we could not get along without our cooks, and there were none to deny the truth of this assertion. We soon saw the evidence of their ability to prepare good things in the boxes and baskets, in the shape of an ice-cream freezer and coffee pots, so we merely said, "So mote it be," and gave them full possession of the hall. An interesting feature of the evening was a cakewalk by some of the little ones, after which the ladies served refreshments. Then the younger element passed the time in games of various kinds, while the older ones were having a good time in social conversation. As the time for departure arrived, our Chief Engineer tried to thank the ladies for their visit, but being an old bachelor he failed entirely, and called on Brother Thompson, who proved himself equal to the emergency by giving a neat and appropriate speech. Then we separated and went to our several homes, feeling that another of those happy evenings had been spent that bind the Auxiliary and the Brotherhood closer

together and makes the one so necessary to the welfare of the other. MUM.

FRED PIEPER, who runs a saloon in Cincinnati, was accused by his wife of making love to their servant girl. The wife objected to this. The husband objected to being watched. A lunacy court pronounced Mrs. Pieper sane. The next question was how to pacify her, and the court officials held a consultation. The husband was favorable to peace negotiations, but the wife was not. The only feasible plan that came to the mind of the court was that the husband should search Ohio over for the ugliest servant woman in the state and employ her.

We do not doubt the equitable intention of the court, but the decision seems to us to involve the question of what kind of a looking woman Fred Pieper would think the ugliest woman in Ohio. We think the court ought to have clothed Mrs. Fred Pieper with authority to decide that question. She would fix Fred all right.

THE advertisement of "Nerve-Force," a remedy of which Mr. and Mrs. Corwin are proprietors, which has been running in the JOURNAL, would seem to be especially interesting to engineers, owing to the fact that Mr. Corwin was once an engineer, and as such was fearfully burned in a head-end collision. This accident left him as helpless as a baby. "Nerve-Force" was the remedy applied, with the result that he was cured of every trouble which made him a cripple; his terrible scars alone remaining to tell of the accident.

The latest passenger locomotives of the New York Central Railroad are doing excellent service. They handle 12 and 14 heavy car trains, and make schedule time.

The new two-cylinder compound consolidation freight engines, with wide fire-boxes and large boiler capacity (210 lb. boiler pressure), give a reserve power for dealing with heavy freight trains against any combination of weather.

No. 2342 is the first of this class, and has a 72-inch boiler, wide grates, 34-inch stroke

H. P., 23-inch L. P., 35-inch and 63-inch driving wheels. These latest locomotives are designed by Mr. A. M. Waitt, Superintendent of Motive Power and Rolling Stock, and they seem to most decidedly meet the needs of the New York Central's heavy traffic.—*Railroad Men.*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Wanted—To know the address of Chas. E. Russell, formerly an engineer on the Fort Scott & Gulf Railroad. When last heard from he was running out of Kansas City. Anyone knowing his whereabouts will confer a favor by addressing P. Russell, 1024½ Mt. Vernon Ave., Columbus, O.

Wanted—To know the address of Charles Van Huysen, formerly an engineer on the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., who was last heard of in Arizona. Anyone knowing his address will confer a favor by addressing J. W. Blewer, 1 Hunter Ave., Albany, N. Y.

Wanted—The address of James Franklin, who ran an engine on the Mexican National Railroad out of New Laredo in 1897. Anyone knowing anything concerning him will confer a favor by addressing M. J. Carroll, 112 Twenty-sixth St., Louisville, Ky.

Members of the following Divisions will correspond with the F. A. E. of their Divisions immediately:

Division—

- 353—Frank W. Greason.
- 534—A. T. Railsback.
- 1—E. J. Collins.

OBITUARIES.

[In accordance with the action of the Ottawa Convention, no resolutions of condolence, obituary letters or poems will be published in the JOURNAL. All deaths will be listed under obituary heading only, with cause and date of death.]

Sodus Point, N. Y., April 11, 1901, Morgan Flagler, father of Bro. Bert Flagler, member of Div. 41.

Atchison, Kans., April 8, of softening of the brain, Bro. D. J. McGreevy, member of Div. 164.

Marquette, Mich., April 17, of meningitis, Bro. John R. Todd, member of Div. 84.

De Soto, Mo., April 23, by committing suicide, Bro. James Normile, member of Div. 123.

Princeton, Ind., March 29, killed in wreck, Bro. Matthew Hanselman, member of Div. 343.

Princeton, Ind., April 23, of typhoid fever, Bro. Bruce Coleman, member of Div. 343.

Camp Francis, Cal., April 18, killed in wreck, Bro. Wm. H. Bair, member of Div. 211.

Grafton, W. Va., April 7, of heart failure, Eliza J. Fletcher, mother of Bro. J. M. Fletcher, member of Div. 284.

Terre Haute, Ind., April 26, of pneumonia, Mrs. M. T. Barry, member of Div. 29, G. I. A., and wife of Bro. M. T. Barry, member of Div. 25.

East Las Vegas, New Mex., April 27, of cancer of stomach, Bro. Geo. W. Still, member of Div. 371.

Cullman, Ala., April 28, killed by being run over, Bro. W. H. Schnitzer, member of Div. 156.

Charlotte, N. C., April 20, killed by his engine falling through a bridge, Bro. J. D. Metcalf, member of Div. 84.

Lima, O., April 24, killed by his engine turning over, Bro. Patrick J. Doolin, member of Div. 120.

Willoughby, O., March 24, of pneumonia, Bro. S. R. Wing, member of Div. 501.

Pittsburg, Pa., April —, of typhoid fever, Bro. John Salisbury, member of Div. 472.

Birmingham, Ala., April 25, of typhoid fever, Bro. Wm. E. Taylor, member of Div. 7.

Terre Haute, Ind., April 30, Bro. Edw. L. Munper, member of Div. 25.

Blairsville, Pa., May 4, by being struck by an engine, W. J. Hicks, father of Bro. Harry E. Hicks, member of Div. 108.

Tipton, Ind., May 2, of neuralgia of the heart, Mrs. J. W. Gore, wife of Bro. J. W. Gore, member of Div. 534.

Syracuse, N. Y., April 30, Bro. Michael Cosgrove, member of Div. 169.

Woodbine, Ia., April 16, killed in head-end collision, Bro. Leo Meinzer, member of Div. 226.

Cedar Rapids, Ia., April 17, from complication of diseases, Bro. John Morgan, member of Div. 159.

Leavenworth, Wash., of small-pox, Cora G. Dean, wife of Bro. H. H. Dean, member of Div. 540.

San Luis Potosi, Mex., May 3, of pneumonia, Mrs. Mary Blake, wife of Bro. C. A. Blake, F. A. E. of Div. 453.

Smith Falls, Ont., March 17, killed, Bro. J. L. Lamesden, Past C. E. of Div. 381.

Wellford, S. C., March 31, of blood poisoning, Mrs. I. M. Byrd, wife of Bro. I. M. Byrd, member of Div. 156.

Baltimore, Md., May, 7, of la grippe and pneumonia, Bro. John Smith, member of Div. 52.

Kuttawa, Ky., May 8, killed by derailment of his engine, Bro. B. F. Keegan, member of Div. 485.

Binghamton, N. Y., May 2, of pneumonia, Mrs. Minnie J. Morse, wife of Bro. A. A. Morse, member of Div. 311.

Jackson, Tenn., May 2, killed in collision, Bro. R. K. Jackson, member of Div. 93.

Cranbrook, B. C., May —, killed in railway accident, only son of Bro. C. A. Barnes, member of Div. 563.

Wilmington, Del., May 11, of apoplexy, Bro. Theo. Cresson, member of Div. 353.

Florence, Col., May 11, killed in accident, Bro. L. S. Frain, member of Div. 546.

Camden, N. J., April 23, Bro. Geo. B. Eddy, F. A. E. of Div. 22.

Ennis, Tex., May 2, F. A. Brumback, father of Bro. R. F. Brumback, member of Div. 242.

Little Rock, Ark., May 12, of cancer of stomach, Bro. Henry McVey, member of Div. 216.

Selma, N. C., April 23, of pneumonia, Bro. John W. Harris, member of Div. 375.

Topeka, Kan., May 4, killed by being struck with mail crane, Bro. Vincent Coggins, for the past twelve years Chaplain of Div. 234.

Concord, N. H., April 17, of heart disease, Bro. Amos Jones, charter member of Div. 335, its first Chief Engineer, and a life-long, sincere and faithful worker in the upbuilding of the Brotherhood—a pioneer gone out into the mystic future, but leaving behind the example of an exemplary life worthy of emulation.

ADMITTED BY TRANSFER CARD.

Into Division—

- 432—W. E. Schwine, from Div. 223.
- 475—A. G. Sandall, from Div. 458.
- 261—A. L. Petersou, from Div. 62.
- 66—C. A. Coan, from Div. 194.
- 210—J. F. Malone, from Div. 309.
- 427—O. P. Marsters, from Div. 177.
- 384—M. L. Wonderlich, from Div. 2.
- 228—W. D. Busted, from Div. 112.
- 571—O. J. Holmes, P. J. Rafferty, J. F. Boughton, M. Condon, W. P. Rawton, F. Smith, H. Barnes, R. Laughlin, D. J. Hicks, from Div. 224.
- O. H. Burgh, C. F. Wolford, from Div. 453.
- 156—Ed. Madden, from Div. 423.
- F. M. Walker, from Div. 11.
- 115—J. W. Bowersock, from Div. 507.
- 422—John Williams, from Div. 60.
- 109—M. M. Williams, from Div. 92.
- 421—F. W. Stone, from Div. 18.
- 165—Alex. Dudderer, from def. Div. 165.
- 383—Wm. Bispham, from Div. 264.
- D. F. Tyler, from Div. 371.
- 53—Frank H. Silvers, from Div. 109.
- 105—Wallace E. Dowler, from Div. 145.
- 533—Chas. Hager, from Div. 15.
- E. M. Hemphill, from Div. 254.
- 530—I. W. Forwell, from Div. 17.
- 326—W. F. C. Gibson, from Div. 446.
- 217—W. L. Brown, from Div. 347.
- 256—S. B. Parker, from Div. 309.
- 551—R. Way, Jesse Crouch, from Div. 296.
- 355—T. S. Brooks, from Div. 28.
- 156—Geo. S. Rae, C. L. Cox, John Kendrick, from Div. 7.
- 325—Samuel Bryan, from Div. 148.
- 21—W. D. McIver, from Div. 326.
- 223—J. E. Nicholds, from Div. 156.
- 256—S. B. Parker, J. W. Urquhart, from Div. 309.
- U. M. Hicks, from Div. 85.
- 458—James L. Moore, L. L. Huesser, Eloy Lantz, from Div. 391.
- 77—P. W. Fitzgerald, from Div. 105.
- 539—Geo. Douglas, from Div. 392.
- A. W. Jennings, from Div. 537.
- 156—Geo. L. Carliele, from Div. 547.
- 437—Clarence A. White, from Div. 494.
- 109—Wm. N. Doan, from Div. 373.
- 567—S. E. Knight, from Div. 245.
- J. A. Cox, from def. Div. 229.
- 103—Lincoln Grow, from Div. 143.
- 569—G. B. Hayes, B. F. Edsell, from Div. 527.
- 261—Chas. McGee, from Div. 99.
- H. C. Van Buskirk, from Div. 218.
- 469—Thos. Bracken, from Div. 70.
- 214—Fred. F. Coulson, from Div. 344.
- 385—James Stewart, from Div. 546.
- 383—J. E. Hauser, from Div. 355.
- 44—Geo. McLeod, from Div. 134.
- 437—Adam Pickens, from Div. 284.
- 383—J. E. Hauser, from Div. 355.
- C. W. Shepard, from Div. 130.

557—Kent Barrow, W. A. Rawles, G. S. Keeter, from Div. 331.

554—John H. Pool, from Div. 225.

29—Patrick Keyes, from Div. 94.

61—H. L. Terry, from Div. 191.

475—A. G. Sandall, from Div. 458.

385—Wm. H. Barrows, from Div. 197.

J. G. Lyons was listed in May JOURNAL as being admitted to Div. 256. It should have been J. G. Rice, from def. Div. 429.

WITHDRAWALS.

From Division—

- 324—Henry Douglas.
- 2—F. M. Raymond.
- 437—Peter H. Mouse.
- 98—R. C. Moore.

From Division—

- 403—Max M. Miller.
- 32—A. J. Cota.
- 134—John T. Gilpin.
- 102—Frank S. Wengert.

RE-INSTATED.

Into Division—

- 344—Fred. F. Coulson.
- 113—A. A. Littell.
- 54—John R. Decker.
- 291—James D. Hart.
- 156—G. W. Kaley.
- James T. Hayes.
- 283—Geo. B. Jeffries.
- 193—J. R. Allen.
- 512—Wm. McCrevey.
- 205—W. R. Brown, S. Shaffer.
- 251—John O'Day.
- 198—J. F. Harris.
- 331—W. T. Cooke, T. D. Haskins.
- 256—C. A. Hackney.
- 420—James W. Holmes.
- 427—Geo. Canaan.
- 286—Joseph Stephenson.
- 20—Thos. Langabaugh.
- 399—L. G. Bagley.
- 359—A. E. Reed.
- 394—F. F. Palmer.

Into Division—

- 505—Henry Butson.
- 31—F. W. Warner.
- 95—J. G. Lewis, E. A. Vickery.
- 11—C. P. Pruitt.
- 368—V. M. Waters.
- 60—John F. Horn.
- 148—John K. Yohe, Samuel Bryan.
- 380—Miles A. Ellis.
- 10—M. H. Kempton, Thos. F. Murphy.
- 84—John Hall.
- 420—T. M. Hoolen.
- 191—Chas. H. Wright.
- 485—Geo. Beatty.
- 482—John Thornton.
- 473—J. W. Sullivan.
- 99—C. B. Martin.
- 162—John De Vennie.
- 428—Mark Waters.
- 309—H. B. Windish.
- 102—John J. Nihil.

SUSPENDED.

From Division—

- 353—T. S. Baldwin, G. S. Brocker, John I. Ways, Walter Goswell, for non-payment of dues.

EXPELLED.

FOR NON-PAYMENT OF DUES.

From Division—

- 312—W. S. Crouch.
- 449—C. T. Hammock, W. H. Lester.
- 286—Wm. Garvey.
- 305—Geo. Vanfleet.
- 342—Wilson N. Pritzman.
- 205—D. Shea.
- 514—S. T. Hill.
- 507—W. D. Scott.

FOR OTHER CAUSES.

- 353—A. A. Angula, for non-payment of dues and forfeiting insurance.
- 85—L. A. Wiltshire, for intoxication while on duty.

Joseph Jones, of Div. 539, was reported expelled in May JOURNAL for defrauding Division. It should be Joseph James.

Bro. Thos. Godfrey, of Div. 183, was reported expelled Jan. 1, 1901, for non-payment of dues, but we are informed that the expulsion was an error, his account with his Division not having been properly credited with dues paid in.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS' MUTUAL LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Official Notice of Assessments 930-934.

SERIES D.

OFFICE OF ASSOCIATION, ROOM 803, SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING,
CLEVELAND, OHIO, June 1, 1901.

To the Division Secretaries L. E. M. L. and A. I. A.:

DEAR SIRS AND BROS.:—You are hereby notified of the death or disability of the following members of the Association:

Five Assessments for payment of these claims are hereby levied and Secretaries ordered to collect one dollar and twenty-five cents from all who are insured for \$750, two dollars and fifty cents from all who are insured for \$1,500, five dollars from all who are insured for \$3,000, and seven dollars and fifty cents from all members insured for \$4,500, and forward same to the General Secretary and Treasurer.

Members of the Insurance Association are required to remit to Division Secretaries within thirty days from date of this notice, and the Division Secretaries to the General Secretary and Treasurer within ten days thereafter, on penalty of forfeiting their membership. (See Article XI. of By-Laws.)

Secretaries in sending remittances will send same to and make all drafts, express money orders or postoffice money orders payable to WM. B. PRENTER, General Secretary and Treasurer. Secretaries located in Canada will please remit by draft or express money order. We will not accept packages of money sent by express, unless charges have been prepaid. The JOURNAL closes on the 18th of each month. Claims received after that day will lie over until the succeeding month.

No. of Ass't.	Name.	Age.	No. of P.	Date of Admission.	Date of Death or Disability.	Cause of Death or Disability.	Am't. of Ins.	To Whom Payable.
900	John Oakley.....	33	473	Dec. 2, 1891.	July 30, 1898.	Murdered.....	\$1500	Mary E. Oakley, m.
901	B. McDevitt.....	53	103	Aug. 5, 1888.	May 2, 1900.	Blind right eye.....	4500	B. McDevitt.
902	W. W. Bradley.....	35	540	Nov. 18, 1900.	Mch. 26, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Hugh Bradley, f.
903	Wm. Oddy.....	59	315	July 21, 1894.	Apr. 6, 1901.	Bright's disease.....	1500	Mrs. Lydia Adley, w.
904	E. F. Green.....	54	42	Apr. 20, 1881.	Apr. 9, 1901.	Heart disease.....	3000	Mrs. F. J. Green, w.
905	Amos Jones.....	56	335	Apr. 6, 1871.	Apr. 10, 1901.	Heart disease.....	3000	Mrs. Mary J. Jones, w.
906	K. D. Davis.....	29	429	Sept. 30, 1896.	Apr. 12, 1901.	Left arm amputa'd	1500	E. D. Davis.
907	Wm. F. Sharp.....	36	463	Jan. 8, 1900.	Apr. 12, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. R. V. Sharp, w.
908	Leo Meinzer.....	48	226	May 4, 1892.	Apr. 16, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Carrie Meinzer, w.
909	J. R. Todd.....	39	94	Aug. 27, 1886.	Apr. 17, 1901.	Meningitis.....	1500	Mrs. Mary Todd, w.
910	J. Morgan.....	72	159	Aug. 24, 1874.	Apr. 17, 1901.	Arterio-sclerosis.....	3000	Lucy J. Morgan, w.
911	Wm. H. Bair.....	42	211	Oct. 20, 1891.	Apr. 18, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. W. H. Bair, w.
912	J. D. Metcalf.....	38	84	Oct. 15, 1892.	Apr. 20, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Carrie Metcalf, w.
913	Wm. P. Morris.....	48	12	Feb. 22, 1892.	Apr. 20, 1901.	Chron. liver trouble	4500	Mrs. E. Morris, w.
914	J. Salisbury.....	47	472	Mch. 12, 1887.	Apr. 20, 1901.	Typhoid fever.....	1500	Mrs. I. M. Salisbury, w.
915	E. F. Green.....	58	3	July 25, 1868.	Apr. 21, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Jos. Green, f.
916	Geo. M. Moore.....	56	12	Aug. 23, 1883.	Apr. 23, 1901.	Hem'ge of lungs.....	3000	Mrs. G. W. Moore, w.
917	B. C. Coleman.....	38	343	Jan. 15, 1900.	Apr. 23, 1901.	Typhoid fever.....	1500	Mrs. A. Coleman, w.
918	S. L. Johns.....	34	36	June 5, 1898.	Apr. 24, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. Jennie Johns, w.
919	Jas. Normile.....	51	123	Apr. 3, 1880.	Apr. 24, 1901.	Suicide.....	3000	Thos. Normile, b.
920	W. D. Henry.....	36	22	Oct. 12, 1896.	Apr. 25, 1901.	Phthisis.....	750	Mrs. F. B. Henry, w.
921	J. D. Chamberlain.....	83	34	Jan. 30, 1886.	Apr. 25, 1901.	Pneumonia.....	4500	E. J. Chamberlain, w.
922	M. Murray.....	53	78	Apr. 18, 1893.	Apr. 25, 1901.	Lympho-sarcoma.....	4500	Mrs. M. Murray, w.
923	W. H. Schnitzer.....	47	156	Sept. 2, 1895.	Apr. 28, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. S. J. Schnitzer, w.
924	J. B. Fitzsimmons.....	53	306	Feb. 11, 1889.	Apr. 28, 1901.	Carcinoma.....	1500	Mary Fitzsimmons, w.
925	M. Cosgrove.....	67	169	Apr. 26, 1887.	Apr. 30, 1901.	Hemiplegia.....	3000	Marg't J. D. Myers, c.
926	E. L. Mumper.....	34	25	June 11, 1899.	Apr. 30, 1901.	Septicemia.....	1500	J. A. Mumper, f.
927	M. H. McGrath.....	36	105	May 7, 1895.	May 4, 1901.	Tuberculosis.....	1500	Mrs. M. H. McGrath, w.
928	Peter Black.....	53	91	May 6, 1872.	May 4, 1901.	Killed.....	4500	Mrs. Peter Black, w.
929	V. Coggins.....	54	234	Apr. 24, 1885.	May 4, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. M. Coggins, w.
930	J. H. McClure.....	54	12	Jan. 12, 1882.	May 6, 1901.	Cirrhosis of liver.....	3000	Josephine McClure, w.
931	H. N. Allen.....	54	58	Sept. 7, 1892.	May 7, 1901.	Pneumonia.....	3000	Mrs. S. A. Allen, w.
932	B. F. Keegan.....	41	485	Mch. 26, 1900.	May 8, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. E. Keegan, w.
933	Asa O. Denio.....	73	51	Feb. 1, 1868.	May 11, 1901.	General debility.....	3000	Mrs. A. O. Denio, w.
934	Theo. Crosson.....	56	353	Jan. 15, 1895.	May 11, 1901.	Apoplexy.....	1500	His Children.

Total number of claims, 35.

Total amount of claims, \$87,750.

Acknowledgments.

Acknowledgments have been received from the following Beneficiaries for amounts stated in settlement of claims paid:

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
Feb. 9, 1901.	{ Mrs. A. P. MacMillan..... J. R. MacMillan..... }	718	C. F. Gillaspay.....	80	\$3000
May 10, "	County Treasurer, Buffalo.....	731	Theo. Williamson.....	15	1500
Mch. 25, "	Isabella St. John.....	747	P. Fairman.....	358	1500
" 4, "	Mrs. Laura Walters.....	749	J. F. Willis.....	379	1500
" 7, "	{ Mrs. Hattie Van Houten..... Alice Blauvelt..... Mattie Blauvelt..... }	754	P. Fairman.....	358	3000
Apr. 18, "	Mrs. Sarah I. Turbyfill.....	777	Ed. Skillman.....	281	750
" 15, "	Mrs. P. Hinnant.....	783	J. A. Carlin.....	291	1500
" 10, "	Mrs. J. Brown.....	785	H. La Voie.....	189	3000
" 15, "	Mrs. H. Robinson and Children.....	798	R. B. Hickok.....	120	1500
May 6, "	H. C. Marshall, Administrator.....	804	J. E. Farrell.....	329	1500
" 5, "	C. H. Merritt.....	805	J. F. Maher.....	150	1500
" 3, "	Jas. E. Hendrickson.....	807	Geo. Redman.....	548	4500
" 7, "	Josephine H. Sharrah.....	808	F. H. Kaub.....	186	750

Acknowledgments—Continued.

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
May 3, 1901.	Mrs. Thos. Bohan.....	810	F. L. King.....	434	\$1500
" 4, "	{ Mrs. W. M. Cowles.....	811	L. Sisco.....	125	3750
" 2, "	{ Harry W. Cowles.....	812	Jerry Clewell.....	20	3000
" 6, "	{ Geo. Lighthouse.....	813	J. A. Bowers.....	352	1500
" 6, "	{ Mrs. C. W. Farris.....	814	M. C. Horner.....	557	1500
" 3, "	{ J. T. Farris, Guardian.....	815	T. Pauline.....	369	1500
" 8, "	{ Huldah E. Hitchin, Administratrix.....	816	S. A. Garwood.....	547	1500
" 4, "	{ Belle C. Works.....	817	N. B. Scroggin.....	433	1500
" 8, "	{ Mrs. B. Felmet.....	818	B. Lightner.....	110	3000
" 6, "	{ Josephine M. Young.....	819	J. Walker.....	185	3000
" 6, "	{ Mrs. Florence M. Kilborn.....	820	Geo. M. Couch.....	30	1500
" 9, "	{ Mrs. J. Nelson.....	822	C. H. Burn.....	340	3000
" 3, "	{ Anna Marie Baetz.....	823	Theo. Lowe.....	302	1500
" 7, "	{ Mary Y. Robinson.....	824	J. H. Mack.....	4	1500
" 2, "	{ Miss H. Robinson.....	825	W. H. Corbett.....	300	1500
" 7, "	{ Mrs. Jane A. McFarlane.....	826	Ed. Bodey.....	16	3000
" 2, "	{ Emma D. Reed.....	827	A. R. Singletary.....	31	3000
" 3, "	{ J. W. Fitzgibbons.....	828	F. L. King.....	434	1500
" 2, "	{ Mrs. Rachael Briggs.....	830	J. H. Welch.....	207	3000
" 3, "	{ Mrs. C. Trumble.....	831	E. S. Freeman.....	288	3000
" 6, "	{ Mrs. Annie B. Cantlin.....	832	B. F. Knight.....	41	3000
" 2, "	{ N. T. Steele, Administrator.....	834	E. A. Montague.....	46	3000
" 4, "	{ Maud L. Stetler.....				
" 4, "	{ Chas. E. Powlasland, Guardian.....				
" 3, "	{ Mrs. Ella Sanford.....				
" 3, "	{ Sarah N. Darrow.....				
" 3, "	{ Jane B. Hainoe.....				

Financial Statement.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, May 1, 1901.

MORTUARY FUND FOR APRIL.

Balance on hand March 31, 1901,	\$ 73,714 99
Paid in settlement of Claims,	59,250 00
Balance on hand April 1, 1901,	\$ 14,464 99
Received by Assessments 831-834, and Back Assessments,	67,500 00
Received from members whose insurance was carried by Association,	916 00
Received by Assessments 862-865,	460 77
Total in Bank April 30, 1901,	\$ 83,341 76

EXPENSE FUND FOR APRIL.

Balance on hand April 1, 1901,	\$ 9,113 03
Received by Admission Fees and Arrears,	268 55
Total,	\$ 9,381 58
Expenses during month of April,	930 61
Balance in Bank April 30, 1901,	\$ 8,450 97

Statement of Membership.

FOR APRIL, 1901.

<i>Classified Represents:</i>	\$750 00	\$1,500	\$3,000	\$4,500
Members who paid Assessments 831-834	2,291	13,605	7,263	1,332
Members from whom Assessments 831-834 were not collected,	269	1,277	415	60
Members carried by the Association,	125	279	14
Applications and reinstatements received during month	71	191	81	22
Totals,	2,631	15,198	8,038	1,428
From which deduct Policies terminated by death, accident or otherwise,	9	77	26	1
Total Membership April 30, 1901,	2,622	15,121	8,012	1,427
Grand Total,				27,182
W. E. FUTCH, President.		W. B. PRENTER, Gen'l Sec'y & Treas.		

NATHAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

92 and 94 Liberty Street, New York,
and 180 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

MANUFACTURERS OF

The "Monitor" and other Locomotive Injectors.

INJECTORS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR HIGH PRESSURE.

The new "88" MONITOR, with Lever
Patented August 7th, 1888.



**"NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED
LUBRICATORS,
Ejectors or Water Elevators,
New Sanding Apparatus,
New Steam Fire Extinguishers,
Boiler Washers,
Rod and Guide Cups,
Etc., Etc.**

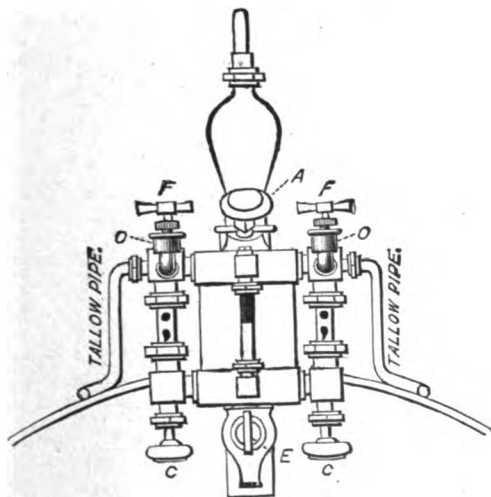
For instructions, see Engineer's
Card, which is furnished with each
injector.

NOTE.—The "88" Monitor is also made with a quick motion Screw Starting Attachment.

THE "NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED CYLINDER LUBRICATOR FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

Oils both Cylinders.

*No possibility of feeding over
in one cylinder or
into boiler.*



ALSO,

AIR BRAKE,

SIGHT-FEED

LUBRICATORS.

NATHAN MANUFACTURING CO., New York.

CATALOGUES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.



STAR BRASS MANUFACTURING CO.,
Manufacturers of **Extra Heavy Locomotive Pop Safety Valves,**
MUFFLED AND OPEN.

Also Exclusive and Original Makers of "Non-Corrosive Steam
Gages," Locomotive Lubricators, Chime Whistles, Etc.

Main Office and Works: **BOSTON, MASS.**
New York, 88 Cortland St. Chicago, 934 Monadnock Bldg.



When writing to advertisers, mention this Journal.

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA



"KNOWN THE WORLD OVER"
HAS RECEIVED THE HIGHEST ENDORSEMENTS
FROM THE MEDICAL PRACTITIONER, THE NURSE
AND THE INTELLIGENT HOUSEKEEPER AND CATERER

WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited
ESTABLISHED 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.
• GOLD MEDAL, PARIS 1900 •

"1900" WASHER FREE ON 30 DAYS' TRIAL

**FAMILY
WASH-
ING NO
LONGER
A
DRUDG-
ERY.**



The 1900 BALL-BEARING WASHER

Is a 20th Century invention, wonderfully simple and effective. It revolves on ball bearings. Easiest running washer on the market. It does the washing better, cleaner, cheaper and quicker than any other method. It will wash clean large quantities of clothes (no matter how badly soiled) in 8 minutes. Impossible to injure the most delicate fabrics. Entirely new principle forces the water rapidly back and forth, without pounding or rubbing, thereby effecting a tremendous saving in the wear and tear of clothes. This alone will pay for the investment in a short time. To prove our claims, we will send this Washer absolutely free on 30 days' trial. We pay all expenses. Address for booklet and particulars,

THE "1900" WASHER CO.,
153 G State St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Vose PIANOS

are receiving more favorable comments to-day from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined.

WE Challenge Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information.

Vose & Sons Piano Co.
161 Boylston Street, - - - Boston.

Piso's For Consumption CURE

We always keep Piso's Cure for Consumption in the house for coughs and colds. The children beg for it. We have recommended it to our neighbors.

MRS. J. T. BALKS,
Box 43, Augusta, Okla., Sept. 5, 1905.

Piso's Cure for Consumption cured my daughter of an awful cough which the whooping cough had left her with. I can say it is the best remedy for coughs I ever used.

ADELBERT C. PANGBOEN,
Conway, Mich., Sept. 17, 1905.

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS JOURNAL

PRICE, \$1.00 BY MAIL



PIAZZA DEL DUOMO AND CATHEDRAL, MILAN, ITALY.

ENTERED AT THE CLEVELAND, OHIO, POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Westinghouse

Air Brakes

Control the Railway Traffic of the World.

**Endorsed
by all the leading
railway authorities.**

The Westinghouse Air Brake Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

BA2

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS MONTHLY JOURNAL

C.H. SALMONS, EDITOR AND MANAGER
307 SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING CLEVELAND, O.

VOL. XXXV.

JULY, 1901.

No. 7.

An American Abroad.

As we review our letter on Switzerland which appeared in the June JOURNAL, in order to begin at the point of suspension, we observe that the printer in his make-up has gotten our subject considerably mixed. The last two paragraphs should have followed the one on Berne, page 337, leaving us at the point of boarding the train for Milan, Italy, by way of the St. Gothard Railroad, passing over a part of the route we traveled on starting out in the article on Switzerland. The road winds its way down the mountains, touching Lakes Mag-

giore, Lugano and Como, and thence 25 miles along the great fertile plain of the Po, where we enter Milan and the imposing station into which the several railroads center which branch out in nine or ten different directions and connect with all the larger towns in Italy.

Milan, the second in size of Italian cities, Naples ranking first and Rome third, stands in the great plain of Lombardy. The city is nearly circular in shape, and is surrounded on three sides by walls some eight or nine miles in length, while the city is entered by fourteen gates, the most striking being the Porta Sempione on the north-



MILAN, ITALY.—GENERAL VIEW.

west, at the entrance of the great Simplon road, whose construction is there commemorated by a magnificent triumphal arch, begun in 1807 (seen in our illustration). The Olona, a small stream, washes the southern walls, and the city is connected by navigable canals with the Adda, and through the Ticino with the Po, making the modern city a busy, enterprising and wealthy community; and owing to its being the principal meeting-place of the north Italian railways and canals, and its proximity to the Alpine passes, Milan has always been a place of much commercial

importance, born a peasant, became a skillful soldier, married into the royal family, and rose to be ruler over Italy, Africa and the Islands, though he was a ferocious barbarian. Maximian finally resigned the imperial power, the abdication ceremony being performed in Milan May 1, A. D. 305.

Milan was sacked by the Huns under Attila in 452, and by the Goths in 539, who succeeded the Romans, and they in turn were succeeded by the Lombards, who fought their way from the north and poured down from the Alps and spread over northern Italy in 586. The leader of

the Lombards was Alboin, a chief equally renowned for savage vices and virtues. The morals of this period are strongly indicated by the leaders of these barbarous tribes. Alboin, on the way, had conquered the king of the Gepidae, north of the Danube, killed the king and made a drinking cup of his skull, and married his daughter Rosamond. After conquering northern Italy he held a great carousal, in the manner of the people of his time, and at this feast he filled the skeleton cup made from Rosamond's father's skull and sent it to his wife, ordering her to drink its contents and rejoice with the master of Italy. Rosamond, stung by this insult, caused her husband to be assassinated. She then attempted to place her favorite and accomplice, Helmichis, on the throne, but this project failing she fled with him and her treasures to Constantinople. Helmichis finally becoming an obstacle to her ambitions she resolved to remove him by poison, so she attended him at the bath, and as he came out offered him a goblet, of which he drank; but immediately suspecting

treachery, he presented his sword to her breast and compelled her to drink the remainder, and both ended their lives in mutual reproaches.

Clepho was chosen king to succeed Alboin, but was soon murdered, to be succeeded by his son Antharis, who was more fortunate. However, as bad as the Lombard rulers were, their reign compared favorably with that of most of the other barbarous nations of the period. The Lombard reign ended at the capture of Pavia, located but a short distance to the south of Milan, in 774, when Charlemagne, or Charles the Great, king of the Franks, received the



PORTA SEMPIONE, OR SIMPLON ARCH.

importance, as it is the chief financial and banking city of northern Italy.

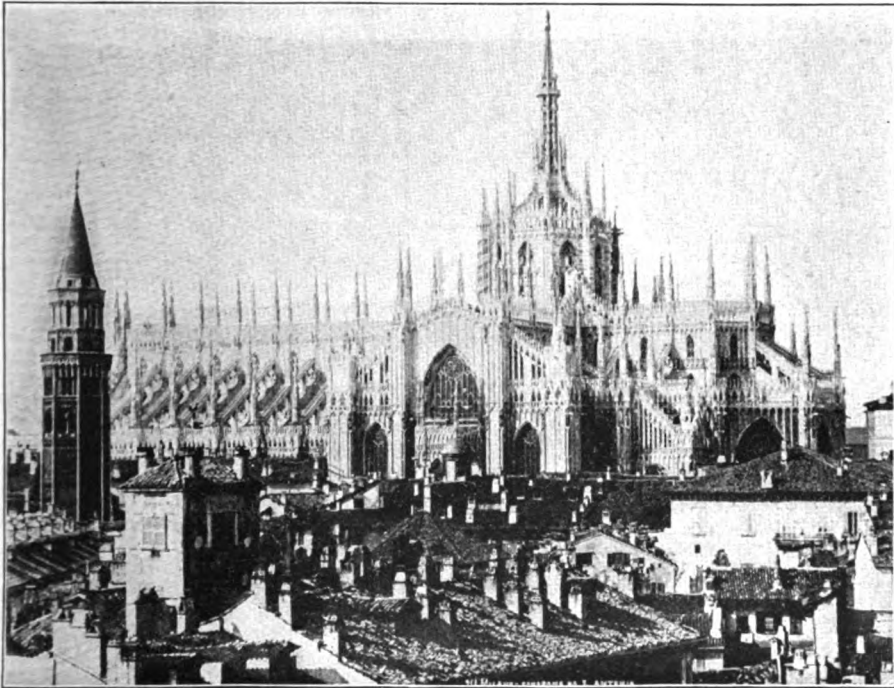
Milan is quite modern in appearance now, though very ancient in its origin, and has a history uncommonly belligerent and destructive. As early as 222 B. C. it was conquered by the Romans, and under them became a conspicuous center of wealth and civic influence. Its citizens were then noted for their refined manners and literary tastes, and the public buildings for their beauty and elegance.

In the beginning of the fourth century it was selected as the residence of the imperial court by Maximian, who, though

iron crown of Lombardy, and after subduing the kingdom annexed it to the great Frankish empire and gave it the name of the Kingdom of Italy. The golden diadem worn by the monarchs of Lombardy was called the "iron crown," in consequence of its containing a slender hoop of iron supposed to have been made from a nail of the true cross. The crown is still preserved as a relic at Monza, a small town a few miles to the north of Milan.

History is practically silent relative to this section for more than two hundred and fifty years though Milan has an important place in the history of the twelfth century

Other Italian cities felt the severities of Frederick and willingly assisted the Milanese, and their city rose again from its ruins and was soon prepared to resist the armies of Frederick who persisted in ruinous and unsuccessful wars with the Lombards. He crossed the Alps six times with large armies, and in 1176 a desperate battle was fought between the Milanese and the army of Frederick in the neighborhood of Milan. At first the imperial troops had the advantage, but a body of 900 young Milanese, seeing the battle about to be lost, fell on their knees uttering a prayer to heaven, and then rushed desper-



MILAN CATHEDRAL.—SIDE VIEW.

when the Emperor, Frederick Barbarosa, violated the charter granted by his predecessors by attempting to establish absolute power in the Italian cities. Milan was at this time the most important, and the inhabitants resisted the encroachments of the Emperor, who raised a large army and besieged Milan in 1158 which was finally compelled to surrender by famine, but Frederick disregarded the conditions of the surrender and behaved with such tyranny that the Milanese again revolted, when the city was again besieged and reduced by famine. This time the Emperor took cruel and barbarous revenge upon the inhabitants by utterly destroying the city in 1162 "leaving not one stone upon another."

ately upon the enemy and turned the tide of victory. The Germans were completely overthrown and the Emperor fled from the battlefield and crossed the Alps in disguise, when a truce of six years followed, and by a union of the fifteen important towns in northern Italy they were enabled to throw off this dependence upon the Emperor of Germany, and a treaty was signed at Constance, Switzerland, June 25, 1183, and is said to be the first instance of a treaty of a monarch and his subjects in which the right of self-government was established.

Then followed the contests of the Guelphs and Ghibellines mentioned in our article on Florence.

In the thirteenth century there were

more than two hundred political communities in Italy exercising the right of self-government independently of each other, and wars between these communities were exceedingly common. At this period Milan contained 200,000 inhabitants; its streets were well paved, the houses well built and its stone bridges, public monuments and its palaces placed it in advance of the cities of the north and west of Europe.

For a long time the two noble families of Visconti and Della Torre contended for the chief influence, but the Visconti succeeded

from the condition of a Common laborer, rose by his talents and courage to be Duke of Milan. When this family became extinct, Milan fell under the dominion of Emperor Charles V. and it was governed as a dependency of the Spanish monarchs till the year 1700, when it became absorbed in the Austrian Empire in whose possession it remained until the period of the French Revolution when a French army under Bonaparte invaded northern Italy in 1796. Within two years he made himself master of Milan and nearly all the large cities and established the French power throughout the peninsula, and the crown was assumed by Napoleon, but the government was administered by Eugene Beauharnois. After the overthrow of Napoleon, Milan, Mantua, Venice and the Valentin reverted to Austria in 1815, when Milan again became the capital, but the Austrian rule was detested by the Italians and in 1848 they rose in insurrection and expelled the Austrian garrison from Milan and the other cities, but they were unable to maintain their independence and again came under Austrian rule and Milan remained the capital until the peace of Villafranca in 1859, but soon after was joined to the Italian confederacy and later became a part of united Italy.

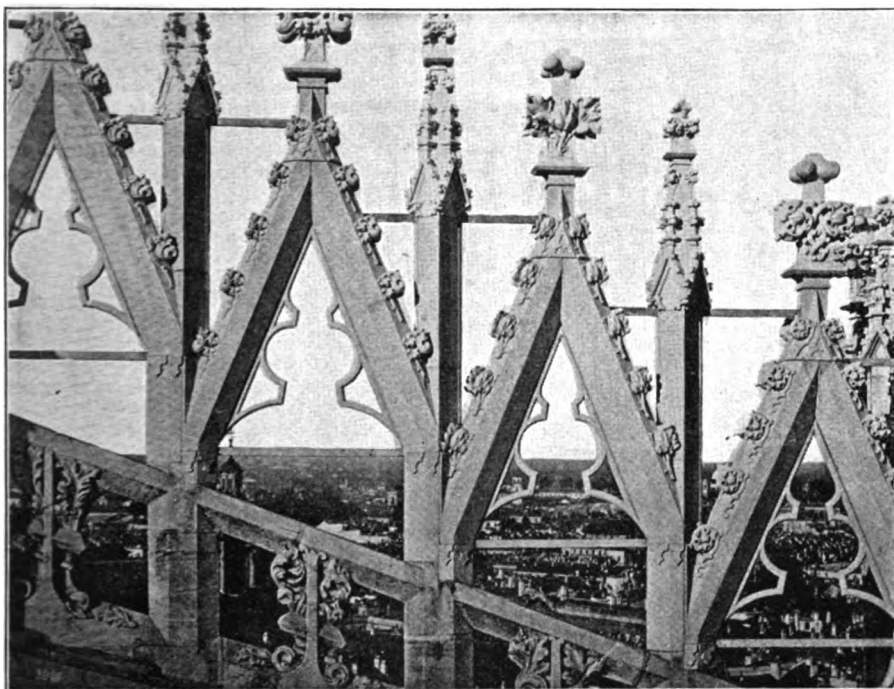
The age of Milan reaches back of the age of history, but within the historic period the record is one of almost continuous religious and political strife, of destructive wars and insurrections. Among the latter the most interesting is the great bread riot brought about by an arbitrary increase in the price of bread as a tax to support the army, when the citizens became a great mob, sacked and burned the bakeries as told by "Alessandro

Manzoni." Milan of today is decidedly modern. Even the great cathedral, the foundation of which was laid in 1386 by Gian Galeazzo Visconti, stands on a site where already two cathedrals had stood. If there were nothing else to attract the traveler in Milan the cathedral, the focus of the commercial and public life of the city, the eighth wonder of the world and next to St. Peter's in Rome, the largest church in Europe, will well repay any reasonable time spent in and around it. It covers an area of fourteen thousand square yards and will hold about forty thousand people. It

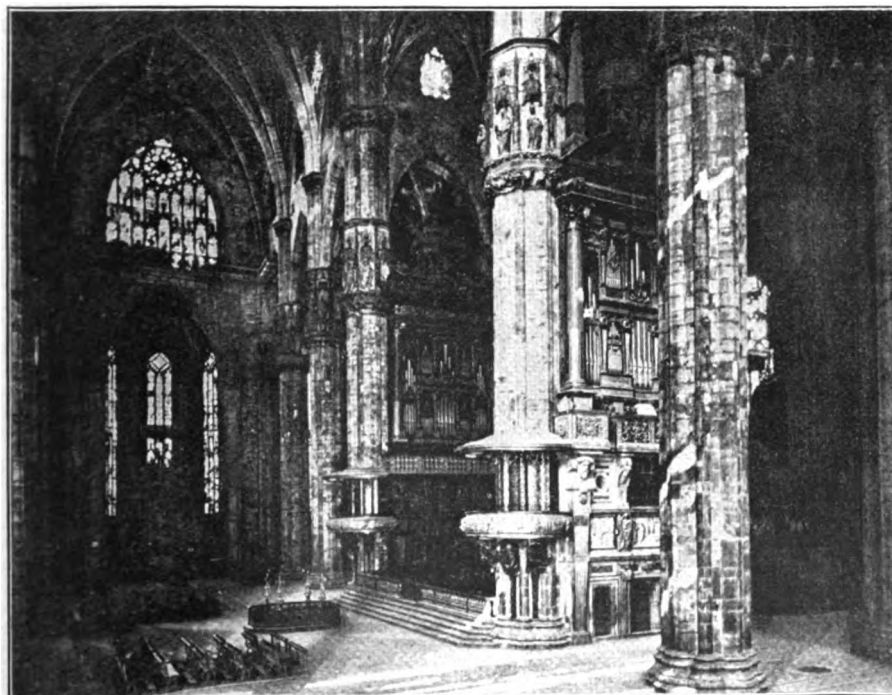


PORTION OF CATHEDRAL ROOF.

in exercising almost absolute sovereignty over Milan and its dependencies about the middle of the fourteenth century when Pope Urban attempted to oppose these rulers as they threatened to become masters of Florence. The pope issued a bull of excommunication against them, but Barnabas Visconti, to whom the pope's legate presented the bull, ordered the messenger to eat the parchment with its strings and leaden seals, which the legate was compelled to do with a sword at his throat. Eventually the sovereignty passed by marriage to Francesco Sforza, who



DETAILS OF SPIRAL ORNAMENTATION, MILAN CATHEDRAL.



CROSS SECTION, INTERIOR MILAN CATHEDRAL.

is built entirely of marble, and was completed by order of Napoleon I., 1805-13. The building is in cruciform shape with double aisles and transept Gothic in style, with an approach to Flamboyant (flame-like form), but the windows and portals of the façade (sixteenth century) are Italian. The exterior is adorned with some 6,000 statues in niches and a vast number of pinacles, as shown in the details of the roof. The interior is supported by fifty-two pillars twelve feet in diameter. The floor consists of mosaic in marble of differ-

founded in 750 but greatly modernized, has as its special feature pictures by Luini and Ferrari, and St. Maria delle Grazie (built 1463) has special interest in consequence of its having on its walls the famous picture of "The Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci, the great artist and sculptor, who contested with Michael Angelo for supremacy as an artist in 1504-6, and in whose honor the Milanese erected one of the most superb monuments in the city, which stands near the entrance to the beautiful arcaded gallery of Victor Emmanuel. This



MONUMENT TO CAVOUR, THE GREAT ITALIAN STATESMAN.

ent colors, and the interior decorations are marvels in painting and sculpture. This wonderful work must be seen to be fully appreciated, no description can do it justice. The cathedral and square is surrounded by grand and imposing edifices.

Among other notable churches are St. Ambrose, founded in 868 on the site of one dedicated by the Saint himself in 387. It has early mosaics, an altar with clever goldsmith's work, and many other interesting antiquities. St. Eustorgius, dedicated in 320, adorned with interesting sepulchral monuments, while St. George,

gallery is built in the form of a Latin cross with an octagon in the center. It is about 1,000 feet in length and 24 feet high. Twenty-four statues of famous Italians adorn its walls; besides there are many elaborate frescoes of interesting subjects pertaining to Milanese history, etc., and the whole interior decorations are rich and elegant. It contains many cafés and handsome shops, and it forms one of the most attractive promenades in the city.

The streets generally are broad and regular and the houses substantial. The Corso Veneria is the principal shopping street and favorite promenade of the Milanese. It is wide and well paved, but the walks are narrow, consisting of only four smooth slab stones laid side by side, but the street is so well paved and clean that it is unnecessary to keep on the walk. The buildings have a modern aspect, of good architectural design, and nearly every building is adorned with little balconies at almost every window, many of which are adorned with plants and creeping vines, which add very materially to the beauty of this prominent thoroughfare.

The city is adorned with numerous parks and many fine palaces—the Archbishop's

Palace (1570), the Royal Palace, the late Renaissance Palace (1558), the former castle of the Visconti (15th century), the Paldi-Pezzoli Palace, and several others, and the Della Scala Opera House is the second largest (next after San Carlo at Naples) in Italy. The Milan institutions of learning, music, museums and charitable institutions are represented on a large scale. The charitable institutions are splendidly endowed, having an aggregate of property valued at about thirty-five million dollars, and the great hospital, founded in 1448, can accommodate 2,500 patients.

Turin (Italian, Torino,) lies 80 miles to the southeast of Milan and 80 miles northwest of Genoa. Turin is also a very ancient city, founded by Emperor Augustus over nineteen hundred years ago, and was for a time the capital of the kingdom of Italy, from 1859 to 1865, and the residence of the King. It is situated in a beautiful plain bounded by mountains, and near the confluence of the Po and the Dora Riparia. It is also an important railroad center, and the meeting-point of several great roads which cross over and through the Alps, and is but 54 miles from the Mt. Cenis Tunnel on the road that leads from Turin to Genoa. The ancient moats and fortifications have been removed, and the city now has a decided modern appearance and is famed for its handsome streets, squares and gardens. Some of the finest of these are the Piazza San Carlo, Piazza Costello, Piazza Vittorio Emanuele (said to be one of the finest squares in Europe for size, regularity of architecture and beauty of situation), and Piazza Carlo Felice. The



ENTRANCE TO ARCADED GALLERY, VICTOR EMMANUEL.



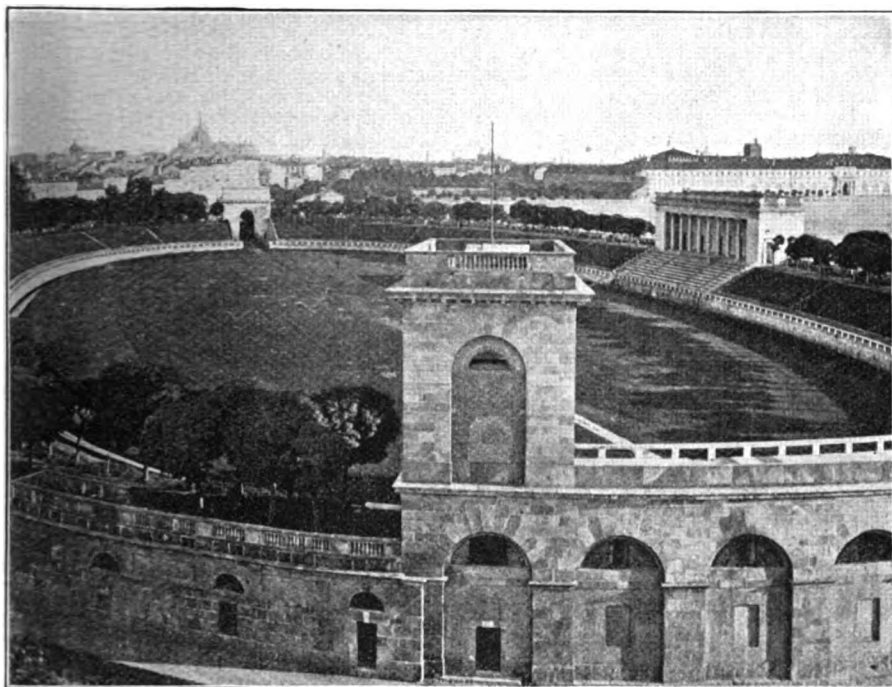
INTERIOR ARCADED GALLERY, VICTOR EMMANUEL.



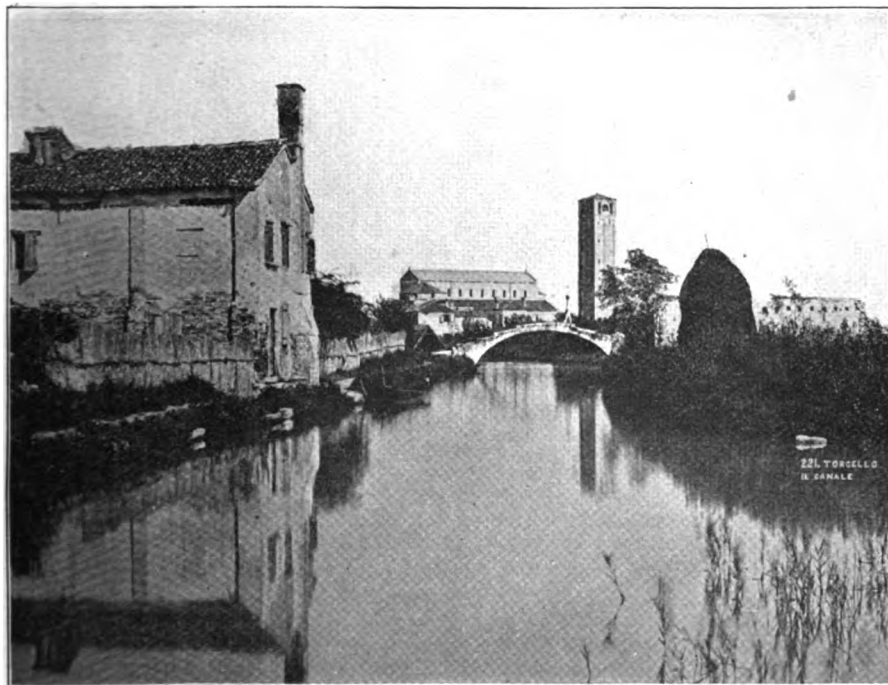
EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF NAPOLEON III., MILAN.



MONUMENTAL CEMETERY, MILAN.—GENERAL VIEW.



MILAN ARENA.



TORCELLO CANAL AND CHURCH OF SAN FOSCA AND CAMPANILE, NEAR MILAN.

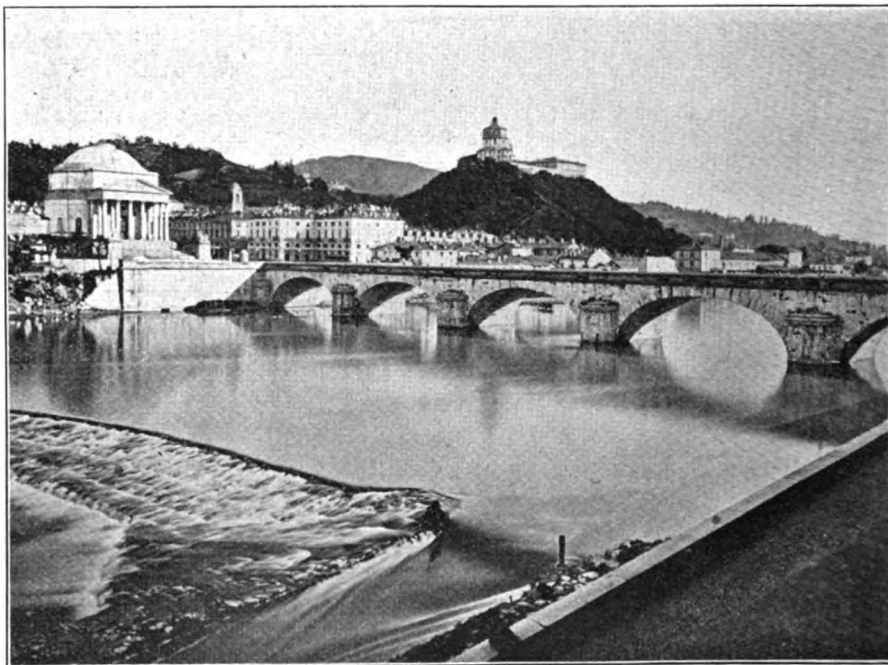
oldest church is San Giovanni Cathedral, built in the seventh century; but the finest in Turin is San Filippo, and La Gran Madre di Dio occupies a picturesque place, and all of these are replete with statuary, paintings and curios of the past. On the summit of a hill near the town is La Superga, a splendid basilica, raised by Victor Amadeus to fulfill a vow, and now is the the mausoleum of the House of Savoy. Its terrace, reached by a cable railway, is a favorite resort for the enjoyment of a glorious view of the surrounding city and country. There are several ancient palaces, and the private palaces are numerous and vast, but of little architectural interest. The

The Partner.

"I have brought this pink silk and other materials for a bonnet, Mrs. Martin. The narrow ribbon and lace are for the trimming, the widest ribbon for strings—and I want it finished by 11 o'clock tomorrow."

"Will you not wait one day longer, Miss Grosvenor? My milliners are all but one absent for their summer vacations; and we have now a bonnet, scarcely yet commenced, for a lady, who wishes to leave the city by tomorrow afternoon."

"Very well," said Miss Jane Grosvenor, haughtily. "I had supposed it was merely necessary to leave an order here. There



CHURCH OF GRAN MADRE DI DIO, TURIN, ITALY.

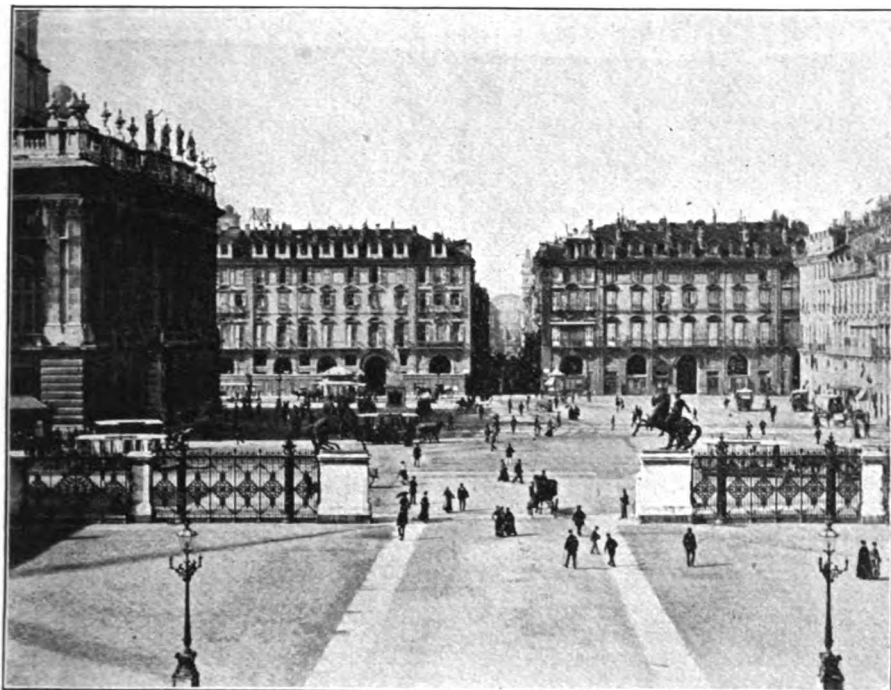
number of statues is exceptionally great, and many of them are fine specimens. It was the birthplace of Cavour, and one of the monuments is in his honor; and here also was born King Victor Emmanuel, whose statues and monuments decorate the city. Among the objects of interest to the traveler is the Royal Armory, containing many valuable relics of various celebrated soldiers from Charles V. down to Napoleon I., the Picture Gallery and the National Museum, the loftiest structure in Europe for common use, it being 558 feet high. On the whole, Turin is a very interesting city, and well worthy a visit. Our next letter will be of Genoa, the birthplace of Columbus.

are other establishments, however, where millinery is not a branch of the business only, and where my patronage may not be quite despised."

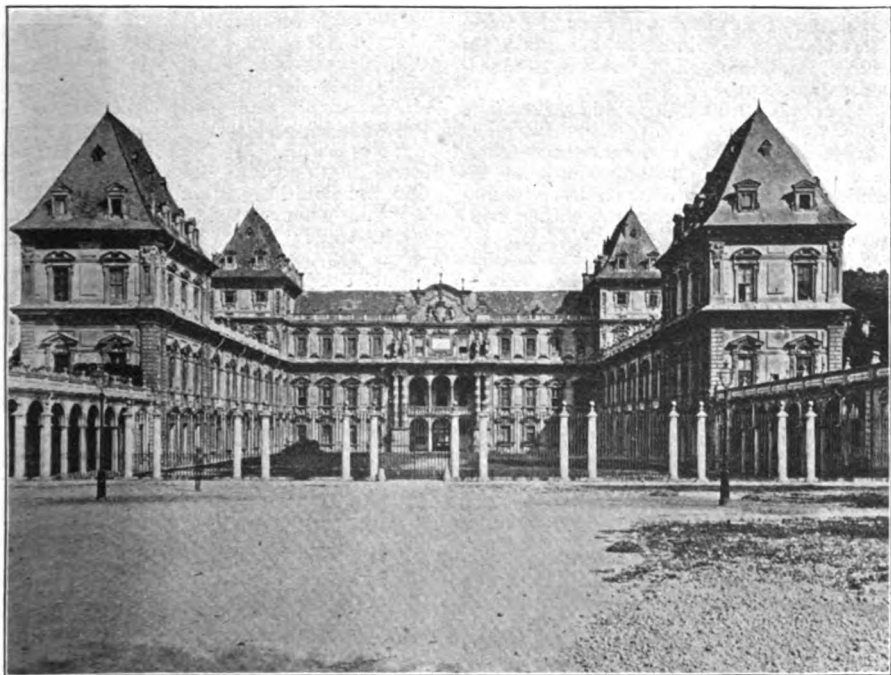
"Your patronage despised, Miss Grosvenor! It is my pride to have your orders executed here. Do not think of going elsewhere."

"Then, Mrs. Martin," said Miss Grosvenor, "I insist that no prior order shall take the precedence of mine. I wish this bonnet finished to take with me, if I leave the city tomorrow."

"I wonder if Mrs. Martin thought I would delay having my bonnet made to oblige her or any customer of hers!" said Miss Grosvenor, indignantly (after re-



PIAZZA CASTELLO AND VIA ROMA, TURIN, ITALY.



COURT FRONT, CASTELLO DEL VALENTINO, TURIN, ITALY.

entering her carriage from Mrs. Martin's store), to her fashionable acquaintance, Milly Jansen. "Such airs as these tradespeople do put on! I'm tired of this republicanism! You know, Mill, Mrs. Martin's is a fancy goods store, and I only go there because my orders for millinery, when left with her, have usually been executed in such superior style. The reason why I want to go tomorrow is because papa's junior partner, Mr. Randolph (who has charge of the branch house at N—), is expected to go on with his sister, Mrs. Walsh, and her husband to the Renwick House. But I presume their stay at the Renwick will be brief—as they are intending to go further north—and if I don't reach there in time they may be away. Papa is a large owner in the Renwick House, and has rooms for himself and family engaged throughout the season. I hope Mr. Randolph will stay, and let his sister and her husband go on without him. He has dined at our house by invitation once or twice. Papa thinks he has managed the business capitally at N—."

"Are you acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Walsh, Jane?"

"No, not acquainted. They were present at a reception that I attended at Mrs. Morris's some time ago. By the way, Mill, I have never seen Mrs. Morris or Florence since, and I am quite sure they have moved out of this neighborhood."

"They are living somewhere in the city, I believe. They have become quite poor. Florence is a milliner; so I suppose, of course, Jane, that you do not care to renew her acquaintance?"

"I should think not," said Miss Jane Grosvenor, scornfully.

After Mrs. Martin had taken the materials left by Miss Grosvenor into an adjoining room, she addressed a pretty young lady, who was busily engaged with a bonnet of soft drab silk:

"Miss Morris, you must put aside that bonnet for Mrs. Walsh at once. I have here other work for you. Miss Grosvenor wishes this work done, and she is one of my wealthiest customers. So I prefer that you execute this order first."

"But, Mrs. Martin," said Florence Morris, "Mrs. Walsh wanted her bonnet finished by tomorrow, and I shall have no time to spare for new orders if this is to be completed."

"I am aware of that," said Mrs. Martin. "Mrs. Walsh can wait. Why, her work did not pay me over one-half last year that Miss Jane Grosvenor's did."

"Mrs. Martin," said Florence, appealingly, "I fear Mrs. Walsh will be so disappointed. Her arrangements are nearly all made for leaving the city tomorrow."

"I believe I did not ask your advice," said Mrs. Martin, coldly. "I wish to be obeyed, not directed, by you."

So the unfinished drab bonnet was put aside, and Florence was soon busily engaged with Miss Grosvenor's instead.

A few minutes afterward Mrs. Walsh entered the store, and was invited by Mrs. Martin into the room adjoining.

"Ah, Florence, good afternoon," said Mrs. Walsh, as she came in. "I called, Mrs. Martin, to request that my bonnet might be sent as early as 11 o'clock in the forenoon, if it is finished by that hour."

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Walsh," said Mrs. Martin, blandly, "that your bonnet will not be ready then; not before the following day."

"What has caused the delay?" asked Mrs. Walsh, in some surprise.

"A new order, Miss Grosvenor, quite unexpectedly to me, brought some work which she wished completed by tomorrow. She seemed quite unwilling to be disappointed, and I concluded to defer all other work in order to oblige one of my best-paying customers."

"Miss Jane Grosvenor of — street?"

"Yes."

"I am rather sorry and disappointed, Mrs. Martin, for my husband had arranged his business, and I my housekeeping matters, to leave tomorrow; and my brother is expected on from N— to accompany us."

"I wished to accommodate Miss Grosvenor," said Mrs. Martin. "Florence, have those two bias pieces of pink silk of an even width, and arrange the narrow ribbon in bows in trimming."

"Ah, Amy, good afternoon," said Mrs. Walsh's brother, Ralph Randolph, as he came into her pleasant parlor the next afternoon. "Quite ready for a start to the Renwick House?"

"No, Ralph. Mr. Walsh and I are not intending to go until tomorrow. Oh, I wish that you would be content to wait, too."

"And what occasioned the postponement, Amy?"

"It was occasioned by Miss Jane Grosvenor."

"Miss Grosvenor?"

"Yes. I had left an order for a bonnet at Mrs. Martin's, hoping to have it finished by this forenoon. But Miss Grosvenor went afterward, wishing to have some work done, and Mrs. Martin preferred that I should be the disappointed one, if either, my custom having been of less money value than Miss Grosvenor's. I have concluded to leave no more orders with Mrs. Martin. I was very glad that Mr. Walsh was willing to delay our going until tomorrow."

"And I won't object to waiting until then."

"Oh, Ralph! I'm so pleased, and I was going in an hour or two to call at Mrs. Morris's. Perhaps you will go with me there?"

"Yes, Amy. They are living in the same place, I suppose?"

"Why, Ralph, and you did not know that Mrs. Morris, having met with large money losses, she and Florence have removed to some rooms at 19 R— street? Their circumstances are quite different now, and nearly all their former acquaintances have deserted them."

"And I have appeared to desert them, too," said Mr. Randolph; "but I was quite unaware of their removal. How did Mrs. Morris meet with financial losses, Amy?"

"By the failure of the mercantile house of Webb & Co., in which she had invested largely. I wanted Mrs. Morris and Florence to come here for awhile, but they wished to remove with as little delay as possible to R— street. Mrs. Morris has shown me many a favor in the past. I was very sorry for her, but she has seemed to lose none of her former cheerfulness. Florence is a milliner, now, Ralph. Happily she has some very republican ideas and a good deal of republican independence."

Florence and Mr. Randolph were not new acquaintances, but he had never cared so much for her as when he saw her that day in a plainly furnished room on R— street, and Miss Grosvenor was already on her way to the Kenwick House, having the pink silk bonnet, finished that morning by Florence, in her possession.

The next evening, while supper was being served in the spacious dining-room of the Renwick House, Miss Grosvenor saw, near one of the tables, Mr. Randolph, his sister and her husband. Miss Jane bowed to the junior partner, and afterward in the parlor was introduced by him to Mr. and Mrs. Walsh. With great affability did Miss Grosvenor express the wish that their stay at the Renwick House would be pleasant to them, and regretted that they were intending to remain so short a time. Her invitation to them to ride out with her in her carriage during the next afternoon was politely declined, as they were expecting so soon to leave. When they left the hotel the following day, Miss Grosvenor was waiting to bid them "good-bye," but the junior partner expressed to her no regrets at going.

"Is my bonnet finished?" inquired Miss Grosvenor in Mrs. Martin's fancy goods store, one morning in autumn.

"Yes. Don't you think it has been greatly improved?" said Mrs. Martin, bringing from her inner room a handsome brown-velvet bonnet, with strings of rich brown ribbon.

"Oh, it looks almost quite new," exclaimed Miss Grosvenor. "How nicely you matched the shade of velvet in the ribbon! I am very glad I had it made over. I wore it scarcely half a dozen times

last winter. Wrap it up with care, Mrs. Martin, and when I go I will take it with me in the carriage."

"You had it done in excellent time, Miss Grosvenor," said Mrs. Martin. "One of the most skillful milliners I ever had finished this work and left yesterday. She is a Miss Morris. I believe she formerly lived in your neighborhood. She is engaged to be married to a Mr. Randolph, of N—."

"Not Florence Morris!" exclaimed Miss Grosvenor.

"Yes, and Mr. Randolph has a sister, a Mrs. Walsh, living in this city, and she and her husband have requested that the wedding may be at their house. I was glad, Miss Grosvenor, that your bonnet was brought in time to be made over by Miss Morris before she left."

The wedding came off at Mrs. Walsh's a few weeks afterward, and after Ralph and Florence Randolph had left for N— Mrs. Morris remained. She had been a widow for several years, and now accepted the kindly-given invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Walsh to make their house her home. Mr. and Mrs. Grosvenor and their daughter Jane were all invited to attend the wedding, but the family was represented by Mrs. Grosvenor only. Mr. Grosvenor had a business engagement, and Jane did not wish to go.—*New York News.*

A Misfit Marriage.

I dedicate the following to anybody and everybody who ever contracted a misfit marriage:

A bachelor once asked a maiden to wed
So they called on a parson, who piously said,
"Do you wish to make this fair damsel your wife,
To love and to honor the rest of your life?"
"I do," said the man. Quoth the maid, "I rejoice
To inform you this youth is the one of my choice."
"Let me ask," said the minister (talking to her)
"The suburbs or city—which is't you prefer?"
"Oh, I like the city—its racket and riot!"
Said he, "I like the country, because it's so quiet."
"Do you, my good sir, like your meat cooked with
care?"
"Not exactly," he answered. "It tastes better
rare."
Said the sweet blushing bride (she who was to be
one)
"I never could touch it unless it's well-done!"
Then the parson he frowned as he asked of the
groom,
"Do you like fresh air in your own sleeping
room?"
"I do," stammered he, looking fearless and bold—
"I don't," blushed the maiden. "It gives me a
cold!"
"Do you eat apple pie?" queried he of the man—
"I do." Then said she, "I don't see how you
can!"
"And now as to chicken?" "Oh, I like it fried!"
"And I'll take it smothered," suggested the bride.
"Then how about oysters?" "Why, broil 'em!"
says he.

"Not much; take 'em raw, on the half shell!"
says she.

Sighed the parson, "My children, it seemeth to me

There is nothing on earth about which you agree.
A stranger young couple I ne'er saw before,
Who came here to marry according to law.
But I hope you will get along nicely through life,
So I hereby pronounce you to be man and wife—"
And then as their names in his book he enrolls,
(Says he) "May The

Good Lord Have Mercy
on Both
of Your Souls!"

—Howard Saxby, in *Cincinnati Com.-Tribune*.

Tarantula.

A long, narrow room, dimly lighted by rows of smoking, flickering lamps, rough benches bordering the bare adobe walls. At one end of the room two Mexicans, with fiddle and guitar, are playing something which evidently passes for music. The air is close and foul with the exertions and breath of the motley crowd that fills the benches and floor. And this is the "ball-room" attached to the Legal Tender saloon at Phenix, N. M.

In the doorway stands a tall, fair-haired young fellow, well tanned, yet seeming light-skinned among the Mexicans and cow-punchers by whom he is surrounded. He lounges in the doorway watching the dancers with an expression partly of amusement and partly of languid interest. A year ago this young fellow would have laughed in your face had you told him that he, Harry Woodhall, leader of cotillions and one of the distinctly eligible young fellows of London, would in a year's time be taking a passive part in the festivities of a New Mexican dance hall.

It had all come so suddenly that it had seemed like some weird nightmare from which he awoke to find himself fighting for health in the arid region of the new world. The recollection of it flashed across him now as stood by the bar of the Legal Tender. First, the bad cold caught at the Wellbrook's ball, when he had taken Lady Grace to her carriage in a pouring rain without so much as a cap to cover his head. Then the long siege of pneumonia, and after that, like a thunderbolt out of clear sky, had come the warning of his physician: "It's Egypt or Western America, old man, if you don't want to shuffle off the coil. You can't stay in England and live."

Then had come the partings, the voyage, the few aimless weeks in Denver and then a letter from Bob McQueen asking him to come down and help raise pigs and alfalfa in the Pecos valley. He had found a jolly, congenial lot of young Englishmen there, and, after some months of ranch life, he had just decided to put some money into

the ranch and settle down. There is a saying that Englishmen come west on account of one of three things: "Busted health, wealth, or reputation." None of this crowd, at least, was in the Pecos valley on account of the last cause, and the two former were certainly no disgrace.

This resolution to settle down had not been an easy one to make. A man may flatter himself that he has torn up every root that binds him to the old life, but when the time comes to put aside the last hope of return he will find that there is one root still drawing life from that hope, and then, perhaps, comes the hardest wrench of all. At any rate, Woodhall had that very day ridden into Eddy with McQueen, and had drawn from the bank the money which was to buy his share of the ranch outfit. On their way back they had stopped at Phenix, a collection of saloons, dancehouses, and Mexican huts, just outside the limits of the town. Their Mexican foreman, Gongorez, had met them there with the ranch wagon, relieved their horses of the supplies, and gone on ahead of them.

Although Woodhall had been in the valley seven months, he had never before seen Phenix in full blast. This interesting condition occurred every Saturday night and lasted until Monday morning. The roulette wheel and faro layout, together with the Mexican games, were operated in the barroom, which opened directly into the dance hall. By this simple arrangement the Mexicans could lose their money in the barroom, while the cow punchers obtained their "load" and then worked it off in the quadrille.

"Bob," said Woodhall, lazily turning to McQueen, who was watching the faro, "do they ever have any good-looking girls here?"

"Sometimes a pretty Mexican girl shows up, but good looks don't last long at Phenix," was the reply. "They say that Gongorez, our foreman, has—by Jove, old chap, did you see the dealer hold out the nine-spot just then?"

"No, but everybody is too full to notice those little things, I suppose. Come, I've enough of this. Let's move on."

The truth was that Harry Woodhall had just been undergoing the last and worst wrench. He had been tearing up the root that had been feeding on hope, and the process had left him in a reckless state of mind, when nothing seemed to matter. The money, which he carried in a belt around his waist, seemed a weight that was dragging him down, away from everything, and the thought nearly maddened him. McQueen had gone for his horse, leaving Woodhall alone on the steps of the Legal Tender. A low voice at his elbow startled him.

"Is it the Señor Woodhall?"

He turned sharply and faced the questioner. A tall, slim, dark-haired Mexican girl stood before him. Over her shoulders she had thrown a many-colored serape, which only half concealed the well-curved and graceful outlines of her figure. Her coal-black hair hung in a long plait, and her eyes seemed almost luminous as she stood in the shadow beside him. She was beautiful—there could be no doubt of that—and as Woodhall stood there staring at her a wild, half-formed resolution took possession of him, born of his recent fierce struggle with the last hope.

"Yes, I am Woodhall," he answered her; "what is it?"

"Will the señor come with me a little?"

Without a word Woodhall sprang on his horse. The girl quickly mounted a cow pony tied near by, and together they dashed off into the darkness. Within the *Legal Tender* the dance and the games went on. Not a soul had seen their quick disappearance. McQueen hunted about a little, saw that Woodhall's horse was gone, cursed him for an unsocial brute, and started back to the ranch alone.

It was a dark, forbidding-looking abode at which Woodhall and the girl dismounted. As near as he could judge they had ridden two or three miles southeast across the track. The mystery and novelty of the affair struck him as he was tying his horse, yet he was hardly prepared for what followed. As he entered the doorway of the hut a pair of warm, plump arms closed about his neck and he felt the pressure of the rich, red lips of the Mexican girl upon his own. And Woodhall was very human.

At last a soft little hand within his led him—for it was quite dark—through a passage way into a small room lighted by a single tallow candle and containing only a rough table and bed.

"Will the señor rest?" and then, after a moment's pause; "I will return soon." She was gone before he could prevent it.

Woodhall sat down on the edge of the bed to think, and as he did so he felt the weight of the money belt which he carried about his waist. In a moment all his English caution and mistrust returned.

"It may be all right," he muttered, "but a little search won't hurt anything."

The only possible place of concealment was under the bed. Revolver in hand, he dropped to his knees and peered into the darkness. Nothing. Slowly he raised himself until his eyes were on a level with the counterpane, and as he reached this position he noticed a small lump in its surface. Was he deceived, or did the lump move? More from curiosity than any other motive he grasped a corner of the bedclothes and jerked them back. Great heavens! There, in the very center of the bed, with its cruel claws working, lay a full-sized tarantula,

one of the most poisonous creatures alive. A slight noise at the door caused him to turn. There stood the girl, her eyes, big with fear and horror, fixed on the deadly spider. Without a word Woodhall raised his arm and pointed an accusing finger at it. For a moment the girl tried to speak, but could not. Then, slowly and painfully, she whispered: "You thought I did it?"

Woodhall bowed his head in grim assent.

On the instant, before he could stop her or even realize her purpose, she had sprung to the bed, grasped the horrible thing, and placed it in the bosom of her dress. As it stung her she stretched out her arms toward Woodhall, uttered a piercing cry, and fell across the bed. At the same moment he became aware of an evil face at the doorway—the face of Gongorez, the ranch foreman. In an instant, Woodhall had him covered and commanded him to enter, which he did in a sullen, half-scared way. At last Woodhall saw the whole plot.

"Gongorez," he said, in a strange, harsh voice, "this is your daughter?"

A nod.

"Did she bring me here at your command?"

"Yes, but it was easy. She had seen the señor and loved him."

"Did she know of that—stand back, you hound!" for suddenly Gongorez had seemed galvanized into activity, and he started toward the bed muttering, "*Corpo di Dios, no!*"

"Then," said Woodhall, in a voice that seemed to him hollow and far away, "we will watch her die together."

And standing there those two, the fair one with the revolver in one hand, the other clasping the girl's, the dark one crouching like a coyote at bay, yet livid with horror, watched the girl until the last spark of life was gone. A moment later a sharp report rang through the hut and then Woodhall galloped away—alone.

Next morning he appeared at breakfast pale and very quiet.

"Fellows," he said, finally, "I've been thinking it over, and I'm afraid I'm not suited to this sort of life. I don't think I could ever be contented here, and—in short, I'm going to start for California this afternoon."

And he did, in spite of all they could say or do.

The last thing he said to McQueen as the train left was: "You had better get another foreman. I don't think Gongorez is coming back."—*Chicago Evening News.*

Not an Unusual Result in Strikes.

A man with grizzled hair limped rapidly across a belt of railway tracks, bearing in

his right hand a soiled white flag, the pennant of his office. It was one of those grade crossings, just over the Chicago River, where travel is chronically congested.

One might think that the railroad owns the right of way, if the teamsters that gather on either side of the track every few moments do not give the impression, with emphasis, that they are part owners of the plant and object to the way things are run. The fierce invectives that are hurled down upon the railway officials every time the bars come down, saving teams and drivers from sudden death, or a giant policeman catches the bridle of a fractious horse bent upon colliding with a locomotive, might lead one to believe that the serenity of the crossing-keeper would be jarred to the fighting point every few moments. That personage, however, does not seem to mind.

"Oh, let 'em rubber," he said the other day. "They're billious, and it does 'em good." He had just returned to the shadow of the crossing-box after a particularly trying wait that had stirred up teamster and truckman eloquence for half a block down the street. "I'm used to it; they can't parboil me; I really believe it cured my rheumatism. That's the way Indians cure rheumatics, you know. They build what they call a wickieup, a low sort of tepee, and pour water over red-hot rocks until they have a head of steam strong enough to carry a 'forty-tonner' a mile over a 30 per cent grade; then they just sneak in there and sit until they look like wienerwursts. It's awful, but it seems to cure 'em. I was in the Northern Pacific Construction Department for two years, so I saw lots of Indians before I settled on the west side.

"Have I always been a watchman? Well, I should say not," and he bristled with indignation. "Why, I was helping drive an engine before Arthur became head of the Brotherhood. I'll never forget one long strike in '72 on the D., L. & W. when I was firing. I hated my engineer because he worked the life out of me making steam, and when he struck I stuck through sheer devilry. The master mechanic came over to the roundhouse the day after the strike, and seeing I was handy at handling No. 33 told me he would give me an accident policy and add four 'strings' to my wages if I would make the run to Emmitsburg with the 'time freight.' I consented, and got a husky stoker from the gashouse to fire for me. I made three round trips all right, and thought I was all right for promotion and papers. I think it was the fourth or fifth trip I began to find out that '33' had a cold firebox an' I began to roast my helper. He wouldn't stand for it, and left me one night at a watering station way

down the road. I had to get the brakeman to help, though I did most of the work myself. I expected that stoker to get back at me, and he registered all right two nights after he left me in the lurch at the tank.

"There was a heavy grade between Colville and the junction that ended with a fancy flourish in the shape of a double curve to get around the base of the hill without tunneling. When '33' struck the slant I could feel her begin to sort of slide. I shut off the steam, but the drivers seemed to go swifter than ever. I should have shut off before we reached the grade and reversed, but I was rattled. I whistled for 'brakes' and could hear 'em clicking down the line of heavy cars, but it did not seem to have any more effect than nothing. That was before the days of air brakes, when you could turn on the air and throw on a brakeshoe so tight it would make every wheel rim smoke, and you could sled a whole train in thirty seconds. Well, the track had been soaped, the sand valve would not work and we were going for those curves. Everything was in a whirl—beat a democrat primary to a standstill. I knew what was coming, but I just set my teeth, thought of that 'policy,' Mary and the kid, and glued my hand onto that throttle, although I knew it would not do a bit of good.

"We passed the first curve all right, for I could feel that crowd of 'fulls' pushing, rumbling and roaring behind, trying to crush the life out of old '33.' As we struck the second curve I could feel her leaving the rails and the drivers crunching the ties; the steam was shut off. I just yelled to the fireman to 'Jump,' but that was unnecessary, as he had made that move when we started down the grade and I had not noticed it. I stood between the engine and the tender about two seconds—it seemed two hours—then I leaped far out into the dark.

"When I came to I had a sort of hazy feeling, just like you do after the fever leaves you. I was lying in a bed of soft gravel; the day was just breaking, and I could see old '33' lying on her side like a sleeping giant, with her cow-catcher deep in the gravel bank, and little clouds of steam curling out of her leaky cylinder heads. I tried to get up, but could not move. When the wrecking crew came up and the doctor got at me, he said that I was lucky to get off with a compound fracture of the left leg. You see, that's where I got my limp.

"Oh, I've been the rounds in the railroad business. I don't want any 'green ones' running trains on a bluff for me. I might state, if you want to know, that I think air brakes are all right, and patent couplers, too. Don't talk to me about the

good old days of railroading; I know all about it; you can't fool me. There goes that gong again. So long."—C. R.

Romance of a Dead Engine.

"I have had many startling and not a few amusing experiences in my time," said the old engineer as he proceeded to carefully wipe the long spout of the oil can with a handful of waste. "One of the most extraordinary things that ever happened was on the Fort Wayne in the early '70s. I was running an old Cummings shifter, and was sent out to a point on the Wooster hill to bring in an eight-wheel freight engine that had slipped a tire and been allowed to die on a side track. We had no order to disconnect the main rods, so we started for the shops with the eight-wheeler hitched on behind. A fellow named Lawrence Piersoll was firing for me, and after getting the old shifter pretty hot, he got back in the dead engine and got to monkeying with her, just like a green fireman generally does. After we got to climbing the hill he came and looked after his fire. I noticed that the engine was working blamed hard, and supposing that the tender brake in the dead engine was set, I told Piersoll to go back and let it off. He came back in a minute or two and said it had been set a little, but not very tight. While he was telling me about it the old shifter began to slip, or 'fall down,' as we call it, and when I eased her up and put on the sand she began to slack up so that I had to give her a full throttle. I was never so much puzzled in my life before, and had commenced to think that either that old freight engine weighed a thousand tons or else all her wheels were sliding.

"Well, we managed to keep moving for a while, and that was all, and as my sand was almost all run out I was wondering what to do to keep from stalling when all at once we stopped dead, and then in spite of all our efforts began to drift back. I thought the engine was bewitched sure, when I looked back and perceived that the wheels of the old freight engine were slipping as if she was under a full head of steam, then I thought sure that both engines were bewitched, and began to get scared. Leaving the shifter in charge of Piersoll I ran back into the cab of the dead engine, and was astonished while passing the stack to hear her exhausting, although I could not see any signs of fire or steam. When I reached the cab I found the throttle wide open and the steam gage was registering 125 pounds of steam. Amazed at such strange facts and scarcely believing my eyes, I shut off the throttle, and the moment I did so the old shifter ahead

began to haul us at a lively rate, and started off so suddenly that Piersoll must have thought that the connection had broke, so he shut off steam. The facts were that Piersoll had pulled open the cylinder cocks, and when he left the throttle open the old engine began to pump air through her cylinders into the boiler, and the farther we ran the greater became the air pressure, till finally the dead engine, having come to life in a strange manner, began to pull back, as the reverse lever was in the proper shape, and her greater weight was too much for the little old shifter.

"When I found what was wrong I determined to have some fun at Piersoll's expense, and when I saw that he had shut off steam I pulled the eight-wheeler's throttle open and she began to go back with the shifter at a lively clip. Piersoll set the tank brake and turned on all steam, but it was no use, and at last in despair he began to call for brakes with the whistle. I kept on pulling him down the hill, and when he saw that the dead engine was running away with the live one it was too much for him, and getting down on the steps he made a jump and landed in a puddle of water. I then shut off the air, closed the throttle and opened the cylinder cocks, and got on the steam engine again. After I had picked up the fireman we got along all right, but after he learned what had been the matter and the trick I had played on him he got mad and asked for a job on another engine."—*Pittsburg Post*.

Castle of Golden Treasure.

STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Once upon a time there lived in the kingdom of Tyras, Nicolas, a poor cobbler, and his grandson Jan. They were very poor, for the King who ruled over the country, in order to carry on wars with other kingdoms and satisfy his own ambitions, had taxed and taxed the people until they had nothing for themselves, so they became dissatisfied and unhappy. But instead of idling about and grumbling, as many of his neighbors did, Nicolas worked patiently at his bench, though he earned only a few pennies a day, and little Jan went to the forest every day to gather wood for their winter's fire. It was dark and lonely in the forest, but Jan whistled and sang as he worked and was as gay as the birds in the trees.

One day, as Jan was working away with all his might, he was accosted by an old man who appeared suddenly in the path before him. "My son," said the stranger, wearily, "can you now show me the path that leads to the King's palace?"

"I can, sir," said Jan, quickly, as he lifted his cap to the stranger. "It lies to the further side of the forest. I will show you the way."

The old man seemed much pleased, and as they walked along together he asked many questions concerning Jan and Grandfather Nicolas, and when they came upon the path leading to the King's palace, and Jan pointed it out, the old man stopped suddenly.

"My son," said he, "you have rendered me a favor, and in return I will give you the magic egg. Go home and lay it in the ashes on the hearth." So saying he handed Jan a small egg, dark and discolored by age, and then strode away. Jan was much surprised, and putting the egg carefully into his pocket he ran home as fast as he could and told Grandfather Nicolas what had happened.

But his grandfather only smiled at the story and the little discolored egg. Nevertheless, Jan put it in the ashes on the hearth, as he had been told. Immediately it began to grow larger and larger, and a shrill voice cried, "Let me out! Let me out!" Jan looked about in bewilderment.

"Let me out! Let me out!" demanded the voice more impatiently. Just then Jan noticed a great crack in the side of the egg, and seizing it with all his might he quickly pulled it open, when out jumped a curious little man dressed in purple and gold.

"Wheu!" he exclaimed, as he gasped and sputtered, "I thought you were going to suffocate me altogether."

"But I didn't know you were in there," said Jan, meekly, and feeling much ashamed of his seeming rudeness.

"Why! I have been there these hundred years," said the little old man, as he hopped about, "and should in all probability have been there another hundred years if you had not let me out."

At that moment egg, cottage and all disappeared, and in their place there stood a great castle, surrounded by trees and gardens of beautiful flowers. The entrance to the castle was guarded by two great lions, and behind the garden gate stood a great elephant.

"This," said the little man, pointing to the castle and bowing low to Grandfather and Nicolas and Jan, who stood staring in amazement at the wonderful spectacle, "is the Castle of the Golden Treasure, a gift from the fairies to Master Jan, in return for a favor, and I am your humble Nimblefoot, servant and gatekeeper," he added, bowing again, this time so low that he was obliged to turn a complete somersault to regain his feet.

"And now, my worthy masters," said he, briskly, "come in and let me show you about the castle."

Jan and his grandfather could scarcely believe their ears, but they followed Nimblefoot as best they could, and he led them through corridors and great halls and beautiful rooms until they were fairly bewildered, and at last they came to the chamber of the golden treasure, where there were chests of gold and caskets of jewels and many wonderful things besides.

"Ah, grandfather," Jan exclaimed at last, "we are very rich; let us make a great feast and invite all our neighbors and friends that they may enjoy it with us."

Grandfather Nicolas was much pleased, so they had a great feast, and all the people came from far and near, and there was great rejoicing over Jan's good fortune. But the King soon heard of this wonderful castle and its treasure, and being in need of money to carry on another great war, he sent a company of soldiers to take possession of it. So the soldiers marched away in great glee, well pleased at so promising a task; but Nimblefoot saw them coming, and as soon as they entered the gates he set hundreds of lions upon them, and they fled for their lives into the garden, where they were seized by many elephants and thrown over the walls. They were all much frightened, and, rushing back to the King's palace, they gave a breathless account of their adventure.

The King was at a loss to know what to do. "We must have the treasure, at any cost," said he. So he consulted an old wizard who lived in the kingdom, who told him that on a certain night at 12 o'clock, when the moon was full, all the inhabitants at the castle, both man and beast, would be fast asleep. So on the night mentioned by the wizard a company of soldiers, with a score of wagons drawn by horses with muffled feet, drew up at the gates of the castle, and finding all silent and still they quickly made their way to the treasure room and began loading their carts with gold. And though they worked until the carts were all full, still there was just as much left as when they began. They were greatly surprised at this. But they worked away until their wagons were all heaped high and would hold no more, and they started back to the King's palace feeling very happy. The King was beside himself with joy when he saw the great wagons heaped with treasure rolling into the courtyard, and promised the soldiers great rewards for their cleverness. They all went to bed, leaving the wagons in the palace garden to be unloaded in the morning. But, alas! when they awoke they found, to their astonishment, that every piece of gold had turned into a great ledge of rocks, and the rocks had formed into a great mountain range, which seemed to

reach to the very clouds and stretched away across the country, dividing the King and his followers from the rest of the kingdom. As the mountains were impassable, the King was obliged to make the best of what country he had left. On the other side of the mountain there was great rejoicing, and Jan was made King, and ruled so wisely over the people that they were happy ever after.—*Ella M. Kennedy, in New York Tribune.*

Smiles and Frowns.

"If I knew the box where smiles were kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.

"If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school and street,
Then folding and holding I'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depth of the deep, deep sea."
—*Maud Wyman, in the American Jewess.*

The Census of Ireland.

Notwithstanding the amelioration of the laws, the condition of Ireland continues to justify the passage in which Macaulay described it as "the withered arm of the British empire." Ten years ago its population was 4,704,750. By the census of 1901, the result of which is just announced, the population of Ireland was 4,456,546—a decrease of 5.3 per cent in ten years. But in the ten years between 1881 and 1891 the decrease in the population of Ireland was 11.79 per cent. The following table shows the population statistics of Ireland for a hundred years:

1801.....	5,395,456	1861.....	5,798,564
1811.....	5,937,856	1871.....	5,412,377
1821.....	6,801,827	1881.....	5,174,836
1831.....	7,767,401	1891.....	4,704,750
1841.....	8,175,124	1901.....	4,456,546
1851.....	6,552,385		

The area of Ireland is 32,531 square miles—about three-fourths the area of Wisconsin. There were 166 inhabitants to the square mile in 1801 and 251 in 1841. Today the density of population in Ireland is a fraction less than 137 to the square mile. In the world at large the dominant note of the Nineteenth century was progress—progress in politics, in industry, in everything that makes for human comfort and betterment. Nearly everywhere the number of individuals is greater than it was in

1801, but the supply of food and clothing is in larger proportion to human needs, and the average individual is better off. By the census of 1800 the population of the United States was 5,308,483. At that time Ireland had a larger population than the United States. In 1801 the population of England and Wales was only 8,892,536—not much more than that of Ireland in 1841, just before the beginning of the hegira. Today England and Wales support nearly four times as many people as at the opening of the century, while Ireland's population is smaller by nearly one-fifth than it was in 1801.

Wherever the Irish people have gone outside of Ireland, they have flourished. Ireland's plight has been due not to Irish unthrift, but to English misgovernment. What awaits her in the next one hundred years?—*Evening Wisconsin.*

The Origin of Oil.

With all the study and original research which have been going on for many years in connection with petroleum there is much ignorance on the subject. Where it can be found, whence it comes and its origin are all unanswered questions. When a gusher is struck it spouts a black fluid known as "oil." This may be a compound of 50 or 100 different oils, which have to be separated as far as possible before being marketed. The qualities and characteristics of oil vary not only in the different wells, but often in the same well, the yield from one stratum being different from that of another lower down. The oil of the United States is entirely different from that found in Russia, Java or Peru, which fact substantiates the theory that the several oils have different origins.

One of the theories as to the source of oil is that it comes from the fat of animals or fish which had been squeezed out or distilled through countless ages to be collected in the oil sands.

Experimenting on this line in an effort to verify the theory, Warren and Storer took menhaden oil and, through distillation, produced a kerosene, which they marketed without its artificial nature being discovered. In 1888 Engler distilled under pressure half a ton of menhaden oil, from which he obtained petroleum distillates. The distillate was brown but fluorescent. Sixty per cent consisted of saturated hydrocarbons, from which he isolated and identified a number of oils usually contained in the products of certain oil fields. He also purified the product and made good kerosene oil. Not satisfied with this he went farther and showed that other fats, as olein, will yield petroleum, so that fish oils are not essential.

Another theory that the oil is from vegetable matter is apparently sustained in the case of the Russian fields, where the oils contain a substance similar to the distillation products of coal tar, such as benzole.

The theory has been advanced as to the origin of the Pennsylvania oil fields that the petroleum of Pennsylvania owe their origin to the effect of heat upon the underlying limestones and shale of the Silurian age. It is claimed that the same force which caused the Appalachian chain to uplift, passing through the limestones and shales of the Silurian age at a modified temperature, distilled the oil already contained in these shales and conglomerate sands of the Devonian age, where it was condensed and filtered, and found its home in the open, porous conglomerates which characterize the Catskill, Portage and Chemung periods of the Devonian age.

It, therefore, seems to be an open question as to whether oil is of mineral, vegetable or animal origin, and it will doubtless remain open for some time to come. —*Baltimore Sun.*

Master of His Craft.

Among the immigrants awaiting examination at Ellis Island recently was a young fellow with a little black bag under his arm. He was a Pole, about twenty years old, and his admission was a pleasing and dramatic incident, witnessed by Mr. Arthur Henry. The lesson it teaches is as good for native Americans as for immigrants.

When the young man's turn came to answer the inevitable question, "How much money have you?" he smiled and answered frankly, "None."

"But don't you know you can't come in here if you have no money and no friend to speak for you? Where are you going?"

"To Fall River first. I have a friend there. Then I shall see the whole country. I shall make money. You will hear of me."

The inspector proceeded rather sharply: "How will you get to Fall River? Where will you eat and sleep tonight?"

"I shall be all right," replied the young fellow, confidently. "With this"—tapping the black bag—"I can go anywhere."

"What is it?"

The Pole laughed, and, opening the bag, took out a cornet. It was a fine instrument, and gave evidence of loving care.

"Can you play it well?" asked the officer, more kindly.

In answer the young Pole stepped out into an open space, and, lifting the horn to his lips, began the beautiful intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." At the first note every one in the great building stood

still and listened. The long lines of immigrants became motionless. The forlorn waiters in the pit looked up, and their faces became tender. Even the meanest among them seemed to feel the charms of the pleading notes.

When the music ceased there was a burst of applause. Shouts of "Bravo!" "Good boy!" "Give us some more!" came from every side. The physicians who had a few moments before made their hurried and not overgentle examination joined in the applause. The officer who had questioned him so sharply slapped him on the back. The commissioner himself had come up from his office at the sound of the horn, and asked for the particulars.

When he had heard them he turned to the agent of the Fall River boats and said: "Give this fellow a passage, including meals, and charge it to me."

"I will charge it to myself," said the agent, and he took the young Pole by the arm and led him away.

The incident was a sermon on competence; a lesson on what it means to be a master. The trade may be music or farming or bricklaying—it does not matter. The man who has conquered it, who knows it root and branch, can point to it as confidently as the young Pole pointed to his cornet, and say, as he did, "With this I can go anywhere."—*Scribner's Magazine.*

Both Were Obstinate.

Seated on a rock by the roadside about forty rods beyond a humble cabin was a lonesome-looking man, and the colonel halted to ask if he was ill.

"It's this way, stranger," he replied, after standing up to get a better look at the cabin, "I fell out with the ole woman yesterday, and had to take the outside of the cabin."

"You had a family misunderstanding?"

"That's it. I left the cabin and told her I'd never cum back till she begged my parding. That was noon yesterday, and I've sot here ever since."

"Wouldn't it be better to go down and do your share toward making peace?"

"Couldn't think of it. I've got to hold on to my dignity or the family would go to smash, and I've got to be boss or I couldn't live with her. She's the most cantankerous woman in these yere parts."

"Suppose she doesn't?"

"Then I'll sot yere 'til I starve to death! I've got to conker her or die! Yo' might stop at the cabin as yo' go along and sorter put in a word for me. Tell her yo' talked with me, and that yo' found me so sot that nuth'n' on the face of the airth kin unsot me."

When the colonel reached the cabin he

found a middle-aged woman seated on the doorstep placidly smoking a pipe. They saluted, and then she knocked the fire out of her pipe and said:

"Stranger, I reckon yo' saw Jim up thar?"

"Yes."

"And he axed yo' to tell me that he was sot, and that I must give in?"

"Yes."

"He's lookin' fur me to wave a rag?"

"He is."

"Waal, now, yo' look at me! If that yere Jim Oberly kin be sot, so kin his wife! I do declar, and I'm willin' to die by it, that I'll sot right yere in my sotness 'til I conker that onery man or my bones eat through the floor! If he won't give in I won't, and if yo' happen to pass this way ag'in next week yo'll find my skeleton right yere and Jim's skeleton up thar', and my skeleton will be wearin' the triumphant smile of victor!"—*Washington Post*.

Sure Cure for Mosquito Bites.

Consul General Guenther writes that Professor Voges, the director of the national board of health at Buenos Ayres, has found a remedy for mosquito bites. He states that he discovered it by accident during his trip to Paraguay to study the pest. He had been supplied with all sorts of remedies, among them "naphthalene," an article of no value whatever against the pest; but on using it for mosquito bites he found it of surprising effect. It neutralizes the poison, even when the spot bitten is greatly inflamed. If fresh bites are rubbed with naphthalene no swelling follows. The professor considers naphthalene almost a specific against mosquito poison.—*Evening Wisconsin*.

Self-Sacrifice.

Self-sacrifice is at the root of all the blossoms of goodness that have survived the wreck of Paradise. There never was a heart but had gleams of it. Shining at times in some royal natures diffusive as the light of day without clouds, there is yet no life so dark and clouded but it sends a golden shaft through some opening rift. To be great-hearted, for the love we bear to our Master, and in imitation of Him, is the ideal of Christianity, for it is the religion of Him whose life and death were self-sacrifice. If we are to follow, we must, like Him, bear a cross.

It has been so from the beginning. Call the dead-roll of the world's worthies—its prophets, apostles, martyrs, and saints, the great teachers of mankind, the architects of our liberties, the heroes of civilization,

the ministering angels who have blessed the poor, the sick, the dying, the helpless. Has not the measure of their goodness been that of self-denial? They have suffered that others might suffer less; they have died for the truth that others might live; they have defended human rights by enduring unspeakable wrongs, the tears, and blood.

Love, like the fabled bird, pierces its own bosom to feed its loved ones. Is not heaven itself to be reached through death? The Blessed One entered not into His glory until he had been crucified.

The leaders of mankind have had to tread a blackened and scorched path of suffering. White robes of earthly saintship, like those of heaven, are only gained through much tribulation. Everything good costs self-denial.—*J. D. Geikie*.

New Superstitions.

The following signs and omens are guaranteed to come true with unfailing regularity, says the *New York World*:

If a lighted match goes out without your using it, it is a sign that the wind is entirely too fresh.

To hand the salt to anyone is the sign of a quarrel. To refuse to hand the salt to anyone is a sign that your table manners need an injection of ginger.

To spill salt on a boarding-house table is a sign that the servant will have to brush it back into its receptacle with a clothes brush just as soon as the boarders leave the room.

When undressing, if your shoe turns a series of swift revolutions while flying through the air, and finally lands with a weird, crunching sound, it is a token that you have dislocated a lot of expensive bric-a-brac because of your anger over a persistently stubborn lace.

To drop a comb signifies disappointment and a late arrival at the theater, unless you are baldheaded, in which case you can get along very nicely with a large fringeless towel. The significance attached to dropping a comb also depends upon whether it falls behind the bureau or not.

To move on Saturday is a forerunner that a host of friends will arrive on Sunday, when you are least prepared to meet them.

To change your place at a boarding-house table brings bad luck, unless you get up and go out to a restaurant. That signifies a square meal, generally.

To drop a piece of bread on the floor signifies that the butter will at once enter into a hearty collaboration with the carpet.

While dressing, to accidentally put on any article of clothing wrong-side out signifies the expulsion of some pale blue

language just as soon as the mistake is discovered.

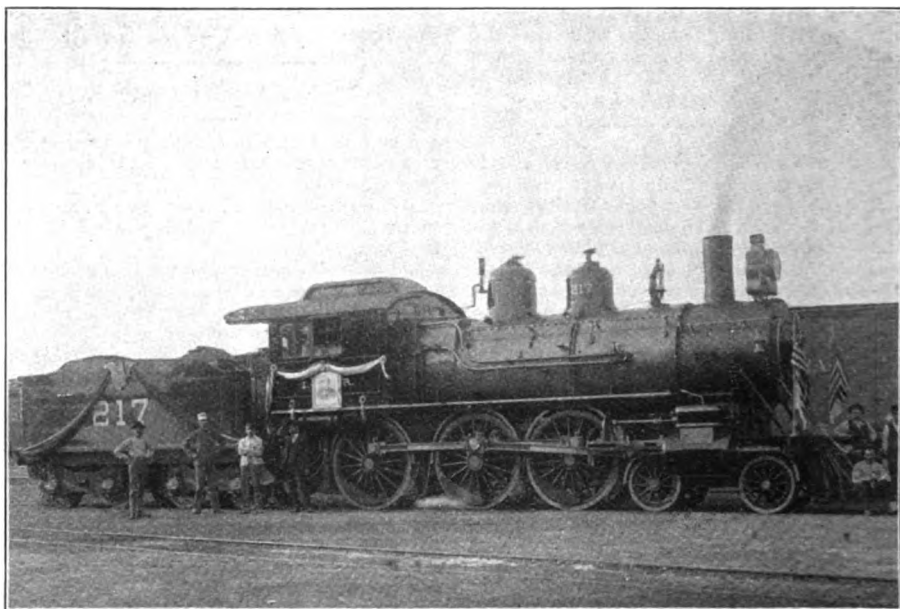
To open an umbrella and hold it over your head in the parlor signifies the entire demolition of the chandelier, unless you use electric lights. In any event it is a sure sign that you have lots of spare time on your hands.

To lay an umbrella down in any public place and turn around three times with your eyes shut is an omen that you will have to buy a new one or get wet the next time you go out when it rains.

To dress the right foot first with stocking and shoe and then find it necessary to crawl under the bed in a northwesterly direction in quest of the rest of your foot-

there they make me take some elderberry cordial as a fatigue destroyer, then I have to drink some peppermint cordial for fear the water won't agree with me; next day they insist that I absorb some snakeroot cordial to ward off possible chills and fever, and then I have to gulp down some liverwort cordial for the good of my system generally. Do they treat me cordially? By Jove, there's plenty of cordiality! I can taste it for months after!"—*Alexander Ricketts, in Smart Set.*

ONCE armed with self-denial, manhood is strong. The soul that possesses the consciousness of mastering passion is en-



ILLINOIS CENTRAL ENGINE 217. Beautifully decorated for the train carrying President McKinley and party over the Louisiana Division. Bro. H. Bowen, member of Div. 196, who was a delegate to the Milwaukee Convention handled the throttle and Geo. Marrett, member of Lodge No. 411, B. of L. F., fireman—Courtesy of Bro J. F. Harrall, F. A. E. Div. 196.

gear signifies that you should have retired the night previous in a more systematic manner.

If, after getting shaved in a barber shop, you offer in payment a \$10 bill and the colored attendant goes out to get change and neglects to come back, it is considered very lucky for the coon—if the police don't catch him, and they won't in New York.

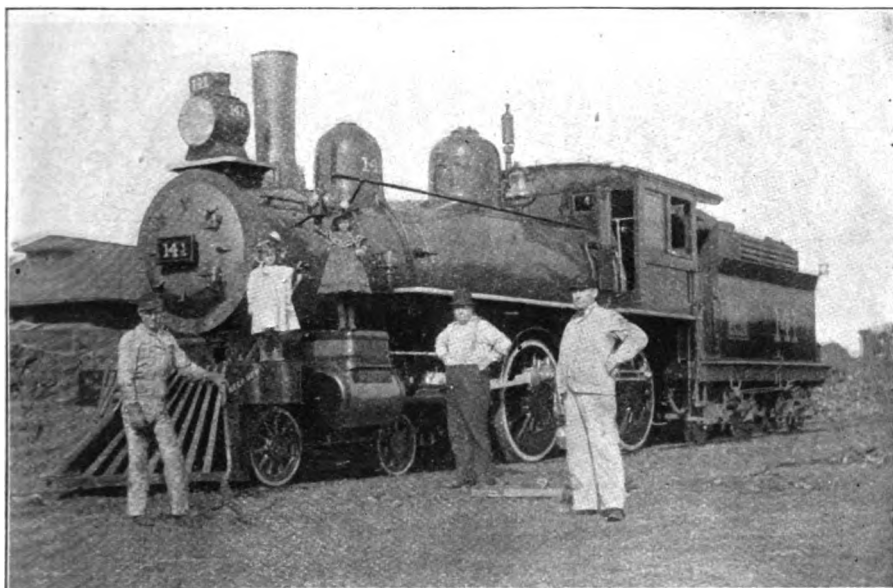
If you find a four-leaf clover in your breakfast biscuit it is a sure sign that the flour barrel has been tampered with.

"Do your country cousins treat you cordially when you visit them in the summer?" "Do they! Say, the minute I get

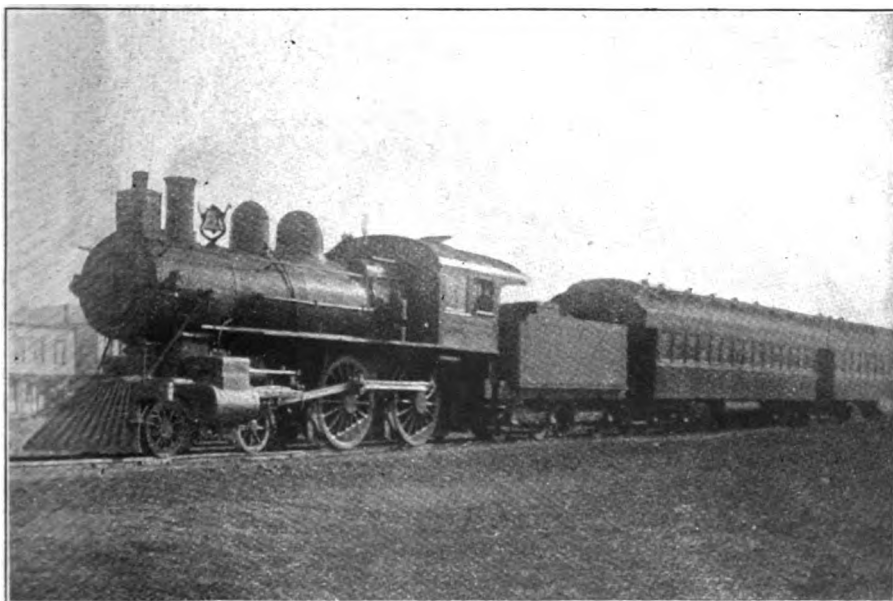
dowed with an element of force that can never harmonize with defeat. Difficulties it wears like a summer garment, and flings away at the first approach of the winter of need.—*Donald G. Mitchell.*

It is not what others think of you which signifies, but that which you think of yourself. It matters little whether the world regards you through rose-colored glass, but much whether you look through rose-colored glass at the world.

SHOW us the man who never makes a mistake, and we will show you a man who never makes anything.



ENGINE NO. 141, KANSAS CITY SOUTHERN RY.—Those around the Engine are Bro. T. J. Hagar, Engineer, member of Div. 326; Wm. Stoggers, Fireman, member of Lodge 522 B. of L. F.; Mr. E. E. Crysler, General Foreman at Shreveport, La., and the two daughters of Mr. Crysler, who superintended the rebuilding of the engine at McQueen, just out of the shop. The photograph was taken by Mrs. T. J. Hagar.



CLASS I, PASSENGER ENGINE NO. 431, BLAIRSVILLE EXPRESS, PITTSBURG DIV. PENN. RY.—Bro. Wm. Humphries, Div. 325, Engineer; H. R. Martin, Fireman.—Courtesy of H. R. M.



A GATHERING OF MEMBERS OF THE E. OF L. R. AT HOT SPRINGS, ARK.

1. W. F. Smith, 2. V. R. Lincoln, 3. H. B. Campbell, C. M. & St. Paul R. R.; 4. J. B. Michael, 5. D. F. Thomas, 6. John Sawyer, 7. N. S. Hunter, Southern M. M. R. R.; 8. A. L. Winchel, 9. W. P. Alter, 10. W. G. Auld, Pan-Handle; 11. R. S. Bacon, 12. W. H. Adams, Wabash; 13. T. B. Carlin, B. & O. S. W.; 14. Joe Luber, L. & N.; 15. Max Schultz, Mexican National; 16. M. E. Murphy, Great Northern; 17. C. E. Henry, Missouri Pacific; 18. A. J. Hill, St. L., M. & S.; 19. J. K. Sullivan, C. R. I. & P.; 20. E. J. Kane, B. & O. S. W.; 21. C. Gray, C. & E. I.

"Autos" Fast as Railways.

An automobile race from Paris to Bordeaux, a distance of about 345 miles, was won by a machine which covered the distance in sixteen minutes less than nine hours. The next best time was only eight minutes more than that of the winner, and the third contestant to arrive reached Bordeaux shortly after the second.

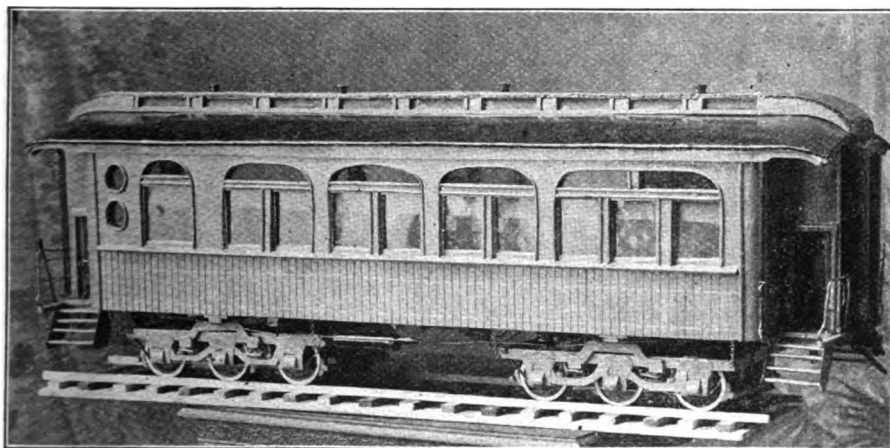
Here is a record of almost forty miles an hour for nearly nine hours together. It was not made on a track or any short stretch of selected roads, covered repeatedly, like a race course. The automobiles were driven more than half way across France, taking weather and roads as they came. But it is needless to say that the highways were all good.

European express trains seldom make as good time as this, for as long a run, except on a few lines. It is very good speed for

nary wagon roads are good at all times, horseless carriages may be found extremely valuable in emergencies. They offer unrivaled means of carrying persons in great haste on account of sickness or accident, to places out of reach by railroads, or at times when trains are not available. A doctor with a good automobile at command, where the highways were first class, could be independent of railway service for any distance up to fifty miles.

But the automobile on bad roads is useless, or nearly so. In deep, soft mud a slow horse can beat the best horseless carriage out of sight. Cleveland men who have tried their "auto's" under such conditions can bear eloquent testimony to this fact.

American roads must improve greatly before this country can hope to match French feats with horseless vehicles. Some day we shall have highways such as are



MODEL OF A VESTIBULE SLEEPING CAR.—Length, 3 ft. 8 in.; width of car, 11 in.; width of trucks, 8 in.; gage, 6½ in.; height from rail, 15 in.—Model made by Bro. Thomas Clifford, member of Div. 273, Buffalo, N. Y.

American railways. The average for our trains is far below forty miles an hour for distances of over three hundred miles. So the automobile is proved to stand on almost or quite the steam railway level in the matter of time when conditions are favorable.

It need hardly be said that no horse vehicle, saddle horse or bicycle can make a decent pretense of matching such speed. Except the steam railroad, in its best estate, no means of travel yet devised by man can rival the work of the French automobiles which have just broken all records for long-distance racing.

This fact suggests the possibility of great things with automobiles on roadways constructed especially for their speed. It also proves that in any country where the ordi-

enjoyed in Europe. Then there will be great race records for automobiles on this side of the Atlantic.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Italy mourns one of her noblest philanthropists, Dr. Pietro Panzeri, who recently died, aged 52. After graduating at the University of Pavia, he made the rescue and rehabilitation of mal-formed and mal-organized children his professional métier. For well nigh thirty years he labored among the poor of Milan, bringing under special treatment every infantile victim to faulty or feeble development and earned a truly wonderful reward in rearing thousands of apparently hopeless cases to the normal stature and strength, physical and mental, of their more fortunate fellows.

Correspondence.

All contributions to our Correspondence and Technical columns must be in not later than the 10th of the month to insure insertion.

Articles must be written on one side of the paper only. Noms de plume may be used, but every article must be signed with full name and address of the writer to insure insertion.

We shall be glad to receive articles on any subject of general interest to the fraternity.

All communications are subject to revision or rejection, as the Editor may deem proper.

The Editor does not assume responsibility for the opinions expressed by contributors in this department. C. H. SALMONS, Editor and Manager.

Tie Tamperers.

We have hearts in touch with all toiling men
Who must struggle hard for daily bread,
Who are housed at night in a cheerless pen,
Where they linger on till they fall down dead.
'Tis a ceaseless battle for scanty food,
And no heed is paid to their anguished cries,
And the foremost ranks of the ill-starred brood
Are the men who are daily tamping ties.

From the peep of dawn until dreary night
And all sorts of weather their task is there;
In the foremost part of the toughest fight,
That bend bodies down with black despair;
They have coarsest food—and 'tis scant at that—
To prolong their lives 'neath the changing skies,
Not enough at times to sustain a cat
Can be had by those who are tamping ties.

We'd be ingrates, all of us engineers,
To begrudge them praise, for in trouble's hour
We oft hailed their coming with thankful tears
To our quick relief, for we know their power.
They have willing hands, and they give us aid
When we stand in need and our courage dies
In cut, or straight, or on heavy grade,
Do these stalwart men who can tamp the ties.

Note that one right there with the black dudheen,
Who so neatly twirls his tamping bar,
With the tuft of hair through his old canbeem,
And his features plowed by many a scar!
We have known him nigh about all his life,
With the sun, and perhaps before it, rise
To get food for his children and ailing wife,
With the dollar a day he gets tamping ties.

There are others down in the midst of earth—
In the sewers, mines, or in tunnels deep,—
Who have coarsest food, and who know not mirth,
At whose ill-starred lot we could freely weep;
But our hearts go out to the ones we know,
Whom we daily see with our friendly eyes
Along side the track, in the sun or snow,—
Our own section men who are tamping ties.

When they go to the door of the Great Beyond,
Where the doom of mortals for aye is given,
They should get a welcome with feelings fond
To the never-ending joys of heaven.

Should they be debarred from eternal day,
Then glory is built on a pack of lies
If they're ordered to travel the downward way
After all the years they spent tamping ties.

SHANDY MAGUIRE.

A Brother's Michigan Outing.

CHAMPAIGN, ILL., June 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I observe that the correspondence columns of the JOURNAL are not usually overcrowded, so if you will allow me space I will tell you of an uncrowned king—the king of trout fishermen. I send you his photo, which is a good likeness, but no picture can give an idea of his general appearance. Over six feet tall, broad shouldered and rugged as the trees he dwells among, and with a merry twinkle in his steady gray eyes, a laugh that wakes the echoes of the forests of old Michigan, and an ever-present desire to enjoy himself and to make you do the same—such is "Kaiser" Williamson, the sturdy old pioneer of Manistee county, who has gotten rich in the lumber trade and does not know it.

He simply lives to enjoy himself, and is never so happy as when wading waist deep in the foaming, rushing, almost ice-cold trout stream, landing the speckled beauties, the prince of all game fishes, the fighting brook trout.

Along about July, when the sun shines hot in "Egypt," we will get a leave of absence and take a steamer via Lake Michigan to Manistee, then a ride of an hour among the sand dunes and cedars and we arrive at Tanner—"Kaiser's Town" it may well be called, for he owns the most of it.

We will find him pretty busy this season. He is cutting hard-wood lumber at his saw-mill, building a barn, carrying on two or three farms, and is also a justice of the peace, a member of the school board, and has a few other lines of business, but he will go fishing with an engineer from Illinois. He couldn't bother with a few millionaire lumbermen from other parts of Michigan who came up earlier in the season, but he will go with us, because we have but a short time in the whole year to enjoy ourselves.

"We will," he says, "just go over to

Cedar Creek tomorrow and catch enough for a little 'fish fry' at Manistee tomorrow evening."

Up in the morning at daybreak; a "coffee royal" while getting up, brought by the hands of the Kaiser himself, and if the readers of the JOURNAL do not know what a "coffee royal" is, they will never know till they go to Kaiser's.

Then a breakfast of ham and eggs, and genuine buckwheat cakes with genuine maple syrup, and we take the road for Cedar Creek.

There are horses and buggies, and if it should strike the Kaiser's fancy, he is perfectly capable of buying an automobile, but we will walk. It is only a step of three or four miles, and the man from Illinois is in the woods to get his muscles toughened, so he takes a "dog trot" to keep up with Kaiser's longer running gear, and in due time we arrive at the creek.

This Cedar Creek is about thirty feet in width, and the water frets and foams in its mad rush for its outlet in Bear Creek, three or four miles below, hindered somewhat by the numerous trees which have fallen into the stream.

It is here that we expect to have a fighting chance with the Kaiser, as, being lighter, we figure on getting around, over and under the obstructions with more agility, thereby being able to fish more of the stream in a given time.

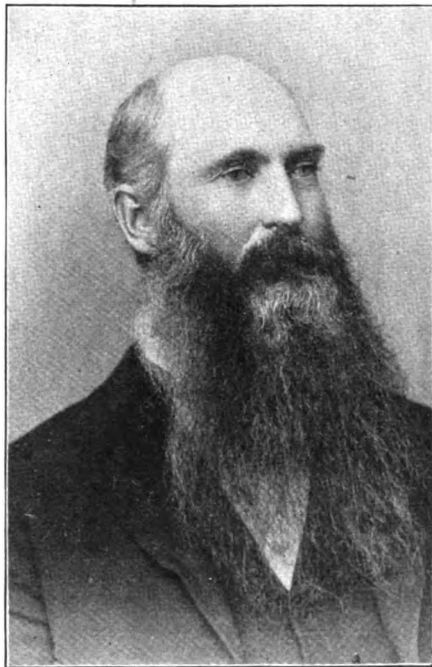
Luck seems to be with us at the start, for we take three fairly good-sized trout while Kaiser is getting into the stream. We score three more, when the Kaiser gets a strike, and stepping on a rotten limb, which breaks under his weight, he sits down in the water, losing his fish. We sympathize with him, maliciously, fishing the likely-looking holes meantime. The old man gets on his feet, with the remark that he never could do much in Cedar Creek anyway. We begin to feel more and more elated as we put the eighth trout in our basket.

If we could in a day's fishing catch more trout than Kaiser Williamson, our reputation in Manistee would be made for years.

And here we are eight trout to the good and Kaiser with an empty basket.

But the Kaiser will count. He takes out a little one, puts it leisurely in his basket, counts "One," baits his hook (we are not fly fishermen), lights his pipe, moves down a few steps, makes a cast and takes out a half-pounder from a hole we have just passed, counts "Two," and remarks that that one must not have suited the fastidious taste of the man from Illinois, the country of mud cats and German carp.

Then it is about even work for an hour. We still lead the Kaiser, having 18 trout to his 13, but we don't like to see him gain, and it is exasperating to hear a big fellow



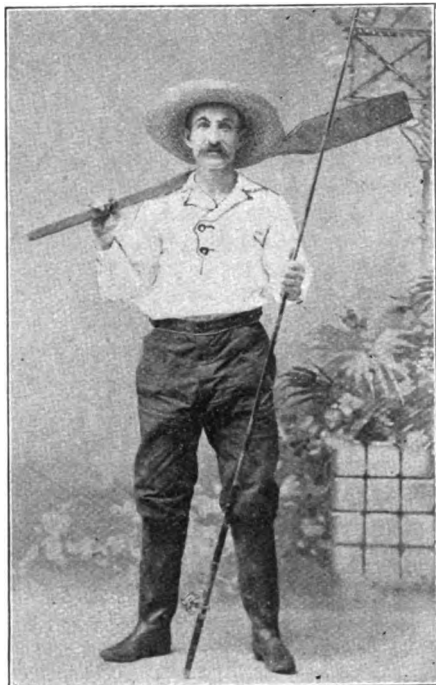
A. K. WILLIAMSON, TANNER, MICH.

churn the water at the end of his line for a minute or two, only to plump into that 25-pound basket and to hear that slow, drawling monotonous count.

Now we strike a place where the stream forks, making an even division, as much water going to the right as to the left of a big basswood tree.

We will take one side, our friend the other. We will come together where the stream joins a half mile below.

We separate. Probably at the widest



BRO. G. L. TENNEY, MEMBER OF B. OF L. E. DIV. 24.

part of the island between us the distance is one-fourth of a mile, but covered with dense undergrowth, so we cannot see each other.

The sport goes well with us, and wondering how the Kaiser's count is going we reach the junction. We have 33 trout; our basket is getting heavy, we do not see our friend, and we sit down on a log to rest. No boy's play this trout fishing; how our muscles will ache tomorrow.

We sit with the lid of our basket up looking at the pile of beauties in their lining of bass-wood leaves and wonder if anything in the world is as perfectly lovely as speckled brook trout.

Suddenly we hear a splashing on the other side of the alders, and a moment after hear that sonorous voice as it counts, "Fifty-four."

Well, it can't be helped. No one has ever beaten the Kaiser, and no one ever will.

He joins us, sits down beside us. We dress the trout, wash them in the cold water, put fresh leaves on them, and de-

cide we will take enough more to fill my basket. His is already full, and that will make sufficient for the feast in the evening.

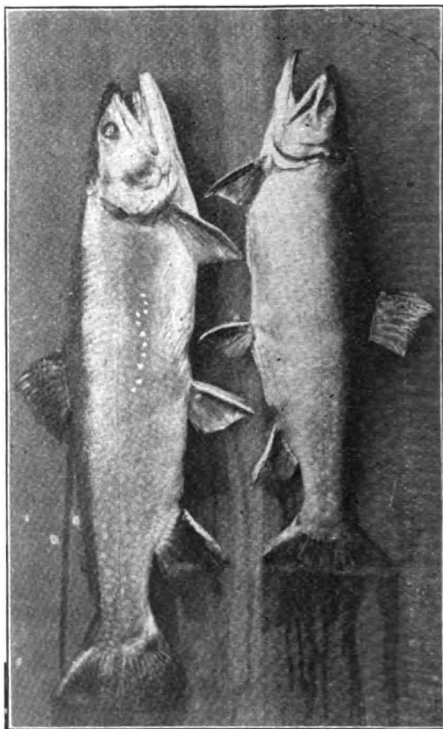
So far we have caught no unusually large trout, though we have retained none less than six inches in length.

We stroll down the center of the stream together; one fishing the right, the other the left bank. Presently the Kaiser calls to us. He has made a cast into the suction made by the current as it draws down under an uprooted cedar which lies in the stream. Something has taken the bait and is literally walking all around the creek with it. From my side of the stream I can see what the "something" is.

I say to him, somewhat excited, perhaps, "Be careful, old man, you have got the grand daddy of all the trout."

"Come and take the rod," he says.

I would like to, but I know that trout which is at the end of his line must be saved to figure as the "piece de resistance" at the banquet, so I watch the battle,—the



SOME OF THE TROUT.

crafty old fantail of Cedar Creek against the crafty old greybeard of all the creeks. How the rod bends. How the line sings as the fish rushes here and there. Now he weakens, and the Kaiser gently lifts him to the surface. Another rush and another period of suspense on my part. Then I wish for a landing net; but the Kaiser will show us how a trout weighing a couple of pounds is landed. He fights his game until the big fellow turns over, and a child could pick him up out of the water and put him into the basket.

We will go home now. It has been a glorious day, and we have just time to catch the evening train for Manistee, where a chef will prepare and serve these trout that are now so burdensome; where the festive board will have at its head the good old Kaiser; where ranged about it will be all sorts of professional and important citizens, and where the tired but happy "plug puller" from Illinois will hobnob with the municipal and county officials, and with men who can write checks in all kinds of figures, and sit in his old flannel shirt at the right-hand of the Kaiser, and all because he happens to be a fair, just "fair," trout fisherman and a favorite of the Kaiser.

Here we will fight again the battle of the big trout, while his highness lays on a platter before us, crisply brown, and under him a bed of bright green water cress—a dish for Gods and men.

Space will not permit us to tell the readers of the JOURNAL of the real fishing trip which we will make a day or two later. Kaiser will put a specially designed boat on a wagon and haul it, with the camp equipage, eleven miles up the Big Bear Creek, which by way of its tortuous winding will give us fifty miles of fishing in returning.

On this trip, however, we will not take so many trout as we have today; only as many as we use in camp.

Now, the fish festival being over, we will return to Tanner; but before retiring we will go with the Kaiser into his office for a pipeful of T. & B. Canadian plug. Quite a museum, this office. In one corner, tal- lowed and stacked, muzzles down, are a

dozen guns, principally Marlins and Winchester, and on the walls are hung the finest collection of mounted deer heads ever seen.

Kaiser tells us the history of one after another of them; how he followed them long miles through the snowy woods; and his voice grows farther and farther away, and the servant of a great corporation is a king himself in the land of dreams. O what sleep! not the fitful slumber, with a call boy to yank you out of it any moment, but sleep such as you knew when a boy, with an old birch pole and a horsehair line with the trout in the Wisconsin streams.

When the Kaiser wakens us and tucks us into our bed with feathers up to our necks, we know that we have lengthened our life a trifle and that we are a better man for the vacation we are taking.

Why So Careless, or Selfish?

PHILADELPHIA, PA., June 3, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In reading the June JOURNAL we find some Brothers expelled from the B. of L. E. for non-payment of dues. This seems too sad to think about and naturally makes the writer wonder why, for in many years' experience as a Brother in the B. of L. E. I have yet to see the first Brother who has been expelled that candidly said he was unable to pay. As I look these names over the conviction is forced upon me that these Brothers are like many others, able to pay but will not, hence their expulsion. The cause is often that, through carelessness, ignorance of the laws, etc., members let themselves get in arrears until the amount gets so large that they too often think they can continue to let it grow, and, in the hope that their Divisions will be easy with them, they make all kinds of excuses for not paying. Very often the paying members are to blame for these members being allowed to run on, sometimes for two or three years' arrearage, instead of living up to Section 13 of the Special Rules, except the latter part of the section, too often fulfill Section 14 in paying their

Grand Dues out of the funds to keep them as members for several years in their Division. A delinquent committee is appointed by the Division per Article VI, Section 2, and often they have a thankless task, and some of these members act toward them as if they were trying to do them an injury, when their work is especially for their good. The cause for this is because the Division has in times past been so lenient. The question naturally arises, is a member who is able to pay his dues and will not of any actual benefit to the Division he is a member of, and what is the use of the paying members keeping him in? Take a member that is two years in arrears, to keep him in the Division has not received one cent from him, but has actually paid to the G. I. D. five dollars Grand Dues out of their treasury. Have they ever thought of this themselves, or would they like it to be known by their wives and friends that they have not contributed one cent in two years to keep up the Brotherhood that in some instances they praise so highly?

One more thought, I would like to call their attention to page 93, Constitution and By-Laws of the Life Insurance, Article VIII., Section 1. In that law they will see the chances they run in being in arrears to their Division for dues. How long will they retain their membership in the Insurance after they are expelled from their Divisions? In my opinion a man that can and won't pay his dues would not care how soon he was out of the insurance, because he would not be the loser, but his wife and children would, and to them it might be a serious affair. And I have known in this section of country one who for two years after he was expelled from the Division and forfeited in the insurance still made his wife believe he was a member and so she thought when he died. Time and again promises have been made not to be kept. But in our section before the next Division election some of these Brothers may be very much surprised, for patience has ceased to be a virtue, and a delinquent member that is able to pay and will not is seldom seen in the Division. He is never in good standing. He cares for nothing that is of interest to all; he would not pay his insurance if it was not pay up or get out; he encourages others to get slack, for if the Division can carry him, why not do the same for all. Come, Brothers, let us

get out of this and make a better member of him by strictly enforcing the law.
Fraternally, BRAKE SHOE.

Organized Capital and Unorganized Labor.

The above forces are deeply in love with each other at the present time; but it is a love that is not enduring. On the part of organized capital, it will endure only until they will have gained a point against organized labor. On the part of unorganized labor, it will last until organized capital cuts the wages to a point on which a low-grade Italian or a Digger Indian could not exist, which is the desideratum of organized capital. Mr. Schwab, the president of the billion dollar concern, has expressed himself antagonistic to organized labor and high wages, yet he is at the head of the greatest organization of capital that ever existed since creation's dawn, and will be paid better wages than any prince, king or potentate that ever lived.

How selfish and arbitrary is organized capital! It wants the whole earth. And I would admonish the inhabitants of Mars, and other planets, to beware lest it gobbles them up or kicks them off into space.

Now, if those puissant members of organized capital will interview some industrial statistician they will speedily discover that labor conditions have improved materially since the advent of labor organizations. It is true that organized labor has been guilty of abuses. It is also true that organized capital has more to answer for in the way of abuses. Organized capital can learn a useful lesson by observing the growing conservatism and good sense with which most labor organizations are controlled.

I will call the attention of organized capital to revolutions wrought in the past history of the world—revolutions caused wholly by avarice, greed, arbitrary will or unholy ambition, characteristics which I am sorry to say organized capital possesses as strong today as Nero of Rome, George III. of England or Napoleon Bonaparte of France ever possessed in their palmiest days. Dear reader, can you not see in this gigantic steel trust or this Morgan syndicate an ambition something similar to that which prompted the little Corsican to reach his Waterloo and finally hurry to an ignominious death on the rock of St. Helena? It looks to me as if organized capital had a harder task to perform if they persist in trying to crush organized labor; for, like the shamrock of the Emerald Isle, it will take root again and flourish, although under foot is trod.

Brothers, there is but one way to combat the arbitrary will of organized capital—you must *organize, educate and resist* with all your might and main. Don't be an idler.

Talk organized effort to everyone. It will benefit, and it will benefit every wage earner in the world.

LOUGHREA, Div. 104.

Jean and Terese About Distracted.

MEESTARE EDETARE: Wee'l gat gre't menny sassiety heer for do et goode, but wee'l waant et wan more hof et; yes, seh! sassiety for stop et newseus'. Mah nabors gat dogs, cats, roosters, an' haas Ahl waas gat bac' ya'd, dey'l waas use et naights, an', bah tondar! Ahl kan't sleepe, me. 'Bawt io 'cloc' hat naight, Meeses Jones' an' Meeses Packhard's cats (Congregational) dey'l meet hon mah bac' ya'd an' beegin to seeng "Neerer mah Jean to dee." Whal, Ahl wake op, an' Ahl weesh dey'l ant pe so neer. Meeses Jarvis' cats (Methodist) dey'l strak' op "Ahl kno' mah Redeemer liveth." (Hee'l ant levee long eef Hee'l was heer et.) Ahl tink, me, dere was wan hof et cat waas Episcopal, for Ahl heer et wance een w'ile small vovse, "Honward, Christian Soldier." Bah tondar, Ahl goode mine sen' for dat Boer general, De Wet, to shot et op. Eech (sem' reelligion cats) waas try et to draawn de odder (sem' haas church quire.) Bamby, dey'l hall seeng togedder, "Shall we gadder hat de reever." Ahl tot, me, Ahl hope et dey's waas. Ahl be dere wit' streeng an' stone. (Ant charge notting, too.) Whal, 'bawt de tam' dey'l gat troo consert, mah nabor Jonson's rooster shee's com' aout, an' Ahl tink, me, hee'l waas 'frade St. Peter ant heer et (sem' haas hole tam'). Bamby, Ahl fine aout dat hole fool rooster (lak' gre't menny odders) waas try et to seeng "Holy City" wit' aout ri'te kan vovse. Ahl tot Ahl coode heer et try to seh, "Je-roose-sey-lem!" Whal, bah Gosh, haas mad haas Ahl waas 'bawt dat tam', Ahl waas laff maouch to heer et try to sey dat long word. Fuss ples', hee'l try et een Aengleesh, den Franch, den Harish. Hee'l com' pooty neer choke heese'f w'en hee'l try Harish. Hee'l den try Dotch. An' drop et hee's he'd, Ahl tot, me, hee'l sey, "Eef Dotch ant do it, Ahl geeve et op." 'Bawt dat tam', mah odder nabors' dogs shee's com' to mek' et de fun wit' cats, roosters, an' pansy beds; an' dey'l waas do et, too, hon pansy bed Ahl waas try so hard to mek' et more better haas mah nabors'. Terese shee's was tek' et duss-pan an' broome an' wa'te hon dem dogs menny tam's, an' she'l waas swear so maouch (een Franch) Ahl frade A'l gat to go to church for 'er. Shee'l sey, "Jean, ant dey law for dis?" Whal (Terese hee'l waas Democrat), Ahl tole 'er dere waas no law een Vermont for Democrat, hunless dey'l waant to hang et; den dere was planty hof et.

JEAN.

Over the Rockies on a Locomotive.

The coveted privilege of riding on a locomotive is not often granted to anyone, however dearly prized. This rare pleasure was extended to the *Globe's* correspondent by the Superintendent of the Mountain Division of the Santa Fe. This officer of the road is a pleasant gentleman. After assuring me that it was only once in a very great while that such a request was granted, and in turn I had assured him it was only once in a very great while that he was afforded the opportunity of bestowing this great privilege on so great a character and the representative of so great a paper, smilingly he walked to the engine and called to the driver on the elevated seat of the ninety-ton machine:

"Charlie, please allow the correspondent of the St. Paul *Globe* to ride the length of your run, and make the privilege good for the next division, if he so desires it."

I thanked him. The engineer asked if I was ready to get on board. It being 6 o'clock A. M., and a little frosty, and the most interesting part of the sights not just then in view, I said, "In about an hour." I went back to the sleeper and borrowed the porter's blue coat with white buttons, put on a skull cap, armed myself with a new notebook for the occasion, and started for the locomotive. The engineer received me very kindly. His name is Charles Dayee, a young Canadian, whose experience in mountain running brought him to Arizona and gave him a passenger train to run. He is slightly built; about 5 feet 8 inches tall. His jaws express determination, his eyes the utmost care. A smiling, social fellow at stations, but when oiling the engine, or in the cab, he assumed the angular attitude, and with that directness of thought that dwelt upon nothing but an unconquerable purpose of duty, he stood, frame erect, shoulders thrown to the rear, one hand on the throttle, the other on the air brake, his "eyes looking right on and his eyelids straight before him." He kept his vision watching every foot of the way, while his fingers played upon the twenty valve-taps like those of a musician upon a keyboard. His fireman, M. J. Phares, having no responsibility, but plenty of work, was very talkative, and, by the way, I found him more intelligent and better informed concerning the country over which he traveled than any other person on the road.

I took my place in the cab on the fireman's side at a station called Sunset, and within ten minutes we were crossing Canyon Diablo, or the canyon of the Devil, deriving its name from the inscrutably distorted, rent and torn appearance of the rocks that lined its sides and base and formed the awful fringes of its crest. It.

devious windings in untraceable directions, and its depth, 376 feet, remind a person of the place ever present in human imagination as the home of the spirit whose name it bears. After passing this canyon, we began gradually to climb the mountain over gradients 176 feet to the mile. To walk steadily up those rugged peaks, every foot of the way contested by the forces of gravitation, is a scene never to be forgotten. But mind is always mightier than matter, and the inventions of human genius, as shown in the harnessing of correlative nature, is mightier than unassisted nature. So the old engine, the grandest of all living expressions of power, moved upward to the heights, carrying its burden of care after it. It was a wonderful study. The moment we struck the grade she seemed instinctively to understand her mission. The master stood in position, both hands on the throttle, the fireman at the mouth of the coal pit, one hand on the shovel and the other holding the firebox door chain. He had two motions only: shoveling and shutting. Constantly he was employed filling the fire pit with coal, occasionally running to the side of the cab and casting his eyes along the track on the side of the curve which, because of its abruptness, was hidden from the engineer's view. The reader can form some idea of the work of the second man on the engine when he is told that during the mountain grade climbing he shovels in coal at the rate of three tons an hour.

How charming, and yet how thrilling, to see that massive machine struggle under its utmost tension. Every breath of its nostrils sounded like the blast of ten thousand cymbals struck in the most perfect unison. The fire flew from stack and box door, and sounded like the cry of starving beasts for food. She trembled and shook under the awful pressure. The coal used was not the best, and to keep the steam gage at 180 pounds was the study of the fireman, while the engineer kept her movements steady, that in the crisis no skip of any kind could be made. It was a great moment. The heights were reached. Then Jay mounted his seat in the cab, and shouted, "Now, down the mountain 144 feet to the mile." We were at that minute 6,800 feet above sea-level.

The engineer, who seemed not to have changed his position once in the climb, turned with a glance at the air brake, another at the valves, then at the water gage. After giving his favorite steed a breath, which she thoroughly appreciated, without a pant she started down the line. Soon we came to a beautiful piece of track, straight as an arrow. A whisper in the driver's ear, "Can't you let her out a little," and in half a minute we were cutting the air at fifty-five miles an hour. It

was a pretty run and we all enjoyed it, when suddenly a wild Arizona horse appeared on the track. The whistle screeched to drive it off. The horse increased his speed and remained in front of the locomotive. Immediately the hand was on the air brake, one of the grandest inventions of modern times, and our speed reduced to a ten-mile-an-hour register, all to save that mountain horse. Charlie could have thrown it dead from the track, but the kindlier instincts of the engineer asserted themselves to the salvation of the animal.

Two things I am convinced of. First, that a mountain ride on a locomotive is one of the most thrilling experiences on earth, and, second, that an engineer is one of the bravest men to be found.—*Rev. Thos. Hamby, in St. Paul Globe.*

Railroad Employees' Home.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., June 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Following is the statement of receipts for the Home for the month of May, 1901:

FROM B. OF L. E. DIVISIONS.			
Div.	Amt.	Div.	Amt.
10.....	\$24 00	183.....	\$12 00
19.....	10 00	209.....	12 00
38.....	5 00	219.....	12 00
41.....	5 00	221.....	5 00
46.....	10 00	226.....	12 00
52.....	12 00	249.....	12 00
56.....	5 00	325.....	12 00
58.....	12 00	327.....	12 00
64.....	10 00	342.....	12 00
72.....	10 00	351.....	5 00
99.....	2 50	403.....	3 00
102.....	2 50	404.....	3 00
125.....	12 00	420.....	12 00
132.....	5 00	437.....	12 00
150.....	10 00	454.....	18 00
159.....	5 00		
Total.....			\$394 00

O. R. C. Divisions.....	293 00
B. of R. T. Lodges.....	122 15
B. of L. F. Lodges.....	131 00
L. A. to O. R. C. Divisions.....	2 50
L. S. to B. of L. F. Lodges.....	10 00
G. I. A. to B. of L. E. Div. 39.....	4 00

PERSONAL.

A member of Lodge 27, B. of R. T.....	50
George N. Martin, Lodge 205.....	1 00
Mrs. James Clark, Ottawa, Can.....	2 00
H. L. Lewis, member of Div. 216, O. R. C.....	1 00
V. L. Winslow, member of Div. 216, O. R. C.....	1 00
Mr. Dingman, member of Div. 216, O. R. C.....	1 00
A member of Div. 123, B. of L. F.....	5 00
Draft on National Bank of Decatur, Ill. (no clue to sender).....	2 00
Proceeds of ball given under the auspices of the B. of L. E., B. of R. T., O. R. C., B. of L. F. and S. U. of N. A., at San Antonio, Tex., April 12.....	130 00
Grand total.....	\$1,000 15

MISCELLANEOUS.

The ladies of Lodge 100, L. S. to B. of L. F., bought a dolly of Jerry Van Buskirk, one of the inmates, and sold chances on same and realized \$10, which they requested credited to their lodge.

E. J. and C. A. Whiting, of Highwood, Ill., some choice reading matter.

Respectfully submitted,
MRS. T. B. WATSON, Sec. & Treas.



Ladies' Department.

Communications for publication must be written on one side of the paper. Noms de plume are always permissible, but to receive consideration must be signed by the full name and address of the author, and addressed to the Editress, Mrs. M. E. CASSELL, 922 Dennison Av., Columbus, Ohio, not later than the 8th of the month.

The Editress reserves the right to revise, reject or use matter sent in, governed entirely on its merits.

Your Friend.

The friend who holds the mirror to your face,
And, hiding none, is not afraid to trace
Your faults, your smallest blemishes within;
Who friendly warns, reproves you if you sin,—
Although it seems not so, he is your friend.

But he who, ever flattering, gives you praise,
But ne'er rebukes, nor censures, nor delays
To come with eagerness and grasp your hand,
And pardons you ere pardon you demand,—
He is your enemy, though he seem your friend.

To the Land of Roses—(Continued).

My next stop was at Winslow, Ariz., where Sister Woods made me her guest. While here I had the pleasure of a ride to Clear Creek, from which the Division takes its name. At the meeting next day I was invited to install the new officers, and when this was done the President, in behalf of the Division, presented me with a beautiful souvenir, which I shall always cherish. The Division for a small one gave the work of Ritual in a beautiful manner, and without the books, for which they are to be commended. Sister Wood, the re-

tiring President, informed me that she was raised in my own city, and I feel that I have missed much in not knowing her before this, as she is a most charming woman. In the evening a progressive whist party was given in the hall, which we all enjoyed. Whist was played until 11 P. M., when we were escorted to the Harvey House, where a magnificent banquet table met our view. The table was beautifully decorated with calla lilies and ferns, and was the full length of the large room. Forty-five guests were seated and the toasts were called by Sister Woods. Brother Heide responded to "The Benefits of Organization," Sister Cassell's subject was "The G. I. A., its Objects and Aims." Rev. Father Conley made some pleasant remarks, and Mr. Geo. Wolff responded to "The Advantages of Living in Winslow" in a very happy vein. After the banquet we went forth in a blinding snowstorm at 2 A. M. These Winslow Sisters are surely wide awake. I learned that they rent the hall from the owner and sub-rent to the B. of L. E. and other orders.

I reluctantly left these jolly people next morning and proceeded to Needles, Cal. When I arrived here it seemed strange. I had started from Winslow in the snow and here the flowers were blooming and the sun was scorching hot. I remained two days with Sister Gallagher, who gave me the hospitality of her home. This Division is very small, but has a most beautiful hall. They had prospects of getting more members soon and are good earnest workers. A reception was given me at the home of Sister Ireland, where we enjoyed ourselves with cards and luncheon. The President of the Division presented me with a very fine piece of Mexican drawn work which is a beautiful work of art and one that I shall endeavor to preserve for many years to remind me of the love expressed by the Needles Sisters in this gift. I was taken to the Indian village across the tracks which was a wonderful sight to me. Their huts were rude and they seemed to live and sleep out on the burning sand. These are the Moj tribe and are dirty, nasty and excuse me, but they are even lousy. I saw many with their hair done

up in mud and upon inquiry learned that when the vermin got too numerous they took that method to get rid of them, plastered mud on the head and tied it up to smother the little pests. In this village of the children of nature the boy babies are left naked to wallow around in the hot sand, and look somewhat like young alligators. These Indians make crude pottery from the clay and are expert in bead work, showing quite a little talent. They cannot talk English, but can tell the value of money and make correct change. They are always around the depot when trains go through to sell their bead work, pottery and bows and arrows. They certainly are a curious people, and it is interesting to study their customs.

My next stop was at San Bernardino. I struck an epidemic of smallpox at Needles, and imagine my surprise to find San Bernardino afflicted with the mumps. I began to think I was a long way from home, but I ran the gauntlet safely and took neither smallpox nor the mumps. While in San Bernardino I was the guest of Brother and Sister Paulus, who made my stop in this beautiful city a most pleasant one. How can I ever describe my feelings when I viewed the profusion of flowers that greeted my sight in this vicinity. Sisters, if you want to see *real* flowers, such as you never saw before, go to San Bernardino and Los Angeles. Smiley Heights Division made up a tally-ho party to visit the place from which it takes its name. Sister Ford, of Tucson, Ariz., and Brother and Sister Presley, of Slater, Mo., joined the party in this fine excursion up the mountain. The six horses drawing the tally-ho soon brought us to the top through the most exquisite scenery. Here we stopped, and were greeted by a most charming elderly gentleman, who was introduced to me as Mr. Smiley. At the request of the President I stood up and addressed him, telling him that we were representatives of a large class of working people known as locomotive engineers and their wives. I also told him the Division in San Bernardino had taken its name from his beautiful place of residence. He responded in a very pleasing way, and eulogized the B. of L. E. and

our Grand Chief, P. M. Arthur, until we felt that in very truth we were *somebody*, and it did our hearts good. Next day Sister Ford inspected the Division, and made a good impression by her earnest, thoughtful manner. A reception was held in the hall, at which we were treated to a feast of reason and a flow of soul. Sister Ford, to my surprise, in kind words presented me with a souvenir from Tucson, Ariz., and Sister Paulus added to it with one from San Bernardino. I thanked them as best I could, after which, to make it more complete, Sister Paulus turned and presented the Inspector with one also. While in San Bernardino I was under great obligations to Sisters Warboys, Prescott, McNeal and Brother and Sister Paulus for delightful drives to Redlands, Riverside, Highlands and Magnolia Avenue. The fine orange groves through which we passed will long remain in my memory, and the scent of the fragrant orange blossoms comes to me even now like a benediction. Each place where I make a stop seems harder than the one before from which to take my departure, but I must say good-bye to my dear friends made here and hasten on to Los Angeles, which place I will tell of next time.

M. E. CASSELL.

Like Father's.

Said a young and tactless husband
To his inexperienced wife,
"If you should give up leading
Such a fashionable life
And devote more time to cooking—
How to mix and when to bake—
Then perhaps you might make pastry
Such as mother used to make."
And the wife, resenting, answered
(For the worm will turn, you know),
"If you would give up horses
And a score of clubs or so
To devote more time to business—
When to buy and what to stake—
Then perhaps you might make money
Such as father used to make."

—*Boston Journal.*

"Allowances."

BY MARION HARLAND.

"Why do husbands so reluctantly give their wives a regular allowance? What right have they to dole out so many dollars or cents and invariably ask as Ingersoll so

aptly stated: 'What have you done with the last dollar I gave you?' Women as a rule are frugal and thrifty, have less temptation and the interest of the home and children at heart. I have yet to see the home where the wife had the control and perfect freedom of the household finances, that was not prosperous and happy. Perhaps had the wife her own allowance secure in her pocket she would show more lenience with her belated liege lord and there would be less of what men call 'nagging.' It brings more misery into the home than anything else that I know of. Would like to see this subject discussed pro and con and a remedy suggested.

"J. H."

The query with which this sensible letter begins is not an unanswerable conundrum, although many have given it up at the first asking.

It may have been my desire and effort for many years to do John justice in this direction. On addressing him I cannot speak more aptly than by quoting the pitying words of the fisherman apostle to his pentecostal audience:

"And now, brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye did it."

Somebody—a modern woman—has said that a man knows nothing of a woman except what she (or some other woman) chooses to tell him.

Up to date nobody has been able rightly to instruct the average John as to the average wife's feeling concerning money and the management thereof. We begin wrong during courtship. Mary has had her allowance from papa, we will suppose. (I shall have something to say on that head some day.) She may have used it judiciously and never exceeded it. It was, nevertheless, for her own personal and private expenses. Back of it there was the paternal purse, that, so far as the petted daughter knew or cared, was filled for the purpose of supplying her needs.

John has told her, times without number, that he would live for nothing else when once they were married. He buys roses at 50 cents apiece for her to wear one evening, and bonbons at \$1 a pound, and more knickknacks than she has room for in

her boudoir. The more free-handed he is, the better she loves him. A hint of economy would be a dash of cold water upon the glowing flame. Of all creatures alive "a close man" is least esteemed in her eyes.

In all this John acts in good faith. Mary, being a sensible girl, must comprehend that courtship and marriage are as unlike as Sunday and working days. She cannot close her eyes to the self-evident truth that he who makes the money for a family is the one to dictate how it should be spent.

In fact, Mary comprehends nothing of the sort, and, so far from taking John in what may be called "a Cupidian sense" when he declares that with all his worldly goods he her endows, she believes every word of it with heart, soul and strength. It will be John's delight to make money for her to spend.

The awakening—as sure as the coming of the marriage morrow—must bring disappointment. It often brings misery with disillusion. When John puts a certain sum of money into the hands of an agent for the purchase of stocks, lands, houses or horses he expects and demands to know how it is spent, down to the last penny.

When he fills Mary's pretty pocketbook and commits to her the disbursement of the contents for household expenses he, being ignorant of feminine nature, expects the same. It never enters his stupid, businesslike head that the idea of a balance sheet between them is as horrible as that of a writ of divorce. There is but one solution of the dread problem—he distrusts her and grudges her little pleasures, her innocent extravagances. When he says, "We really cannot afford strawberries at 50 cents a quart," memory leaps back anguishedly to the time when he treated her to strawberries and cream at a dollar a saucer. Ah, he loved her in those days!

In all this—and the rest of it—I am sorry for ignorant John. When he comes to regard his wife as an unsalaried agent, a factotum, who gives all her time, strength and thought to the management of a certain portion of his affairs, and gets nothing but her clothing and board for it, my

deep, indignant sympathy goes out to the wife. Setting aside the fact that her husband is legally bound to support her and the children she brings him, she so much more earns her living that he may well blush to insist that money placed in her hands for household needs belongs to him and not equally to her.

I have in all my life known personally but one wife who "did not mind asking her husband for money." She died young.

Inspection.

On May 18, at Winslow, Ariz., Clear Creek Div., 94, was inspected. On my arrival there I was met by the President, Sister Henderson, who escorted me to her home. A special meeting being called, upon my arrival at the hall I was greeted in a cordial manner. Unfortunately, a number of the Sisters were unable to attend, but those who attended deserve a good mark, as their ritual work was done well. In the evening refreshments were served in the hall, where we also met a few of the Brothers. It being the first Division I ever inspected, it will be long remembered by me. The following morning I took the train for home, well pleased with my inspection trip.

MRS. CHAS. IRELAND.

Our Relief Fund.

Our Grand Secretary, Sister St. Clair, is the recipient of many letters pertaining to some features of our order which many of our members know very little of. One she received lately she sent to me, and asked me to make mention of it, as it was worthy of being passed around. Dear Sisters, we have a fund which is kept up by the voluntary contributions from our Divisions each year. From this fund we help the needy Sisters of our order. Many donations are made from this fund, which help to tide over hard times in many families. The letter I referred to is from one of these dear Sisters, and she tells how grateful she is because she was helped in this way, and feeling that she wanted to do something to show her appreciation she gave a social at

her home and raised five dollars, which she sent to Sister St. Clair to be added to the charity fund. God bless this Sister, who wants to help others as she herself was befriended.

Sisters, are we doing all that we can in this way? I know that many Divisions are indifferent, and do not think of ever donating to this fund, when the proceeds of one entertainment each year would materially swell the amount from which we might draw as occasion required. Think of this, and if you have neglected this grand charity work of the G. I. A. I hope you will do so no longer, but let your light shine. If you are a small Division, you can do something; if a large one, you can do much.

GRAND VICE-PRESIDENT.

New Divisions.

New Century Div., 250, was organized at the hall corner of York and Amber streets, Philadelphia, Pa., on Thursday evening, April 4. Mrs. R. Harveson, Past-President of Div. 27, West Philadelphia, successfully organized the new Division, with the faithful assistance of fifteen members of Div. 27, who accepted her kind invitation to participate in the ceremonies. The New Century Division began its career with a charter membership of twelve ladies, who after adjournment served elaborate refreshments to all present. Mrs. Harveson deserves great credit for the able manner in which she conducted this organization. The new Division has our congratulations and best wishes for its success.

MRS. SADIE LAIRD, Div. 27.

A Division was organized at Houston, Tex., to be known as Texas Div., 251, on April 15, by Mrs. Phil Scott, of Laredo. Her work was very satisfactory, and our new Division given a good start, we hope to prosper and be a credit to the G. I. A. After we were fairly launched, a reception was tendered our Organizer at the home of Mrs. John Anderson. The house was decorated throughout in the most artistic manner with beautiful flowers everywhere. A fine program was given, consisting of vocal and instrumental music and recita-

tions. The dining room was decorated in blue, violets being the flowers used. Here the ice-cream, cake and fruit were served, and the enjoyable evening with a kindly hostess was a delightful one. Many guests were present, and the event of our organization will long be remembered.

COR. SEC., Div. 251.

Division News.

ONCE a year is my usual allowance of correspondence to the JOURNAL, and this is my annual budget unless you tempt me to come oftener. Our Division, No. 33, of Moberly, Mo., has been working quite hard of late. In order to furnish a room in the new Y. M. C. A. building here, we gave an entertainment which never fails to bring money to the promoters, "The Deestrick Skule." Have you ever tried it Sisters? If not, don't fail to do so. It is a great deal of hard work but lots of fun, best of all you feel amply repaid. We cleared over \$75 at 25 cents a seat, furnished a room in the Y. M. C. A. building and had a much-needed sum for our treasury. There were over 40 people who took part in the "skule." We decided to give a reception to them for their efficient aid, and hearing that our inspectress, Sister Horstman, from St. Louis, would be with us March 19th, we fixed upon that date for our reception at Engineers' Hall. A most enjoyable time was had; excellent vocal and instrumental music, games, recitations, dances, and a delicious lunch rounded out an evening of pleasure.

On the following afternoon Sister Horstman inspected our Division. We found her very just, and were pleased with her kind, ladylike ways and proficiency in her work. Our Division has labored under many disadvantages, few in numbers, attendance small, much sickness among members, and having had our regalia stolen from our Division room. We fear we shall fall below zero when the roll is called. We have purchased new regalia, and will soon be up-to-date, but they did not arrive in time for inspection and installation. We will try to average higher next year. This was our regular meeting for installing offi-

cers. After the new officers had been installed by the retiring President, Sister Morsey, Sister Carlisle, the new Vice-President, in a few well-chosen remarks presented the Past-President, Secretary and Treasurer each with an elegant China salad bowl, as a token of the love borne for them and appreciation of the work done by them for the Division. Sister Morsey has served as President and Sister Barclay as Treasurer, since Div. 33 was reorganized several years ago. Each officer was completely taken by surprise and thanked their Sisters in voices tremulous with emotion. Such tokens of esteem bind hearts together in true sisterly love. I am making my article too long I know, but want to say one word on the subject agitating the Sisterhood concerning "Mrs." I have been Mrs. for 27 years so it is no new title, but think the simple solution of the question would be when writing to friends or relatives use your given name without the prefix, but when writing a business letter or to strangers use Mrs. either as Sister Puffenberger stated in April JOURNAL, which is absolutely correct, or simply Mrs. John Puffenberger, as usage sanctions.

Good-bye,

M. MORSEY, Div. 33.

FEARING the readers of the JOURNAL might think Div. 246, Joliet, Ill., had taken a vacation, I thought I would let you know what has been going on since our last communication. In January we assisted Brother and Sister Hesteet celebrate their silver wedding anniversary. Our President, in behalf of the Division, presented them with a beautiful silver cake basket. In February, we held a social at the home of Brother and Sister Misner. On March 20, we had with us our Inspector, Sister Anderson, of Div. 1; also five visiting ladies from Chicago. Our ladies were all very much pleased with our Inspector, and are glad the appointment is for two years, as we shall be glad to have her with us again. At the close of the inspection, Sister Russell, our Vice-President, in behalf of the Division, presented Sister Anderson with a handsome chop plate. She also presented our President with a

beautiful bouquet of carnations in a very pretty vase. Both responded with appropriate remarks to Sister Russell's kind words.

On April 26 we gave our first annual ball, which was a decided success in every way, from the music to the supper. At 9 o'clock the grand march was announced. This was led by Sister Murdock, our Grand President, and Bro. R. S. Russell, First Engineer of Div. 478, followed by seventy-five couples. The figures as led by them were very pretty, and called forth many compliments. One of the features of the evening was a fancy cake-walk, walked by Master Stanley Williams, son of our Sentinel, and Miss ——— Dugan, daughter of the E., J. & E. yardmaster. That their efforts were appreciated was shown by the many encores. The social feature is one of which we feel proud, as well as the neat sum added to our treasury, which was about forty dollars. As on all former occasions, our success was largely due to the substantial aid given us by Div. 478. We are now planning for our lawn fetes, of which you will hear later.

Yours in F., L. & P.,
COR. SEC., Div. 246.

AGAIN we knock at the door of the Editor's sanctum, hoping to gain admittance. A year ago February 22 Div. 216, Valley Junction, Ia., was born into the Sisterhood of the G. I. A., and we now assemble in our hall to celebrate our first anniversary.

The past year has been full of new experiences to us. We see mistakes and failures, and feel that there is much room for improvement; yet the year has been of great benefit to all. Our social intercourse together has formed bonds of love and friendship that will never be broken while life lasts.

Our Inspector, Mrs. Hall, of Trenton, Mo., has come and gone. Her stay with us was short, but we feel sure that in her we found a friend and worker. Her examination was strict and to the point, and we are sure she is the right person in the right place. (Please send her again.)

The Reaper of Death has passed over in-

stead of through our ranks, and our hearts go up in gratitude and prayer to the dear Father who has dealt so kindly with us. We have lost one member by card, and three have moved away, but they still hold their membership in our Division.

Our Insurance Secretary is very energetic in her line of work, and we have now ten insured members.

Our attendance is very good and our meetings are always held regularly twice a month. We look forward to the coming year with much pleasure, and hope for greater improvements and more knowledge in the work.

The arrangements for our banquet had been completed, and at 2 o'clock we gathered in the hall to carry out the program. First, supper was in order, and soon all were busy as bees arranging tables and putting things in "apple-pie" order. Next came well-filled baskets, and in a few minutes the tables were trembling beneath their load of good things,—not only dainty dishes, but substantial as well. Last, but not least, was the tempting aroma of coffee from the little cook room, presided over by Sister Robinson, who knows just how to make good coffee. At half-past 6 our guests arrived, and the tables were soon surrounded with our friends, who did justice to the viands set before them. After supper, all retired to the hall to enjoy the literary program. It consisted of vocal and instrumental music and recitations. A tableau representing "Woman's Rights" was the source of much amusement, and I could not but call to mind the lines of the poet,—

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

Sister Chalmers gave a short history of the past year. Father Coffin was present, and spoke on the Home for Railroad Men located in Chicago; also of his work among railroad employees. There were short talks from some of the Brothers of the B. of L. E.; some giving sketches of their life on the road, others encouraging us to go on with the good work we have taken up. At a late hour we turned our steps homeward, hoping we might live to enjoy many more anniversaries and have the pleasure of helping to entertain our friends.

S. E. CLUEN, Cor.

ON March the 28th, Div. 41, Newark, O., held a public installation and each Sister had the privilege of inviting two of her friends, which taxed our hall to its utmost capacity to hold the crowd. And I am conceited enough to say, being one of the officers installed, that the work was beautifully done. We received quite a number of compliments from the Brothers, which were greatly appreciated. Brothers Snooks

and Bob immediately after the ceremony, asked for application blanks to join the ranks of the G. I. A. and were followed by all the Brothers present. I am not able to say what kind of workers they would make in our Division, but if they were judged by the way they made things disappear on the banquet table, would say fine. We start on another new year of work with Sisters May and Powell as our leading officers and cannot fail to increase our membership and work harmoniously with two such worthy Sisters at the head. The past year has been one of the most successful years in the history of our Division which has been due to the untiring efforts on the part of our Past-President, Sister Cole. We disposed of our silk quilt the middle of February, and the lucky number was held by Mrs. Lester Sturtevant, of Newark. We were obliged to go outside of the railroad circle with our tickets as the returns from the different Divisions would not justify us in disposing of it. We had our inspection and passed creditably, at least Sister Heacock, from Div. 192, our inspector, gave us reason to hope so. In reading the JOURNAL, each month I find so few letters from the different Auxiliaries, I wonder if they are losing interest, or growing careless, or think as I have that perhaps some other Sister will send a letter. I think we ought to write oftener so our letters are read by almost every engineer's wife, whether she is a member of the Auxiliary or not. To our retiring officers I will say we have nothing but praise to offer, and ask for our new officers the same just and generous treatment, and hope that during the year there will be no vacant chairs to greet our President.

MRS. F. M. KEFFER, Sec. Div. 41.

NEW YORK CITY Div., 234, has not been heard from in so long a time that I think it well to let the Sisters know that we are still very much alive, and interested in all matters pertaining to the G. I. A. We had a very enjoyable time on March 21—inspection and installation day—with Sister Getchell, our Inspector, who did her work in a very pleasing manner. It remains to be seen how we did ours. The afternoon was taken up with the work of the order, and at 6 o'clock we adjourned to a near-by restaurant and had supper, after which we returned and again opened our meeting. We finished our work, and then listened to some very pleasing remarks from our Inspector, which were enjoyed by all present. We were pleased to have with us Sister Tucker, of Manila Div., 244, who also favored us with remarks, as well as some members of our own Division. At 10 o'clock we all said good-night; were very tired, but all in good humor.

If space will permit, I should like to tell of the good time we had at the home of Sister Graves on the night of February 23—a surprise party tendered to Brother Graves in honor of his birthday, which I certainly think genuine, or else the Brother is a very good actor. The time was very pleasantly spent, with musical selections, etc. A special feature was the fancy dancing and singing of our little friend Mabel, the daughter of Brother and Sister Trimmer. The next feature—well, I wish space would allow me to tell you of the bountiful feast which was spread. Suffice it to say that the supper was fully appreciated by all who were so fortunate as to be there. We are sorry for the Brothers and Sisters who did not attend, as they will never know what they missed. Our only regret on leaving was that Sister Graves' family is not large enough to warrant a birthday every day in the year.

PRES., Div. 234.

ALTHOUGH Div. 91, Centralia, Ill., has not been heard from since Halloween, we have not been sleeping. New Year's Eve we had a social and watch-meeting in our hall. The Brothers and their families participated in the pleasures of the evening. Games and a social time were enjoyed, after which delicious refreshments were served. Then another social hour was spent, and just as the new century came in all joined hands and sang, "God be with you till we meet again." Then all wished each other a Happy New Year and departed for their homes.

Thursday evening, March 28, we gave a public installation in the presence of our Inspector, Sister Ella Robinson, of Clinton, Ill., the Brothers and a few invited guests. The first thing on the program was the presentation of a beautiful bouquet to Sister Robinson, after which came the installation, which was given according to the instructions in the drill book, and was very beautifully done. Then followed remarks by some of the Brothers and Sisters, after which we listened to some fine instrumental music by Mr. Will Edwards, and songs by Bro. Dave Ryan and Miss Leila Haefer. Then followed a social time, and the crowning event in the estimation of some of the hungry Brothers, namely, the banquet, and during the feast of good things there flowed freely "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," especially so in the case of Bro. Dave Ryan, who kept everyone in his vicinity continually laughing at his witty remarks. It was past midnight when the crowd departed for their homes, all feeling they had spent a most delightful evening.

Friday afternoon, March 29, the Sisters of Div. 91 again met and gave the secret

work for the Inspector, who complimented us very highly on the efficiency of our work. Afterwards our President, Sister Hartman, in behalf of the Division, presented Sister Robinson with a beautifully engraved souvenir spoon. Sister Robinson feelingly responded. After a social hour at a little banquet the farewells were spoken, and our inspection is now a thing of the past. As we had such good success with the public installation drill, we will probably try some other fancy drill in the near future.

COR. SEC.

ENGINEER'S Hall, at Port Jervis, N. Y., was a scene of festivity upon the occasion of the installation of officers of Div. 66. All afternoon the members, assisted by the Brothers, carried large packages of eatables to the hall and at 5 o'clock the table was spread in a tasteful manner with all sorts of good things. Then a delegation of ladies attired in white waists and black skirts with carnations in their hair entered the Division room. They proved to be the members of Div. 153, from Middletown, N. Y., and were chaperoned by Mrs. H. Palmer, who was formerly of this village. They were here for the purpose of installing our officers. Several Brothers accompanied them. After introductions, supper was served and all pronounced it good. At the proper time the Middletown Sisters took charge and proceeded to work. They were thoroughly drilled and performed the ceremony of installation in a beautiful manner. Then came the closing drill by the visiting Sisters, which was grand and interesting. Engineer Bell said it was the finest piece of switching he had ever seen and all the other engineers agreed with him. Speeches were made by several of the visitors as well as by some of Div. 66. The Brothers were called upon, but were very bashful, and ex-Alderman John Duley had to be lassoed and brought into the hall before he made his speech. Recitations, music and a general social time followed until the visitors were obliged to take the train for their homes and expressed themselves as well pleased with their visit to Port Jervis. L. B. C.

It is a long time since an article from Lone Star Div., 90, located at Big Springs, Texas, has appeared in the JOURNAL, and therefore we think it might be well to let the Sisters of other Divisions know we are "still on deck" and able to hold our own among the many "ups and downs." We are as ever one in heart as to the welfare of our order. Our membership is small compared with some other Divisions, but with our officers being especially faithful to their duties and attending meetings regu-

larly, we still keep up with our other Sisters who have larger attendance than Div. 90. We have enjoyed a few social occasions during the winter, which added a little to our treasury. A new year is just opening before us full of opportunities. May we profit by the failures of the year just numbered with our past, and not make the same mistakes, but be ready in the future to do whatever comes to us to do cheerfully. If we but remember our obligations and live up to them we shall surely be good members of the G. I. A. At our regular meeting March 20th our Division passed its first inspection which was quite a surprise to us. Our President being the inspector, we as a body of Sisters hope that we may all stand good in our report, this being our first, and hope that we may be better prepared for the future. Wishing all the Divisions great success in the new century I will close.

MRS. CARRIE J. SUTTON.

MARCH 29 was a red-letter day for the G. I. A. at Boone, Ia. Div. 183, of Eagle Grove was invited to spend the day with us, as we had installation of officers; also four new members were to be initiated into the mysteries of our order. The Eagle Grove ladies arrived in our city about 11 A. M., and were met by a few of our Sisters and escorted to the hall, where we served dinner and supper, as our guests' time was limited. During the afternoon a handkerchief, presented to the Division by Sister Black, and a hand-bag given by Sister Williamson, were raffled off, and two of our Sisters held the lucky numbers. Div. 74 is fond of being "took," so a snap shot was taken of the company. When our guests were ready to depart, they expressed themselves as being well pleased with our manner of entertainment. We were pleased to hear so soon from our Fremont Sisters, and hope they will continue to prosper. Yours fraternally,

COR. SEC., Div. 74.

ON my recent trip for inspection purposes through the whole state of California, the Brothers and Sisters were so universally kind to me that I feel that I must speak my gratitude through the JOURNAL, and especially am I indebted to those who so kindly entertained me in their homes. Long will I remember the courtesies shown, and strong will be the tie that binds me to these Sisters. It was a very great pleasure to me to meet our Grand Chaplain, Sister Bowley, and the reunion of Sister Cassell, our Grand Vice-President, who was making a tour of California, and myself was a happy one. We had not met for eleven years, but I found her the same

dear Sister, as enthusiastic in our cause as she was while it was in its infancy.

KATE FORD, Div. 241.

Div. 228, Richmond, Va., would again beg for space that we may keep in touch with our sister Divisions. We are always glad to know of the good being done and of the social times spent by other Divisions. We also have our schemes for making money, and our last attempt was a "rummage sale," conducted in a busy section of our city. We aimed to have everything for everybody, articles being donated by our members and friends. We were so successful that we anticipated having another sale soon. Our annual excursion to the Beach will be July 17. We always have a good, jolly crowd. Our G. I. A. room at the "Retreat for the Sick," one of the largest hospitals in our city, has been completed, and is a memorial to our good Sisters, who worked well and long for its completion. The furniture is bright and attractive, a handsome Morris chair adding much to the comfort of our sick or disabled ones. We have a visiting committee, and we send floral offerings to those who are so unfortunate, and yet fortunate enough to occupy our room. Our President was elected Grand Guide at the last convention, and we feel proud to know that our Division was so complimented. We were inspected by Sister Carlin, of Crewe, Va. We were glad to welcome her, and the Brothers were invited to unite with us in the banquet we gave in her honor. She was presented with a silver syrup jug and plate as a souvenir, and we hope we appeared as well in her estimation as she did in ours.

SEC., Div. 228.

Div. 105, Wheeling, Va., gave an entertainment a few months ago in the K. of P. Auditorium, which was a great success in all particulars. The attendance was good, and all spent a delightful evening. After lunch was served the young people amused themselves by dancing. The cake-walk was greatly enjoyed by those who had the pleasure of witnessing it, as well as by those who took part. We were pleased to have with us on this occasion several members from Newark Division, and a few from Glenwood, who attended our meeting that day. The whole affair proved a most satisfactory one, and replenished our somewhat needy treasury. The following month we had the pleasure of entertaining our genial Inspector, Sister Bolton. After inspection the new officers were installed and a fine lunch served by our members. Sisters Cobaugh, Low and Appleby were with us at this meeting. We are always pleased to receive visits from members of the G. I. A.

SEC., Div. 105.

Div. 101, Missoula, Mont., had the pleasure of receiving a visit from our Grand President, Sister Murdock, on the days of April 3rd and 4th, at which time she gave us many useful lessons and instructed us concerning many things pertaining to our work as a Division. A committee consisting of Sisters Anderson, Gregory, Howe and Conroy met Sister Murdock and escorted her to the Florence Hotel. The next evening Sister Walling entertained at tea and a reception was held at the beautiful home of Brother and Sister Anderson, where members, families, and friends spent a pleasant evening. Music and games made up the program and the members of Div. 101 spared no pains in furnishing the lunch. The next day carriages were furnished to convey the Grand President and members of Div. 101 to the University, where we were shown through the buildings. We hope it will not be long before we receive another visit from Sister Murdock.

I. C. A.

IN the spring the members of Div. 6, Susquehanna, Pa., visited the city of Elmira to give Sister Mercereau a surprise. We arrived there at 10 o'clock A. M., and were met at the door by the Sister, who was very much surprised. She bade us enter and gave us a hearty welcome. She also managed to give us a fine dinner which proved her skill as a housewife. In the afternoon we formed a theater party and enjoyed the drama and then took a peep into some of the fine stores, after spending a pleasant evening with Brother and Sister Mercereau and then returned to Susquehanna. We have had several socials, the proceeds of which have provided us with dishes and kitchen utensils for our hall. The coming year promises to be quite as successful, as our new President is also a worker.

COR. SEC., Div. 6.

THE readers of the JOURNAL will be surprised to know that we have a Division in Macomb, Miss., as we have never had a report sent in. We have a prosperous Division of thirty-seven active, wide-awake members. We have many entertainments during each year and they always prove a success. On the 15th of April, Sister Tate, of Jackson, Tenn., met with us for the purpose of inspecting our Division. She remained with us a few days, during which time Sisters Harrell and Watkins showed her our little city. The day of inspection we all dined at McColgan's Hotel, where an elegant dinner was served, after which we repaired to the hall for work. Sister Tate seemed well pleased with us and said we need fear no bad marks. We all formed quite an attachment for this good Sister and hope we may have the pleasure of having her visit us again. A MEMBER.

Div. 207, Montgomery, Ala., gave a birthday party on the anniversary of the Division, which was a very successful entertainment. About 500 invitations were sent out telling our friends to bring a penny for each year of their age as an admission fee. At the appointed time the spacious home of our friend Mrs. Hoyt was filled to overflowing. Quite an attractive program had been arranged of music and recitations, and well did the committee on refreshments perform their part of the contract. The unique verses on our invitations were the work of our Guide, Sister Spruell. All too soon the merry guests were obliged to depart, and all joined in voting Mrs. Hoyt, her sons and daughter most capital entertainers. We hope in the future to have more such parties. **MRS. J. WRIGHT.**

Div. 141, Phillipsburg, N. J., wishes the Sister Divisions to know how much we enjoyed the visit of our inspector, Sister Gagon. We never had met her before, but she was not long a stranger to us. We tried to do our work well and hope for the best. A number of Sisters were present from Div. 121 to add to our pleasure. After the meeting a reception and entertainment was held. The program was lengthy. Brother Mays was present with his phonograph, which was greatly enjoyed. Sister Hare's little twin daughters gave us the cakewalk in an artistic manner. The refreshments were served by four little girls wearing white aprons and caps. We all enjoyed the visit of our inspector and wish her to come again. **SEC., Div. 141.**

The members of Div. 249, Syracuse, N. Y., entertained their inspector, Sister Erhardt, of Rochester, and also their husbands, at the engineer's rooms in the Ramone Block, on the evening of April 9th. After the inspection of the Division a social time was spent, after which all were invited to the dining room where a delightful menu was served to about 75 guests. Too much credit cannot be given the committee in charge. All reported a most pleasant evening. **UNION.**

Div. 75, East Syracuse, N. Y., comes again with a word in the JOURNAL. Nearly all of our officers were re-elected this year, and at our installation, to which the Brothers were invited, we served a feast of good things, and also presented the President with a handsome umbrella, which was a surprise, and was received by her in a pleasing manner. Our Division is prosperous and in good financial condition, which is due to the untiring efforts of our faithful members. **ONE OF THEM.**

A SISTER of Saginaw, Mich., being much interested in the relief fund of our order, decided to give a thimble party at her home and invited Sisters and friends to participate. Various games and contests were intermingled with music and recitations and the afternoon was a most enjoyable one. The amount of money raised is to be a nucleus in this Division to add to from time to time for this grand noble work of charity which the Grand Division is doing from this fund which is kept going from voluntary sums donated by the various Divisions. May we exert ourselves to greater efforts in this direction is the wish of one who was present at the

THIMBLE PARTY.

NOTES.

THE cushion raffled off by Div. 194, Cleburne, Tex., was won by Div. 17.

DURING my recent trip, I tried to keep up with my work by having my mail forwarded to me from home, and am sorry to say that owing to some delay a large package which should have reached me in time to be inserted in the June number was two weeks too late. I, therefore, crowd it in this issue, and owing to an unusual amount I must hold all articles sent me after June 1 for the August number. Please accept my regrets. **M. E. CASSILL.**

G. I. A. Voluntary Relief Association.

TOLEDO, O., July 1, 1901.

To Division Insurance Secretaries, I. R. A.:

You are hereby notified of the death of the following members of the Association, and for the payment of these claims you are ordered to collect 75 cents from each member holding one policy, and \$1.50 from each member holding two policies, providing, however, that no one be assessed on a policy, if the application for said policy was dated later than May 31, 1901:

ASSESSMENT No. 35.

Died April 29, 1901. Sister Catharine B. Lowrey, aged 33, of Div. 67, Oil City, Pa. Cause of death, pulmonary hemorrhage. Admitted Aug. 1, 1900. Held one policy, No. 6798, payable to son, Samuel C. Lowrey, Jr.

ASSESSMENT No. 36.

Died May 8, 1901. Sister Kate Bissett, aged 50, of Div. 50, St. Louis, Mo. Cause of death, bronchitis. Admitted Sept. 13, 1899. Held two policies, No. 5594, payable to children, Frank, Anna and Della, and No. 5595, payable to W. E. Bissett, husband.

ASSESSMENT No. 37.

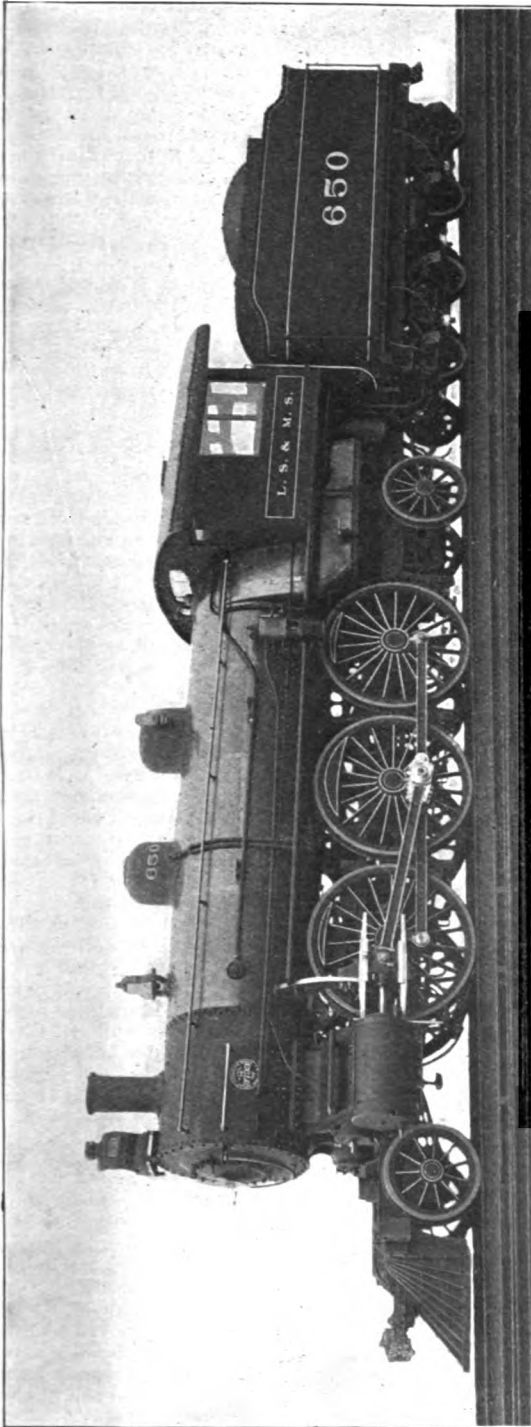
Died June 2, 1901. Sister Sarah C. Boyles, aged 61, of Div. 117, Cumberland, Md. Cause of death, heart failure following pneumonia. Admitted March 12, 1896. Held two policies, Nos. 3212 and 3744, payable to husband, G. R. Boyles.

Three thousand two hundred and sixty-nine members paid Assessment No. 24; nineteen hundred and forty-seven paying on one policy, and thirteen hundred and twenty-two paying on two.

All claims are paid in full—\$500 on each policy.

Members should see that their names are written exactly the same on the second policy as on the first.

MRS. G. O. WILSON, Pres. V. R. A.
MARY L. ROBERTSON, Gen'l Sec'y and Treas.



L. S. & M. S. 10-WHEEL PASSENGER ENGINE—BOILER PRESSURE 200 POUNDS.

CYLINDERS.		DRIVING WHEELS.	BOILER.		FIRE BOX.		FLUES.			WHEEL BASE.				WEIGHT IN WORKING ORDER ABOUT.			
Dia.	Stroke.	Dia.	Dia.	Length and Width.	No.	Dia.	Length.	Rigid.	Driving.	Engine.	Total.	Rear Truck.	Drivers.	Front Truck.	Total Weight of Engine.		
20 1/2"	28"	80"	66"	85" x 84"	285	2 1/2"	19'-0"	14'-0"	14'-0"	31'-9"	57'-2 3/4"	23,000	130,000	21,500	174,500		

The Brooks Locomotive Works has recently furnished the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway Company two powerful passenger locomotives, known as the "Lake Shore" 10-wheel type. The characteristic feature of this type is the combination of three pairs of coupled drivers, with two leading wheels and two trailing wheels. The trailing wheels are of the Brooks Improved Radial type, a device which permits the engine to round curves safely at high speed. These locomotives have proved so remarkably efficient in service that the L. S. & M. S. Ry. Co. has placed an order for 11 duplicate engines, one of which will be exhibited at the Pan-American Exposition.

Technical.

Frames Better Stayed.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I have noticed a very weak point in the construction of the locomotive which makes itself manifest more and more each year as the size and power of the engines are increased. Just why it is allowed to exist I am unable to say. We will take one of the large types of engines for an example; they have a frame above and below the cylinder saddle, which is virtually a double frame. Also usually a casting set between these two frames and extending back from the cylinders for say two feet which acts as a frame stiffener. The guide yoke is bolted solid to the frame and is made a close fit against the boiler. Then we have another brace back of the tumbling shaft bolted to the frame, and also a close fit to the boiler, but of course not bolted fast to the boiler. We set the fire box or rather the mud ring of the fire box on top of the frames and suspend it by a hinged hanger from each side of the fire box to the frame. Also an expansion plate bolted fast to the front and one on the back of the fire box to keep the boiler from working sideways on the frame. This is a three-wheel coupled engine usually called a ten-wheeler. We use an extended piston rod. That is we put a piston rod on to travel through the front cylinder head to aid in keeping the piston (spider, bull ring and packing rings) central with the cylinder. This extended piston rod is a close fit in a brass sleeve in the front head which is intended to make a rigid straight travel from the front end of cylinder to the back end of crosshead. There are also two braces that are bolted solid to each end called deck braces that go from the deck to the boiler head in the cab.

Now, let us start our engine out with a train and see what the weak points are.

When engine takes steam on the forward center the tendency is to stretch the frame between the cylinder and the main journal. This causes the frame to lower itself from the boiler between the cylinder and back end of fire box in a bow shape. In passing

the back center the motion is changed to a shortening process which draws the frame up tight to the boiler in the vicinity of the main driving boxes. The rapidity of this changing motion or working of the frame is increased with the speed of the engine. You may notice the back end of the guides working very badly and at first think they are loose, but it is all caused by the vibration of the frame transmitted from the journal at the back end of your main rod. The cylinders stay in line, but your guides do not. Therefore the keyway in the piston rod is very often found cracked. The cylinders wear rapidly. The piston rods require packing most every trip and you have to use lots of cylinder oil. The better way to hang the guides is direct from the boiler and not let them touch the frame at all.

If you want a good running driving box you must have a well-braced frame—no vibration. This vibration of the frame keeps your driving boxes continually on the move changing the point of bearing so much that I might say they never have the weight properly distributed on the bearing surface. No doubt it also causes a slight sliding on the wheels by the lengthening and shortening of the frame each revolution. Don't expect an engineer to make 30 miles to a pint of engine oil under these conditions. Half that number will do.

The expansion plates on front and back of fire box, put on with about twenty studs each, pull the studs loose in the boiler. This is caused by the vibration of the frame, not by the weight of the boiler. You can put some 1" x 6" x 6" plates under all four corners of the mud ring and in twenty days find they are worn 1-16" or more. A steady weight could not wear them any. So after a while they shear all the bolts that hold the frames together and cost no end of money to fix them, where if they had been solidly braced to the boiler when built, there would have been no trouble.

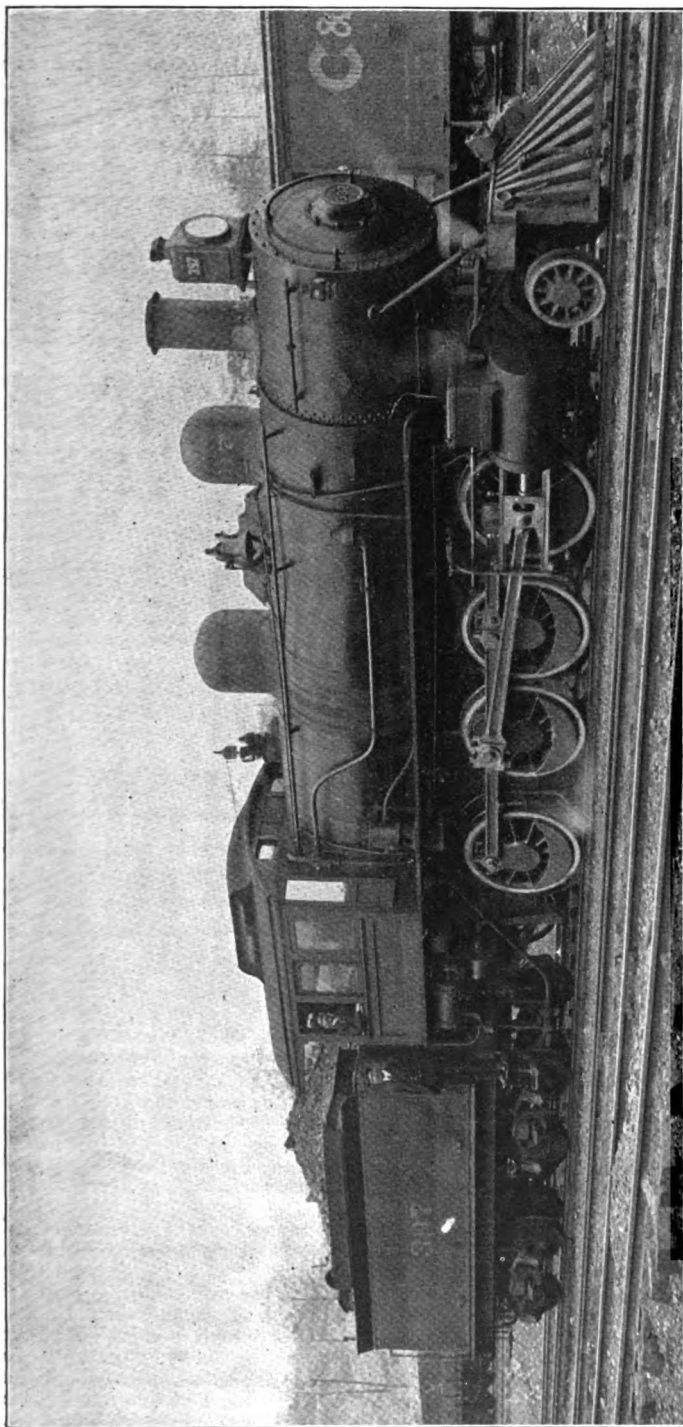
The frame should be braced at least twice between the cylinders and fire box. Bolt the braces solid to the boiler and let them fit the frame in an expansion buckle or a hinged joint. Don't be afraid of getting too much iron in the braces, it will be the best kind of a fault.

WR.

Why Take Down the Side Rods?

ANGELS' CAMP, CAL., June 8, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: The question by "Grape Nuts" in the May number of the JOURNAL as to whether "it is absolutely necessary to take down the side rods on both sides of a ten-wheel engine when for some cause they must be removed on one side," may be answered in the negative. There is no good reason why the leading and trailing drivers should not roll in harmony with main drivers, if care is taken



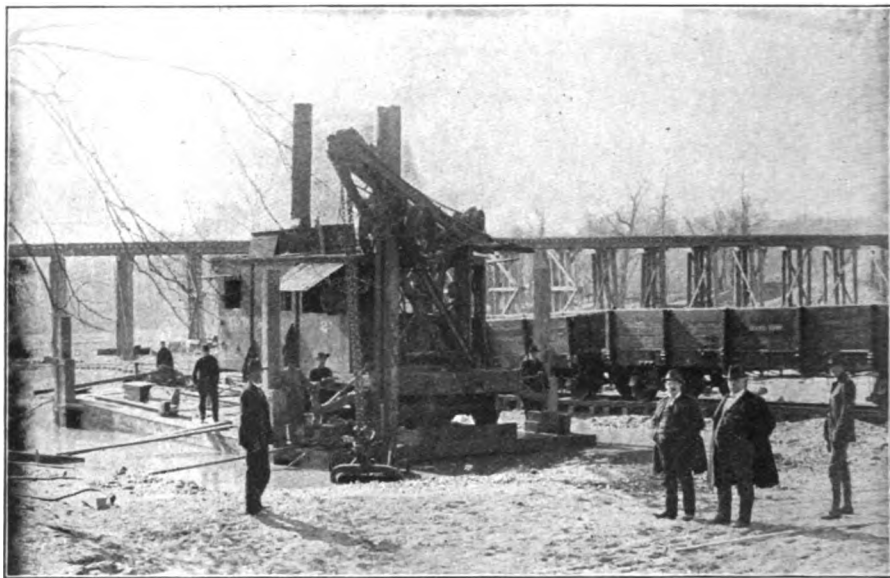
CHESAPEAKE & OHIO ENGINE 397.—BRO. J. H. WHITE, DIV. 38, ENGINEER; W. W. GABBERT, FIREMAN.

This photograph is one of the 49, the largest type of engine owned by this company. They are used on the heavy mountain grades, east and west out of Clifton Forge, Va. They are Richmond build, from specifications by W. S. Morris, Superintendent of Motive Power. Cylinders, 22" x 28". Capacity of tender, 6,000 gallons of water and 12 tons of coal. Total weight of engine in working order, 163 tons. The engines are equipped with patent sander, steam bell ringer, and all modern improvements for both freight and passenger service, and have a large, roomy and well-ventilated cab, a consideration for the comfort and safety of the engineer and fireman, none too common in these days of monster engines, and demonstrates that Mr. Morris has given consideration to those who handle these great machines, as well as centralizing weight and power, decidedly commendable to him. Photograph and dimensions, courtesy of Bro. J. H. White, of Div. 38.

not to stop the good side on the center, nor slip the main drivers with main rod on lame side while the good side is passing center in starting train. In handling an eight-wheel engine (main drivers leading) with one side rod only, avoid stopping good side just below the back center, or just above or on the front center, engine going ahead. The dead center on which the side rod is pushed will lock the drivers, unless all the wheels have begun to roll; that is, if the good side stops on the front center, and the engine on the lame side slips the drivers when the throttle is opened, the side rod will lock the drivers; but if this side should stop on the back center, a possible slip of the main pin off the center would tend to pull the back driver off the center. FRED W. CLOUGH.

phus undergoing construction, Gen. Supt. Harris, seeing it was necessary to get out more gravel, devised this scheme of putting a steam shovel on a barge built of heavy bridge cords to load the gravel from the bed of the creek into the cars, which he has successfully done at a cost of $1\frac{1}{4}$ cents per cubic yard; also getting washed gravel, enabling him to put in first-class road bed by putting 18 inches of gravel under track, making it a race track for our new fast train, "The Arkansaw Traveler," this division being comparatively straight and level.

General Superintendent John H. Harris and General Roadmaster A. McAvoy are standing together in the foreground, and Mr. McAvoy's proportions would indicate that the Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf Rail-



CHOCTAW, OKLAHOMA & GULF RY. FLOATING STEAM SHOVEL.

Floating Steam Shovel.

NORTH LITTLE ROCK, ARK., May 9, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I send you under separate cover a photograph of a successful experiment made by John H. Harris, General Superintendent of the Choctaw, Oklahoma & Gulf Railroad—a steam shovel floating on a barge in Crow Creek, Ark., 41 miles west of Memphis, Tenn.

Previous to this experiment the work of loading gravel was performed by mule-team cars being run under a raised platform to enable them to dump the gravel into cars. This method of loading being slow, and also very expensive, $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per cubic yard being the minimum cost, and the division from Little Rock to Mem-

road runs through a very healthy country, he being a native of Arkansas.

MEMBER OF DIV. 554.

How Did He Do It?

HOUSTON, TEX., June 10, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: On a recent trip I came into A., and undertook to blow the engine out a little, as she had been foaming bad. The blow-off cock was of the air blow-off cock variety, and when I wanted to shut it off it refused to close on account of air valve being stuck. Everything was done to close the valve without being successful, and engine died in a few minutes. The fire was drawn and engine made safe. Headquarters were notified and requested

to send another engine to tow us to L., where engine could be refilled with water. The distance from A. to L. is 29 miles. Now, this engine is equipped with two injectors, and release valves on steam chest, and, in fact, with everything on her up to date.

Now, I did not disconnect this engine for towing, but left her in running condition, as it was my intention to fill the engine while being towed from A. to L. When I got to L. I had boiler full of water and a fire in engine, and was delayed 45 minutes at L. waiting for engine to get hot. Of course, before leaving A. I did about ten minutes' work on engine so as to make her fill herself while being towed, and got wood from the relief engine to light up with (she was a wood burner), as our engine was a coal burner.

Now, I want some of the members to tell through the JOURNAL how this was done. I am satisfied that there are a great many who know how it was done, but for the benefit of those who don't know. Later on I will explain how I did it.

Yours fraternally,

W. J. BISSONNET, F. A. E., Div. 366.

The Best Eccentric Cup.

HUNTINGTON, IND., May 28, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In reply to the request of a Brother in the April JOURNAL about the best eccentric cups to use, I will say that I have used all of the different kinds of cups made in the last 25 years, and am now using the E. D. Bang's cups, which I think are the best I have ever used. They hold three ounces of oil and they will run 1,000 miles without re-filling. We have four engines equipped with them and they have been in use four months and we have not had a warm eccentric. We also use his rod cups and they give just as good results as the eccentric cups. We have one engine that has the Bang's cups on the links, eccentric rods, guides, driving boxes and engine trucks. The cups are filled in the round house, and the engine makes a round trip without oiling any other way but with the cups. These engines are all on the fast trains.

Yours truly,

L. F. TRUMAN, Div. 221.

A New Form of Steam Engine.

A unique idea has been worked out by a Des Moines, Ia., inventor whereby the boiler of a steam engine is practically avoided. The general principle of the engine is this: that while in the ordinary engine but a small quantity of steam is being used at any one time, yet a great quantity of fuel is necessary in order to

keep a large volume of water continually boiling to provide the necessary steam. In the present instance there is no boiler proper—there being substituted therefor a small quantity of water in the lower end of what might be called the steam chest proper, though here called a boiler.

Operating in this boiler is a long hollow piston, lacking about 1-32 of an inch of fitting to the sides of the boiler, thus leaving room for a steam cushion all the way around it, and also making it possible for the condensed steam to run down the sides. A rod connected with this piston passes up through the center of another piston, which operates in a vacuum cylinder above the boiler, and is geared direct to the fly wheel.

The upper piston, above referred to, fits absolutely air tight in the vacuum cylinder, and is geared to the shaft in the usual crank manner. As the steam piston is forced up, it forces the upper piston up, leaving a vacuum, which draws it back again, thus giving, in addition to the steam power of from 45 to 60 lbs. pressure, the additional 15 lbs. pressure of the atmosphere in the vacuum.

One of the greatest advantages claimed is, that in view of the fact that two pistons are connected direct to the machinery, and there being a great difference in the length of their stroke, it dispenses entirely with the "dead center" principle of all other engines. One of the pistons always begins doing business before the other one ceases.

Surrounding the vacuum cylinder is a jacket containing water, which prevents the heat from the friction of the air-tight piston from expanding the metal and wasting any power. It also operates to keep the upper end of the boiler cool, and assists in the condensation of the steam, which trickles down to the lower end of the boiler, where it immediately becomes steam again, and is used over and over.

There is absolutely no exhaust or escape to the engine. A 1-16 of a horse-power model, which has been running for some time, requires less than three teaspoonfuls of water, and as the water is in an air-tight chamber, it will last an indefinite length of time, and all the heat that is necessary for this engine is a small alcohol lamp.

There will soon be in operation a five-horse power engine, standing about four feet high, which will operate with three pints of water and requires for fuel but one gasoline generator such as is on an ordinary gasoline stove. The engine weighs only about one-third as much as other types of existing engines and it is claimed can be constructed and operated much more cheaply. It is at present known as the Kessler-Ellyson hydro-pneumatic engine.—*The Railway and Engineering Review.*

THE JOURNAL.

Published monthly, 307 Society for Savings Bldg.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

CHARLES H. SALMONS, - Editor and Manager.

Address matter for publication—Correspondence, Technical and Link Departments; name and address of Outside Subscribers; name and address of Initiated and Reinstated Members, Transfers, Withdrawals, Expulsions, Suspensions, Special Notices, Obituaries, and changes in Division Addresses—to C. H. SALMONS, S. G. E., Editor JOURNAL.

No reading space will be sold for advertising purposes under any circumstances.

All money matters should be addressed to T. S. INGRAHAM, F. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg. Send New York or Chicago draft, Express money order or Postal order, but never send personal check, it is useless.

Changes in Address of the JOURNAL subscribers and orders for Division supplies should be addressed to D. EVERETT, T. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg.

Advertising Department matter and all correspondence relating thereto should be addressed to W. N. GATES, 409 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.



JULY, 1901.

Commendable Growth.

With this issue, the JOURNAL reaches its highest mark—39,000. Perhaps the magnitude of so large an issue will be better comprehended when we say that the single issue requires more than *ten tons* of paper. But the part of this statement that is most gratifying to us, and doubtless will be to our entire membership, is the fact that the greater part of this increase of two thousand represents a net gain in our membership, from January 1 to June 1, 1901, of over *seventeen hundred members!*

The expulsion list in the June number (10) was the smallest for any month within our knowledge, which in itself is very pleasing; and the reinstatements for the month were forty-six, some of whom had been out of the order a long time.

Of initiated members the state of Pennsylvania leads, though all states have shown some gains. In the interest of brevity we will leave out the Divisions having initiated from one to four, and take up the 102 Divisions that initiated five and upwards. These Divisions are located in thirty-seven states. Of these 102 Divisions 19 initiated 5; 21, 6; 11, 7; 11, 8; 10, 9; 7, 10; 4, 11; 8, 12; 4, 13; 2, 14; 1, 15; 1, 16; 1, 17; 1, 20; and 1, 28—a total for the 102 Divisions of

862. The highest number—28—is in a new Division which we will not name at this time. The next highest is Division No. 66, Milwaukee, Wis., with twenty. Division 325 follows with 17, No. 437 with 16, No. 439 with 15; etc. But we will not take the space to recapitulate, though we must heartily commend the whole list of Divisions initiating from twenty-eight down to one, which go to make up the total gain over withdrawals, expulsions, and deaths of more than seventeen hundred members in six months; and we shall be glad to see the other half of the year make an equal showing.

It is very gratifying to see this manifestation of interest by those who have joined their interests with ours, and especially gratifying to feel that a more active interest on the part of our older members has had much to do with bringing about these good results. A very large majority of our Divisions have had some gains; some, as might have been expected, have had none, while a few have met with losses from various causes. But we hope there are none where the lack of harmony deters application for membership. Very few men who possess the intelligence and mechanical ability that would make valuable members for the order will come into it while a lack of harmony is apparent and they feel that were they to come in they would be obliged to take sides with some faction instead of adding their individual force to a harmonious effort for a common good, with all touching elbows in a common fellowship. The social side forms no mean part of the strength of organized effort. It not only means solidarity which is one of the essentials of success, but it also means the moral and intellectual upbuilding of the character of the membership. With social touch comes greater interest in the welfare of each other, pride in as much well doing as your neighbor, better interest in Division affairs, more prompt payment of dues, and less infractions of law, moral and written. It is peace and fellowship that has assisted in molding the character of our membership into a common whole, which demand that the fundamental law of the order be lived up

to, which involves all the essential elements of right doing, legal and moral. It is this that has put us in favor with both the public and the employer who desires fair dealing for honorable service.

The place for every man who runs a locomotive who is morally and intellectually fit for membership is in the ranks of the B. of L. E., not as a belligerent element but one of legitimate protection to the individual and a collective whole, whose interests are common, and by association and interchange of thought further elevate the standing of our class, and in doing so better protect the interests of our families. The JOURNAL extends a hearty welcome to our new Brothers and hopes we shall have more to welcome in the last than the first half of 1901.

Some Reasons Why.

So long as self interest is the larger actuating power in business affairs—and we do not believe that any one can successfully controvert the fact that it is—something besides the golden rule is absolutely necessary to bring about a mean between the natural contending forces in a competitive system, and every man who, by virtue of his occupation, feels the depressing influence of unrestricted competition, must realize that his own kind, standing alone, are subject to the selfishness and greed of a few who fix conditions for all; in which the employee can have little voice, and cannot be instrumental in producing betterment; but, standing alone he can, and a few are—through selfishness or force of individual want—the means of lowering and degrading all, contrary to his own interest and the welfare of his fellow man. The B. of L. E. is not organized for belligerent purposes; its whole aim is protection against unjust conditions, with arbitration as its fundamental principle.

In joining it one enters into no obligation which carries with it injury to himself or his family. There is no interference with religion or politics. It assists in elevating its members morally, socially, and financially. Its law makes the obligations between the members and the employing

company involve the honor of all alike. Within the law there can be no breaking of contracts without due notice; property rights of the companies are zealously guarded. It undertakes to guarantee good character in its membership, which carries with it better service.

On the other hand, there being a multitude of employers and bosses conducting the business of our common financial interest, it contends that there should be written rules, signed by both, governing pay and treatment by officials as well as governing the service to be rendered by the employees. Such contracts are now in force on nearly all our railroads—which we do not believe are in any way detrimental to the railroad properties, for they insure peace and better service; and it ought not to be necessary for any engineer to be told that the benefits derived from the energetic efforts of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers are very many and in every sense decidedly commendable.

We suppose that men who run locomotives and receive the benefits which in some degree have come to them through the exertions of others, formulate in their own minds some excuse for not joining and doing their share. Some, perhaps, are too selfish to do what they must know is the manly thing, but stay out because the organization never uses any coercive measures to bring them in. To the one who finds an excuse in conservatism, we would say, that the highest function of conservatism is to help keep what progressiveness has accomplished, and that, from every point of view, the place for every honorable engineer is in the ranks of those who directly and indirectly guard his interests, and not leave to others all the expense in time and money guarding the common interest of their class.

Major Geo. G. Arthur.

Geo. G. Arthur, son of our Grand Chief, Bro. P. M. Arthur, died in Cleveland, O., on Thursday morning, June 6, from a hemorrhage, aged 43 years. Major Arthur was a member of the Cleveland Grays for some fifteen years, the oldest military organiza-

tion in Ohio, and when the President made his first call for volunteer troops for the war with Spain, he enlisted in the Tenth Ohio Volunteer Infantry, and served as a non-commissioned officer, but subsequently was promoted to major and paymaster, and served in Cuba until the summer of 1899, when he was transferred to the Department of the East, and later, in November, 1899, was sent to the Philippine Islands, in the same capacity, where he remained until his health obliged his return to this country. Last fall, while on a tour to the remote posts, a lot of recruits got drunk, and a big row took place on the boat. The men tried to get at the cash box, and in defending it Major Arthur was injured.



MAJOR GEORGE G. ARTHUR.

This, together with the torrid and unhealthy section through which he was obliged to travel in order to reach the different branches of the service, led to typhoid malaria, from which he was confined in the hospital for several weeks, when, broken in health, he left for home, arriving about the first of May. To hardship, sickness incident thereto, and his injury is attributed the cause of his sudden demise, which was a great shock to the family.

In harmony with the wishes of the fam-

ily the funeral was private, though of a quasi-military nature. The floral tributes were exceedingly numerous, from friends of the family, military friends of the Major, and tributes of honor to him who had served his country. The casket, draped with the stars and stripes and bearing the Major's saber and equipments, was nearly obscured with floral emblems symbolic of his military service. The cortege was met at Lake View Cemetery by a detachment of the Cleveland Grays' organization, which accompanied the hearse to the grave, and as the casket was removed the trumpeter sounded the officers' call, and after prayer the trumpeter sounded the call to quarters, when three volleys were fired over the grave, which to the soldier means "taps," or lights out, ending the last sad rites to the son of our Grand Chief.

"There is no death. But angel forms
Walk o'er the earth with silent tread.
They bear our best-loved things away,
And then we call them dead."

Our Grand Chief, Brother Arthur, and family desire through the JOURNAL to most sincerely thank the many who have expressed their sympathy by telegram and letter, as well as all others who, mutely, expressed their sympathy through God's most beautiful gift in nature—flowers.

The Editor feels sure that our whole family, the B. of L. E., will join in extending sincere sympathy to our Brother Grand Chief and his family in the hour of their deep affliction.

Who Is He?

We are in receipt of two letters relative to the man "Who Is He?" whose picture appeared on page 385 of the June JOURNAL. One letter is from Los Angeles, Cal., which tells a strange story of his doings while there—strange because, from this letter, he managed to live in Los Angeles from December until February on the strength of a story that he was an engineer and a member of Div. 105, New York, and that his run was from New York City to Albany on the Empire Express; that he had been employed on the Central for 27 years;

that he owned a home at 272 W. 170th street, New York, and had \$10,000 in a Harlem Bank, and on the strength of these stories was able to borrow from various parties sums varying from one to fifty dollars. On February 7, the letter says, after spending all his wife's money and pawning her jewelry he quietly left for San Francisco, where he posed as a reformed drunkard at the Y. M. C. A. Rooms. Our informant says he was next heard of in Denver, Col., where he represented himself as looking after the interests of a dead Brother engineer, and, with a plausible story, obtained money and left for parts unknown.

The other letter was written several thousand miles from Los Angeles—New Brunswick, Canada, and the writer says: "I notice in the June JOURNAL the photograph of a man calling himself H. S. Williams, and you ask the question, 'Who is he?' Well, now, some of the boys down this way would like that question answered, and I acknowledge some of them were taken in by this same individual. He represented himself when here as one of the engineers running the Empire State Express, from New York to Albany. He got acquainted with some of the men and came to ——— and had a pretty good time; got a pass and went to ———, where he said he was robbed or lost \$35, and fell in with a conductor and borrowed twenty or thirty dollars from him; came to ———, and staid over Sunday for his health, borrowed a small sum from the writer, and gave his name as Henry W. Manning, No. 232 W. 170th street, New York, P. O. Box 960. While in this section he told all sorts of stories."

It would take more space than we can spare to tell the whole story, but it would seem that the above is enough, and that this man should be dealt with, wherever he may be, when caught in the act of obtaining money under false pretenses, which it would seem easy to prove on nearly any story he might tell. Our Los Angeles letter describes him as a large, corpulent man, weight 270 to 290 pounds, height about 5 feet 10 inches, very bald, dark eyes, brown mustache, slightly gray,

and has a long, perpendicular scar over the right eye, and a deep dimple on the left jaw, which he claims to have received in a wreck.

As we have said editorially several times before, if our Brothers would conform to our law they would lose nothing through such men, for they would first make inquiry of the Division to which he claimed membership.

We have purposely left out names and places. It is bad enough to get caught by such men.

Selling Passes.

Lately some of the brokers in different sections have been getting offers of peculiar sorts of transportation. Men who have been in the employ of their roads for a short time, or who have little regard for their obligations to the properties for which they work, have been obtaining trip passes to various places and have offered them to the brokers at greatly reduced rates. Some of these have accepted the proffer and the passes have been marketed, while others have reported the incident to the general offices with the result that trip passes are being closely guarded. This, it is said, is one of the reasons why the roads have been so decided in their efforts to retire the free pass or at least to restrict its use to the minimum.—*Exchange*.

While we do not believe there is much truth in the above as applied to employees, the possibility that such a statement can be made at all shows how much care should be exercised by every member of the order when requesting favors in the shape of transportation. A few mistakes in favoring men who would be guilty of such an abuse of confidence and abuse of the kindness of railway officials who comply with the requests, not for the stranger, but out of consideration for the one who makes the requests, jeopardizes the good relations now existing and would make assistance to deserving Brothers nearly if not quite impossible. While it is true that any member of the B. of L. E. would be expelled for such practice, the danger does not lie with him, but with men who successfully pose as such, and thereby impose upon both our members and the company. Every Brother ought to be thorough in his examination of applicants for favors of every kind when the party is a stranger. No honest member will object to this. In fact,

everyone starting out with a knowledge that he is to ask favors should not only have a card in date, but a letter from the F. A. E., which our law authorizes. And even with these if a Brother feels in doubt he should communicate with the Division to which the party belongs who is soliciting the favors. This necessity, of course, will not often happen, but the question is of very great importance. Nothing is meaner than the betrayal of confidence, and one case of it might be a lasting injury to a large factor of honest and deserving members.

LINKS.

THE union meeting of the Canadian Divisions referred to in the June JOURNAL will be held at Belleville, Ont., August 21st and 22nd. The committee have almost completed arrangements and the indications are that it will be a grand success. Ample hotel accommodation at rates from \$1 per day upwards has been secured. The reception committee will meet all trains and assign visitors to the various hotels. One of the features arranged for the entertainment of visitors will be an excursion on the beautiful Bay of Quinte, which is rapidly becoming a favorite resort for summer tourists. It is expected that Grand Chief P. M. Arthur and other prominent members of the Brotherhood will be present and address the meeting.

ON Sunday, June 2, 1901, the members of Div. 148, at McKee's Rocks, Pa., were treated to a very interesting lecture on the Monitor Injector and Nathan Lubricator delivered by our S. G. A. E., Bro. J. C. Currie, who represents the Nathan Manufacturing Co., and who readily consented to have Brother Currie visit McKee's Rocks on that date. Brother Currie is a very interesting talker, and many points on injectors and lubrication were brought out and easily explained. Come again, Brother Currie, and we assure you of a hearty welcome. C. L. S., 148.

BRO. A. F. FINCH, of Montana Div., 6, located at Boone, Ia., has been appointed

Traveling Engineer on the West Division of the C. & N. W. Road. He is well qualified for this position and we are pleased to note his promotion and extend to him our hand and hearty congratulations.

Fraternally,

C. E. SARGEANT, F. A. E., Div. 6.

BRO. CHARLES STARK, a member of Div. 46, has been honored by promotion as Road Foreman of Engines on the Mohawk Division of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R., and the members of Div. 46 are highly gratified, as Brother Stark is a very courteous gentleman and his abilities particularly qualify him for such a position. We wish him success, and have every reason to believe that in his appointment the officials of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. have made a wise selection. F. A. E.

BRO. W. E. TRAINER has been honored with the promotion to Traveling Engineer of the second district of the Chicago Division of the Baltimore & Ohio Railway. Brother Trainer has always been loyal to the Brotherhood and ever ready to lend a helping hand where it was most needed, and in taking charge of his new duties he can feel that he has the hearty support of all his Brothers of Div. 153.

W. H. GILLIS, F. A. E., 153.

BRO. R. R. CULLINANE, Chief Engineer of Div. 552, has received the appointment on the State Board of Inspection, whose duty it is to inspect safety appliances on locomotives and cars. This honor bestowed upon Brother Cullinane gives the members of Div. 552 great pleasure, who wish him success in all things, and especially in his new field of labor.

F. W. BROWN, F. A. E., 552.

AT a meeting of Div. 364, Wichita, Kan., on Sunday, May 26, the Division was presented with a gavel, brought from Manila by Lieut. George H. Dennis, whose father is an engineer. The engineers feel proud of their present. C. E.

AT a regular meeting of Div. 509, B. of L. E., on May 19th, a vote of thanks was

tendered the ladies of defunct Div. 216, G. I. A to B. of L. E. for the gift of a nice little sum of money which remained in the hands of the treasurer, Sister E. E. Stine.
J. J. CONRAD, Sec. and Treas., 509.

ON Monday evening, June 10th, there occurred at St. Patrick's Church, Little Rock, Ark., the wedding of Mr. Will McDermott to Miss Josephine Cuneo. Mr. McDermott is employed in the mechanical department of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railway, and has the friendship and best wishes of the engineers of the Iron Mountain route, by whom he is held in high esteem. Mr. McDermott is the son of Bro. Dan J. McDermott, of DeSoto, Mo., a veteran of the Iron Mountain, and will be remembered by many of the delegates at the Pittsburg Convention as the representative of Div. 123.

EAGLE EYE.

THE members of Div. 419, Brooklyn, N. Y., feeling under special obligations, desire through the JOURNAL to extend their unanimous vote of thanks to Div. 54, Port Jervis, N. Y., for the many favors shown their committee composed of Bros. J. D. Grimm and J. W. Rosencrans, who accompanied the remains of their deceased Brother, Theodore Hammond, to their city for interment. The members of Div. 54 left nothing undone either in act or sympathy, and it is highly appreciated by both the members of Div. 419 and the aged parents of our deceased Brother.

F. A. E. Div. 419.

BRO. HARRY S. PETERS, member of Div. 171, Dover, N. J., the maker of overalls, whose advertisement always appears in the JOURNAL, was recently elected to the important office of Mayor of Dover by a majority of 152. He was elected on an anti-ring ticket after a hot contest. The *Dover Iron Era* tells of his warm greeting in the following:

The newly-elected Mayor, Harry S. Peters, was in a happy frame on Wednesday morning. The echoes of the election cheers were still ringing in his ears, his private business was in satisfactory condition, and to him the world was very fair. There was still more in store for him. Wending his way to his place of business (the overall fac-

tory), he saw floating in the gentle breeze from the cupola of the building the "Red, White and Blue," which had been hoisted by Mrs. Shanks and Miss Josie Nelson, two of the employees of the establishment, in honor of the election of their highly esteemed employer to the mayoralty of the town.

But a still greater surprise was in store for him. On opening the door of his private office it seemed as though he had entered a conservatory, so fragrant was the perfume of a splendid bouquet of roses that greeted him. Of course, the mayor-elect returned thanks to his friends for their kind remembrance.

The JOURNAL congratulates Brother Peters and trusts that his administration of the affairs of Dover will be such that bouquets will be as profusely bestowed at the end as at the beginning of his administration.

THE members of Watson Div., 360, take pleasure in recommending to all who may meet him in his travels, our Past Chief, Bro. A. D. Howard, who is traveling to introduce his patent graphite cup for lubricating the valves and cylinders, for we assure them of meeting a staunch Brotherhood man and first-class engineer; one worthy of any favors or patronage. A man of honest integrity, whose life on the foot plate taught him the need of a more perfect lubricant than our one and one-half pints of oil to the one hundred miles on our large engines. Hence his patent. May success attend him in his travels is the wish of our Division. Yours fraternally,

G. Z. VICKERY, Acting C. E.

THE members of Tuscarawas Div., 255, desire to express their thanks to Supt. W. C. Cushing of this Division of the Pennsylvania lines, P. Walsh, Road Foreman of Engines, and W. H. Holbrook, Assistant, for their kindness and courtesy in furnishing a free coach to Zanesville on the occasion of the funeral of our deceased Brother, Michael J. Medler. The favor was greatly appreciated by the members of Div. 255, as well as by the family of the deceased.

T. W. BURKE,
J. C. MCGUIRE,
C. C. KELLAR.
Committee.

To the C. E., F. A. E., and members of Div. 183, Omaha, Neb: Mr. F. N. Hib-

bits, Mechanical Engineer of the Union Pacific Railroad, by whom this letter will be presented, was formerly the Superintendent of the Jefferson Division of the Erie Railroad, and located at Carbondale, Pa. He was very much liked and respected in his business and social capacity, as he was always upright and honorable in his dealings with employees and public. Hoping he will be cordially received and all courtesies extended, we remain,

Yours fraternally,

J. D. SCHERMERHORN, O. HUDSON,
W. WALCOTT, J. GOULD,
A. IHLEFELDT, J. A. NORRIS,
Committee.

women by having met together in this service. Bros. Wm. H. Ragland, Geo. W. Fry and Chas. W. Kay were the memorial service committee, and their arrangements were very creditable to them, and the service beautiful, touching and beneficial. During the services the names of our departed Brothers were read, and the address was a touching tribute to them, and to our organization.

Through the kindness of Mr. Fred. G. Burger, Florist, the church was beautifully decorated with plants, which greatly added to the beauty of the occasion.

Fraternally yours,

W. H. R., Div. 52.

ON Sunday morning, May 19, at 11 o'clock, Monumental Div., 52, held its second annual memorial service at Guilford Avenue M. E. Church, Baltimore, Md., which was a service long to be remembered by all who were fortunate enough to be present.

PROGRAM.

Voluntary.....Organ.
Hymn....."All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."
Prayer.....By the Pastor, Rev. E. O. Eldridge.
Selection.....Mrs. E. O. Jones.
Scripture Reading.....
.....J. P. Bingley, Sec. P. R. R. Y. M. C. A.
Notices and Offering.
Selection.....Miss Elizabeth W. O'Laughlin.
Reading the Names of Deceased Members.
Duet.....Mr. Howard Robinson, Mrs. E. O. Jones.
Address.....By the Pastor, Rev. E. O. Eldridge.
Hymn....."God Be With You Till We Meet Again."
Benediction.
Hearty Shake Hands.

The singing by some of the best talent that could be procured was soul-stirring; and the instrumental music by the organist, Mrs. Ida Robinson, Mr. Chas. E. Robinson, cornet, and Mr. Randolph Burgess, trombone, was very fine, and the address by the pastor, Rev. E. O. Eldridge, was decidedly eloquent. By invitation, every railway organization was represented—B. of L. F., O. R. C., B. of R. T. and O. R. T., with representatives from the different Auxiliaries. We also had with us Bro. W. J. Randolph and Bro. Nathaniel L. Henderson, of Div. 342. After the service there was a hearty greeting of all present, and we went to our homes better men and

THE entertainment and dance given by the united railroad orders at Needles, at the reading room, May 17th, was successful beyond the anticipation of the most sanguine. The program was placed in the hands of Dr. Booth as master of ceremonies, and under his direction carried out with the precision and nicety characteristic of that gentleman. The festival was opened by the master of ceremonies in a short talk appropriate to the occasion. After the program followed a dance, and never did a Needles crowd more heartily enjoy itself. In the yard and on the lawn cool beverages and light refreshments were served. The porch and lawn were brilliantly illuminated with colored lamps and flags. The interior of the reading room was beautifully draped with the colors of the different orders. The Grand march was led by "J. D." (John Denair), the veteran superintendent, loved and respected by all, the father of all railroad men—and his beloved wife. The Executive Committee—Bray, B. of R. T.; Thompson, B. of L. E.; Cooley, O. R. C.; Holly, B. of L. F.; Gilchrist, O. R. T.; Foote, S. U. A.,—desires to extend thanks to the Desert Queen Lodge, 218, L. A. to the B. of R. T., of Needles, for their help and the good work done by them. To Mrs. Davis, of the reading room, for the many good offices rendered. To Dr. Booth, for his able service in conducting the work, and the various Auxiliaries who gave valuable assistance. We desire to thank Mrs. Gertrude

Adams Butler for the use of her piano. Thanks are extended to those who so kindly gave their time and talent to make the entertainment enjoyable. Also to the good people of Needles who gave their loyal support. The affair was in the hands of the united railway orders—Trainmen, Conductors, Engineers, Firemen, Switchmen, Telegraphers, and their Auxiliaries. The net proceeds, which amounts to the comfortable sum of \$205, will be contributed to the Home for Disabled Railroad Men, which is located at Highland Park, Chicago, Ill. As usual, the Needles contribution will be close to the head of the list. The Executive Committee are proud of their success, and likewise of the showing that Needles has made in the support of one of the grandest institutions ever founded for the benefit of railroad men, when their usefulness has been overcome by age and disability.

S. W. THOMPSON.

THINKING it might not be amiss to show to the order at large the cordial relations that exist between the management of the Michigan Central Railroad and the B. of L. E., as shown by the selection of so many members of the latter for advancement to official positions with the company, I will go back some ten or twelve years, if you wish, and begin with the appointment of Bro. Gus Zimlin, of Div. 1, as Traveling Engineer, who later, upon a vacancy occurring, was named as Division Master Mechanic at the Detroit Shops, and his place as Traveling Engineer was filled by Bro. Thos. J. Hennessey, also of Div. 1. Upon the death of Master Mechanic Zimlin, about 1893, the place was temporarily filled by Bro. T. J. Hennessey, who later was promoted to General Foreman of the shops in Jackson, and later to the office of Division Master Mechanic here at Jackson, Mich., which position he still retains, to the satisfaction of all, while Bro. Peter Miller, of Div. 1, was promoted to Division Master Mechanic at Detroit, and Bro. Donald R. McBain, of Div. 132, then Traveling Engineer east of Detroit River, was transferred to the same position west of the Detroit River, while Bro. David Meadows,

of Div. 132, was selected to fill the Traveling Engineer's place for Canada. Recently, Bro. McBain was advanced to the position of Division Master Mechanic of the West Division, which he filled to the satisfaction of both the company and the men, and after a short stay there was made Master Mechanic in charge of the Canada Division and shops at St. Thomas, this being his old home, to which he has returned after an absence of less than eight years full of honor and with the respect of all. Bro. E. R. Webb, of Div. 1, succeeded McBain to the position of Traveling Engineer, and on the latter's transfer to St. Thomas was made Division Master Mechanic of the West Division at Michigan City, Ind. Bro. William Black, of Div. 2, was made Traveling Engineer. Bro. Black has been a very active member of the B. of L. E. for years. He was a member of our General Board of Adjustment, and was chairman of the same in '94. Div. 2 feels highly honored in the appointment of Bro. Black, and wishes him every success in his new field.

In the selection of these Brothers, we believe the railroad company will have no cause for regret, and that they will prove worthy successors to those who have preceded them, and the B. of L. E. should, and we believe does, feel that these selections evidence an era of good feeling between the management and the B. of L. E., which we hope to see long continued.

Fraternally yours,

A. D. AUSTIN, C. E., Div. 2.

THE thirty-fourth annual convention of the American Railway Master Mechanics' Association met in Saratoga, N. Y., on June 19, to be followed by the thirty-fifth annual meeting of the Master Car Builders' Association, June 24, 25 and 26.

ON Monday evening, June 2, Div. 16, Galion, O., experienced the results of a splendid revival of interest in the B. of L. E., when nine candidates were initiated, enough in itself to put everybody in good humor, but that was only the beginning of an evening's entertainment long to be remembered. Of what followed we glean

from the Galion *Daily Leader*, which says:

It was a grand time which the members of Division 16, B. of L. E., their ladies and a few friends enjoyed on Monday evening at a banquet in Junior Order Hall, following the initiatory ceremonies in Odd Fellows' Hall, at which nine candidates were put through. After the initiatory ceremonies were over the members of the Division and their guests adjourned to the banquet hall, where the ladies of Div. 167, G. I. A., had prepared the good things.

Bro. Ed. Cavanaugh, Chief of the Division, presided with his usual dignity over the program, which preceded the feast. This included a recitation by Bro. M. A. Ricksecker, another by Bro. John Ludwig, of Bucyrus, selections by the Barr-Helfrich String Quartette, and an address by Bro. A. B. Youngson, of Cleveland, Assistant Grand Chief Engineer.

Brother Youngson spoke of the objects of the Brotherhood, referred to the relations between capital and labor in the past and in the present, and gave a hopeful forecast of the future relations between employer and employee, when each shall have come to a realization of what is right in dealing with the other. He highly complimented Chief Cavanaugh and the officers of Div. 16 for the excellent condition in which he found affairs, and then paid a tribute to the ladies, to whom he referred as being in a large measure responsible for the revival and keeping alive the interest in the affairs of the Division.

After the benediction by Bro. Abner G. Bryan came the banquet. The hall was beautifully decorated and the appointments of the table were elegant. The favors were carnations. The feast was a splendid selection of substantials and dainties, and was served under the direction of Joe Jones. Fully two hundred ladies and gentlemen were seated at the tables and enjoyed the feast to the full, while the string quartette rendered a delightful program of music.

After the banquet Brother Ricksecker gave another recitation, Bro. John Ludwig sang a German song, and Brother Youngson thanked the ladies for the feast. Then came fun in the shape of a cake-walk by Bros. M. Ricksecker and E. F. Fralick and Mesdames Fralick and Bull, which gave a lively ending to a very pleasant function, in which the ladies had no small share in creating it a success.

The affair was one of those occasions which make one feel again, as often before, that the largest hearted, whole-souled and jolliest men in the world are railroad men. They never do things by halves and certainly did not on this occasion, and the success of the affair and the fact that its features throughout were enjoyed by all, these are their reward.

The guests present from out of town were:

Bucyrus—Div. 124, Messrs. and Mesdames J. M. Haynes, William Risher, John Ludwig, Oscar Thornton, William Tolles, Ed. Cramer, Joe Stewart, William Bruce, Ed. Sheely, Ed. Lamb; Mesdames Clark, Paul, Ricksten and Jerry Traub.

Bellefontaine—Abe N. Jenkinson, Chief of Div. 121.

Cleveland—A. B. Youngson, Assistant Grand Chief Engineer; C. W. Blush, Chief and J. W. Tyler, of Div. 318.

Meadville—J. Bruner, of Div. 43.

THE members of Div. 552 gave a delightful entertainment to the ladies on the organization of Auxiliary Div. 103, at Gulfport, Miss., on June 6th, of which we glean the following from clippings from two local papers sent us by Brother Brown:

The banquet and ball given to the members of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the B. of L. E., Div. 103, was an affair which Gulfport will ever remember with pride. It was grand in conception and brilliant in execution. Everyone who had the good fortune to attend went home with delightful recollections of the evening's enjoyment and with best wishes in their hearts for the brave and gallant engineers—a class of men as a rule who remain at their post of duty in the face of death itself.

The banquet was a success in every particular. The active committee of arrangements, composed of T. F. Belden, C. E. Cullinane, C. D. Smith and C. P. Flood, spared no effort to bring about this result. To secure a large gathering was their first aim and to arrange for its entertainment was their next thought. That they grandly succeeded in both instances was attested to in a manner exceeding all expectations.

Five large tables were arranged around the spacious hall with an abundance of good things on them, and 326 guests sat thereat to enjoy the hospitalities of the evening. This was doubtless one of the largest gatherings of its kind ever seen on the Gulf Coast. And everything went on smoothly, the gallant engineers showing their desire to make things pleasant for their guests, and the guests in turn showing their pleasure and appreciation.

R. R. Cullinane, C. E. of Div. 552, as Chairman, made a fine introductory speech, in which he gave the origin of the B. of L. E. as well as that of the G. I. A. Also their aims and purposes.

He then introduced Hon. E. J. Bowers, General Attorney for the Gulf and Ship Island Railroad, who opened the banquet with a short but appropriate address commendatory of the order of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Mr. Bowers is a good speaker and handled his subject admirably. He was followed by Gulfport's war horse, Senator W. G. Evans, who made the address of the evening. Mr. Evans reviewed the history of the order from its organization in 1864 down to the present day, showing that it is one of the noblest and most magnanimous societies ever organized. The Senator spoke for about one hour, but there were many present who wished that he had spoken all night. Thos. P. Hale, Capt. Penny and R. R. Cullinane next spoke in order, and were closely listened to.

The evening's entertainment closed in dance. The services of two orchestras had been secured and to their delightful strains the great crowd danced merrily on until the small hours of the morning.

At 11:30 a very fine cake which had been bought at auction by Conductor Draughan was put up by him to be awarded to the best young lady dancer on the floor, Miss Camille Collins winning the prize.

The decorations were superb, and everything went as merry as a wedding bell, and everybody went home happy.

Books Received.

"The Inventor's Manual." Thousands of useful inventions are every year patented, but on which the inventor does not realize simply for want of information how best to proceed to introduce and dispose of it, and the "Inventor's Manual" is designed to guide the inventor as to how to exhibit an invention, and how to interest capital, etc. Price, \$1. Published by Norman Henry & Co., 132 Nassau street, N. Y.

"Bugle Calls." By Benj. F. W. Wood, author of "The Successful Man of Business." Brentano's, New York. Price, \$1. This work is a valuable addition to the labor literature of the times. "Awake, Educate, Agitate, Act," are the four notes of his bugle call. It is a convincing argument in favor of trades unions, though written by a manufacturer. In his introduction the author says: "No conflict is recognized as raging between capital and labor, though it is acknowledged that a condition exists which brings poverty to some and riches to others," and for this a remedy is suggested. The book is well worth reading by either employer or employee.

"Electric Sparks." Laird & Lee, Chicago, Ill. Price, 75 cents. Is really a complete review of electricity in all its branches. It is just the size for the pocket, and contains an astonishing amount of valuable information for those who desire to learn something of the mysteries of this strange force, and equally valuable to those who are making use of electricity as a motive power or as an illuminator.

"Robert Royalton." By Bro. J. J. Leighton, member of Div. 516, St. Paul, Minn. Is a story of a poor boy who is compelled to make his own way in the world. He is full of energy and resources, encounters many difficulties, but finally gravitates into railroad service, becomes an engineer, gets a passenger run, and when well conditioned courted the woman he loved who lived on the banks of the Wabash, the wedding of course being the culmination of his successful career.

Gleanings from the Press.

The machinists' strike has brought about quite a serious complication—in fact, antagonism between the employer and employee. At the executive meeting of the National Trades Association, held in Chicago on May 28 and 29, the following ultimatum was issued, evidently aimed at the machinists.

The council claimed the machinists had abrogated the "New York agreement" by arbitrarily calling the strike, and declared that agreement off.

"The declaration of principles," as it is called, states that employers must have full discretion to designate how all work shall be done; that they will arbitrate no question with men on strike; that the number of apprentices, helpers and handymen to be employed shall be determined by the employer; that employees shall be paid a fair wage; that hours and wages shall be fixed by the local association in each district, and that where employees have grievances they shall be submitted to three men chosen by the employees and three chosen by the employer for arbitration, but that the employees shall continue to work during such arbitration.

At the convention of the National Trades Association, composed of manufacturers, held in New York City the second week in June, they resolved "that the sum of \$500,000 be raised by assessment, to be placed at the disposal of a strike committee, to be used in behalf of the employers in their fight against the striking machinists."

The machinists in convention in Montreal evidently accepted this as a declaration of war, and passed a resolution declaring that "we never will accept any modification of our demands, or resume labor until the cause for which we struggle is triumphant and a shorter work day is an accomplished fact."

The various manufacturing companies in Detroit who have suffered from the machinists' strikes are filling their vacated positions with University of Michigan engineering students. Full machinists' wages are guaranteed, and the companies promise to protect the student workmen from any assault by the union men.

Following this declaration, the Detroit branch of the International Association of Machinists forwarded to President Angell, of the University of Michigan, a protest against the plan of certain Detroit employers of hiring undergraduates of the university to fill the places of the striking machinists. The protest says:

We, as taxpayers of the state of Michigan, protest most strenuously that the funds of the state should be used to educate the sons of well-to-do

families to take our places when we are making an effort to place labor in a position to have and use more of the leisure which the modern industrial system, if properly adjusted, provides that it should enjoy.

We most earnestly request you to use your best efforts to dissuade the students from pursuing a course which would reflect discredit on the good name of the University of Michigan.

On June 18, R. Hoe & Co., of New York, manufacturers of printing presses, acceded to the demands of the striking machinists. The company agreed to a nine-hour day with ten hours' pay. The Hoe Company employs 850 machinists. The strikers are jubilant.

At Montreal, on June 17, officials of the Trackmen's Union announced that between 3,000 and 3,500 of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's trackmen had struck for an increase of wages. The trackmen receive an average of \$1.15 a day, and want an increase of from 10 to 20 cents a day, according to locality. They claim that while the Canadian Pacific pretended to increase their wages five cents a day, it really had decreased previously to that the week's wage by 77½ cents through cutting down track walking, so the company with the apparent increase still had the better of the trackmen by 27½ cents a week. The company claims the men are as well paid as on any other road.

The native employees of the Manila-Dagupan Railroad recently struck for a 50 per cent increase of wages. The company offered an advance of 17 per cent. Native engineers receive only \$20 a month, and conductors, firemen and brakemen less. When the native engineers struck the company hired Americans at \$125 a month.

Among the numerous strikes which are now taking place in different parts of Italy, that of the gravediggers at Naples is the most unique. The Neapolitan gravediggers demanded an increase of wages, which was refused. The strikers would not perform their duties, and went so far in their efforts as to bring mourners to terms by upsetting a funeral car bearing a coffin. The police intervened and several strikers were arrested.

Reports of the growth of the trouble of the London and Northwestern Railway and its employees are persistent. The belief that England is on the eve of the greatest labor strike ever known is expressed by people who know the organization of railway employees. Though their proceedings are generally kept out of the newspapers, the authority of the actual leaders of the laboring men is much firmer here than in America. Richard Bell, M. P., Secretary of the Amalgamated Society of

Railway Workers, refuses to talk of the future, but practically admits the danger of a strike. The ramifications of the London and Northwestern Railroad are all over these islands, and a strike would cause great public loss and discomfort to a hundred thousand American tourists. Moreover, other railroads might be affected, and it is not impossible that all railroad traffic in England may cease.

At Youngstown, O., May 29, the American Steel Hoop Company notified its men of a sweeping increase in wages, ranging from 10 to 20 per cent. About 2,000 men in this district, comprising Youngstown, Girard, Warren and Greenville, were made happy.

At least one-half the millionaires of the world are Americans. In the list of noted rich men who are reputed to be worth \$25,000,000 or more there are included 44 Americans, 20 citizens of Great Britain, 9 Australians, 4 Germans, 4 Frenchmen, 3 Russians, 3 South Africans, 3 Spanish Americans, 1 Italian, 1 Spaniard, 1 Belgian and 1 Chinaman.

Judge Danforth, of the Supreme Court of Maine, in sentencing a defaulting cashier the other day, had this to say of the convicted man's former employers: "I wish that the law permitted me to send with the accused every one of the bank directors who, through a long term of years, expected you to do your work, live respectably, bring up a large family, and be honest—all on a salary of \$600 a year."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The address of John H. Costello, a locomotive engineer, is wanted by his niece. Formerly worked in New Orleans, La. Was last heard of in Cripple Creek, Colo. Anyone knowing his address will confer a favor by notifying Mrs. E. F. Collier, Arkansas Junction, Colo.

Wanted—To know the address of Chas. S. Davidson, formerly a member of Lodge 141, B. of L. F., at Ft. Wayne, Ind., is now supposed to be an engineer running on some road. Anyone knowing anything concerning him will confer a favor by addressing W. W. Benham, Manager Standard Oil Co., Cleveland, O.

Wanted—To know the address of James Velsir, formerly M. M. at Los Angeles, Cal., and C. W. Velsir, a locomotive engineer. Anyone knowing their whereabouts will confer a favor by addressing I. E. Velsir, 316 Leona street, San Antonio, Texas.

Traveling card issued to Bro. J. P. Murphy, member of Div. 12, who is in Proctor Knott, Minn., has been stolen. If presented for favors please take it up and send it to the F. A. E. of Div. 12.

Wanted—To know the address of Harry Nuffer, who ran an engine on the Union Pacific, Wyoming Division, in 1900. Anyone knowing anything concerning him will please notify Wm. Murray, F. A. E. Div. 136, Evanston, Wyoming.

Members of the following Divisions will corre-

spond with the F. A. E. of their Divisions immediately:

Division—

24—T. S. Worsham, P. J. Quinn.

491—G. W. Lutes.

485—James H. Downey.

OBITUARIES.

[In accordance with the action of the Ottawa Convention, no resolutions of condolence, obituary letters or poems will be published in the JOURNAL. All deaths will be listed under obituary heading only, with cause and date of death.]

Montreal, P. Q., May 12, Bro. J. Forgue, member of Div. 168.

Two Harbors, Minn., May 28, killed by being struck by water column, Bro. Patrick J. McGuire, member of Div. 420.

Great Falls, Mont., May 1, Bro. John Wilkenson, member of Div. 504.

Troy, N. Y., May 27, Bro. Wm. H. Monty, member of Div. 87.

Indianapolis, Ind., May 22, of kidney trouble, Bro. Hyram Keas, member of Div. 11.

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 30, Bro. Theodore Hammond, member of Div. 419.

Ashley, Pa., Feb. 21, of carcinoma, Bro. C. Riley, member of Div. 272.

Muncie, Ind., May 30, of pernicious anæmia, Bro. W. H. Rhodes, member of Div. 11.

Monterey, Mex., May 25, of hemorrhage of the lungs, Bro. Win. M. Landon, member of Div. 497.

Fort Wayne, Ind., April 23, of hemorrhage of the lungs, Bro. Geo. W. Moore, member of Div. 12.

Fort Wayne, Ind., April 20, of liver complaint, Bro. W. P. Morris, member of Div. 12.

Cardenas, Mex., May 6, killed in wreck, Bro. Geo. Wheat, member of Div. 371.

Wilmington, Del., May 11, of general debility, Bro. Asa O. Denio, member of Div. 51.

St. Louis, Mo., May 10, of consumption, Mrs. Bissett, wife of Bro. W. E. Bissett, member of Div. 487.

Saxton, Pa., May 10, killed by the explosion of his engine, Bro. A. S. Burkstresser, member of Div. 509.

Spokane, Wash., May 20, of typhoid fever, Bro. Frank Hammett, member of Div. 297.

Oconto Junction, Wis., May 20, killed in collision, Bro. Thos. F. McCrea, member of Div. 297.

Paris, Tex., April 26, of paralysis, Thomas Kirkbride, father of Bro. J. B. Kirkbride, member of Div. 445.

Palmerston, Ont., June —, of typhoid fever, Emily Drummond, daughter of Bro. James F. Drummond, F. A. E. and Ins. Sec. of Div. 518.

Del Rio, Tex., May 13, by falling from his engine, Bro. E. P. Bishop, member of Div. 566.

Buffalo, N. Y., May 30, of congestion of the lungs, Mrs. Sarah Hurley, wife of Bro. W. J. Hurley, member of Div. 421.

Buffalo, N. Y., May 29, of heart failure, Bro. James O'Donnell, member of Div. 421.

Buffalo, N. Y., June 4, killed in collision, Bro. Eugene Walsh, member of Div. 421.

Dennison, O., June 2, of paresis, Bro. Michael J. Medler, member of Div. 242.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 2, Bro. Martin Casey, member of Div. 71.

Dunkirk, N. Y., June 9, from injuries received by the derailment of his engine, Bro. Geo. A. Dickinson, member of Div. 67.

Spokane, Wash., May 30, Bro. Henry Hough, member of Div. 147.

McKees Rocks, Pa., May 28, Mrs. Susanna Clark, mother of Bro. Robert M. Clark, member of Div. 148.

Youngstown, O., June 7, Bro. Loney Long, member of Div. 148.

Gallitzin, Pa., May 30, Mrs. Mary Leavy, mother of Bro. John T. Leavy, member of Div. 148.

Unionville, Ia., May 3, killed in wreck, Bro. Peter Blake, member of Div. 91.

Trenton, Mo., May 6, of a complication of diseases, Bro. J. H. Waddell, member of Div. 91.

Hartford, Conn., June 5, Bro. James Guinon, member of Div. 77.

Rocky Mount, N. C., June 5, killed by the explosion of his engine boiler, Bro. J. F. Brown, member of Div. 314.

Leadville, Col., June 4, Bro. F. J. Fellows, member of Div. 186.

Emporium, Pa., May 19, from injuries received by being struck by a bridge, Bro. Samuel Stoddard, member of Div. 15.

Buffalo, N. Y., April 22, of paralysis, Bro. Richard Forrestal, member of Div. 15.

Omaha, Neb., June —, of dropsy, Bro. Frank H. Devine, member of Div. 183.

Philadelphia, Pa., June 9, of Bright's disease, Bro. Thos. P. Jones, member of Div. 109.

Council Bluffs, Ia., June —, killed by boiler explosion, Bro. Chas. J. Fullmer, member of Div. 183.

St. Joseph, Mo., May 23, of Bright's disease, Bro. Chas. Nelson, member of Div. 107.

Pittsburg, Pa., June 1, Mrs. Kuhn, wife of Bro. A. J. Kuhn, member of Div. 325.

Bradford, Pa., June 10, Mrs. Helen C. Watrous, wife of Bro. J. C. Watrous, member of Div. 280.

Big Clifty, Ky., May 26, Bro. C. M. White, member of Div. 485.

Fort Wayne, Ind., June 10, Bro. David Bricker, member of Div. 286.

Hornellsville, N. Y., June 20, killed by being struck by a bridge, Bro. J. E. Loveland, member of Div. 47.

San Luis Potosi, Mex., June 12, of meningitis, Bro. W. M. Taylor, member of Div. 453.

Cheyenne, Wyo., June 11, of heart failure, Christopher O'Brien, aged 66, member of Div. 115. Brother O'Brien was a very old member of the order and joined the insurance in its early stages. The F. A. E. says Brother O'Brien was promoted to engineer at Gallion, O., and went with an engine to the Union Pacific during the building of that road, but returned East and ran out of Trenton, Mo., on the C. & R. I. & P. Ry., but returned to the U. P. Ry. in 1877. Being of a frugal turn he accumulated enough to retire from active service, which he did several years ago. All honor to him who was faithful and true to the B. of L. E. through success and adversity, a true Brother and a just and upright citizen. One by one the old pioneers of the order are responding to the last roll call, their memory to be honored, their exemplary life emulated.

Cedar Rapids, Ia., April 17, Bro. John Morgan, aged 72, member of Div. 159. Brother Morgan had been a part of the old order of the Footboard, and a member of the B. of L. E. almost from its inception, being a charter member of Div. 13, which was organized at West Lebanon, N. H., in December, 1853. He was born in Bow, N. H., in 1829, and was married to Miss Lucy Sargent in January, 1852. He entered the service of the Northern New Hampshire road in 1855 as fireman, and was promoted to engineer in 1856. Joined the B. of L. E. in 1863. Moved to Chicago about 1865, and entered the service of the C. & N. W. Ry., where he remained about a year, when he returned to Concord, N. H. He returned to the West again in 1870, locating at Cedar Rapids, Ia., and entered the service of the B. C. R. & N. Ry., in the infancy of that road, and remained in its service until he retired, in 1894, to enjoy a well-earned rest. He joined the Insurance in August, 1874, taking a policy for \$3,000. He was a member of the order over 37 years and of the Insurance over 27 years. He helped to organize Div. 159, of which he has since been a faithful member. His is a record of long and faithful adherence, that but few now living can equal.

His last call takes from among us one of the real pioneers of our great order. He leaves behind a loving wife and two daughters, and Div. 159, and the B. of L. E. generally, will not only extend their sympathy to them, but will assist in keeping green the memory of one of the honored fathers of the order he so faithfully adhered to.

ADMITTED BY TRANSFER CARD.

Into Division—

- 383—J. R. Williams, from Div. 264.
C. W. Shepherd, from Div. 130.
245—Chas. L. Pugh, C. B. Sommers, from Div. 208.
333—Thos. J. Slattery, from Div. 113.
462—F. M. Bussey, from Div. 554.
315—Harry Emmitt, from Div. 196.
64—G. F. Wilson, from Div. 439.
437—J. J. Dean, from Div. 172.
165—Franklin B. Knoder, Samuel Knoder, Wm. Lacy, Thos. Murray, Chas. O'Bryan, Jas. F. Scott, Henry C. Daniels, Amos Phillips, Robt. King, James Vanarsdale, Daniel Royalty, Fred. Seasengood, Martin J. Carroll, Alfred M. Judd, from Div. 485.
James Chamberlain, Alex. Dudderer, from def. Div. 469.
489—John D. Grady, from Div. 365.
457—Geo. Poland, from Div. 248.
370—John B. Obey, from Div. 452.
525—G. Hough, from Div. 153.
J. W. Humphrey, from Div. 91.
126—L. H. Dearhart, Wm. J. Dankell, from Div. 110.
582—J. C. Sterrett, from Div. 216.
431—M. J. Carroll, from Div. 180.
W. H. Riley, from Div. 81.
J. C. Cuthbertson, from Div. 346.
314—H. G. Davis, from Div. 37.
570—O. H. Mangle, from Div. 453.
F. A. Leavitt, from Div. 362.
300—Henry Wagner, from Div. 10.
19—F. S. Clark, from def. Div. 23.
C. S. Conklin, from def. Div. 355.
A. Stucker, from Div. 253.
3—Oliver Slocum, from Div. 334.
256—J. M. Knight, from Div. 309.
Allen Billister, from Div. 368.
A. C. Parks, from Div. 198.
539—M. G. Bock, from Div. 569.
D. A. Sweet, from Div. 12.
278—C. B. Martin, from Div. 99.
366—Henry T. Dobbins, from Div. 475.
1—L. C. Smith, from Div. 460.
557—H. H. Duke, Jas. Sparkman, Thos. Gaskins, from Div. 331.
347—Geo. E. Prentiss, from Div. 330.
569—Wm. R. Rouse, from Div. 527.
473—J. E. Mitchell, from Div. 154.
415—B. E. Talbott, from Div. 425.
F. Doran, from Div. 453.
503—H. T. Fesmier, from Div. 507.
F. J. Dormer, from Div. 262.
253—B. M. Snyder, from Div. 119.
512—R. B. Cutler, from Div. 487.
28—George Beatty, from Div. 485.
566—E. P. Bishop, from Div. 156.
553—N. R. Ragan, from Div. 134.
E. J. McCutcheon, from Div. 344.
David Hopkins, J. B. McCabe, from Div. 383.
Fred. Allen, from Div. 110.
Frank Ewing, from Div. 264.
439—James W. Smith, from Div. 205.
262—J. E. Stancher, W. J. Breckon, from Div. 279.
43—Wells B. Smith, from Div. 232.
569—John McKenna, from Div. 527.
E. Benjamin, from Div. 326.
147—E. T. Pearl, from Div. 144.
222—J. C. Gregory, from Div. 370.
Wm. W. Beeson, from Div. 199.
Chas. W. Seaton, from Div. 228.
Thos. Kane, from Div. 392.
Geo. E. Gibson, from Div. 39.
326—T. C. Henrey, from Div. 230.
405—J. B. Lesser, from Div. 112.
87—James Martin, from Div. 217.
Wm. Riley, from Div. 418.
107—C. A. Wands, from Div. 397.

- 4—Oliver Slocum, from Div. 334.
C. D. Parish, from Div. 3.
102—John T. Ryel, from Div. 13.
398—Walter Reid, Wilson Summerville, from Div. 8.
28—Geo. Beatty, from Div. 485.
F. L. Stults and J. F. Weisenheimer were listed in May JOURNAL as admitted to Div. 498 from Div. 435. It should have been F. L. Stutts and J. F. Misenheimer.

WITHDRAWALS.

From Division—

- 145—J. Hurlburt.
559—W. E. Dunn.
119—M. J. Brophy.
123—F. W. Gratiott.

From Division—

- 54—Robert King.
235—Geo. Omarra.
59—John Lozier.

RE-INSTATED.

Into Division—

- 418—John F. Green.
262—Wm. Copenhaver.
18—A. H. Fish.
230—T. C. Henry.
97—J. W. Spurrier.
278—A. J. Southard.
145—J. Hurlburt.
343—Elmer Guess.
28—Samuel London.
220—J. A. Wells.
279—J. B. Karns.
48—John J. Curtis.
487—R. B. Cutler.
11—C. B. Robinson.
214—Chas. T. Nixon.

Into Division—

- 505—J. W. Mason.
208—John Larkins.
234—Wm. Rain.
265—J. P. Smith.
198—W. H. Thrash.
499—J. O'Brien.
197—J. J. Whipp.
228—C. O. Needham.
463—Geo. W. Worman.
32—J. H. Murphy.
391—J. C. Otten.
268—R. M. Stewart.
427—B. P. Gilman.
28—R. B. Kersey.

SUSPENDED.

From Division—

- 97—Wm. Cheelsman, three months, for unbecoming conduct.

EXPELLED.

FOR NON-PAYMENT OF DUES.

From Division—

- 50—C. M. Vance, W. F. Payne, C. M. Reed, E. J. Love, H. B. Boyd, D. P. Gilleland, Clark Collins, G. M. Brinker.
525—Edw. Fick, A. Bauer.
104—Samuel Boyd.
421—Russell Allen.
335—James A. Colby.
123—L. Brown.
328—J. Caladine, M. Binkley.
342—S. G. Fisher.
173—Michael Fahey.
346—W. H. Love, S. J. Benjamin.
552—R. W. Thompson.
494—Wm. H. Spear, C. W. Davis.
157—Alfred Davis.
297—Edw. Havery.
64—E. T. Furnald.

FOR OTHER CAUSES.

- 228—John M. Barker, for intoxication.
150—J. D. Harity, for unbecoming conduct.
145—M. Dunbar, Fred Signer, W. F. Lazarus, for forfeiting insurance.
208—Lawrence Schemel, for keeping saloon.
91—O. C. Drake, for forfeiting insurance.
186—Dennis Doran, for non-payment of dues and forfeiting insurance.
1—E. J. Collins, forfeiting insurance, unbecoming conduct, and deserting his family.
537—W. Phippen, for unbecoming conduct and violation of obligation.
409—D. C. Dickert, for violation of Section 17 of Standing Rules.
473—Joseph Rupsche, for non-payment of dues and forfeiting insurance.
215—Thos. J. Mitchell, for forfeiting insurance.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS' MUTUAL LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Official Notice of Assessments 967-971.

SERIES D.

OFFICE OF ASSOCIATION, ROOM 803, SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING, }
CLEVELAND, OHIO, July 1, 1901.

To the Division Secretaries L. E. M. L. and A. I. A. :

DEAR SIRS AND BROS. :—You are hereby notified of the death or disability of the following members of the Association:

Five Assessments for payment of these claims are hereby levied and Secretaries ordered to collect one dollar and twenty-five cents from all who are insured for \$750, two dollars and fifty cents from all who are insured for \$1,500, five dollars from all who are insured for \$3,000; and seven dollars and fifty cents from all members insured for \$4,500, and forward same to the General Secretary and Treasurer.

Members of the Insurance Association are required to remit to Division Secretaries within thirty days from date of this notice, and the Division Secretaries to the General Secretary and Treasurer within ten days thereafter, on penalty of forfeiting their membership. (See Article XI. of By-Laws.)

Secretaries in sending remittances will send same to and make all drafts, express money orders or postoffice money orders payable to WM. B. PRENTER, General Secretary and Treasurer. Secretaries located in Canada will please remit by draft or express money order. We will not accept packages of money sent by express, unless charges have been prepaid. The JOURNAL closes on the 18th of each month. Claims received after that day will lie over until the succeeding month.

No. of Asst.	Name.	Age.	Div.	Date of Admission.	Date of Death or Disability.	Cause of Death or Disability.	Amt. of Ins.	To Whom Payable.
935	T. M. Coffey.....	65	26	Dec. 1, 1886.	May 21, 1900.	Blind right eye.....	\$3000	T. M. Coffey.
936	H. M. Merrill.....	...	439	Mch. 27, 1880.	Feb. 28, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	{ Grandchildren and niece.
937	R. Forristell.....	59	15	Apr. 3, 1886.	Apr. 22, 1901.	Paralysis.....	3000	Mary Forristell, w.
938	Harry White.....	49	326	Jan. 15, 1891.	May 2, 1901.	Left arm amputa'd	3000	Harry White.
939	Andrew Martin.....	41	70	Aug. 24, 1898.	May 3, 1901.	Killed.....	750	Agnes Martin, w.
940	A. S. Burkstreser.....	49	509	June 19, 1893.	May 10, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. J. Burkstreser, w.
941	Jos. Forgues.....	40	168	Mch. 8, 1895.	May 10, 1901.	Phthisis.....	1500	Mrs. Jos. Forgues, w.
942	Henry McVay.....	55	216	Mch. 7, 1895.	May 12, 1901.	Cancer of stomach.	1500	Lawful heirs.
943	Edw. P. Bishop.....	38	566	Apr. 23, 1901.	May 13, 1901.	Killed.....	4500	Mrs. S. A. Bishop, w.
944	Geo. W. Young.....	62	176	Apr. 17, 1877.	May 16, 1901.	Paralysis.....	3000	Mrs. Nellie Young w.
945	Thos. F. McCrear.....	69	297	June 18, 1880.	May 20, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. Wm. F. Heyle, d.
946	Sam'l. Stoddard.....	53	15	Mch. 10, 1894.	May 21, 1901.	Killed.....	4500	Mrs. S. Stoddard, w.
947	Hiram Keas.....	72	11	Apr. 19, 1887.	May 22, 1901.	Nephritis.....	3000	Mrs. Teresa Keas, w.
948	Chas. Nelson.....	50	107	Nov. 23, 1895.	May 23, 1901.	Urinemia.....	1500	Mrs. C. Nelson, w.
949	J. Fridgin.....	42	119	Sept. 11, 1892.	May 21, 1901.	Right eye removed	4500	J. Fridgin.
950	C. M. White.....	31	485	July 21, 1899.	May 26, 1901.	Cancer of face.....	1500	Elizabeth White, m.
951	W. H. Monty.....	47	87	Oct. 10, 1887.	May 27, 1901.	Epilepsy.....	4500	Minnie Monty, w.
952	P. J. McGuire.....	44	420	Dec. 9, 1900.	May 28, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. M. E. McGuire, w.
953	Frank A. Pease.....	48	3	Mch. 1, 1882.	May 28, 1901.	Heart failure.....	3000	Anna J. Pease, w.
954	Jas. O'Donnell.....	49	421	Mch. 18, 1892.	May 29, 1901.	Rheum'm of heart	1500	Mrs. J. O'Donnell, w.
955	O. Springer.....	48	315	July 8, 1893.	May 29, 1901.	Left leg amputat'd	4500	O. Springer.
956	E. M. Vernold.....	42	137	July 10, 1895.	May 29, 1901.	Tuberculosis.....	3000	Mrs. E. M. Vernold, w.
957	W. H. Rhodes.....	65	11	Apr. 30, 1880.	May 30, 1901.	Anemia.....	3000	Mrs. W. H. Rhodes, w.
958	T. F. Hammond.....	41	419	Aug. 13, 1899.	May 30, 1901.	Shot.....	750	M. L. Hammond, w.
959	Henry J. Hough.....	27	147	Dec. 2, 1900.	May 30, 1901.	Scarlet fever.....	3000	{ Chas. H. Hough, f. { Mrs. A. Hough, m.
960	Elizabeth Walsh.....	55	421	June 17, 1892.	June 4, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. E. Walsh, w.
961	J. F. Brown.....	26	314	Oct. 23, 1898.	June 5, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Bertha S. Brown, s.
962	Jas. Guinan.....	67	77	Mch. 20, 1872.	June 5, 1901.	Cystitis.....	3000	Jas. Guinan, Jr., s.
963	Geo. W. Artis.....	33	153	Apr. 21, 1901.	June 5, 1901.	Lt. arm amputated	3000	Geo. W. Artis.
964	E. W. Bumgarner.....	39	336	Mch. 29, 1897.	June 7, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. M. Bumgarner, w.
965	A. S. Long.....	48	148	Jan. 18, 1890.	June 7, 1901.	Heart trouble.....	3000	{ Mrs. L. Long, w., { and lawful heirs.
966	D. H. Hanlon.....	51	119	Feb. 24, 1892.	June 7, 1901.	Tuberculosis.....	1500	Mary E. Hanlon, w.
967	R. F. Smith.....	37	84	July 22, 1900.	June 9, 1901.	Pneumonia.....	3000	{ Willie R. Smith, s. { Clyde F. Smith, s.
968	Geo. A. Dickinson.....	64	67	Apr. 25, 1887.	June 9, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. G. A. Dickinson, w.
969	Thos. B. Jones.....	58	109	July 23, 1885.	June 9, 1901.	Nephritis.....	3000	Lawful heirs.
970	Edw. Moran.....	41	96	Jan. 24, 1889.	June 11, 1901.	Nephritis.....	1500	Thos. F. Moran.
971	J. A. Shuman.....	30	267	Apr. 12, 1897.	June 12, 1901.	Consumption.....	1500	Mrs. J. L. Shuman, w.

Total number of claims, 37.

Total amount of claims, \$93,000.

Acknowledgments.

Acknowledgments have been received from the following Beneficiaries for amounts stated in settlement of claims paid:

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
Apr. 5, 1901.	J. H. Brock.....	775	C. D. Elliott.....	524	\$3000
May 16, "	Mrs. A. M. Thompson.....	806	F. B. Lytle.....	89	1500
" 4, "	Jas. H. Miller, Guardian.....	809	W. W. Wood.....	101	4500
" 21, "	L. Boughner.....	821	A. L. Jackson.....	511	750
" 15, "	Mrs. J. L. Wilson and Children.....	828	J. J. Bornschien.....	225	4500
June 7, "	Wm. H. Rice.....	835	L. Sisco.....	125	1500
" 3, "	Dorr Benn.....	836	Jacob Smith.....	198	3000
" 4, "	Hattie E. N. Colburn, Guardian.....	837	Wm. M. Johnston.....	60	1500
" 4, "	Mrs. Maria Burke.....	840	W. H. Peer.....	19	3000

Acknowledgments—Continued.

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
May 4, 1901.	Mrs. L. Ricketts.....	841	John Desmond.....	92	\$750
June 4, "	Annie B. Vedder.....	843	E. A. Montague.....	46	3000
" 4, "	Lizzie Hastings.....	844	Jas. Donohue.....	39	3000
" 13, "	S. H. Bridenbecker.....	845	Edwin Bosley.....	441	750
" 4, "	Mrs. Alice Mundt.....	846	J. D. Driscoll.....	478	750
" 3, "	Mrs. W. Smurthwaite.....	848	H. P. Kelley.....	45	3000
" 3, "	Mrs. P. Caine.....	849	W. B. Curley.....	485	3000
" 4, "	Mary S. McKinney.....	850	W. B. Nicol.....	18	1500
" 3, "	Anna M. Sendt.....	851	F. H. Lamphere.....	73	3000
" 4, "	Margaret McAuley.....	852	F. W. Dunning.....	172	1500
" 3, "	Frank A. Christie.....	854	Wm. S. Murray.....	43	3000
" 4, "	Frank F. Haggerty.....	858	W. B. Nicol.....	18	3000
" 4, "	Sarah E. Owston.....	859	J. W. Keys.....	293	3000
" 3, "	E. F. Bowers.....	860	Alex. McD. Tolmie.....	473	3000
" 3, "	Bridget O'Malley.....	861	Thos. Powers.....	10	1500
" 3, "	W. W. Conners.....	862	J. D. Primmer.....	58	3000
" 6, "	Frank Sheehan.....	864	C. W. McCain.....	13	1500
" 3, "	Mrs. G. C. King.....	865	J. W. Gorman.....	7	3000

Financial Statement.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, June 1, 1901.

MORTUARY FUND FOR MAY.

Balance on hand April 30, 1901,	\$ 83,341 76
Paid in settlement of Claims,	75,750 00
Balance on hand May 1, 1901,	\$ 7,591 76
Received by Assessments 862-865, and Back Assessments,	67,444 65
Received from members whose insurance was carried by Association,	207 00
Received by Assessments 896-899,	645 92
Total in Bank May 31, 1901,	\$ 75,889 33

EXPENSE FUND FOR MAY.

Balance on hand May 1, 1901,	\$ 8,450 97
Received by Admission Fees and Arrears,	228 45
Total,	\$ 8,679 42
Expenses during month of May,	1,063 88
Balance in Bank May 31, 1901,	\$ 7,615 54

Statement of Membership.

FOR MAY, 1901.

<i>Classified Represents:</i>	\$750 00	\$1,500	\$3,000	\$4,500
Members who paid Assessments 862-865	2,329	13,712	7,376	1,350
Members from whom Assessments 862-865 were not collected,	293	1,285	358	63
Members carried by the Association,	124	278	14
Applications and reinstatements received during month	75	257	71	11
Totals,	2,697	15,378	8,083	1,438
From which deduct Policies terminated by death, accident or otherwise,	23	33	36	7
Total Membership May 31, 1901,	2,674	15,345	8,047	1,431
Grand Total,				27,497
W. E. FUTCH, President.				W. B. PRENTER, Gen'l Sec'y & Treas.

NATHAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

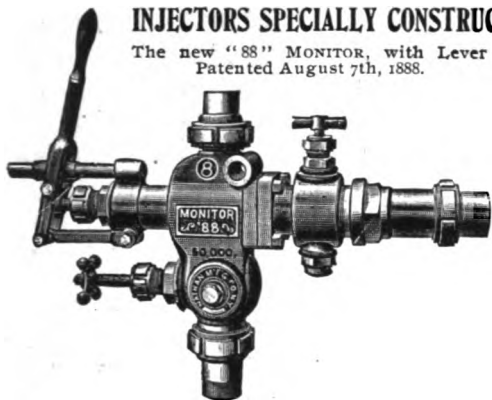
92 and 94 Liberty Street, New York,
and 180 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

MANUFACTURERS OF

The "Monitor" and other Locomotive Injectors.

INJECTORS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR HIGH PRESSURE.

The new "88" MONITOR, with Lever
Patented August 7th, 1888.



**"NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED
LUBRICATORS,**
*Ejectors or Water Elevators,
New Sanding Apparatus,
New Steam Fire Extinguishers,
Boiler Washers,
Rod and Guide Cups,
Etc., Etc.*

For instructions, see Engineer's
Card, which is furnished with each
Injector.

NOTE.—The "88" Monitor is also made with a quick motion Screw Starting Attachment.

THE "NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED CYLINDER LUBRICATOR FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

Oils both Cylinders.

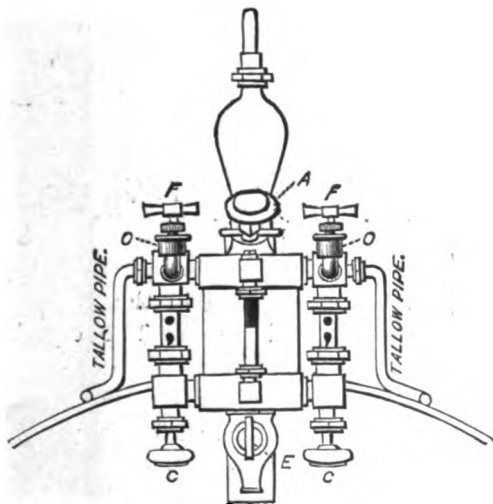
*No possibility of feeding over
in one cylinder or
into boiler.*

ALSO,

AIR BRAKE,

SIGHT-FEED

LUBRICATORS.



NATHAN MANUFACTURING CO., New York.

CATALOGUES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.



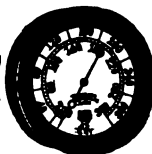
STAR BRASS MANUFACTURING CO.,
Manufacturers of **Extra Heavy Locomotive Pop Safety Valves,**
MUFFLED AND OPEN.

Also Exclusive and Original Makers of "Non-Corrosive Steam
Gages," Locomotive Lubricators, Chime Whistles, Etc.

Main Office and Works: **BOSTON, MASS.**

New York, 38 Cortland St.

Chicago, 934 Monadnock Bldg.



When writing to advertisers, mention this Journal.

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA



"KNOWN THE WORLD OVER"
HAS RECEIVED THE HIGHEST ENDORSEMENTS
FROM THE MEDICAL PRACTITIONER, THE NURSE
AND THE INTELLIGENT HOUSEKEEPER AND CATERER
WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited
ESTABLISHED 1750 DORCHESTER, MASS.
• GOLD MEDAL, PARIS 1900 •



L. S. Coffin

Founder of the
"WHITE BUTTON"
Railroad Temperance
Movement,
SAYS OF THE

Bartlett Drink Cure

• HON. L. S. COFFIN.

In a letter to the "Railway Conductor:"

"For two years I have been investigating and testing a simple and cheap cure for the drink crave. I wanted to know for a dead certainty if it was safe and effective before I said a word in favor of it.

"All doubt is now removed. I have seen it proved in scores of cases. Not in a single case has it failed to perfectly eradicate all this terrible crave for drink, and in not a case has it left a bad result.

"A man need not leave his business. No one need know he is taking the cure. When I know this cure can do the work at about one-eighth of the expense (time being considered) can I lay claim to real, genuine good will to railroad men unless I make every reasonable effort to make this fact known to them?

"All readers of the Conductor know me, either personally or by reputation. You know I would not form my right hand knowingly advise against a railroad man's best interest. I will pledge my word of honor that if the treatment does not eradicate the drink crave, when taken according to directions, I will, myself, stand the cost and refund the money."

Write or call on us in confidence. Our book on Alcoholism sent Free in plain wrapper. The Bartlett Cure Co., D. C. Bartlett, M. D.

Suite 115, 155 Washington St., Chicago.

Vose PIANOS

are receiving more favorable comments to-day from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined.

WE Challenge Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information.

VOSC & SONS PIANO CO.

161 Boylston Street, - - - Boston.

PISO's For Consumption CURE

We always keep Piso's Cure for Consumption in the house for coughs and colds. The children beg for it. We have recommended it to our neighbors.

MRS. J. T. BALES,

Box 43, Augusta, Okla., Sept. 5, 1900.

Piso's Cure for Consumption cured my daughter of an awful cough which the whooping cough had left her with. I can say it is the best remedy for coughs I ever used.

ADELBERT C. PANGBORN,
Conway, Mich., Sept. 17, 1900.

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS JOURNAL

PRICE, \$1.00 BY MAIL



VIEW OF HARBOR, R. R. STATION AND FREIGHT YARDS, GENOA, ITALY.

ENTERED AT THE CLEVELAND, OHIO, POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Westinghouse Air Brakes

Control the Railway Traffic of the World.

**Endorsed
by all the leading
railway authorities.**

**The Westinghouse Air Brake Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.**

BA2

When writing to advertisers, mention this journal.

BROTHERHOOD OF
LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS
MONTHLY JOURNAL
C.H. SALMONS, EDITOR AND MANAGER
307 SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING CLEVELAND, O.

Vol. XXXV.

AUGUST, 1901.

No. 8.

An American Abroad.

Genoa, Italy, presents an enchanting view when approached by water. The hills sloping down to the shore covered with buildings, terraced with gardens and groves of orange and pomegranate trees, with a strong city wall well up on the hillside forming a border for the mass of buildings and verdure, while the bleak summit of the lofty range rising still farther back is capped with a line of strong forts, batteries and outworks, give the city a decidedly picturesque ap-

pearance, and is strikingly grand as viewed from the sea.

There are some fine streets in Genoa, the main street comparing favorably with the best in Europe, but the city is necessarily awkwardly built, owing to the irregular rising ground, and principally consists of a labyrinth of narrow, intricate lanes, accessible only to foot passengers, or to the pack mules, by the use of which a large portion of the internal commerce is conducted. These thoroughfares, into which the light of day imperfectly penetrates, are



PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF GENOA, ITALY, SHOWING STRONG HARBOR TO THE RIGHT.

lined with tall buildings, as shown in our picture of Brigidi street. Many of the streets running up the hillside are more like stairways, having steps, and little more width than sufficient for sidewalks.

From an altitude on Brigidi street the panoramic view was taken which appears on the cover of this issue. The perspective view, with Strong harbor to the right, gives a good idea of the verdant beauty of the surroundings of Genoa, except in some sections, where rocky proclivities prevent. While many of the proud ancient struc-

tures, which once justified the haughty title of the city "La Superba," have fallen more or less into decay, and are now used as hotels and for other public purposes, there are some of the old palaces which are still occupied by descendants of the merchant princes who built them, and these possess choice treasures of Italian art.

The history of Genoa is more interesting and rich in historic events than that of any other city in this portion of Italy. We gave a synopsis of the history of northern Italy in connection with Milan, but Genoa



BRIGIDI STREET, GENOA, ITALY.

has a history of its own, much of which is separate and distinct from its surrounding territory, which reaches back beyond the historic age.

It was anciently the capital of Liguria, and is first mentioned as a place of considerable importance in the Second Punic War. It was destroyed by Mago, brother of Hannibal, in 205, but was rebuilt three years later by the Roman prætor (or consul) Lucretius. On the dismemberment of the Latin Empire, Genoa fell successively under the sway of the Lombards, the Franks and the Germans; but amid all the vicissitudes it preserved in a singular degree both privileges and prosperity, and at

brought on a jealousy between Genoa and Venice, which were rival maritime powers, and a vigorous war followed. [See our article on Venice in the December, 1900. JOURNAL.] They also quarreled with Pisa, their former ally, over the division of territory, and at a naval battle between the Genoese and Pisan fleets at Meloria in 1284, the Pisan republic sustained such destructive losses that her maritime influence and public spirit never revived. In the wars with Venice the Genoese were compelled to submit to disadvantageous terms by the peace of Turin, 1381.

In the thirteenth century civil dissensions demoralized the state and a change



ACQUASOLI—GARDEN OF THE FOUNTAIN, WITH WALKS LAID IN MOSAIC, GENOA, ITALY.

length it succeeded in establishing its independence as a republic. In 1017-21 it gained possession of Corsica, and in the eleventh century commanded large land and naval forces and ranked as a powerful maritime state, and was governed by magistrates called consuls. The Genoese vigorously seconded the crusades, and in return for their effective co-operation obtained several important maritime possessions and commercial privileges in the Holy Land (1109). They succeeded in the following three centuries in capturing Minorca (1146), Almeria (1147), and Tortosa from the Moors (1148). These successes

of government followed in 1217, when the consuls were superseded by magistrates termed Padesta who were generally chosen from foreign states in order to secure a neutral administration, natives of Genoa being declared ineligible. This finally resulted in the election of a doge in 1339, the doge having supreme power from which the nobles were excluded, and this rule continued in force for two centuries. But with all these changes internal dissensions continued as vigorous as ever. Finally in 1396 the citizens in despair invoked the protection of the French king, Charles VI., and after alternating between France

and Milan, at last submitted to the lords of Milan in 1464, and a great state was nearly ruined through the internal quarrels of its own people. From the invasion of Milan in 1499, Genoa remained subject to the French until 1528, when the genius and resolution of Andrea Doria freed his country from foreign invaders and restored to her her republican institutions. The seventeenth century is marked by two wars in which Genoa had a part, the war against the Duke of Savoy, 1631 and 1632, and the bombardment of the city by Louis XIV. in 1684. The last important belligerent movement of the Genoese was the expulsion of the Austrians in 1746, after an occupation

commercial importance, Genoa is still the commercial outlet for a wide extent of country of which the chief exports are rice, wine, olive oil, silk goods, paper, macaroni and marble.

The harbor is exceedingly fine, semicircular in shape with a diameter of rather less than a mile, and the shipping well protected by piers. On the north side of the port is a naval harbor and a marine arsenal.

The finest promenade in the city is the elevated park or garden called Acquasoli, with walks laid in mosaic, seen in our illustration. This garden lies at the north-east end of the city. Behind this garden through the Villa Nigro a winding stairway



PALAZZO PALLAVICINI AND PALACE, NOW ROYAL HOUSE, GENOA, ITALY.

of three months. In 1768 Genoa ceded to France the island of Corsica, and when Bonaparte invaded Italy Genoa became the chief town of a department of France, but in 1814 Lord Bentinck stormed the forts and captured the city, driving out the French, and restored the constitution which had existed previous to 1797. In 1815 Genoa, by a decree of the Congress of Vienna was made a province of Piedmont, and, following the fortunes of the state and country, it was finally incorporated in the kingdom of Italy.

The opening of the St. Gothard Railroad greatly increased the trade with Germany and though it never regained its former

ascends to a bastion 150 feet high above the park itself, and commands a grand view of a large scope of the city and surroundings. Of the palaces the most famous are the Ducal Palace, formerly inhabited by the doges, now appropriated to the meetings of the Senate; and the Doria, presented in 1529 to the great Genoese citizen and liberator, Andrea Doria, whose residence it was during his Presidency of the Republic. The Palaces Dogano, Brignole-Sale, Reale, Durazzo-Pallavicini, the Royal House (see illustration), Spinola, Balbi, Senariga and several others possess great interest on account of their historical fame and architectural beauty. Of the churches, the

Cathedral of St. Lorenzo stands foremost, a grand old pile in Italian Gothic style, built in the twelfth century and frequently restored so that it is in good preservation. It contains among other relics, the glass cup brought from Caesarea on the coast of Syria by the crusaders, which was long thought to be an emerald, and is surrounded with many though improbable traditions.

S. Maria di Carignano is a magnificent example of architectural skill, while St. Andrea and St. Ambrogio are both very ancient, the original churches dating back to the sixth century. The present St. Ambrogio (1589) contains some fine specimens of art by Reni and Rubens, while St. Stephano contains a fine altar piece by Giulio Romano. The interior of L. Annunziata is magnificent in fine marble and gilding, perhaps gorgeous would define it better, and makes one wonder what it cost and where the money came from. Our illustration of the marble stairway and lions may give some impression of what the rest is like. Santo Campo, well out of the city, is of the convent order, with a large circular chapel, extensive galleries elaborate with fine statuary, and extensive cloisters, grounds and gardens. It is an immense structure, and must have taken many years to build and great sums of money to meet the cost of so great an establishment. Its extent, elaborate finish and decorations set an American to wondering how such a great work could have been accomplished. It is certainly well worth seeing. The marble Municipal Palace, built in the late Renaissance style, is a magnificent building and has a handsome vestibule, galleries and court-yard.

The Carlo Felice is the finest and most capacious of the several theaters. It is very elaborate in interior architecture.

Genoa is well supplied with schools of learning. It has a university which will accommodate some 800 students, which has a library of 116,000 volumes, technical schools, Academy of Fine Arts and the Verdi Institute of Music.

There is a Public Library containing 50,000 volumes. And there is a great hospital, and it is what that term implies, the asylum for the poor, with provisions for 2,200 persons, the Deaf and Dumb Institute, and the Hospital for the Insane, and

in size and appointments they are among the finest institutions of the kind in Italy.

In the Piazza di Aquaverde there is a fine monument to Columbus, Genoa's most famous son, and a personage of no small interest to Americans. The monument was erected in 1862, by Lanzio, and stands in front of the principal railway station, surrounded with beautiful palm trees. Above the square base on each corner are statues representing religion, science, geography, strength and wisdom, and between the small base upon which they are mounted are reliefs from the history of Columbus with inscriptions. Above the



CATHEDRAL OF ST. LORENZO, GENOA, ITALY.

heads of these statues about midway, the pedestal is adorned with ships' prows, while the figure at the top is of Columbus leaning on an anchor, and at his feet kneels the figure of America.

Authorities do not agree as to the exact place of birth of Columbus, Sonu Cogalilo, fifteen miles away, but do as to date of birth, 1447. However, it is evident his youth was spent in Genoa, where his father, Domenico Colombo, was a cloth weaver, or wool comber, and it is supposed

that Columbus worked at the same trade, in the meantime getting some education, and as his father was prosperous Columbus was in the University at Pavia for a time; but he evidently had an early liking for the water, and went to sea when fourteen years old.

The mariners in those days were fighting men, and there is a mention of young Columbus in an expedition against Naples while in the service of the good King Rene, who later sent him to Tunis to cut out a captured galley, when his men, like so many of his later commands, refused to

His theories and ambitions were in advance of the age and out of harmony with the opinions of those who could help him to carry his theories into practice, but he tenaciously held to his purpose of getting assistance, applying to King John II. of Portugal, to Henry VII. of England, to the Dukes of Spain, and to Isabella, Queen of Castile. A body of Ecclesiastical Jurors to which his proposition was submitted derided him and reported adversely, but he did not falter in his efforts, and finally succeeded, and on August 3, 1492, sailed away for the unknown, discovered America, and on returning to Spain was hailed as admiral of the sea and a grandee of Spain.

He suffered many defeats, and some great indignities through Spanish jealousy, still he accomplished great things in overcoming opposition and in his discoveries. He was a man of ardent impulse, advanced thought and tenacity of purpose, but was not a great leader of men, and many of his troubles arose from this cause. His mistakes were of the head and not of the heart. He was a conscientious Christian, impetuous, but at the same time magnanimous, and well deserves the honor his native city pays to his genius and his memory.

Sunny Italy—nothing could define the beautiful climate better. It is a beautiful country, favored by nature, rich in verdure, mountain scenery and beautiful lakes, and rich in history, art and interesting ancient relics of past ages. It is a delightful place for a sojourn of the traveler, but with all its beauty and attractive history and relics of a wonderful past, we do not feel that we should like to live and die in it. There are many conditions unfavorable to the mind of an American who loves "liberty, life and the

pursuit of happiness." Whether the evils which came to the Italians in the past, to which we have given considerable space, especially in connection with Naples, which resulted in secret societies, and possibly created the crazy fanaticisms common to the natives, or whether the climate has something to do with forming vicious nature, we do not know.

It is said that official statistics show that in sunny Italy a human life is taken every



PALAZZO DELLA ANNUNZIATA, GENOA, ITALY, SHOWING MARBLE STAIRWAY WITH MARBLE LIONS.

obey his orders, and he was obliged to deceive them as to his real course, but he does not seem to have had a very large place in the public mind, for little is said of him. About 1470 he was wrecked in a sea fight off Cape St. Vincent, and reached the shore of Portugal on a plank.

As early as 1474 he conceived the design of reaching India by sailing westward, and in 1477 he tells of sailing 100 leagues beyond the Thule, and seems to have visited Cape Verde Islands and Sierra Leone.

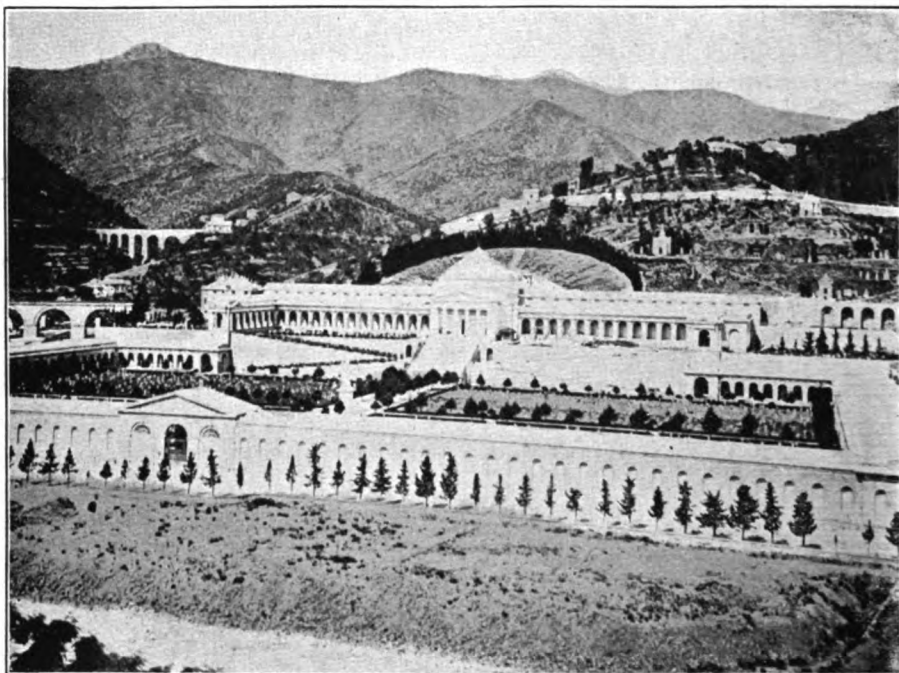
two hours by a knife in the hands of an assassin.

That the Italians feel the shame and disgrace that has come to them in the regicides that were born in their land is shown by the sentiments expressed in their newspapers. I quote the following from Neapolitan and Roman papers at the time of the death of the Empress of Austria, and which may apply also to the present instance of anarchy:

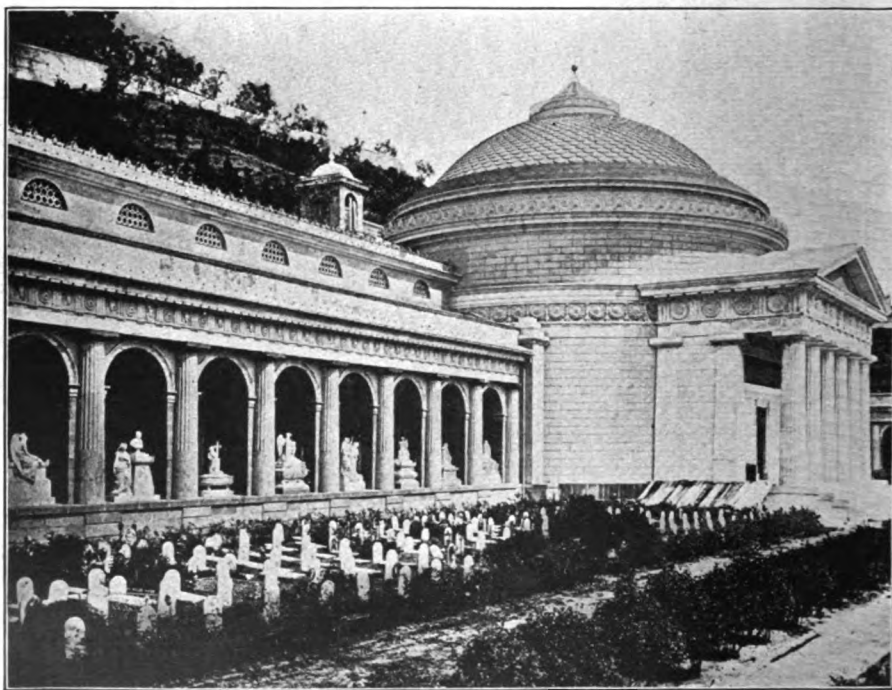
"At this rate what will we reach? We know well to what we will come, and the events of the day show it forth, especially in Italy, which has, unhappily, made itself the exporter of regicides! Caserio, Angiolillo, Luccheni, in little more than three years! But what should they say of us abroad, of us so hated, so ill-esteemed, with the renown of belonging to a country for a long time the most criminal in the world, since, besides, it is true that year



INTERIOR OF S. S. ANNUNZIATA CHURCH, GENOA, ITALY.



GENERAL VIEW OF SANTO CAMPO AND GROUNDS SURROUNDING CHURCH, GENOA, ITALY.



CAMPO SANTO CHAPEL, GENOA, ITALY.

by year 4,000 Italians fall victims of the knife amid the rejoicings of doctrinaires, happy in boasting of the abolition of capital punishment. * * * And, further, there is in what has happened, in face of all competition, the primacy of assassination—the only primacy to which we can aspire. * * * Behold the assassins! Look at the accursed!!”

Then came the tragedy of Monza, when the assassin, who had found his way to America, crossed the Atlantic again to assassinate King Humbert, and to think such a dastardly deed should be committed at all, and particularly in such an historic place and on Sunday. We mentioned

half hour, and as they are provided with seats on top one can have glimpses of picturesque little villages surrounding the parish church, moss-covered mills, with their great wheels turning slowly around and throwing out miniature rainbows from the dripping water; the well-tilled plains with their little water courses outlined by hedges of low-statured trees and the stumpy mulberries that are kept so closely trimmed to feed the voracious silkworm.

There are steam cars to carry passengers to Monza by another route, and there is also another road, but the royal family always preferred the one mentioned in their frequent journeyings between Monza



CAMPO SANTO GALLERY, GENOA, ITALY.

Monza and the Iron Crown in connection with Milan, but in connection with this tragedy possibly more description will not be lacking in interest.

Monza lies in the shadow of the Alps, whose snow-capped peaks glisten in the distance. In the opposite direction can be seen the white and shining pinnacles of the Milan Cathedral, while close by flows the peaceful Lambro, and all around are green meadows and tranquil scenes.

The seven-mile drive from the commercial city of Milan to Monza is a broad, white paved avenue, bordered on either side with heavily foliaged shade trees. The trams go between the two places every

and Milan. The King usually made the journey on horseback, while the young men came and went in their light cart, and the Queen, with more state, in a carriage, with scarlet outriders.

Monza has always been known as one of the most historic of the old Lombard towns. Its history dates back to the sixth century, and it is intimately associated with the lives of the popes and other high dignitaries of the church. The iron crown of Lombardy, that the haughty Napoleon placed upon his brow with the words, "Let no other hand dare touch it," rests in the cathedral on a velvet cushion in a glass case, locked and guarded. The facade of

the royal palace faces the long, stony street of the village, and presents a most imposing appearance. It is a spacious structure, of the Renaissance style, surrounded by splendid gardens and magnificent hunting grounds many miles in circumference. Near the royal palace are the villas of the noble families of Italy, none more historic and beautiful than Mirabella, where the Durini family in the last century entertained princes and emperors with such lavish hospitality; Montebello, so closely associated with the lives of Victor Emmanuel and his son, the dead king; Inverigo Genietto and many others equally interesting. The assassination is too recent to need

ment in the form of taxes, is not less than 60 per cent.

That is a frightful picture of the result of trying to keep up appearances on a scale not justified by the possessions and wealth-producing power of a nation. Italy is a backward country, in the industrial sense, and much of the work is done now as it has been for ages past. There are many who are rich, but there are millions who are poor and range down to starvation conditions, and a great factor of those who migrate to America have never known decent conditions of life.

But the young king seems more democratic than any of his predecessors, and



PLAZZO DI ACQUAVERDI, SHOWING REAR VIEW OF MONUMENT TO COLUMBUS, GENOA, ITALY.

space here. Italy is full of tragedy, as there is much where Italians are gathered in America, and this undesirable tendency to violence is not always aimed at rulers, by any means. Yet there may be in the conditions in Italy some grounds upon which the vicious may think they have grounds for an excuse for violence against the ruling power. An Englishman who lived in Italy writing to London *Truth*, says that the condition of the masses in the country where he is living is nothing less than desperate. Deaths from starvation, he asserts, are reported in many districts, and he estimates the portion of the average income of all classes which is taken by the govern-

ment as his first Prime Minister Signor Giuseppe Zanardelli, who for years past has been classed as a revolutionary, and he has already introduced measures of greater toleration and leading more towards equality under Italian law, and it is believed that his program makes for the peace, prosperity and welfare of Sunny Italy. More education among the masses, more liberty and less taxes are surely needed to make Italy "sunny" both in nature and human affairs.

In leaving Genoa we shall pass out of Italy in which we have perhaps tarried too long to have our letters retain interest, but in closing our letters on Italy we desire to

point to a very disagreeable part of the traveler's necessity in all the Old World, but in Italy in particular, and to show how extensive and common it is ranging from hotel proprietors down through the whole list of those who serve the traveler in any manner, we will give the experience of Mr. George Ade, which appeared in the *Chicago Record*, as it is a greater combination of tips over a little thing than we could tell from our own experience:

"On the way from Naples to Rome next morning I rode with an Englishman and his wife, both rather short and stout and inclined to be helpful and agreeable. They were so utterly decent that I think they must have been middle class.

"On alighting from the train at Rome one of the olive-wood sticks that I had bought at Corfu slipped out from under the straps of the 'hold-all.'

"When I arrived at the Continental Hotel, just across the square from the station, I missed the stick and went back to see if I could find it. The gateman admitted me to the platform, after I had tipped him.

"The train was still standing there, and I found the compartment. While I was searching for the stick an employee who was sweeping the cars came up and helped me hunt, in consideration of a small tip.

"We could not find the stick, so I went back to the hotel. There I met the baggage porter, who said the stick had been recovered and was in the 'bureau' (office). I gave him the necessary tip.

"When I went to the bureau the porter said, 'I have found your stick.' He gave it to me and was tipped.

"Later in the evening another employee (I think it was 'boots') came to me and congratulated me on the recovery of my walking stick, which he had left at the bureau for me. I knew that he was entitled to a tip, according to every precedent, so I gave it to him.

"That evening, when I went back to the station to take the train for Genoa, the agent for the tourist company approached me and said, 'When you were getting out of the train today you dropped a walking stick. I found it and sent it over to your hotel. Did you receive it?' I assured him that I received it, and then I gave him a lira (18 cents).

"The original price of the stick had been the equivalent of 30 cents and I paid out \$1 in rewards.

"Two days later at Genoa I met the Englishman and his wife, who said that they had found the stick and had the tourist agent send it to the hotel. Fortunately, they did not expect any tips. That was the only time I ever lost a walking stick and had it returned by a syndicate."

Our next letter will be descriptive of that world's greatest gambling place, Monte Carlo.



PARLA PILA (CUSTOM HOUSE), GENOA, ITALY.

The New Gardener.

I think I was already in love with Anga Walworth. She came upon me like a vision of light that evening, when I stood waiting for Donald Ferguson in the passage leading to the "Thalia Rooms," where the Eversley Volunteers were having their annual ball. I heard a silvery voice kindly and politely thanking a poor underling who evidently had put right a slight mishap in Miss Walworth's dress. There was no snobbishness about the slim, golden-

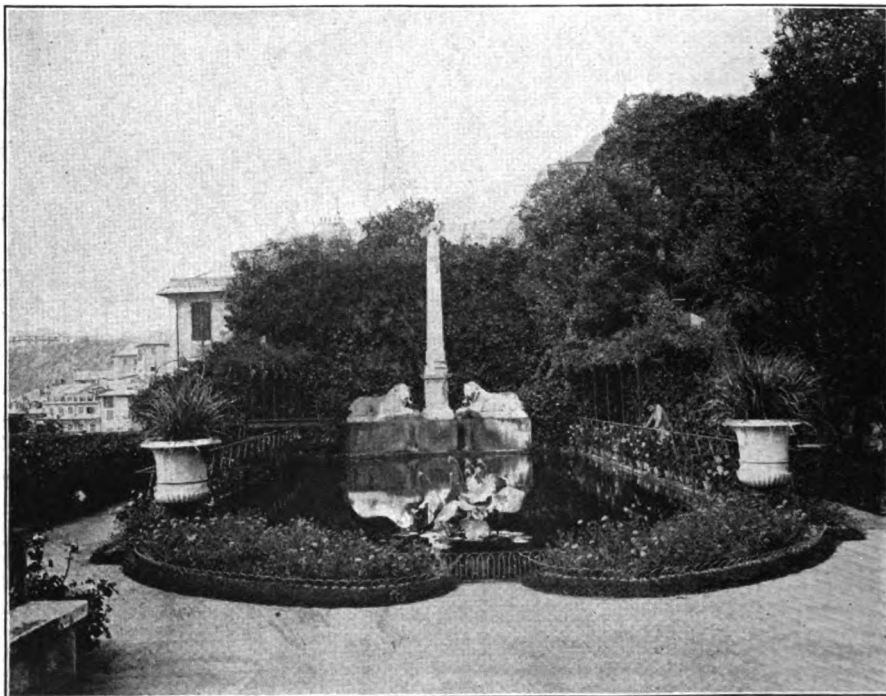
haired fairy, such, alas! as is so often developed in the most enchanting society belles when "off duty."

It was not to be thought of that Anga had seen me. I stood wrapped in my heavy ulster like an intensified piece of shadow in a dark recess. Since that time I had heard Anga's name mentioned frequently. She was the daughter of a wealthy lawyer who had recently retired from the bar and lived at a country seat about three miles from Eversley.

Anga had sprung up while I had been "doing" the globe. I think I have a faint recollection of her, a lanky, rather frisky-looking youngster among the smaller fry

stantly mentioned; either she had been to a place before I arrived or was expected when I should be away at some other previously arranged entertainment, or she had to decline when I could manage to see the affair through. Then I felt interested, finally tantalized.

This state of affairs made me angry. I, Vincent Arran, who had seen a good three-quarters of the inhabited globe, and a good deal of the men, women and children thereof, and had escaped heart-whole from the fiery looks of the daughters of Spain, the gazelle eyes of the Hindoos, the velvety orbs of the Circassians—that I should fall in love at first sight with a little provincial



THE RED RESERVOIR, GENOA, ITALY.

at Eversley state affairs. At that time I was but a callow youth of 20, violently in love with a major's wife, a stately lady of 40, who called me "Baby." I contemplated self-destruction, and would not have lowered myself on any account so much as to look at "the juveniles" of 12 and 13.

But though Anga's name was constantly brought before me, it happened I never got so far as a personal acquaintance. She flitted across my path like a will-o'-the-wisp; I knew about her, she surely must have heard about me, but fate seemed not to be willing for us to meet. First I felt a trifle bored when Anga Walworth was con-

girl of whom I did not even know what was hidden under the thin crust of her boarding-school polish!

But "Anga Walworth" chimed in my ears wherever I went. The church bells seemed to ring it, the wind breathed it. I must put an end to this and get to know the girl, one way or another.

One way was simple. I need only call upon her father, then I should be invited, introduced, could make love, pop the question, and there we were! But should I then know Anga Walworth? I submit this question to all married men, who get their little surprises after the honeymoon

is over, and I was never a friend of surprises, either great or small.

Of course, the gentle, amiable way in which I had heard Anga talk to that poor black-dressed, muslin-capped and aproned drudge, who looked as if she had always all the work and others the play—that was something in her favor. But even then this was not exactly in the bosom of her family, where I knew that the snapping and snarling of those dear, fairy-like creatures was generally carried on towards long-suffering mothers and much-maligned little brothers.

Besides, who would guarantee that the girl wanted me—that she could ever love me? I argued, of course, my part of the question first; but then, as the arrangement would be “joint stock, strictly limited,” her voice was of equal importance.

I was revolving these thoughts in my mind while again waiting for Donald Ferguson—he is a fellow who always keeps you waiting—at the Junior United Service, when my eye fell upon the *Standard*.

“Reliable man wanted as head gardener on gentleman's estate. Good wages, cottage; no housework. Only those able to give good references need apply. Thomas Walworth, Esq., The Raves, Eversley Hants.”

A thought struck me: there was an opening for me. All my life I had been fond of botany, I knew a lot about gardening, and—I could study another flower from the nearest point of view. The question was only how to get there. I looked sufficiently tanned, and wanted only three or four days' growth on my cheeks to pass myself off for a worker of the soil. Few people with whom I should be likely to clash knew me in Eversley. Now, only for a suitable forgery in regard to testimonials. Donald arrived just as I had matured my plan as far as this! He called me a donkey and laughed in my face. But, finally, when I had talked him round, he offered me his own reference. He knew his recommendation went a long way with Mr. Walworth.

So it came about that the next Monday I presented myself at Eversley as George Miller, sergeant of the Fourth Grenadiers, invalided home from India. I was attired in a respectable workingman's suit, and as I passed muster in the old gentleman's

cross-questioning, and had no fault to find with wages and accommodation, I was engaged, and soon established in my cottage, with the coachman's wife to look after me.

This lady was of a communicative turn of mind, and wanted evidently to be sociable. She informed me of the whole goings-on in the extensive household. “Miss Anga, well, she should be called Angel,” the good soul went on, delighting my heart—“she be a lady. Always gentle, a good word for everybody, rich or poor; not proud, neither! There ain't no young lady like she, I tell you, Mr. Miller.”

This Mr. made me feel a little uncon-



MONUMENT TO CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, GENOA, ITALY.

fortable. I asked her to be at home with me, and after some demur she agreed, saying, however: “Well, you do look genteel-like, I must confess. I expects it's the milingitary.”

So I was installed in my paradise. My under gardener was a man who thoroughly understood his trade, and happily nothing else. I soon found that when I just drew him out and then ordered him to carry out his own suggestions things went on all right, and earned for me the reputation of being “mighty clever.”

The third day—I was just grafting some

roses, a thing in which I had a fair amateur skill—a light step was heard on the gravel, and down the path came a being more beautiful than I had ever dared to dream of. She wore a short pink gown, a white muslin kerchief, and a little black silk apron. Her large brown eyes danced with innocent merriment under her golden mop of curls and the quaint, large sun hat. She looked as if she had just stepped out of a picture, like a fairy of spring, yet like the dearest, healthiest maiden that ever brushed the dew from the grass.

"Good morning," she said, in her musical voice. "I see you are busy early. I won't trouble you now, but by and by I am going to ask a favor of you, Mr. Miller."

I gave her such a stare that I did not belie my present station. "Anything you please, ma'am," I muttered. "I am going to ask a favor of you." That to a menial whom she could order at will! My heart was beating to my throat, but a peculiar shyness crept over me—what if she should say "Nay" in the end? I felt the thought was more than I could bear.

Anga was passionately fond of flowers and spent hours in the garden. I had many and many a talk with her, often enough forgetting myself. I told her about my travels, and she kept listening with unflagging attention.

"Dear me, Mr. Miller," she said one day, "what thrilling experiences you have had. Was that all while you were in service? It is enough to fill a book. And how well you word it. You must—excuse me—you must have had a good education. I hope you do not feel out of place here. We should be so sorry to lose you—" a sudden blush mantled her cheeks and brow—"Papa seems so pleased with you!" she added, after a little pause.

I scraped a bow as uncouth as I could manage. "I am happy here, ma'am," I said, perhaps a trifle too ardently, for the brown eyes gave me a questioning look. "I like my work, and the people here are nice and quiet," I said reassuringly.

Summer had sped a good while on. I lived really most comfortably in the Eaves. Of course, I had little or no intercourse with my fellow-servants. I knew they called me the gentleman-gardener, but this seemed to be done without a sneer. Once I overheard Mr. Walworth pointing me out to Squire Howard: "This is my new gardener. I tell you, squire, the fellow is a treasure. I'm only afraid he is too good to last."

Then came an answer which I could not catch, for I kept well out of Squire Howard's way, having been of his party at Epsom shortly before I came here.

"I do not know," my master resumed. "Ferguson recommended him most warm-

ly, and said he personally vouched for him. He certainly knows his trade, and is an exceedingly quiet and well-behaved chap. I expect he has seen better days before he enlisted. My daughter tells me he must have had no mean education."

I strolled out of hearing, for I felt that my present calling did not absolve me from the inborn duties of a gentleman.

My paradise would not have been complete without its snake. This appeared in the person of Mlle. Susanne, Anga's French maid, a piquante Parisian, broad mouthed, snub nosed, with good eyes, small ears, and frizzled, coal-black hair—eminently chicque and an awful little flirt.

Of course, she had espied me soon as above par when compared with the other domestics. I knew she had been the alternate delight and despair of Frederick the groom, an honest fellow, ten times too good for her. Mrs. Coachman kept me *au courant* with such news. I think she did it with the intent of warning. I was thankful to her, for I had observed that Frederick had turned rather scowling, and had uttered innuendoes as to his desire to fight "furren"-looking blokes.

Now, nothing was further from me than to sow dissension among the ranks of the household staff. I, therefore, one evening, made a point of inviting both coachman and groom to a drop of something at the "Crown and Ball," and apparently under the heart-opening influence of "something hot" confided to them that I had had "awful trouble," and could on no account look at any female under forty. This comforted and reassured the knights of the stable. I did not want any ill will, which leads to spying and prying, and I enjoyed my incog. too well to have it roughly and suddenly broken.

My confession had given satisfaction to the male part of the establishment. The coachman was reported to have publicly announced that he knew Gardener Miller as a respectable, gentlemanly young man, who had had his troubles through no fault of his own, and who kept well out of them females' ways if they kept out of his! These females, however, seemed to have taken it into their heads to act as comforters to my alleged troubles, and it took a good deal of stolid indifference to check their attentions. I even heard a gentle minor note ringing in Anga's silvery voice. To what extent my troubles had grown before they reached her ears I cannot tell. I should have liked to have sunk down before her and thanked her for her sweet pity, bestowed so undeservedly.

"Bon soir, Monsieur Millère," called a pert, shrill voice over the laurel bushes, where I was potting some fuchsias.

"Good evening to you," I replied, rather gruffly.

She tripped round the japonica shrubs, her black silk dress looped up, her pretty little feet in bronzed slippers, a small lace cap with red bows between her black tresses. "Ah, always diligent; you take never any leisure—do you?"

"Yes, sometimes, when I have nothing to do."

"And then?"

"Well, then—"

"What do you do?"

"I generally read or smoke—or go for a walk."

"O—and M. Millère, do you dance?"

"I? No, I'm no dancing man."

"C'est dommage! Zere will be a grand soirée next week. I shall go."

I nodded assent.

"Have you ever seen girls like me?" she asked, tripping up and down like a wagtail.

Now, I could have honestly answered: "Yes, Mlle. Susanne, by the score. I have seen them on the boulevards, in the Bois, and in the Quartier Latin. Lounging with their friends before the brasseries and the cafés, and lower down and more dressed up in the closeries and in Mabille"—but I demurred and murmured something about "females all much alike."

"You are an ungallant wretch," she cried, and gave me a sharp cut with a slip from a bay tree. This same evening I saw her strutting along with Fred, casting withering and defying glances at me. But I also observed a questioning, almost pained look on Anga's face, which I dared not translate into words.

Fine weather had lasted for a long while, but now it broke up and we had a series of storms the like of which I can scarcely recall in our clime. There was a lot of damage done to the garden and I felt quite a pang of regret when I saw young fruit trees and roses, on which we had bestowed no end of care and trouble, uprooted and washed away by loamy torrents.

A village brook, which generally was so harmless a little rill that a baby would have scorned to tumble into it, was foaming and roaring, carrying along brooms, chairs, pails, yea, a whole barn door, with a couple of fowls on it distractedly flapping their wings.

Fields and meadowland were under water, —the aspect of the whole landscape was changed. The garden belonging to The Eaves was bordered on one side by the brook before mentioned, and a pretty painted bridge, which spanned it, looked as a rule somewhat pretentious and out of place. Now, however, it tottered under the rush of the waters. The carved railings had been partly torn away and it was difficult to get a foothold on the sodden, slippery planks. I had experienced that, when at Cook's request I had rescued a

donkey which used to roam the common at large, but which had been driven on to a more and more narrowing islet and had filled the soaked air with its pitiful braying. It is a hard task to show a frightened donkey the best way out of a scrape, and Ned and I had come to blows right in the midst of the bridge, where he refused to budge. This may have loosened one or two rafters. To my utter dismay I saw Anga, in waterproof and strong little boots, making for the unsafe path.

"Miss Walworth, what are you about?" I cried, forgetting my assumed position.

"Please do not prevent me, Mr. Miller," she replied. "I must go."

"But surely, ma'am, you do not want to run into obvious danger. Send one of the men—send me."

She shook her dear face under the hood of her mackintosh. "It would not do; none of you could prevail on old Moll; I am the only one to whom she listens."

I knew to whom she referred. There was an old dame on the other side of the common, I think a poacher's widow, whose husband had been shot by gamekeepers and whose son had been reared by her at the cost of her little all to commit murder in a drunken fit and to be hanged when 19. A woman upon whom all the wretchedness and misery of life had been poured unstintingly, and who, when she perhaps retorted somewhat acrimoniously to not very flattering insinuations from the village gossips, had been promptly termed a witch. Even so enlightened a politician as our coachman thought it would be advisable, although not doing old Moll any particular harm during her lifetime, when dead to bury her with a stake through her heart. Of course the dame lived a retired life, I think quite as much frightened as feared. Only Anga had found a way to her heart, and now she wanted to get her out of her wretched hovel, which was sure to be swept away before daybreak.

"Suffer me to go with you," I entreated, and after a little demur she consented. I begged she would let me test the bridge first, but she laughed and tripped merrily ahead. Suddenly a crash, a splash, a shriek—the rotten boards had given way—there she was, driven along in the yellow foaming waters. Whirled round like a twig, helpless, sinking.

In a moment I was after her. The waters carried me along as they had done the barn door; I struck out with all my might and tried to jump the heaving waves; I dived under when I saw a clear space; at last I succeeded in getting hold with my left hand of a corner of Anga's gown, with the right of the branches of a willow tree, which generally bent over, and which now hung into the water. The floods tugged and strained at my precious

load—the support was weak and uncertain. I remembered the large floods in Japan, then how once, when crossing the foaming Kurusk stream in the Caucasus, my good horse had lost his footing and was borne down, the waves rushing over the pommel of the saddle; I remembered a hundred other dangers I had gone through and now, were I and my love to be drowned like rats in a village brook? Inch by inch I struggled for our lives—at last, after a wade through knee deep mud, torn by the brambles and underwood of a generally pleasant little dell, I gained firm ground and set up a loud war shout, to attract assistance. Half a dozen women, Mademoiselle Susanne at their head, came fluttering down, Mr. Walworth following. Happily enough Anga had not lost consciousness; she had had the common sense to give herself to the waters, and to let herself drift; a severe cold was her only real danger. The French maid pretended to be shocked by my appearance, and I do not think that I did show to special advantage just then. But I had held Anga in my arms, had pressed her to my bosom, her heart beating at mine! I felt neither cold, nor wet, nor dirty; I felt perfectly happy!

"Miller, you have saved my only child; how shall I thank you?" the old gentleman said with a choking voice.

I looked at him in bewilderment. Thank me? for what—that I had saved the woman whom I loved more than my life? Just perhaps at the risk of this life? A small stake, indeed. I must have answered not much to the point, because her father said: "Go in, poor fellow, have a thorough rest, and something hot; we must not have you ill after this."

That evening I wrote to Ferguson: "You have helped me into this scrape, now help me out of it again! I must now know my fate one way or the other."

The floods subsided and the weather turned again. Visitors came to The Haves to look at the "floods" as they called it grandly, although the thing didn't seem much when you were out of it. There were half a dozen girls, Anga's friends. Some I knew well, having met them repeatedly in society.

"I say, Anga," said one of them in French—I am bound to say it was bad French—"your gardener looks quite distinguished."

The dear girl glanced over to me, where I stood looking as unconcerned as possible, and whispered something. Another one said: "I am sure he does not know French; it is not likely."

"He looks like—like—" said a third, "like Mr. Arran. Do you know Mr. Arran? Oh, I tell you, of all the charming men—"

I was digging as if my life depended on it.

"And rich," said the first.

"And so interesting," came from my admirer.

"He is traveling again, more's the pity."

Anga hung her head and said nothing.

"Gardener," called the little pert, "please will you tell me what this flower is called?"

"I lugged up to the group, pulling my cap over my eyes, and jabbered a confused Latin name.

"I beg Mr. Arran's pardon," said the first girl afterwards; "the idea of this lout reminding me of him!"

"Erna, don't speak so loud, you hurt his feelings—" said Anga in a whisper, loud enough for me, who listened with wrapt attention to every one of her words, and then they moved on, and soon afterwards I saw them driving off in the sociable.

An hour later Mlle. Susanne called me from the drawing-room which opened on the terrace. She was sitting before the grand piano and played and sang a French ditty not at all badly.

"Come in," she said, "I have to talk to you. Voilà, sit down, zere."

She went on fingering the keys.

"Can you play, M. Millère?"

I shook my head.

"Tiens! come here, I teach you."

I submitted to the folly, and she put my hands on the keyboard. "Voyons, un, deux, trois, Do, re, mi, fa, do, re, mi, Non. Look at me—" and she went through the C major scale.

Then she took my fingers, slapped them well, and guided them along, telling me how to try myself.

I bungled on purpose, and she called me bête, stupide, and proved not a patient instructress.

Somehow the keyboard got its old charm over me. I have always been considered a good musician, and am said to sport a decent baritone. I once or twice went over the keys, playing a few impromptu bars, then Schubert's "Erl King" suggested itself, and ere I knew what I did I broke into the splendid melody. Not looking at Susanne's gaping astonishment, I went through the song from beginning to end, my voice swelled and rose, and I think I never sang better in my life.

When I had finished, when the last sound had died away, loud applause came from the next room. There they stood, the girls, Mr. Walworth, Ferguson—Anga.

I don't think I made an imposing figure, but nevertheless my master took me by the hand.

"O, you rascal," cried he, "is it proper behavior to steal into a gentleman's house? I shall have you up for wrongful impersonation."

That evening I had a walk with Anga

through the shrubbery. I was no longer the "respectable working man," but had resumed the garb of society. What we talked of—well, it was of a nature strictly private, exclusively interesting to us and perhaps sadly commonplace to outsiders.

I presented Mam'selle Susanne with a \$5 note, "fee for a music lesson," I told her, and "Ah, que vous êtes méchant, Monsieur," was her answer.

I may as well mention that old Moll is installed in a neat little cottage of her own, and that Mr. Walworth, although he declares himself contented with his son-in-law, goes on deploring the loss of an excellent gardener.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Ethel Wayne's Escape.

Everybody declared that Hugh Colewood ought to be the happiest man in Greenville. He was young, handsome and well educated; then, just as he was preparing to fight his way to fame with poverty arrayed against him, he had suddenly been made the sole heir to the fine old estates of his eccentric aunt, Miss Betsy Colewood, recently deceased. What more was necessary to the happiness of a gay young fellow like Hugh Colewood?

However, there were conditions, or one at least, in his aunt's will which caused him no little uneasiness. He must love and marry the girl of her choice, one whom he had never even seen. Hugh Colewood caught up his aunt's last letter to him and read it again and again, hoping to find some little loophole of escape from the galling condition, but it was there in merciless black and white. This is the part that worried him:

"If you cannot comply with my wishes for you to meet Ethel Wayne and love and marry her, you forfeit your heirship to my estate. Ethel's mother was my dearest friend, and if you marry her daughter it will be fulfilling my fondest desires. You cannot help loving her. I could not rest in my tomb peacefully and know that Ethel was not mistress of my estates, and you, dear boy, the master. My lawyer, Mr. Cranston, will arrange for you to meet Ethel, as he is one of her guardians. You know how thoroughly I despise old bachelors, therefore I give you warning that I will not allow you to inherit my houses and land as one of that disagreeable, crusty order."

Hugh loved the Colewood estates, and could not bear to think of giving them up. Now, if the will had not specified whom he must marry, but left the selection of a wife entirely to himself, Hugh believed that he would have enjoyed the romance of hunting for a bride. He picked up his hat and rushed from his room, going up to the

hotel where Mr. Cranston was stopping while he arranged some business matters with Hugh.

"Halloa, Colewood! Take a seat," said the lawyer.

"You are aware of that one peculiar feature in my late aunt's will, Mr. Cranston?"

"To what peculiar feature do you refer, Mr. Colewood?"

"The one that absurdly commands me to marry a girl whom I have never seen."

"Oh, that!" returned Mr. Cranston.

"You are a lucky fellow, Colewood. That's the best part of the fortune."

"It's the most exasperating part," Hugh cried, desperately. "How can a fellow love and wed to order?"

"Well, it's a deal of time and bother saved to the wooer," remarked the lawyer, puffing. "I've no doubt Ethel Wayne will suit you better than any selection you are capable of making."

"I'm sure she won't suit me, sir. The estates can go to charity for all I care. I don't love any woman, and I love my freedom too well to marry yet awhile. I don't want to be thrust upon any woman for the sake of a fortune, and I don't suppose Miss Wayne cares two straws about the absurd condition in my aunt's will."

"It is very likely, although Ethel had the greatest respect for the late Miss Colewood and was very careful to humor all her vagaries," returned Cranston. "However, I hardly feel able to state whether the girl would accept Miss Colewood's last vagary in the shape of her impulsive nephew or not."

"I shall not give her the opportunity," said Hugh, nettled at the lawyer's words.

"Hold on, Colewood. Let's drop nonsense and come to business. You like your aunt's estates, but you cannot retain them without complying with her wishes. You have never met the girl whom your aunt has chosen. Perhaps it will be proved that you are neither of you opposed to fulfilling the condition. At least, you must meet. I will arrange that. Ethel will pass the summer with my sister in the country, and I'll manage it for you to spend a few weeks with them. You can very soon tell whether the condition is wholly obnoxious or not. What do you say?"

"I will do as you advise, thank you, sir," replied Hugh, who had now cooled off, and was trying to take a business view of the strange situation.

Four weeks later Hugh Colewood was speeding away from Greenville on the morning express, bound for a little town among the blue hills of Virginia. When he stepped from the train he was disappointed to find no one waiting to convey him to the country home of Mr. Cranston's sister, a distance of eight miles. He was

in the act of asking the way to the best hotel, when a buggy came rapidly up to the station and halted.

The stationmaster hurried forward to greet the driver, who was a slender young girl, with bright, dark eyes, and hair as golden as the June sunbeams touching those hills.

"Is Mr. Colewood, of Greenville, waiting here to ride out to Mrs. Thurston's?" inquired the fair driver in a sweet voice, which won Hugh's interest at once.

"I am here and waiting, thank you," returned Hugh for himself, smiling pleasantly as he came forward on the station platform.

"I came to drive you to Mrs. Thurston's," she answered, simply.

"Shall I take the reins?" he asked as they started away.

"No, thank you; I like to drive," she answered.

"It was too bad you had to take so long a drive for a stranger," he remarked, as he stole a side glance of admiration at the girlish form in dainty blue.

"Oh, I don't mind the distance at all; besides, I rather had to come," she replied. "I did wish to go with the young folks who are having a picnic this morning over on Laurel Hill, but Uncle Jerry was sick, and of course he couldn't come for you. Then Mrs. Thurston and Miss Wayne never drive, so they made a virtue of necessity and sent the last resort of the place."

It is too bad my coming prevented you joining the picnickers," he said. "I shall not be able to forgive myself."

"That's nothing. I am enjoying myself now too well to think of Laurel Hill."

"Thank you, and at the same time let me assure you that I, too, am enjoying myself excellently well," and Hugh bowed to the young girl, whose eyes dropped beneath the warm light of admiration in his blue ones.

"I hope you will enjoy your visit, Mr. Colewood," she said to change the subject. "I know Mrs. Thurston and Ethel will do all that can to make your stay pleasant."

"Thank you; I've no doubt I shall find it pleasant," returned Hugh. "You, too, are one of Mrs. Thurston's summer household, I suppose?"

"Yes," with a smile. "You see, I am a distant relative of Mrs. Thurston; then Miss Wayne is my cousin, and exercises a kind of cousinly guardianship over me, which, no doubt, is very necessary."

"So you are Miss Wayne's cousin? I do not remember hearing Mr. Cranston mention you. I did not expect to have the pleasure of meeting any ladies but Mrs. Thurston and Miss Wayne."

"How unkind of Mr. Cranston not to prepare you for this meeting. I had, up to date, regarded Mr. Cranston as one of

my very best friends, but to ignore me so utterly looks like downright, intentional neglect."

"You have not given me the pleasure of knowing your name," said Hugh, both amused and pleased with his pretty driver.

"Oh, I'm a Wayne, too," she answered, laughingly, "Ethel Estelle Wayne, variously nicknamed, as you will observe later on."

Two Ethel Waynes! Here was a real surprise for Colewood. Why had Cranston not mentioned that strange fact to him? If the Ethel Wayne referred to in the will was only half as animated and generally captivating as the one by his side, Hugh thought it might be an easy matter after all to obey that condition which had so vexed him.

Colewood received a cordial welcome at Mrs. Thurston's pleasant home. He found Miss Wayne to be a tall, dignified girl of about 23, with coal-black hair and deep gray eyes, but was as unlike her little, merry-hearted cousin as it was possible to be. Yes, Hugh decided, she was just such a woman as his eccentric aunt would be likely to select as a wife for her heir.

In the weeks which followed Hugh's arrival he saw a great deal of Miss Wayne, although much of her time was divided between her taste for literature and in remonstrating against the innocent pranks of her cousin.

It did not require a long time for the young man to realize that he could never love Miss Wayne as a man should love the girl whom he intends to marry. He made another important discovery—that his life would be a failure without the little cousin to furnish daily sunshine and wifely cheer for his own home. He resolved to let Miss Wayne have one-half of his aunt's estates and the orphan asylum the other.

Having so decided, Hugh set out for a stroll along the river, feeling more manly for his resolve. He came suddenly upon a little figure in white, reading, in a little viney nook by the river side.

"Wait, Estelle," he called, for she had started to run away. "I shall leave tomorrow, and I have something to say to you which you must hear."

"I'd be sorry to have you leave us with any burden on your mind," she said.

"It is needless for me to tell you why it was arranged for me to meet Miss Wayne here," he said, unheeding her light words. "You know, I suppose."

"Some slight idea, I believe," she returned, fingering her book.

"Well, I may as well tell you that the condition in my late aunt's will can never be fulfilled."

"And why not?"

"Because I love another passionately. Oh, Estelle! Can you not see how tender-

ly, how ardently I love you? Without you I shall make a failure of life. Won't you show mercy, Estelle?"

"Oh, Hugh! Would you marry a poor girl when you have a chance to win a dignified bride and retain those princely estates?" she asked.

"Yes, darling. I prefer you with love in a cottage to the wealthiest woman with all the estates in the world."

"Rash statement, young man."

"It is true. Do not torture me longer, Estelle. Can you not love me a little?"

"No."

"Then you do not love me?"

"I'm afraid I do."

"Do not mock me, Estelle."

"I am not mocking you, Hugh," in a very sweet voice.

"Then you do love me a little?"

"No, not a little, but very much."

He would have caught her to his breast, but she eluded his arms, crying:

"Oh, there's Uncle Cranston!" and she rushed forward to greet the little lawyer, who had approached them unseen.

"It is useless for me to ignore fact," said Mr. Cranston pleasantly. "I did not mean to overhear your conversation, but I arrived unexpectedly, and thought I'd hunt up my sprite and surprise her. I see you understand each other pretty clearly."

"Yes, sir," said Hugh bravely. "I have decided to enjoy love in a cottage with this dear girl rather than keep the estates with Miss Wayne."

"Love in a cottage! Oh, that's too good!"

And Mr. Cranston broke into a hearty laugh, in which the girl finally joined him.

"Will you have the goodness to explain what amuses you so much in my statement?" asked Hugh, not a little nettled.

"Pardon me, Colewood, but really, you are the victim of your own blunder."

"Blunder! I don't understand you, sir," returned Hugh.

"Of course not," and the lawyer laughed again. "This sprite, whom you took to be the unimportant little cousin, is in reality the Ethel Wayne referred to in your aunt's will. I did not tell you that there were two Ethels, so while she was driving you over here you jumped to the conclusion that Miss Wayne at the house was the Ethel. You see I have been told all about your amusing mistake. Ethel would not explain her real identity with the girl whom your aunt had selected for you, and, as the other ladies believed you knew, you have remained the victim of your own mistake."—*The Wisconsin*.

His Irish Chivalry.

Rosemary knelt upon the hearth rug, gazing into the flames as some fire wor-

shiper of old. She was alone in the large sitting room. Only the cherry coals relieved the gloom, and she nestled to them as closely as possible.

From time to time she fed the grate from the pile of old letters on the rug beside her. Letters from friends, young and old, men and women; letters of yesterday and of long ago—all were gradually finding their way to the flames. She watched the sheets curl and shrivel and char, then swirl up the wide chimney, rustling a final useless protest.

It was the last day of the year, and this annual sacrifice or desk-cleaning had become a sacred custom with Rosemary. She went about it in a matter-of-fact and determined way, keeping sentiment in leash. She knew that all of them must be burned, yet when she came to Longford's letters she dallied. Somehow she had kept them for the last, and as she handled them gently her determination threatened sudden departure. She winced as she loosened the little red cord which bound them. It seemed so hard to—well, she might read them once again before letting that horrid, greedy fire devour them.

In the order of their receipt she read them. The first few began, "My Dear Miss Forbes," the next, "Dear Rosemary." There was one also, "Dearest Rosemary." Then (was it because she replied rather frigidly?) the letters once more swerved to "Dear Rosemary," and finally to "Dear Miss Forbes." Which was the history of their brief correspondence.

His last letter was dated Sept. 10, and she had left it unanswered. As she re-read it in the firelight she remembered that it had half angered, half amused her at the first reading. In it he apologized for not answering sooner, or, rather, seeming not to have answered sooner.

This was the excuse he gave: "I wrote to you two months ago. Your eagerly-awaited reply did not come. I thought it was your desire to end the correspondence, or that I had written something to offend you. I thought a thousand things, never thinking the right one. Last Thursday evening I found the letter in a far corner of my desk! Imagine my surprise! There it was, stamped and addressed, ready to be mailed—I could have sworn that I mailed it—I was so vexed I tore the thing into a hundred strips. What must you think of me? Will you forgive me for this unwitting error? What I have written is the honest truth."

The last sentence particularly jarred on her. She had not replied because she imagined that he really did not care for her letters after all, despite his ardent protestations to the contrary.

The interesting letters that had been exchanged at last became dull and perfunc-

tory. He had ceased caring for her, this jaunty young Irishman who had made love to her a year since. She smiled at the fickleness—it was an Irish trait, she thought.

He had all the other traits—wit, sentiment, generosity—and, pray, why not fickleness? Thus she looked at it from a tolerant point of view, but the apparent insincerity of that last epistle disturbed her. He had thought her a veritable child—to palm off such a threadbare excuse as that! He had forgotten to mail the letter, indeed! Her smile was very scornful. No doubt he would have something even more incredible as an excuse for his next tardy reply.

And so she preferred not to write to the debonair Hal Longford. Yet she missed those friendly letters of his. He was rather clever, and wrote very amusingly when he chose.

These and other confused thoughts made her face wistful as she carefully folded the last sheet of white bond. Gathering his flames, she held them tentatively to the flames; then, with a swift movement, she drew them back and clasped them to her breast.

He had liked her so well that—surely, surely he could not have forgotten her so soon! And countless incidents flashed through her mind as she knelt there, staring steadily at the red flicker—incidents in which his Irish wit and his Irish sentiment had alternately won the day.

But that last letter—ah, that was his Irish chivalry, pretending that he cared to save her feeling. Yes, pretending, for those absurd excuses—pshaw, why need she care? Why, why, indeed?

Many girls would have passed him by for the others. He was not a bit handsome—this Hal Longford. Only his eyes—well, he could look at one so! As if he had known eternity and would gladly relinquish it for one, if one chose to let him! Why need she care? He was clever, but she had known many clever men. Why? Why? Why? She repeatedly asked herself the foolish question, blankly gazing at the fire. But the answer was far from the cheery grate.

Having decided that she really did not care, after all, she rocked her little young body toward the flames to cast his letters there.

"Don't! Don't burn them!"

Startled, she turned and quickly rose to face the intruder. He had entered the thickly-carpeted room unheard, and also unseen, because of the gloom which pervaded it.

"Mr. Longford!" Her cry was weak and tremulous.

He seized the letters from her grasp, looking reproachfully into her eyes.

"They are old letters," she ventured, answering that look.

"Old? Do you forget as soon as that? And like a fool—" He laughed harshly; then he moved as if to go.

Remorsefully she extended her hands, and he continued: "Like a fool, I came here because I thought you would be glad to see me. It seemed as though I could not live without you. You glad? I find you destroying my letters—and they have become merely old letters to you! They are not so very old, unless one has a bad memory. A bad memory makes all things seem too far off to care about."

Her eyes were downcast as she replied: "I—I have a very good memory." He clasped her hand lightly. "And my letters are not so very old?" And as her eyes met his something quite irresistible in his look forced her to say, "They could never be really old to me."

"And you were glad I came?" Both little hands were in his.

"Oh, so glad, Hal. I thought you did not—care—that—"

His arm went around her so gently. She was too happy to wish to explain. "What, dear?" he asked, eagerly.

"You know, your last letter—and, besides, even the others seemed to get more and more indifferent."

"Rosemary! Your letters almost froze me—and I did so want you to care, little girl."

"Oh, was that it? But in that last letter you said you had not mailed the other one, written two months before. It was such a silly excuse, and it was just your Irish way, I thought, to pretend you loved to write to me—and it made me miserable."

"Then you didn't believe that about the unmailed letter?" He laughed heartily.

"I don't see anything funny in that," she said, in the pretty pouting way she had.

"It is rather queer not to be believed when you're telling the truth, just because the truth sounds like a 'chesnutty' lie, and a very silly one at that. And when one is telling the truth to the dearest girl in the world."

He kissed her smooth hands and put them up to his glad face. Then he kissed the rueful smile off her lips.

"You don't believe me, eh?"

She slowly shook her head.

"And now, you do believe me, don't you?"

"I just have to, you know. Now—now—well, everything is changed."

"So it is, mavourneen, or I'd know the reason why."

And the glow upon the two young faces was good to look upon. It remained long after they had deserted the lighted hearth to walk up and down the broad veranda.

Not even the cold light of the moon could quite efface that radiance which was of love.—*Anna Cosulich, in Times-Democrat.*

Amusements in Their Relation to Religion.

Good and evil must not be confounded. In the training and education of the young, it is of the first importance to keep clear in their minds the distinction between good and evil. Indeed, this is of the first importance for us all. There are things that are essentially good, as the fruits of the Blessed Spirit; and there are things which are essentially evil, as the works of the flesh. And then there is a large class of things which are colorless as regards good and evil; they have no moral quality in themselves until we impart it to them, as money, for example. "The love of money," the Apostle says, "is the root of all evil." But money in itself is not evil. We may make it either good or bad by the way in which we use it. We may with a dollar feed the hungry, or we may degrade ourselves by spending it for liquor and becoming drunk.

We must place the things which are essentially evil in a class by themselves, and we must not, as we value their moral and spiritual safety, tell the young that things indifferent, which we choose, whether with some show of reason or capriciously, to call dangerous, are intrinsically evil. This will tend to confuse their minds as regards the lines which separate the territory of good from that of evil, and they may in consequence lose their bearing and possibly plunge recklessly into sin.

It is evil to profane God's name, to dishonor one's parents, to kill, to commit adultery, to steal, to lie, but it is not necessarily wrong to sing, to laugh, to make merry with our friends, to play games. These things may be wrong, because we make them wrong, as when we sing lewd songs, or carry our social enjoyment to excess in riot, but in themselves these things are not wrong.

The mistake which many make lies just here. They condemn with a sentence of absolute banishment certain classes of amusements, which are often abused, it is true, but which still have their rightful place in the sphere of human relaxation and enjoyment, such as the drama, and dancing, and specified games. Now, it is obvious that these things which are proscribed, put under the ban, as intrinsically evil, are not in themselves evil at all.

A story drawn out in detail under the guidance of the principles of art, and illustrated by appropriate scenery and dress, is not in itself evil. The story may be vicious, and the actors may be lascivious

in conduct, but these faults are not inherent in the drama; they are due to the accidents that the play is bad, and the players are demoralized. The drama in itself is high art; indeed, lays under contribution in its successful production many departments of art and culture. It may be made an instrument powerful for good as well as evil. Its principles are embodied in much of the teaching of the Old Testament, and of the New, and especially of our Lord himself.

Dancing is not inherently evil, any more than money is, or the drama is, or music is. It may be, and often is, abused. There are lascivious dances, and there are bad people who dance, and there are occasions when one ought not to dance. So precisely are there lewd songs, and improper plays, and vile purposes to which money is put, but these are not arguments against the legitimate use of music, or the drama, or money. So precisely with dancing—it comes under the same category, and one can no more consistently condemn dancing than he can condemn money, or music, or the drama.

God made the young man, as well as the old. He gave to each their respective tastes and dispositions, and he provided amply for their gratification, and he shelters each, the one as much as the other, in the legitimate enjoyment of their gifts with his benediction. He frowns upon excess. He frowns upon abuse. He frowns upon the perversion of his gifts.

A safe and simple rule to guide us in deciding what we may lawfully and properly do in any case where we are in doubt is to ask the question: "Could we invoke God's blessing upon what we are about to do? Could we bring it into God's presence?" And if we can respond "yes" to these inquiries then we are right, and may go forward with the confident assurance that we shall not incur condemnation for our conduct.

To illustrate the application of our rule. One is in doubt about the matter of dancing, and he asks the question, Can I invoke God's blessing on what I am about to do? And he replies: "Why God commands" (Psalm 149, 3), "Let them praise his name in the dance." (Psalm 150, 4), "Praise him with the timbrel and dance;" and Solomon, speaking by the Holy Ghost, says (Eccles. 3, 4), "There is a time to dance." Miriam, the sister of Moses, and her companions (Exodus 15, 20), "Went out with timbrels and with dances" to praise the Lord. "And David the King (II. Sam. 6, 14) danced before the Lord with all his might." And if the doubt arises in the mind occasioned by the suggestion, "Were not these religious dances, or dances in the exercises of religion?" the answer comes, Why, our blessed Lord recognizes and sanctions dancing as a social enjoy-

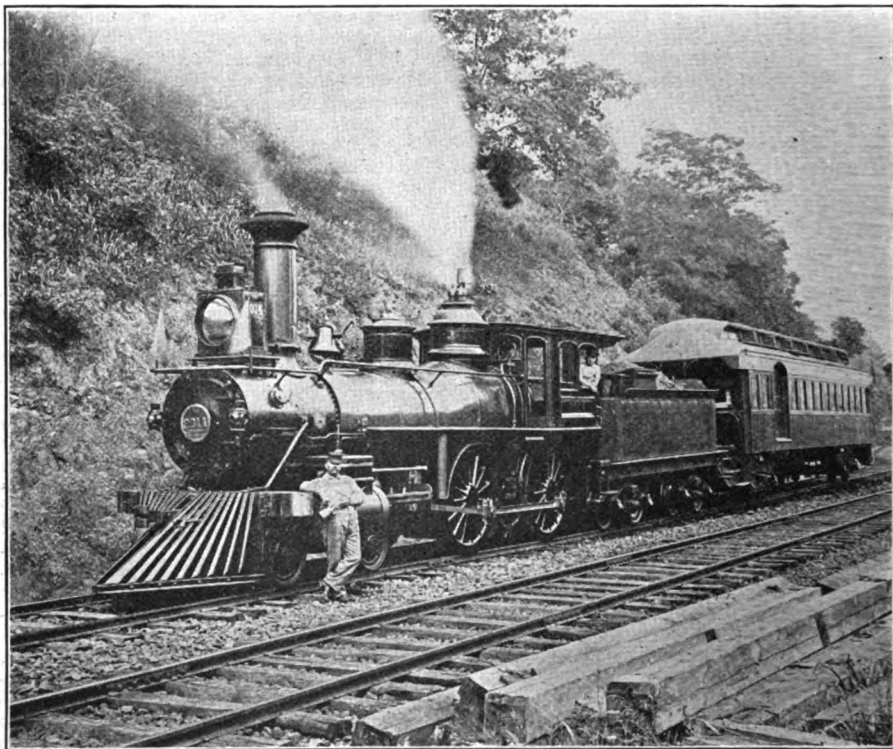
ment, since he introduced it as a feature in the picture which he paints of the festivities at the happy father's instance, which accompanied the return of the prodigal: "Now his elder son was in the field, and as he came and drew nigh to the house he heard music and dancing." (St. Luke, 15, 25.)

As regards the clergy in their relation to the theater, and dancing, and amusements generally, we are heartily in sympathy with St. Paul, who says: "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient." "Holy things for holy men" is the safe, sound principle. The theater is

or dancing, or amusements, but for the young, that they may not be misled as to the distinction between good and evil, and so plunge recklessly into sin, and for our people, that they may not have their moral vision confused, and so lose their way between right and wrong.—*Rt. Rev. C. F. Seymour, Episcopal Bishop of Springfield, in Chicago Tribune.*

Apparitions Explained.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, the English scientist, gives a reasonable explanation of apparitions in the *May Harper's*, says the *Chicago Tribune*. He cites the case of Nicolai, a Berlin scientist, who saw apparitions every day for several months until a physician banished them by bleeding the patient. At first Nicolai saw only one ghost, which he described as looking like a dead man. In a few days the hallucinations grew more numerous and were chiefly in the form of living persons walking about the room. Sometimes they vanished when he closed his eyes, but frequently he saw them even with his eyes shut. After a while the



PENNSYLVANIA R. R. PAY CAR AT NEW BOSTON JUNCTION, PA.
Courtesy H. Barnhardt, Conemaugh, Pa.

ordinarily no place for the priest of Christ, not because it is indecent, or lewd, or immoral, for if it be such it is no place for anyone, but because it is unsuited to his vocation who ministers the sacraments, and whose offices are needed by the bedside of the sick at the hour of death, and by the open grave. For the same reasons the priest ought to take no part in the social dance. It is not befitting the dignity and sobriety which become him who preaches the blessed gospel and celebrates the holy eucharist. Our plea is not for the theater,

tions in the *May Harper's*, says the *Chicago Tribune*. He cites the case of Nicolai, a Berlin scientist, who saw apparitions every day for several months until a physician banished them by bleeding the patient. At first Nicolai saw only one ghost, which he described as looking like a dead man. In a few days the hallucinations grew more numerous and were chiefly in the form of living persons walking about the room. Sometimes they vanished when he closed his eyes, but frequently he saw them even with his eyes shut. After a while the

ghosts began to talk. During the operation of bloodletting the room was filled with human phantasms of all descriptions. A few hours later their colors began to fade and they soon became entirely white. After remaining an hour in this form they vanished and returned no more.

From this and similar cases Dr. Wilson deduces the theory that all specters and hallucinations are caused by abnormal changes in the quantity or quality of the blood supplied to the brain. Similar visions may be produced by taking opium or belladonna. The phenomena are due to the internal irritation of the optic nerve or of the sight centers in the brain. The nerve ends are stimulated from within, the same as an actual external object would do it. Dr. Wilson might have compared these hallucinations of sight to those of feeling which are experienced by persons with amputated limbs. The other day a man with an amputated leg committed suicide because he said the pain in the toes of the lost limb was intolerable. Physicians explain this case by saying that the pain was real, though it was caused by the irritation of the stumps of the nerves which formerly communicated with the toes. In the same way the irritation of the nerves of hearing or seeing, even though it may take place within the brain, will be credited by the mind to external causes and will result in the hearing of imaginary voices and seeing of apparitions.

But M. Flammarion recently collected hundreds of instances in which apparitions appeared at the moment of death or injury of distant friends. This is explained by Dr. Wilson on the natural theory of coincidence. The multitude of conceptions that flit across the mind may be compared to a shower of bullets fired from a Maxim gun at a target. Some of the bullets are fairly certain to hit the mark. When the seeing of an apparition happens to coincide with some event in the seer's life or that of his friends it appears to show some relation between the event and the ghost, but it really does not. The embodied shades are created wholly by abnormal irritation of the nerve ends or sensory centers in the brain.

Meat Eating and Baldness.

Rustics who live on a bread and milk diet nearly always have heavy hair to an advanced age, while people who lunch and dine on meat rarely have after 25. The Italian parliament, for instance, shows an unrivaled collection of billiard ball heads, while the Italian peasants always rejoice in heavy growths of hair. Brittany peasant men have hair almost as long and heavy as their wives. A very clever and

well-known doctor claims that meat eating and baldness go together, and he has often checked cases of falling hair by combining with local treatment a diet of milk, eggs and fruit. After all, the most simple methods of caring for the hair are the best. Daily brushing until the scalp is clean and free from dandruff, with very little washing with harsh soaps, etc., that will irritate the scalp. And often hair that is thin and poor in quality may be made thick and glossy by this systematic care.—*Chicago Chronicle*.

Speaking before the Naval Congress at Madrid, May 25, on the subject whether or



MASTER EDWARD W. RICHARD,

Six-year-old son of Bro. J. A. Richard, member of Div. 25, Terre Haute, Ind.

not Spain should be a naval power, Admiral Cervera expressed fears of the disintegration of Spain into a number of small states. "I do not wish," he said, "that the interests of the navy should predominate at the expense of the other interests of the country, but, observing, as I do, what is going on at the present day, I am afraid Spain may become like Italy of the middle ages."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Correspondence.

All contributions to our Correspondence and Technical columns must be in not later than the 10th of the month to insure insertion.

Articles must be written on one side of the paper only. Noms de plume may be used, but every article must be signed with full name and address of the writer to insure insertion.

We shall be glad to receive articles on any subject of general interest to the fraternity.

All communications are subject to revision or rejection, as the Editor may deem proper.

The Editor does not assume responsibility for the opinions expressed by contributors in this department. C. H. SALMONS, Editor and Manager.

A Friend We've Never Known to Falter.

TO GEO. W. WEST, S. M. P. & M., O. & W. RY.

Dear Mr. West, you'll not refuse
This earnest song I'm to you sending?
An honest tribute from my Muse,
Who often goes quaint fancies blending
For JOURNAL readers far and near,
And often, too, apostrophizing
Men partial to the engineer
When in her moods soliloquizing.

I've known you long, and known you well,
By best of all ways—reputation;
And with my pencil I could dwell
Repeating things heard o'er the nation
By mammoth crowds of railway men,
Who praised officials as they found them,
With six at least in every ten,
You were most popular around them.

Amongst the clubs you always take
A leading part, where brains are needed;
And in such crowds a man can't fake
Ideas,—he'd be quickly weeded
From out the ones who lead the way
Upon the trunk lines of the nation;
You're peer amongst the best today
In science, skill and education.

You also know just how to lead
Employees in united motion,
Rewarding thrift, reproving greed,
Until all labor with devotion
For those who furnish monthly pay,
For service in all sorts of weather;
Your men in solid ranks today
Go where you lead, and pull together.

Long years ago, when we were young,
Before our Brotherhood was noted,
I've often heard your praises sung
By engineers, who on you doted;
They love you now, the same as then,
And at your call all hands would rally,
To charge the devil in his den,
Like on the old Shenango Valley.

We've riches in our temple yet
For new and old-time friends, God bless them,
Their kindness we shall ne'er forget,
Alive or dead we will cherish them;

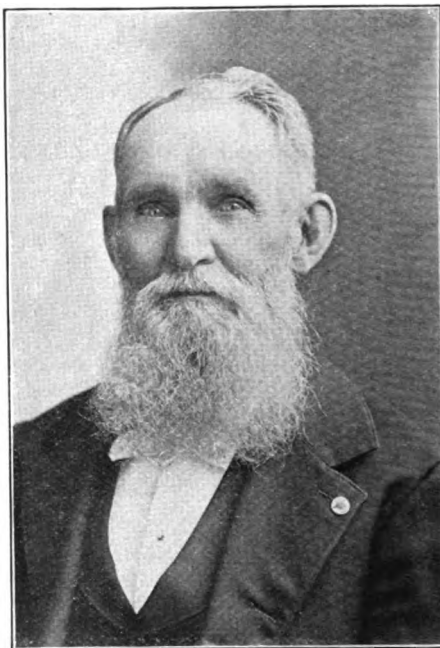
And George, we have you laurel-crowned
Inside our dear old order's portals,
Where sterling friends are soonest found,
Amid our canonized immortals.

SHANDY MAGUIRE.

A Golden Wedding.

NEW FRANKLIN, MO., June 11, 1901.

DEAR READERS: On May 15, 1851, at Sheridan, N. Y., there were joined in the holy bonds of marriage Joshua L. Parish and Maria Rice,—a very common-place statement, but an event which was destined to repeat itself a half century after-



BRO. J. L. PARISH, MEMBER OF DIV. 556.

wards, for on the 15th of last month, under the direction of members of Divs. 178, 517 and 556, B. of L. E., and Div. 15, G. I. A. to the B. of L. E., assisted by many outside friends, was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the ceremony performed in 1851.

The arrangements were all carried out under the able direction of Bro. C. P. Curtis, Chairman of the General Committee of Adjustment for the M., K. & T. Ry.

In order to accommodate the host of friends desiring to participate, the hall of

The Royal Tribe of Joseph was secured for the occasion, which proved to be a very wise provision, as between 300 and 400 persons were at hand to offer congratulations to this most estimable couple.

The following program, arranged by Brother Curtis, was carried out without a single hitch:

PROGRAM.

Selection.....	By the Orchestra.
Prayer and Congratulatory Remarks,	
	By the Rev. J. W. Ferner.
Sacred Song.....	By a Quartet,
	composed of Misses Lettie Bratton and Clara Cordes and Messrs. James Reed and George Smith; accompanist, Miss Gertrude Barton.
Address.....	By Bro. C. P. Curtis,
	representing Divs. 178 and 517, Sedalia, Mo.
Selection.....	By the Orchestra.
Bass Solo.....	By James Reed.
Address.....	By A. E. Boughner,
	representing Officials of the M., K. & T. Ry.
Solo.....	By Mrs. Charles Bard.
Address.....	By Hon. Louis Hoffman.
Selection.....	By Quartet
	Address..... By Bro. H. S. Russell,
	representing Div. 556, of New Franklin, Mo.
Address.....	By Sister E. W. Costin,
	representing Div. 15, G. I. A., of Sedalia, Mo.
Appropriate Responses.....	By Bro. J. L. Parish & Wife.
	Banquet.
Instrumental Music.....	By Misses Gertrude Barton
	and Nellie Frick.
Solo.....	By Miss Minnie Wills.
	Miss Belle Wills, accompanist.
Recitation.....	By Miss Lillie Bratton.
Address.....	By Judge Smith.
Selection.....	By Orchestra.
Address.....	By Elder Arthur Lindsay,
	of New Franklin, Mo.

The venerable host and hostess were the recipients of many valuable and beautiful presents, including several hundred dollars in gold coin. As an enumeration of the gifts is of local interest only, and were so numerous that it would require much valuable space here, we will refrain from mentioning them, but as Brother Parish's life is worthy of emulation by all members of our grand organization, we deem it expedient to give a short sketch of his life's history.

He was born at Brighton, N. Y., Feb. 4, 1829. His father moved to Buffalo, N. Y., in 1840, and in 1846 Brother Parish entered the service of the New York Central Railway as a machinist's apprentice, continuing in that company's employ until 1850. In this year he accepted service with the

New York & Erie Railway at Dunkirk. Later he accepted a position as foreman for the C., W. & Z. Ry., now a part of the B. & O. S. W. Ry.

It was on the last named road that Brother Parish did his first work in road service, filling the position as fireman, and after an apprenticeship of six months he was promoted to engineer.

Brother Parish joined "The Brotherhood of the Footboard" at Columbus, Ohio, in 1858, and was afterwards transferred to Div. 39, B. of L. E., at Seymore, Ind. He ran an engine on the old O. & M. from 1860 to 1867. Coming West at that time he secured a situation on the South Pacific (now the "Frisco"), where he remained until 1871.

While working for the South Pacific he organized Div. 83, at Pacific, since removed to Springfield, Mo.

In 1871 Brother Parish secured a situation with his present employers, the M., K. & T. Ry., and in November of that year removed his family to Sedalia, Mo., where he still resides, affiliating with Div. 178 until Div. 517 was organized in Sedalia.

Div. 556 was named in honor of Brother Parish, of which fact he is justly proud.

Brother Parish is 72 years old, hale and hearty, and is in active service as a locomotive engineer on the Kansas City Division of the M., K. & T. Ry., where he has a preferred run, which is hard to beat anywhere. He is a member of our Insurance Association, and has paid every assessment since the third one, a record which we believe no living man now has. He has represented his Division at numerous conventions, and filled every local office in his Division with credit and satisfaction to all.

There have been dark days in our Brotherhood, when, but for the active work of such noble, unfaltering and courageous characters as Brother Parish, it would have been dissolved, an institution of uncertain history. He was a "wheel-horse" in securing the first agreement and schedule of wages, where our Brotherhood was officially recognized by a railroad company, (the present schedule on the Missouri Pacific Ry. and also the original of what is now the schedule on the M., K. & T. Ry).

This grand old couple are the parents of four children, three sons and a daughter, all living, a credit and comfort to their declining years.

Brother Parish is a member of all the Masonic bodies in the state, and wherever you find him, you are assured of a pleasant smile, a cordial hand shake and a cheery, encouraging word. He is a man of liberal ideas, of broad intellect, and possesses a determination and will to make every effort to do that which he believes to be right and just.

The celebration of this golden wedding will be remembered for years to come as a social event unparalleled in the history of this community.

May the good health which Brother Parish and his estimable wife now possess continue for many years, that they may be spared to us as living examples of conjugal bliss.

C. S. BLACKMAR.

Can This Be Service?

Is there service, Lord, in stillness?
And strength given to lie still?
Is this silence, then, dear Master,
Just according to Thy will?

Are these hands now folded idle?
They once loved Thy work to do.
Are they serving best while resting?
Is this worship holy, true?

Give us wisdom, Lord, we pray Thee;
Show us how to serve Thee best,
If 'tis best we serve in stillness,
Service then will be true rest.

ANNA P. ERWIN.

A Retired Engineer.

SEWARD, OKLA., June 29, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Capt. George Cooper, of Seward, Okla., was raised on a farm near Middletown, Ohio. Being fond of frontier life, he started west in 1864, and herded government cattle until 1866. It was in that year he made his first trip through Oklahoma, where he since has made his home. He thought of making a fortune railroading, and turned his attention to that business by helping to build the Union Pacific Railway until the golden spike was driven, and then firing

on the North Missouri. It was on July 4, 1871, that he fired the first engine that tested the St. Charles bridge. While in the capacity of engineer he joined in the famous strike of '73 on the North Missouri, and was blacklisted. He ran a traction engine in California. He left this state two years before the Centennial, and having his blacklist raised went back to his old occupation again on the North Missouri, out of Moberly. Centennial year he moved to Texas and worked on the International. It was while in charge of a company of men when building the Atlantic & Pacific that he distinguished himself by



BRO. GEORGE COOPER.

making a treaty with Santa Anna, a Navajo chief, who at the head of 3,000 renegade Indians had been fighting the whites for a day and night. For thirteen years after this he ran an engine on the A., T. & S. F. Ry.

It was while he was running out of Emporia, when Oklahoma was opened for settlement. He was at the head of 150 of Payne's Oklahoma boomers who settled in Oklahoma. He was at the throttle of No. 266, the engine that pulled the first train into Oklahoma, April 22, 1889. He jumped from the first train and staked the claim

where Seward is now situated, at the junction of the Rock Island and Santa Fe Railways, and has held it without any contest or trouble whatever. Since 1890 he has been occupied in the capacity of engineer on the Missouri Pacific Railway until April 10, 1901, when he quit of his own free will and accord. Summing it all up, Mr. Cooper has run an engine for nearly thirty years. He has never hurt anyone or been hurt himself; no accident has happened him, and he has never been discharged. He has been a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers since 1873, and is still a member in good standing of Div. 336, at Ossawatimie, Kan. He is also a member of the Masonic Fraternity, Council, Scottish Rites 320, and Shriner, and A. O. U. W. No. 2.

Captain George Cooper is now President of the Kiowa Comanche Townsite & Mining Association, which is 500 strong, mostly railroad men, who are going for homes when the Kiowa and Comanche country opens for settlement.

Yours truly,
GEORGE COOPER.

A Narrow Escape.

Some twelve years ago, while working as train dispatcher for the Iron Mountain Railroad Company at De Soto, Mo., I was on the watch from 4 P. M. to 12 o'clock, midnight. About 10 o'clock in the evening I noticed Bismarck (A W) calling Irondale (X) in a very excited manner.

Bismarck is thirty-three miles south of De Soto, Irondale is about six miles north of Bismarck, and Summit about six miles north of Irondale. It is all down hill from Bismarck to Irondale, and all up hill from Irondale to Summit, except one or two miles.

I opened my key and asked Bismarck what was the matter. He informed me that a freight train had broken in two there, and that the rear end was going down the hill without anybody on board. The Texas Express, No. 55, had passed the last telegraph station, and at that time should have been about Summit. I knew they would be going down that six-mile stretch at tremendous speed, and what

was to be done must be done quick.

A few calls raised Irondale: I told him to display his red signal and hold No. 55; then explained the situation regarding the detached cars. I told him to run and get the section foreman's switch key and go to the south switch and head the loose freight cars (probably eight or ten) in on the siding. I urged him to hurry, as time was precious. He said the time was too short to go for the foreman's key. That being the case, I told him to go and derail the cars by throwing ties or some other kind of obstruction on the track.

The next few minutes I spent in prayer. One of the Bible promises that came to me during the prayer was this: "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Upon the hope given in this promise, combined with perhaps one or two more, now forgotten, I besought the Lord to, in some way, prevent the trains from colliding.

About the time No. 55 should have been at Irondale I began to call X, and in a few minutes had a response. Replying to my inquiry as to the situation, he informed me that No. 55 was there, and that the runaway cars had passed through the siding and were ascending the other hill, stopping, as was afterward learned, in a sag about two miles north of Irondale.

To get out of the depot, the operator had to pass through the waiting room. Fortunately, there was a gentleman in this room to whom he hurriedly explained the situation, and to his joy—and mine, too,—the man had a switch key. With key in hand, he rushed to the south switch just in time to set it for the runaway.

Aaron Platt was the engineer on No. 55, and in speaking of the matter afterward, he remarked that when he passed Mineral Point, which was about two miles north of Summit, he was five or six minutes late, and that something seemed to say to him, "Get to Irondale on time; get to Irondale on time!" The way he went down that hill from Summit to Irondale was a caution. Seeing the red signal displayed at Irondale, he applied the air and brought the train to a halt, expecting orders. Just as he stepped off his engine he heard some-

thing pass by on the siding. It was the detached cars, traveling at the rate of about forty miles an hour.

A most frightful accident was avoided by Platt heeding the premonition, "Get to Irondale on time." I believe God moved upon the mind of the engineer in answer to my prayer, which was based on the eternal promises found in the Book of divine inspiration.—*Rev. J. S. Johnson, in Tipton Mail.*

Division Meetings on Sunday.

EDITOR JOURNAL: When we remember that the very foundation of our grand Brotherhood is based upon Christian teachings, it makes us sad to glance through the pages of our JOURNAL and see that so many Divisions have their business meetings on Sunday.

It is evident that the founders of our Brotherhood had a high conception of life, and believed that God had a hand in the affairs of the world; and that to prosper we must look to Divine law for help.

There are many temporal affairs that seem to prosper for awhile, when Divine law is utterly ignored in them, but their days are numbered. We don't want it to be so with the B. of L. E. We all love it, and want it to be a great force in the world. It is great now, but it can be greater. It can wield an influence for good that will be felt all over the world. Furthermore, if we ever needed Divine help to guide and bless us it is now, while there is so much trouble between capital and labor. Many of us are not Christians, but we cannot afford to leave Divine law out of the workings of our order, and that law commands us to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; therefore, I fully believe we ought to quit having our Division meetings on Sunday. We have business to attend to at these meetings that cannot be attended to on Sunday without disobeying some Divine command. Of course, until we fully decide to change, and even then it may be easier, possibly, to get men together on Sundays than in the week, but hadn't we better have fewer members at the meeting, if necessary?

I know we have to work for the railroad companies on Sunday, and many say, "If we have to work for them on that day, we may just as well have our meeting on Sundays, for we are all going to the devil anyway." But that isn't the way to look at it, at all. Most of us are engineers because we feel that it is the work we were intended to do, and although our road is sometimes rough, still we are prepared for this work; most of us have families to support, and all of us have a place to fill in life. Our position is a responsible one. It is one that the safety of life and property depends upon the right kind of man at the throttle. It is an honorable one. There is nothing in it that will prevent a man from living a Christian life, except the Sunday work, and I don't believe God would have us quit our work where so much depends upon us, and where good men are so much needed, just because we are compelled to work on Sundays.

That is something we have no voice in nor control over. It is distasteful to most of us, and I believe if we do just what we are compelled, by the company, to do, and nothing more, under the existing circumstances, we will be exonerated from blame. On the other hand, I believe that everything we do that is wrong of our own free will and accord will be laid at our door. For instance, an engineer does some little work about his engine on Sunday that could be left without harm until Monday. I think he does wrong, for he has control over that work. We also have control over our Division meetings. That is our own business, and when we deliberately hold our meetings on Sundays we commit a sin against the Divine law "remember the Sabbath and keep it holy."

Now, won't the Christian engineers, and others who have the subject at heart and desire to set a better moral example, say something about it? Let us try to make a reform. Do as little work as possible on Sunday. Stick to our order and do all we can to uplift the men on the road. Instead of running from our work because we have to work on Sunday, let us stick to it and try to elevate it all we can. It will give us a mission in life, for surely there is a work

for us all to do, and nothing counts for more than good example. Let us set it, and do nothing but that which necessity compels us to do on Sunday, and work every day to exalt and uplift the moral standard of the B. of L. E., that none may say we are indifferent to Divine law.

G. S. L., Div. 375.

Dedication of the Hall of Fame, New York, May 30, 1901.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MISS NELLIE GOODWIN.

The peculiar treasure of a nation is the glorious company of its great men. And among these are to be considered not only the men of action through whose efforts the nation has won place and recognition among the powers, but also the men of letters who have been mainly instrumental in developing the moral sentiment of the people.

Literature is the expression of all that is best in man. It is "the breath and finer spirit of knowledge"; it is the living message from a master soul to mankind. It appeals to no base sentiments, but ennobles our spiritual life. It is the mightiest heritage we receive.

But is it necessary to distinguish American literature from English literature in general? Yes, most assuredly. In form they are the same, for English form had been established long before our first recognized author. But it is in spirit that they differ. Is it to be supposed that the history of a nation like ours, with its struggles for liberty and justice for all creeds and races, should leave no impress on our literature? Shall we not expect to find the American spirit as vital an element *across* as in the life of the people?

But what is this American spirit? To answer the question we have but to turn at random the leaves of our dearest American books. On every page we recognize a subtle something, impossible to England, the outgrowth of the soil. We find it in the well-known words of Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg; we find it at the close of Lowell's Commemoration Ode. Boundless faith; limitless hope; the perfect brotherhood,—this is the American spirit.

Today we honor four American authors, whom the judgment of posterity has deemed worthy of a place in the Hall of Fame.

Washington Irving was the first to awaken Europe to the idea that an American literature was possible. Although he modeled his graceful diction on English patterns, the interest of his works was frequently American. In the stories centering around the beautiful blue Hudson, over which he threw the witchery of romance and legend, he is especially happy, especially charming, because he is at home.

Nathaniel Hawthorne is intensely American in his expression of the grave, delicate, sensitive New England spirit. He did not turn to the storied castles of Europe for inspiration. In the quaint gabled houses of Salem, in the types of the old Puritan stock, familiar to him from his boyhood, he found his theme.

This was a singularly rich and virgin field for the play of his imagination. Against the somber background of Massachusetts Puritanism, he drew with exquisite coloring living characters with all their soul-struggles, their defeats and victories. He himself in his rare genius was the flower of Puritanism.

"Tis as if a rough oak that for ages had stood With its gnarled long branches like ribs of the wood.

Should bloom after cycles of struggles and scathe, With a single anemone trembling and rather."

Longfellow is American in his very cosmopolitanism, in his eager responsiveness to the beautiful wherever he found it,—the beautiful considered as synonymous with the good and the true. But he is more obviously American in his handling of

Puritan New England and his treatment of Indian stories—

"Legends and traditions
With the odor of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations
As of thunder in the mountains."

But it is in Emerson perhaps we find the fullest embodiment of the New England spirit, its moral earnestness, its spirituality, its tenderness for the individual conscience.

"Search the new world from pole to pole
Here you'll find its very soul."

says a modern writer, sending to his friend across the seas a book of Emerson's poems. We may fittingly close our dedication today by the poet's own ringing words prophesying the larger freedom—

"For he that flung the broad blue fold
O'er mantling land and sea
One-third part of the sky unrolled
For the banner of the free.

"And henceforth there shall be no chain
Save underneath the sea
The wires shall murmur through the main
Sweet songs of liberty.

"For he that worketh high and wise
Nor pauses in his plan,
Will take the sun out of the skies
E'er freedom out of man."

The tablets to American Authors, Irving, Hawthorne, Longfellow and Emerson, were unveiled by young women from New York high schools.

Miss Nellie L. R. Goodwin, of the Normal College, is a daughter of Bro. Robert Goodwin, a member of New York City Div., 105. Miss Goodwin's address, delivered without notes, is said to have been next to Senator Depew's oration, the best of the day. C. W. H.

Railroad Employees' Home.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., July 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Following is the statement of receipts for the Home for the month of June, 1901:

FROM B. OF L. E. DIVISIONS.

Div.	Amt.	Div.	Amt.
61.....	\$10 00	286.....	\$10 00
131.....	10 00	354.....	12 00
217.....	12 00	439.....	12 00
231.....	21 10	451.....	12 00
241.....	6 00	453.....	5 00
258.....	10 00	475.....	10 00
263.....	12 00	564.....	12 00
265.....	3 00		

Total.....\$157 10

O. R. C. Divisions.....	85 00
B. of R. T. Lodges.....	103 75
B. of L. F. Lodges.....	73 00
L. A. to B. of R. T. Lodges.....	15 00
G. I. A. to B. of L. E.—Div. 64.....	5 00
Div. 146.....	10 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Proceeds of ball given by Div. 488, B. of L. E.	45 00
Proceeds of ball given by a union of all the orders at Needles, Cal.....	205 00
Sale of potatoes and setting of eggs.....	5 50

Grand total.....\$703 95

CONTRIBUTIONS.

Mrs. May C. Rider, 12 quarts of strawberries, six pineapples and one box of string beans.

Respectfully submitted,
Mrs. T. B. Watson, Sec. & Treas.



Ladies' Department.

Communications for publication must be written on one side of the paper. Noms de plume are always permissible, but to receive consideration must be signed by the full name and address of the author, and addressed to the Editress, Mrs. M. E. CASSELL, 922 Dennison Av., Columbus, Ohio, not later than the 8th of the month. The Editress reserves the right to revise, reject or use matter sent in, governed entirely on its merits.

Summer-Time.

Oh, the long, cool grass of meadows,
Dotted thick with daises white
And the sapphire skies, soft bending
Where the birds trill sweet delight.
Oh, the cricket's voice, low-shrilling,
Here and there in shady nooks.
And the mild, contented laughter
Of the dimpled, pebbly brooks—
In summer-time, sweet summer-time!

Oh, the deeps of leaves that whisper
As the fragrant breezes rise!
Tangled vines and clustered berries,
Wavering flight of butterflies,
Lambs at rest in cooling shadows,
Like weed dots of drifted snow;
Drowsy sounds and wayside wild-flowers
Where the bees drone to and fro—
In summer-time, sweet summer-time!

Oh, the days of tranquil beauty,
Lapsing like the glassy streams
That beneath the drooping branches
Seem to linger in sweet dreams.
Days where myriad lips of wild-flowers,
That meek, lowly heads uplift,
Seem to tell us of the Giver
And the glory of the gift
Of summer-time, sweet summer-time!

—GEO. COOPER, in *Golden Days*.

To the Land of Roses---(Continued).

In taking up the thread of my story, I sit a moment and think of Los Angeles, my next stopping place. *How* am I to describe all the beautiful sights and places in and around this city? I close my eyes and visions come to me of flowers, fruits and trees, and the scent of orange blossoms and roses fill the air. I open them, to find myself at home, with language inadequate to express my thoughts. Upon my arrival at Los Angeles kind Sisters were there to welcome me, and Brother and Sister A. Cooley held their doors wide open to admit me as their guest, and for nearly a week I enjoyed their gracious hospitality.

The day after my arrival a party was made up to visit old Ocean, and a trip was taken to Santa Monica. Sisters Jordan, Norton, Mosier and Cooley, with Brothers Norton and Cooley and myself, made a jolly crowd. We enjoyed a time in the plunge bath, after which I ventured out in the ocean, and found it pretty cold on the 17th of April, but had the satisfaction of at least wetting my feet in the Pacific.

The next evening a reception was held at Sister Cooley's, at which time I was asked to present her with a Past-President's pin in behalf of the Division, which duty I performed as best I could. After the Division received the thanks of Sister Cooley the evening was spent in song and games. We discovered that Brother Jordan was a very good singer, and his voice helped to make the occasion a very pleasant one.

The next day I think I was treated to the most enjoyable trip of my life, when Sisters Collins, Lightner and Barnes took me to beautiful Catalena Island. The thirty-mile ride on the ocean was delightful to me. They said it was rough, but never having been on the ocean before I could not tell; I only know that it did not make me ill and my enjoyment was intense. The island is a mountain rising out of the sea, and has been converted into a magnificent summer resort.

A feature of this place is the glass-bottom boats. After landing at the island you can get into these boats and the man in charge will row you out to where the water is eighty feet deep, and it is so clear that you can look through this glass boat and see the bottom of the ocean. As you gaze, your eyes will behold the wonders of the deep—the beautiful varieties of kelp, or seaweed, different kinds of shells, and fish of all sizes and colors. I really think no other sight in the world could be more interesting; and should you ever go to Los Angeles, do not fail to go to Catalena Island and take a trip in the glass-bottom boat. You will never forget it, or the

wonderful things of Nature as depicted in the mighty deep.

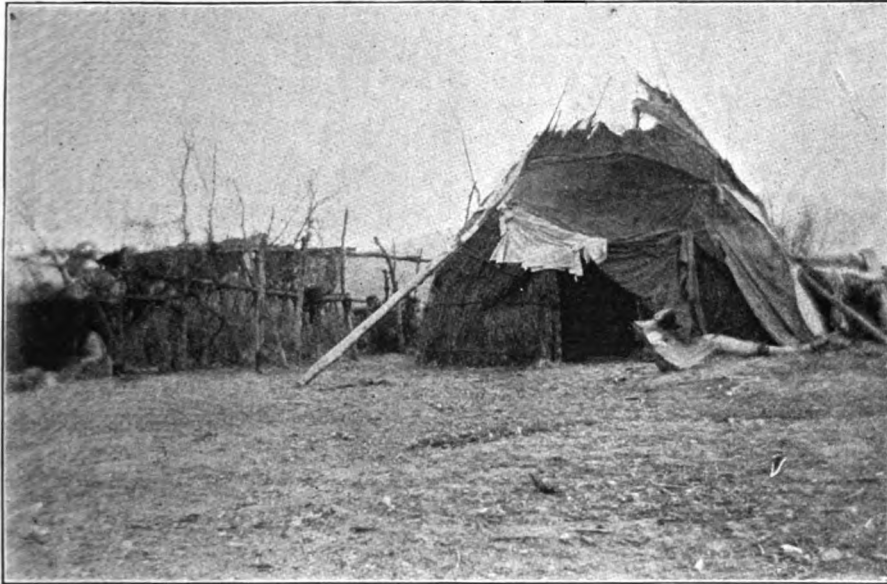
Upon our return trip the ocean was very rough, but they told me whales could often be seen along this coast, and I was imagining the waves were whales all the time, and some of them looked quite large. As that trip did not upset me any, I now feel that I can venture across the "pond" to the land where my parents first saw the light of day.

I was present at the next regular meeting of the Los Angeles Division. Only twelve members were present, but we had a good meeting, after which we took supper with Brother and Sister Norton.

My last day at this place was a memorable one to me, as in company with Sisters Cooley, Jordan, Norton and Webb, I was

fortunate to say, the likeness was so good that he knew me at once, and stepping up to me in his manly way he said: "Is this Mrs. Cassell?" I wondered how he could single me out of that great crowd, when he had never met me. He then said: "I am Mrs. Bowley's son, and mamma gave me your picture so I would know you." Thoughtful Sister Bowley! I will never say again that my pictures are not good. Sister McGuire piloted me over to Oakland to the charming home of Sister Gardner, whose guest I was during my stay in Oakland.

We were up bright and early next morning, and enjoyed a street-car ride to Piedmont Park. I thought I had seen flowers in southern California that could not be surpassed, but at Piedmont Park their



PINTE CAMPOODIE.

Photograph by Mrs. T. Wetmore, Wadsworth, Nev.

taken in a carriage to visit the ostrich farm, San Gabriel Mission, and beautiful Pasadena, with its homes of wealth and culture.

Besides these trips of interest, I am under many obligations to Sister Jordan for the use of her horse and buggy, with which she took me to all the parks and places of interest in the city. I could dwell much longer here, but must hasten on, as Oakland is a long way off and I am due there in a few days.

When I arrived in San Francisco it was night, but Sister McGuire, of Oakland, was there, accompanied by the young son of Sister Bowley, who carried my picture in his pocket so he would know me. Suf-

magnificence nearly took my breath away. A place opposite the park occupying a square had the high fence on all sides completely covered with the most lovely roses. As I stood enraptured a feeling of reverence and awe came over me, and I could but exclaim: "How wonderful are all Thy works, Oh God!"

I could hardly leave this spot, but we were to have a reception in the afternoon, so we reluctantly went back to town and assembled in the fine hall of Div. 156, where a program of song and remarks was carried out. Sister Carroll, the President, gave an address of welcome full of cheering words. Her daughter, Mrs. Lena Carroll Nicholson, delighted us with some fine

vocal selections. She has a magnificent contralto voice, and my heart rejoiced that she was the daughter of an engineer. We should be proud of such talent in our children, and more proud of the B. of L. E., which has given to us the means whereby we may cultivate the talents which our children possess.

I was happy to meet our Grand Chaplain, Sister Bowley, at this time. After remarks by the Grand Chaplain and myself, Sister McGuire stepped forward and in eloquent words presented me with a most exquisite creation of the florist's art

156" on top of it. The table and hall were decorated with flowers,—flowers everywhere, typical of California. After partaking of the banquet, Sister Bowley took me under her wing and over to San Francisco, where for the first time I met her family and was a guest in her home.

On Monday I witnessed the inspection of the Division at San Francisco by Sister Ford. The attendance was small, and those who were there did the best they could, which was good under the circumstances. In the evening a reception was held in the hall, which was made beautiful

with flowers. Remarks were in order and several responded. Sister Hickey recited a few good selections, and a young lady, whose name I fail to remember, sang beautifully. Sister Hickey, speaking for the Division, in glowing words presented me with a souvenir spoon, and Sister Reising did the same for Sister Ford, the Inspector, after which Sister Stewart came forward and in a pleasing manner presented to Sister Bowley a lovely bouquet of carnations. A fine repast was served, and all were invited over to Oakland next day to be present at inspection.

It was a great pleasure to be present at the inspection of five Divisions by Sister Ford, of Tucson, Ariz. And just here I must compliment her on the thoroughness of her work and her kindness of manner in making corrections. I thought she displayed a good deal of tact, and in her remarks she said all she could to encourage. If all our Inspectors are like Sister Ford, I know their visits will be productive of much good.

While in the home of Sister Bowley, and by the courtesy of Brother and Sister Bowley, I had the pleasure of visiting Golden Gate Park, Seal Rocks, Sutro Baths and Heights, and Chinatown. I enjoyed the

street-car rides here. It seemed like a roller coaster with its up-and-down grades. One night, when it was raining hard, Brother and Sister Bowley escorted me to the Chinese Theater. Now, this a sight, I assure you; and should you ever find yourself in San Francisco, do not fail to attend the Chinese Theater. Of course, we could not understand a word, but as we were given seats on the stage we could *see* a *plenty*. I can hear that music(?) now,



PERSIA AND HER BABY EDNA MAY.

Photograph by Mrs. Wetmore, Wadsworth, Nev.

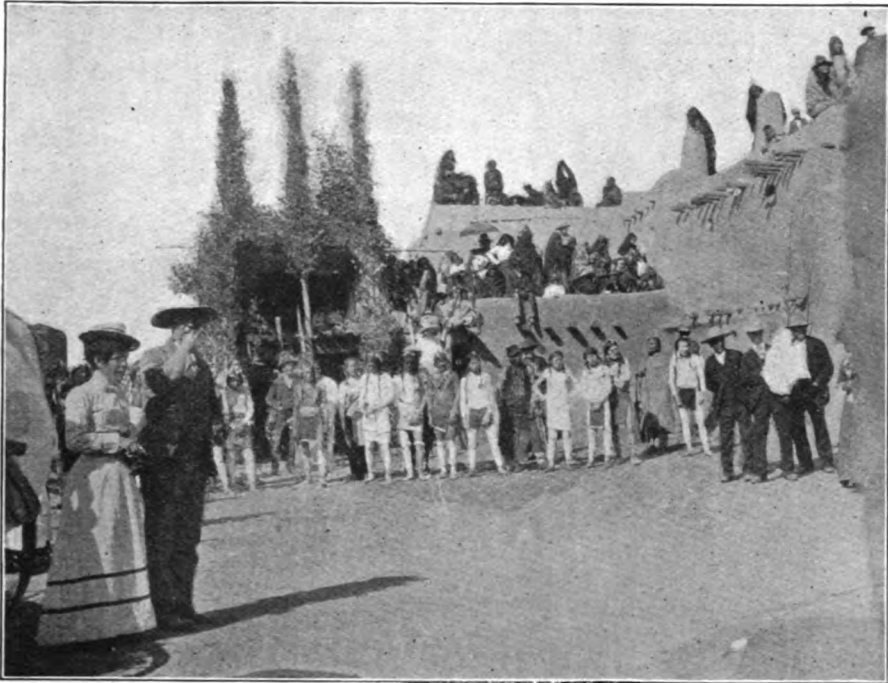
in a basket of sweet peas and fern arranged in the colors of our order. This dainty gift was not more appreciated than the words which accompanied it, and would space permit I would insert them here. Thanks, dear Sister McGuire; the flowers have faded, but kind words can never die.

The table in the dining room was waiting and we were soon around the festal board, and right in front of me was a large cake with the words "Welcome from Div.

clashing and clanging in a perfect jargon of noise. The singers—oh, dear! what shall I say of them? The Chinese can make firecrackers, but they surely cannot sing. Their music is such as you never heard in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. But notwithstanding the fact that a great big dragon fell over on me and nearly scared the wits out of me, and caused Brother and Sister Bowley to laugh all the next day, I could have sat there all night and watched their queer acting. Sister Murdock has been there, and perhaps at

hundred families. You reach the different apartments by means of ladders against the outer walls. Those living on the ground floor now have doors and windows, but in the days when the tribes were at war with each other they built their houses on the defensive. The first story had neither door, window nor any way of scaling the wall. When they entered they pulled the ladder up after them. They were then comparatively safe from surprises or attacks from their enemies.

The Pueblo Indian is above the average of his race, being thrifty and often well-to-



INDIAN RUNNERS READY FOR THE START.

the next convention you can coax us to show you how they sing.

M. E. CASSELL.

San Geronimo Day.

The Feast of San Geronimo is a custom practiced among the Pueblo Indians of celebrating San Geronimo (or St. Jerome's) Day, the 30th of September.

It was the privilege of the writer to visit the Pueblo Reservation in Taos county on that day last September. The Pueblo Indians are scattered through New Mexico in different reservations. The tribe receives its name from the houses they build. They are of adobe, and will hold several

do, making good use of all the government provides him.

To reach the Taos Indians, as they are called (their reservation being adjacent to the historic old town of Taos), one has to travel by wagon, since no railroad as yet has ever attempted to cross the passes leading into the valley.

On the morning of the 26th of September a party of eleven started to these festivities. The first day was uneventful, since we traveled parallel with the range, and the valley being so wide one would imagine himself crossing the Kansas prairies, unless he happened to lift his eyes, when lo, the lofty peaks of the mountains were before him.

The second day found us in the beautiful

canyon of the Cimmarron. My pen can but feebly portray its many beauties. The sublimity and grandeur, the power and vastness here appeal to the lover of nature. Those who have visited the Rockies can realize something of the scene which spread out before us. This canyon is fifteen or twenty miles in length; a mountain stream flows through it, and as you enter the canyon the water is clear as crystal, but the higher you rise, it begins to have a yellowish, muddy tinge, due to the placer mining all around.

As we drive along, the scene changes and varies like a kaleidoscope. At one place the walls of granite rise hundreds of feet in

the dark and somber mountains—rising like giant sentinels on either side, I felt we were but the pigmies of God's handiwork.

The next morning we passed a house and were told it was the place where the wounded train robber was captured. He was one of the notorious "Black Jack" band that held up the train at Folsom, N. M. This man died from his wounds, and "Black Jack" paid the penalty of his crime on the gallows last month.

As we near the exit of the canyon there rise before us two immense cliffs, which at first seem to have no opening; one side has the outline of a giant head looking as though carved by hand. High in the side of the



RUINS OF OLD CHURCH 300 YEARS OLD.

the air and are eight or ten miles in length. They are called the "Palisades," and are said by parties who have seen both to rival the Palisades on the Hudson. At times the canyon narrows until there is only room for the stream and roadway, again it broadens to several hundred feet.

At this time of the year the foliage is most gorgeous. Each tree, vine and shrub vying with each other as to which shall have the brightest dress, and the reds, yellows, browns, greens and purples are spread upon this picture as only the hand of Nature can paint.

Our second night was spent in the canyon, and sitting beside our camp fire, with

other cliff was an eagle's nest. Passing out through this gateway the beautiful San Merino valley lay before us. We were about half a day crossing the valley, and the third night found us in camp at the foot of Taos pass.

The next morning the entire party began the ascent on foot. The drivers also preferred walking to riding up a stone stairway where the steps of solid stone were hewn by nature, and therefore not quite so even as those made by man. Occasionally all four wheels of the wagons had a footing at the same time, but oftener there was only one on terra firma at a time. Fortunately for us the distance to the top

of the pass was only a little more than a mile, but if you think it was not hard work, try climbing up a steep mountain road in an altitude of 9,000 feet and you will realize what a task it was.

On reaching the summit and resting the poor tired horses, whose distended nostrils and heaving sides showed how the climb and high altitude had wearied them, we took our seats again and began the descent. It was rather steep, but safe, providing the harness and wagon held together. A ride of eighteen miles brought us to our destination, the little town of Taos.

Here friends had secured us rooms, and after resting from our long journey we pre-

the other. They were stationed a certain number of yards apart, and appeared to go according to rules, as in any game. This lasted upwards of an hour, and the ins and outs, as well as the victors were known only to the Indians. We could only admire their suppleness, powerful physique and fleetness of foot. The victors were escorted to their pueblo by the vanquished, chanting a dirge-like song to a drum accompaniment. The patron saint, San Geronimo, was next taken to the church where mass was said. Four Indian girls, dressed in white, carried the saint. Four Indians carried sticks, from the corners of which was stretched a white cloth. Under



KIT CARSON'S HOME.

pared for our week's stay. We found the little place packed with visitors many coming a longer distance than we, and we were 120 miles from home. The merchants prepare to do a thriving business, for within this one week is crowded all the business of the year. As I walked around the Plaza it reminded me of the Midway at the World's Fair.

The next day being San Geronimo Day, we started for the reservation, it being about two miles from the town. We spent some time bartering with the Indians for baskets, beads, pottery, etc., until time for the exercises to begin. The first was the Indian Runners, one house running against

this the girls walked so the sun should not shine on the saint. The same mode was used on the return, and then he would be placed in a box and laid away until another year. This saint is a wooden image about three feet high, and is held in great reverence by the Indians.

In front of one pueblo a pole about one hundred feet high was erected and a sheep, bag of cakes, melons, and bread fastened on top. The delight makers cause a great commotion when they come as they usually make it interesting for the crowd. They are the clowns and of all ludicrous scenes, it is an Indian trying to be funny. When they have made themselves as ridiculous as

possible, they pretend to have discovered the pole, and the one who reaches the top is entitled to the sheep. The other things he throws at the crowd below.

The war dance, a combination of weird antics, usually ends in the Indian performance, but the town people have attractions of various characters to entertain the guests for the remainder of the week.

We spent most of our time visiting the quaint old churches and places of note. Our rooms were in the house adjoining the old home of Kit Carson, the famous scout. It was abandoned but preserved as best it could. We went to the little cemetery where he lies buried beside his wife. On leaving, we met his old friend and comrade, Mr. Smith, who invited us home with him and gave us many interesting stories of his life and experiences while with Kit Carson. An unpretentious building was shown us as the one in which the second governor of New Mexico was beheaded by the Mexicans, at the time of their insurrection. The troops had to be called and on their arrival the Mexicans thinking they would be safe in a church, took their women and children into that historic old church whose ruins stand today as a monument over the many killed. The men refused to come out and the soldiers turned the cannon on the church, killing men, women and children. This church is over 300 years old. Years have passed since then, and time and the white man have wrought great changes among the Indians and Mexicans, but as one travels through these mountain wildernesses, even in this day, a creepy sensation is ever near and one almost hears the whiz of the Indian's tomahawk or feels the sting of the outlaw's bullet.

It was a tired party that finally turned their faces homeward, but one and all felt compensated by what they had seen and heard, yet were glad to return to civilization and the luxuries of modern living.

MRS. F. G. BOOMER.

Raton, N. M.

To Brother and Sister Goodwill on Their Twenty-fifth Wedding Anniversary.

Twenty-five years! How long they seem
To the young, who but of the future dream.
How short to those who backward cast
A retrospective view of the past.
And to you, it seems but a span since you stood
Before the holy man of God
And spoke those words which still endear
And bless, this quarter-century year.
You have had life's mingled hopes and fears,
Enjoyed life's sunshine, shed its tears,
But back as you view the years together
You count more pleasant than cloudy weather.

-And as you travel life's downward path,
May you find springing up as the aftermath
Pleasant thoughts of friends who have cheered
your way

And help brighten each stormy day;
Who come with greetings, warm and true,
And a wish that each day may bring to you
Only "silver" days, the brightest and best,
Till you reach the "golden" days of rest.

MRS. ROYAL CHENEY.

Inspection.

THE Inspector for Monumental Div., 128, Indianapolis, Ind., having found it impossible to meet with them on that date on account of a prior engagement, the Grand President authorized the writer to go to this Division and inspect its work. The day set apart for the inspection was beautiful. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather for almost the entire month, the day could not have been finer if the weather had been ordered along with the other nice things which were in evidence to contribute to the pleasure of the occasion. The sun did not shine more brightly than the genial faces of the Sisters, and to say their work was grand would fail to give you an idea of the perfection these Sisters have attained under the leadership of Sister Simms, their retiring President. At the close of the exercises of exemplifying the secret work of the order, a beautiful spoon was presented to the Inspector to remind her of the esteem in which she is held by the Sisters in Monumental Division and in commemoration of the pleasing event.

In the evening a social was held, to which all the members of the B. of L. E. Division were invited, as well as their wives, whether members of the Auxiliary or not. I was pleased to note the presence of many of the Brothers, who do not, as a rule, find much time for social affairs, and an elegant program was carried out, with music, singing and recitations, principally given by members of the families of the Sisters. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion with lovely cut flowers, palms and evergreens in abundance, the work of the Flower Queen of this Division, who never forgets her Sisters, and so generously bestows her gifts on every occasion. After the program was finished the Sisters served refreshments, which was an agreeable feature of the entertainment, and after which a social dance concluded the enjoyment of a day long to be remembered.

The next evening the Sisters arranged for a theater party in entertainment of their guest, and twelve Sisters, escorted by Brother Williams, spent a pleasant evening listening to the catchy songs and enjoying the comical scenes as depicted by the artists in this line. That it was thoroughly enjoyed from start to finish proved the truth of the old adage, "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the best of men," and likewise by his companions.

If I should undertake to tell you of all the pleasant social events that took place during my visit to the Sisters of Monumental Division, it would require too much space, and I should be "cut out" when going to the printer, so I will only say to those who are fortunate enough to receive an invitation from Div. 128, do not fail to accept it, for if you do you will miss one of the greatest pleasures of your life, as these Sisters never fail to show you a good time, and when it comes to entertaining they are the "whole thing." If only more of us were as unselfish and loyal to each other as the Sisters in this Division, what great good we could accomplish. With the hope that every Sister in the G. I. A. may realize this fact, and strive to live more in accordance with its grand principles, I am sincerely your Sister in F., L. & P.,

MRS. HARRY ST. CLAIR.

On March 17 I left home to inspect Divs. 32, 62, 65 and 57. Arriving at Conneaut I was met by the President and Past-President of the Division and taken to the home of Sister Culp, where I met several Sisters from Div. 217. We were then joined by the Sisters and their husbands, and all went to the hotel where we had a fine dinner.

In the afternoon I inspected Div. 32. This being a very small Division I must give it credit, as most of the time they have only enough to fill the chairs. A great many of the members live out of town. As far as could be with this number the ritual work was well done. In the evening Sister Culp entertained the Sisters and Brothers at her home.

March 18 I went to Collinwood, where I was entertained by Sister Clemens, President of Div. 62. She had it so arranged that we had a social meeting in the morning at their hall, and from there we went to dinner. This Division has 55 members and they exemplified the work perfect. In the evening Sister Clemens entertained at her beautiful home.

On March 20 I was in Cleveland and was entertained by Sister Ross, President of Div. 65, where a five o'clock tea was given in my honor. The ritual work was well done by Div. 65, which is a large and active Division. After the meeting the Sisters remained, when light refreshments and a social good time were indulged in until train time.

My last Division was 57, which is the banner Division in the number. They did fine ritual work. One thing that was very noticeable was that the officers memorized their parts of the ritual work. After the meeting we were entertained at the hall by the Sisters of Div. 57, and on Saturday evening at the home of Sister Garver.

I enjoyed the work very much, and am looking forward with great pleasure to our meeting and expect from promises given that the work will be still better next year.

MRS. R. T. PROCTOR, Inspector.

A New Division.

Div. 45, of Somerset, Ky., asks you to open the ranks and admit this new Division. Some of the wives of the engineers of this place thought they would try to have an Auxiliary, and succeeded in getting seventeen names for a charter. Sister J. R. Crittenden was sent to us as organizer, and we found her a lovely lady and a thorough organizer. We took two days to complete the work, and we hope soon to do as well as older Divisions. After the first day's work we held an inaugural ball, with ice-cream and cake for refreshments. All of the B. of L. E. Divisions were invited, but not many could be present on account of the runs. The second day we elected and installed the officers, and that evening we partook of the hospitality of Sister Dikeman, who gave a reception for Sister Crittenden, which was a treat to all. One of the pleasant features of our organization was a present from K. J. Collier of a handsome illustrated Bible with leather binding, which we greatly appreciate and hope to make use of for many years as an Auxiliary. Sister Peffer entertained the organizer during her stay in our city, and we are glad to know that Somerset has now a place in the list of G. I. A. Divisions. G. W. D.

Notes.

The pictures for cuts used this month were kindly furnished by Sister Boomer, of Raton, N. M., and Sister Wetmore, of Wadsworth, Nev.

Will the lady who writes to me in the interest of the G. I. A. from Cincinnati, and signs herself "Engineer's Wife," kindly send me her name and address, that I may answer letters.—EDITOR.

Division News.

COLUMBINE Div. 242, Basalt, Col., has not been heard from for some time, but we are still moving along. I was instructed by our President to give a little account of our social events for the past few months.

On New Year's Eve the members of Div. 242 gave a social dance, our families and friends participating. We netted a neat sum for our treasury and had a very pleasant evening, friends greeting one another with good wishes for the new year and the new century.

During February we had the pleasure of initiating two new members.

On March 18 our Inspector, Sister Hinchcliff, was with us. She was accompanied by Sister Cummings, both of Denver Div., 46. We were a little apprehensive, as it was our first inspection, and our members are few, making it more difficult to go through the work, but we felt that we passed fairly well, and derived much benefit from the instruction received from Sister Hinchcliff. We worked hard all the afternoon, after which the members and our visitors spent a social evening at my home. The next day was our regular installation of officers. Everything passed off harmoniously, and all seemed to be pleased to greet the new officers. I was made the happy recipient of a Past-President's pin, which I prize very highly.

On May 21 we celebrated our third anniversary. Invitations were sent to our Brothers of Div. 258, Leadville, and Div. 515, Basalt, also to the Firemen and families, to spend the evening with us at our Division room. A very nice supper was served, and a short program was rendered by the Engineers' little folks. All expressed themselves as having spent a pleasant evening, and went home wishing the G. I. A. many happy anniversaries.

Yours in F. L. & P.

MRS. W. P. BATES.

COLUMBUS Div., 116, Columbus, Ohio, has cause to rejoice at the good condition it finds itself in after a little more than a year of existence. Starting with eighteen members, and without a penny, it was some work to get all things to work with and pay hall rent. We went to work cheerfully and gave socials at the homes of our members, which were always successful. In a month's time we were able to buy officers' badges, ode cards, and also appointed officers' badges, and also had money to send a delegate to the convention. Our President gave the Division a patch-work quilt, and the Sisters met at her home every week and quilted it. When finished we sold tickets and raffled it off, realizing \$20.75. In April we raffled off a rag carpet, which we made, and cleared the neat sum of \$55. So now we have a treasury to be proud of and all debts paid.

In April, the Brothers and Sisters of Divs. 79 and 116 gave a surprise on the President at her home on St. Clair avenue in honor of her re-election, at which time she presented her with a hand-painted salad dish, Sister Sarah Knight making the presentation. The President accepted the gift with a few pleasant remarks, after which cream and cake were served.

We now have thirty members, and more to be initiated, so we feel that we are doing well.

I often think of the Sisters that I met in Milwaukee, and hope we may sometime meet again.

PRES., Div. 116.

We are anxious for the various Divisions of the G. I. A. to the B. of L. E. to know something about the good times we are having, so I will send a few lines for publication in the JOURNAL. Kenerson Div., 224, Worcester, Mass., was invited to attend a picnic at the home of Sister Goodwill, on June 5th. A large number of the members with their children started early in the morning. Sister Goodwill sent her coach to the station to meet us, and we enjoyed a straw ride from there to her

residence of about a mile. It did not take us long to discover that June 5 was her twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, so we went prepared for a jolly good time. Every moment of the day was pleasantly spent in music games, and sociability, even the children enjoyed themselves, which is becoming a thing of the past. We had nothing to mar our happiness. We had our pictures taken in various positions, and I am certain we will represent a jolly good crowd when they are finished. Dinner was served under the large trees upon the beautiful lawn in front of the house, all doing justice to the good things set before them. Supper was served in the spacious dining-room, with a few of the Brothers present. Sister Cheny presented Brother and Sister Goodwill with a silver pudding dish and bouquet of flowers in behalf of the order and read an original poem, which I send today. Brother and Sister Goodwill were surprised, as they supposed their anniversary had been carefully guarded from the G. I. A., but they soon found words to express their appreciation of the gifts. We returned to our homes late in the evening, pleased with our day's outing and longing for another soon to come.

MRS. D. M. WEATHERS, Sec.

As Div. 253, Philadelphia, Pa., is so very young, we cannot possibly have much to say, but we wish the sister Divisions to know that we are working, and think we are beginning in the right way. In order to become better acquainted with the wives of Div. 71, B. of L. E., to which we are Auxiliary, we gave a social in May, to which all were invited. It was a stormy night, but we had a good attendance, about seventy-five being present. Div. 71, B. of L. E., held its meeting that night, so we had all things arranged in the hall below. When their meeting was over we were most cordially welcomed in the Division room by the Chief Engineer, Brother Snyder. Remarks were made by several of the Brothers, and Sisters Hawson and Vandegrift, two good members of long standing from Div. 27, gave talks, in which they explained the objects of our order, which served to enlighten those who did not as yet belong to the Auxiliary. After this pleasant interchange of thought our President invited all to the dining room below, where the tables fairly groaned under the weight of good things placed thereon. All were merry around this festal board and a most pleasant evening was spent. We have taken in six new members since, and we hope to be an honor to the B. of L. E.

SEC., Div. 253.

Div. 87, Crewe, Va., wishes to make an appearance in the JOURNAL. Although we are not often heard from we are a fine Division. Our President who was elected at the time we organized has proved to be a good one, and we all enjoy our meetings. On June 11 we were visited by nineteen members from Divs. 222 and 228. After the work of the meeting we were served with refreshments at the home of Sister Berry. We greatly enjoyed the evening, especially the cakewalk by two of our visiting Sisters. The noble organization which brings us together on these pleasant occasions cannot fail to commend itself to the one who is acquainted with its purposes. Our duty is to minister to the sick, to cheer the despondent, to comfort the mourners. We should never listen to the cry of distress without trying to lessen the cause. As wives of a self-sacrificing class of men, we should do all in our power to make their lives happy and their burdens light. I sincerely hope that the future of the G. I. A. may be even more glorious than its past has been, and that our influence for good may be felt far and wide.

SEC., Div. 87.

Div. 171, Needles, Cal., is not heard from very often, but nevertheless we are an active little Division.

The past year has been a prosperous one, and has been made pleasant with social events, and a visit from our Grand Vice-President during the winter, which was enjoyable and instructive as well. The visit of our Inspector, Sister Ford, was full of interest, winding up with a picture of our Division and Sister Ford. Our last doings was to raffie off a beautiful tea cloth, worked by Sister Ireland. The lucky number was held by Sister Woolf. We have taken in fourteen new members since last September and two on transfer cards, with still another on the list. These additions will aid us greatly in our work. The warm weather is now with us and we will be quiet for a while, but will let you hear of us in the future.

PRES., Div. 171.

SISTER F. E. ALLEN, of Div. 74, Boone, Ia., was taken by surprise(?) Friday afternoon, June 14, by a large crowd of the Sisters, who took possession of her home for a few hours. After the usual conversation indulged in by ladies at a social gathering, ice-cream and cake were served. This gathering was in the nature of a farewell party, as Sister Allen will soon move to Lake City, where her husband has his headquarters as trainmaster. We are sorry to lose this Brother and Sister, as they have always taken a kindly interest in the welfare of the order. We wish them God-speed in their new home.

COR. SEC., Div. 74.

ONE of the most delightful events in the history of Div. 93, Dayton, Ohio, was the ball and euchre recently given by them in Hibernian Hall, the finest hall in the Gem City. Some of the Brothers of Div. 358 were untiring in their efforts to make the affair a success, which it proved to be beyond our fondest anticipations. The neat sum of \$200 was realized, and three-fourths of the net proceeds was presented to the B. of L. E. Div., 358, which proved to the Brothers what ladies can do when in earnest. We are few in numbers, but our Division is in good condition at present, and we hope to still improve it by the socials we intend giving at the homes of our members during the summer. With good wishes to all.

SEC., Div. 93.

DIV. 161, Toronto, Can., seeks the columns of the JOURNAL for two reasons. One is to tell of a nice time we had at a recent meeting, when we surprised our President, Sister Bouskill, by the Corresponding Secretary proceeding to make an elaborate speech and presenting her with a beautiful opal ring as a token of love from the Division. Sister Bouskill feelingly responded, evincing her surprise and extending her thanks. As Toronto is only a nice water ride from Buffalo, our second reason for writing is to extend a cordial invitation to all Sisters visiting the Exposition, who can make it convenient, to step on the boat and come over to Toronto and visit us in our Division room on any of our meeting days.

PATSY.

THE lawn social given on May 27 by Div. 84, Springfield, Mo., at the home of Brother and Sister Ed. Martin, on Clay street, was an entire success. The beautiful yard and lawn displayed a handsome variety of Japanese and railroad lanterns. The many tables over the spacious green lawn presented a very striking appearance, each one with a centerpiece of lovely roses. The Ladies' Auxiliary to the O. R. C. was well represented. The evening was spent pleasantly and socially. The phonograph was a pleasant pastime, too. Cake and cream were served by the social committee to about 150. It proved a success in every way.

OZARK.

At the regular meeting of Ozark Div. 83, B. of L. E., Springfield, Mo., on Monday night, May 20, the regular order of business was interrupted in a very pleasing way by a social visit from Div. 84, Ladies' Auxiliary to the B. of L. E. As soon as it was known that the Division had closed, the doors were opened, and to appropriate music the ladies entered in marching order and were seated. Sister Noleman, President of the Auxiliary, was escorted to the platform, and, after a short address of welcome by Chief Engineer Martin, she presented to the Division, on behalf of the Auxiliary, an elegant set of membership badges, after which ice-cream and cake were served by the ladies. The whole affair had been so adroitly planned that the Brothers were completely surprised, and the pleasure of the occasion greatly enhanced in consequence. In the general jollification and social good time that followed, the committee failed to get a list of the names of the visiting Sisters. On behalf of Div. 83, we take this means of returning sincerest thanks to our Sisters of the G. I. A. for this valuable and most pleasing reminder of their constant care for our comfort, welfare and good appearance.

CHARLES DUBUQUE,
C. E. HAMILTON,
A. H. TUCKER,
Committee.

THE members of Div. 38, Hoboken, N. J., celebrated two anniversaries in a very impromptu manner not long since. On one of our regular meeting days we were surprised to learn that it was the birthday of Sister Aislaben, and also the wedding anniversary of Sister Milligen; so we invited them over to Van Deestens ice-cream parlors, where we enjoyed ourselves and refreshments were served. We all wish them both many happy returns of the day.

Div. 38.

Some Other Day.

There are wonderful things we are going to do,
Some other day;
And harbors we hope to drift into,
Some other day,
With folded hands, the oars that trail,
We watch and wait for a favoring gale
To fill the folds of an idle sail,
Some other day.

We know we must toll if ever we win,
Some other day;
But we say to ourselves, there's time to begin
Some other day;
And so, deferring, we loiter on,
The strength of the hope we leaned upon,
Some other day.

And when we are old and our race is run,
Some other day;
We fret for the things that might have been done
Some other day;

We trace the path that leads us where
The beckoning hand of grim despair
Leads us yonder out of the there,
Some other day!

—Somerville Journal.

G. I. A. Voluntary Relief Association.

TOLEDO, O., Aug. 1, 1901.

To Division Insurance Secretaries, V. R. A.:

You are hereby notified of the death of the following members of the Association, and for the payment of these claims you are ordered to collect 75 cents from each member holding one policy, and \$1.50 from each member holding two policies, providing, however, that no one be assessed on a policy if the application for said policy was dated later than June 30:

ASSESSMENT No. 38.

Died June 14, 1901. Sister A. M. Lemmons, aged 78, of Div. 203, McMechen, W. Va. Cause of death, paralysis of the heart. Admitted March 8, 1893. Held two policies, No. 1563 payable to Jane Fitzgerald and Ellie Lemmons, daughters; No. 1564, payable to Ellie Lemmons, daughter.

ASSESSMENT No. 39.

Died June 14, 1901. Sister Ellen Davison, aged 70, of Div. 232, Buffalo, N. Y. Cause of death, paralysis of the heart. Admitted March 23, 1896. Held two policies, Nos. 3301 and 3302, payable to Mrs. Ellen Carter, daughter.

ASSESSMENT No. 40.

Died June 20, 1901. Sister Martha A. Caldwell, aged 56, of Div. 111, Martinsburg, W. Va. Cause of death, obstruction of the bowels. Admitted May 15, 1900. Held one policy, No. 6460, payable to J. W. Caldwell, husband.

ASSESSMENT No. 41.

Died June 25, 1901. Sister M. C. Linehan, aged 60, of Div. 65, Cleveland, Ohio. Cause of death, cancer. Admitted March 5, 1894. Held one policy, No. 2261, payable to Dasie Linehan, daughter.

ASSESSMENT No. 42.

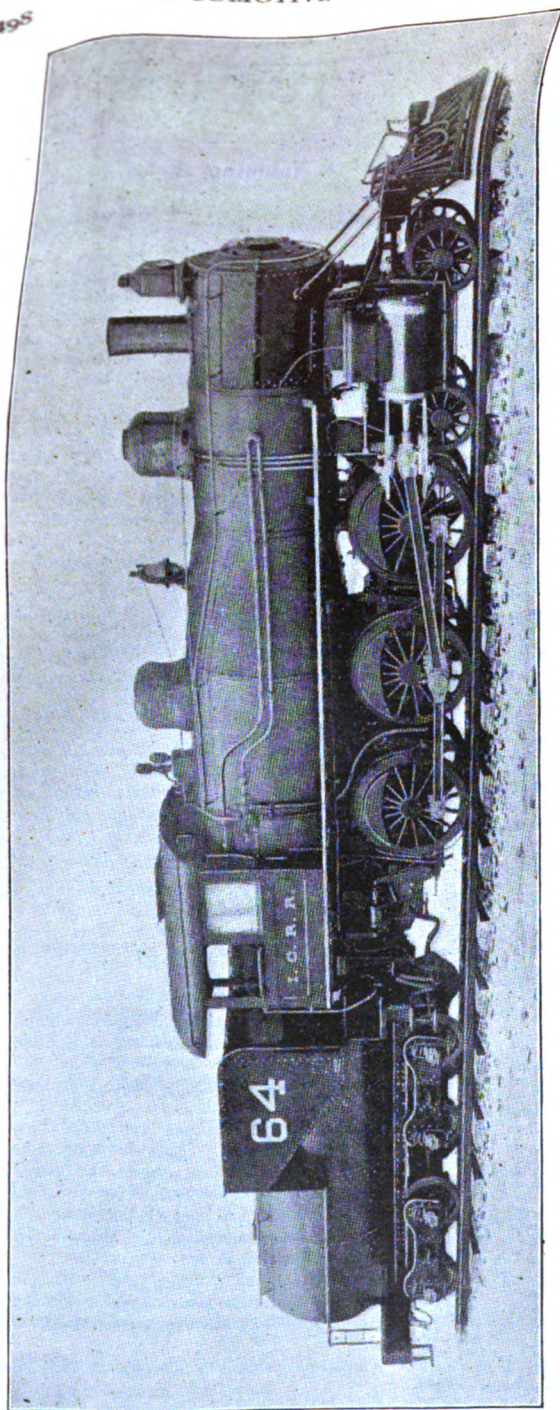
Died July 6, 1901. Sister Angelina Vandergrift, aged 57, of Div. 141, Phillipsburg, N. J. Cause of death, consumption. Admitted June 10, 1894. Held one policy, No. 2519, payable to James Vandergrift, husband.

Members will pay their Insurance Secretary on or before August 31, 1901, or pay a fine of 10 cents on each policy. Insurance Secretaries must remit to the General Secretary and Treasurer on or before Sept. 10, 1901, or forfeit membership. Assessments Nos. 41 and 42 will be paid from the Death Assessment Fund.

Members in good standing July 1, 1901, nineteen hundred and eighty-one carrying one policy, thirteen hundred and sixty-four carrying two policies.

All claims are paid in full—\$500 on each policy.

MRS. GEO. WILSON, Pres. V. R. A.
MARY L. ROBERTSON, Gen'l Sec'y and Treas.



AMONG THE LOCOMOTIVES AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION.

The locomotive here represented was built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works for the Illinois Central Railroad. The boiler and tender are of special construction, embodying the inventions of Cornelius Vanderbilt, M. E.

The firebox is cylindrical in form, with annular corrugations, after the form of the well-known Fox furnaces, as used in marine practice. It is suspended within the cylindrical shell of the boiler with its axis eccentric to that of the boiler, in order to allow suitable steam space above the crown. The principal point of suspension is at the rear, where it is riveted to the back head of the boiler; it is also supported at the bottom by the reinforcing rings around the openings provided for cleaning the furnace—otherwise the firebox is entirely disconnected from the outer shell.

By this construction all the flat surfaces ordinarily encountered in a locomotive boiler are eliminated, and the use of staybolts and crown bars, necessary to such flat surfaces, is entirely avoided.

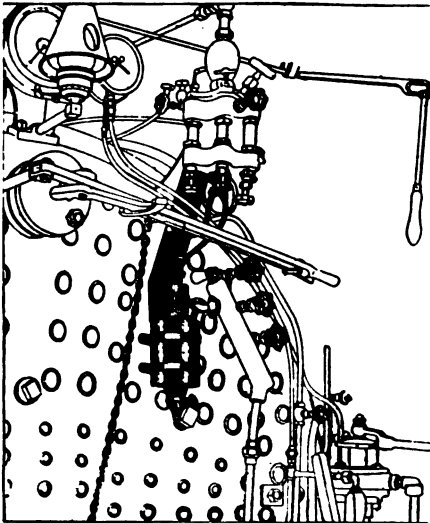
Technical.

A Filling Device for Sight Feed Lubricators.

Patented July 10, 1900. Can put any quantity of oil in lubricator, from one drop to its full capacity, at any time, and without closing steam, water or feed valves, and without draining or decreasing pressure in lubricator.

An auxiliary cup placed beneath the lubricator by a block connection with two passage-ways through it, with a valve in each, with a tube connecting to the bottom of one of the passage-ways and extending to the bottom of the auxiliary to carry the water down underneath the oil when the valves are open. The water being the heavier, will raise the oil up through the other passage-way to the lubricator.

If the lubricator is located on the boiler head in such a manner that the auxiliary cannot be connected by the block direct, the auxiliary may be placed in any convenient place on the boiler head and pipe connection made, as shown in cut.



The attachment is connected to the lubricator by simply removing the drain cock and screwing connection in its place.

Direction for filling: Close valves between auxiliary and lubricator and fill auxiliary in usual manner. If it is desired

to only put in a small quantity of oil, draw water from auxiliary equal to the amount of oil to be used.

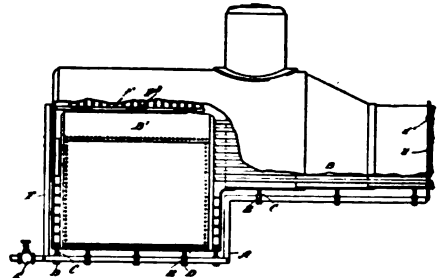
It is not necessary to close the feed or in any way molest the operation of the lubricator while filling.

Do not drain the auxiliary until it is desired to fill, in order that you may be able to draw out the amount of water that it is desired to replace with oil.

F. E. Allen and A. F. Finch, Patentees, members of Div. 6, Boone, Ia.

An Improved Boiler Attachment.

The invention illustrated in the accompanying cut represents an improved boiler attachment more especially designed for the collection and removal of sediment; the attachment being simple and durable in construction, very effective in action, and readily applicable to locomotives and portable and stationary boilers, although more particularly designed for locomotive boilers, to one of which I have shown it applied in the accompanying cut.



The improved boiler attachment is provided with a pipe-line A arranged under the boiler B and supported therefrom by hollow supports C, which also serve to connect the interior bottom portion of the boiler with the pipe A, so that any sediment sinking to the bottom of the boiler can pass out of the supports into the pipe-line A and accumulate therein and be blown out therefrom from time to time. The pipe-line is made rectangular under the fire-box portion of the boiler, the supports running from this rectangular portion to the water compartment or legs of the fire-box part of the boiler. A single branch extends under the forward part of

the boiler, and this branch is likewise connected by supports with the boiler shell. The rectangular front or end of the pipe-line A is provided with two upwardly-extending branch pipes F, having horizontal extensions F¹ passing to the interior of the boiler directly over the crown-sheet B¹, the extensions F¹ having slots or openings F² to permit the sediment at this part of the boiler to pass into the extensions, and from the same, by way of branch pipes F, into the pipe-line A. The latter is provided at one end with a blow-off valve G, and the other end is connected by a steam-pipe H having a valve H¹ with the steam compartment of the boiler, so that when the valves G and H are open, the steam passing from the boiler into the pipe-line forces all sediment accumulated therein out of the pipe by way of the open valve G. It will further be seen that when the sediment is forced through the pipe in the manner described, a suction is created in the supports C, so that any sediment remaining in the bottom portion of the boiler is readily drawn through the supports into the pipe-line and forced out of the same by the action of the steam.

The inventor of the above is Bro. Chas. W. Sommer, member of Div. 99, patent on which was granted July 18, 1899. Brother Sommer has been an energetic worker of the B. of L. E. as delegate for Div. 225, and on committee work. He is desirous of disposing of his patent or arranging for royalties. Residence, Aberdeen, Miss., Box 112.

An Explanation of Side Rod Proposition.

ANGEL'S CAMP, CAL., July 8, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Speaking of the disconnecting of side rods in the June number of the JOURNAL, perhaps I should have said that a reasonably safe retention of the rods on one side after taking down disabled side rods on the lame side of a mogul would depend on the good condition of crank pins, true diameters of drivers, close keying of brasses, and unslippery rails at starting point. One must exercise judgment and care in all breakdowns, especially when proceeding (to save time and expense) even under the most favorable conditions, in defiance of time-honored custom, which may not be disregarded without getting him into trouble if any damage is done through failure of an unpopular experiment. If all the rods were removed from one side of a locomotive, it surely wouldn't be absolutely necessary to disconnect side rods on the other side, since steam power could not slip and lock main drivers on the centers of that side, nor slip them on the quarters without slipping the other drivers in concert. It is wise to keep on the side of absolute safety;

but to cripple a good side by taking down its side rods when the conditions are favorable to leaving them up, would seem to be a waste of time followed by a loss of driving utility. The only trouble that would threaten an engine under headway with both main rods in action and minus side rods on one side only, might occur if the main drivers happened to strike a couple of greasy rails and turned faster than the others at the moment crank pins on able side were passing the center. The same trouble may happen to a sound engine, however, if her main wheels are doing all the driving on account of too much lost motion in side rods. FRED. W. CLOUGH.

Broken or Stuck Valves.

DALLAS, TEX., July 3, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Having been a reader of your JOURNAL for a long time I would like to find out through its columns how to distinguish the difference between a broken or stuck discharge valve or receiving valve in an air pump.

W. W. WARD.

How He Did It.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., July 7, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I see in July number Bro. W. J. Bissounet wants to know how he did it; that is, filled a dead engine boiler with water.

He plugged relief valves, screwed down plugs over overflow valves on injectors, kept cylinder cocks shut, and reverse lever down in quadrant and engine's throttle open while engine was being towed in. The boiler was filled from tank by suction from engine cylinder packing through steam pipes and boiler, water coming through feed pipes, injectors and branch pipes to boiler and through injector steam pipes, if he had ram valve open of injectors.

C. T. HARDMAN, Div. 156.

The Way He Did It.

FORT WAYNE, IND., July 3, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In reply to Bro. W. J. Bissounet's question, I would say that he filled the boiler by atmospheric pressure, the cylinders acting as air pumps, pumping the air out of the boiler and producing a vacuum. This was done by plugging up the whistle and relief valves in steam chests, closing the overflow valves, opening the steam and water valves on injector and opening the engine throttle, and reversing lever in full gear in the direction the engine is going; atmospheric pressure will then force the water from the tank into the boiler. The piston rings and everything around the boiler must be air-

tight, or else sufficient vacuum cannot be formed.

Yours truly,
F. L. DAVIS, Div. 12.

Economy in Fuel.

At the late Master Mechanics' Convention, held in Saratoga, N. Y., the question of fuel economy had quite a large place in the discussion, but we believe no special rules were adopted. There were two devices on exhibition, however, that received much attention from members in attendance. The Railway Fuel Company had on exhibition the Bates fire door. The device is the invention of F. L. Bates, Master Mechanic of the Southern Pacific at San Francisco. The essential features of the door are two deflectors projecting downwardly into the firebox, one from the upper part of the door and the other below the center line. The door, moreover, is in two sections, upper and lower, and the former ordinarily remains open. The effect of this arrangement is to compel firing in small quantities at short intervals, and a brick arch is required. On the Southern Pacific and elsewhere, says the *Railway Age*, the Bates door has given the highest satisfaction for comfort and economy.

The other was the Kincaid locomotive stoker, manufactured by the Day-Kincaid Stoker Co., of Cincinnati, O. One of these machines was in operation in the court, and gave an ocular demonstration of the regularity with which fuel can be placed in the firebox, as well as the uniformity of its distribution over the surface of the fire. It consists of a small engine operating a couple of worms by which the fuel is carried forward to the fire-door and a ram throws it in at regular intervals. The spraying and distribution of the fuel is accomplished by a deflector just beneath the point of entrance. A superintendent of motive power who had experimented with the device, in commenting on it, said that it would use fuel and maintain an evenness of fire and steam pressure under the heaviest consumption in a way that no hand firing could possibly rival.

American vs English Locomotives.

"The fact about the relative fuel economy of American and English locomotives is made tolerably clear in a letter published by an officer of the Baldwin Locomotive Works. As usual in matters of controversy, there is some truth on both sides, and," says the *Pittsburg Dispatch*, "the American locomotives do consume more coal than the English locomotives and exert greater power with it. The Englishmen have found them uneconomical because they set them to drawing loads beneath their power. That it would be a waste of

power to set a great cart horse to drawing a donkey cart, and yet that the great cart horse is better for pulling great loads the English have long ago learned; but they have not yet got so far as to apply the deduction to railway traffic. When the British railways get to hauling freight trains consisting of fifty cars, of forty to fifty tons to each car, they may understand the economy of American locomotives. But when they set these monster locomotives to hauling goods wagons of the type which an American railway man once referred to as 'strawberry boxes,' it is not surprising if they find the engines burn too much of the high-priced British coal."

A writer to a London trade paper, who is evidently an engineer and a member of the A. S. R. S., and no doubt states the real truth, says:

SIR: If it is correct, as stated by "More Pressure"—and there is no reason to doubt it—that the American (Midland) engines were intended to take 50 loads of coal from Toton to London, it would seem that very effective steps have been taken to prevent it by taking from them 20 pounds of pressure. If the directors knew this was being done, why did they allow it? Possibly, however, a very plausible story was put forward as to the necessity for doing so, and he, or they, who advised it may comparatively be to the directors what the Grand Visier is to the Sultan of Turkey. The captain of a ship will generally have his own way, even against the advice of the crew, who may have warned him he is steering towards rocks. Similar conduct on the part of Admiral Tyron lost the *Victoria*, and hundreds of lives. Of course it is right there should be a "head." It is an absolute necessity; but if that head would keep pace with the times, he must recognize and adopt all the improvements, albeit he may have had no hand or voice in their introduction. It is awkward for all if he won't, and especially is it embarrassing to his employers. At present the Midland is not in favor of "high pressure;" yet they want plenty of work out of their engines; too much, in fact, with the present pressure. In the past it was impossible to "run" to the time book with the loads, and now four more have been added. Apparently, this is because the American engines can drag a much heavier load than the Midland, although the former are deprived of 20 pounds. Thus, weakening the American, and raising the loads of the Midland a tricky attempt is made to prove "equality." But it should not succeed, and if made to appear so, is none the less a neat bit of trickery work that should deceive nobody, especially those who "pay the piper." Give the Americans their proper pressure, 180 pounds, and fair play, no matter what offense it may give to one or more individuals, and, depend upon it, the Midland-built ones must have more to drag and keep time with the extra load just put on, and also to keep pace with the American engines. As "More Pressure" says, the cylinders are large enough; what is needed is more pressure. I cannot understand how it is piston valves can be a failure, seeing when steam is on the lever can be moved so much easier than with the ordinary slide valves. As there would thus seem to be less friction, engines should run more free, and with less coal.

Yours, etc., LIVE AND LEARN.

Pleasantries.

TRUTH AT A DISCOUNT.—“I suppose,” he began as he entered a railroad ticket office—“I suppose you sell tickets to New York?”

“Certainly, sir,” was the reply.

“You have a direct line?”

“We have, sir.”

“It is the only direct line?”

“It is.”

“It is down on the map as the only direct line?”

“As you see, sir,” replied the agent as he opened a folder.

“Y-e-s, I see. You land passengers in New York ahead of all competing lines, of course?”

“Of course.”

“Luxurious coaches—no dust—finest dining cars—scenery unexcelled?”

“Yes, sir.”

“By taking your line I avoid delays and reduce the chances of accidents to a minimum?”

“Yes sir, you do. Have a ticket to New York over our line, sir?”

“Can’t say yet. I’m going to see five other agents, each with the shortest and most direct line, and if I can find a liar among the six I’ll take it over his road!”
—*Detroit Free Press.*

HE DIDN’T WANT TO SEE IT.—“My doctor is a real joker,” said a lady. “I didn’t know that my talking bothered him when he was writing prescriptions until yesterday. He never mentioned it, and I always asked him all sorts of questions while he was writing them out. Yesterday he examined me, and sat down to write something. I kept talking. Suddenly he looked up and said:

“‘How has your system been? Hold out your tongue.’”

“I put out that member, and he began to write. He wrote, and I held out my tongue, and when he got through he said:

“‘That will do.’”

“‘But,’ said I, ‘you haven’t looked at it.’”

“‘No,’ said he. ‘I didn’t care to. I only wanted to keep it still while I wrote the prescription.’”

WEATHER NOTES FROM BILLVILLE.—We rise with the thermometer now—not with the lark.

The sun has barbecued the cattle on a thousand hills.

This is the time when you can’t possibly appreciate the melting notes of the mocking-bird.

The mayor’s celluloid cuffs caught fire yesterday and burnt down the town hall.

Several candidates got overheated yesterday while running for office.

We don’t go to church these hot days. We simply look at the thermometer and fall to praying.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

WON WITHOUT TRYING.—A minister was one day walking along a road, and to his astonishment he saw a crowd of boys sitting in front of a ring with a small dog in the center. When he came up to them he put the following question, “What are you doing to the dog?”

One little boy said: “Whoever tells the biggest lie wins it.”

“Oh,” said the minister, “I am surprised at you little boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie.”

There was silence for awhile, till one of the boys shouted, “Hand him up the dog!”—*Tid-Bits.*

GOOD PRICES.—Prodigal son (just returned from the Alaskan gold fields): “What are you getting for apples, dad?”

Farmer: “Nothin’, yet. I’m asking fifty cents a bushel.”

“Fifty cents! You’d get fifty dollars if you had them at the Klondike.”

“Yes. And I’d get five hundred dollars for a glass of water if I had it in hell.”
—*Short Stories.*

ANOTHER DEFINITION.—Johnny: “Ma, what is a grass widow?”

Ma: “It is a woman whose husband is engaged in the business of sowing wild oats.”—*Boston Transcript.*

EXPERIENCE A WISE TEACHER.—A pious old lady recently sent as a silver wedding present a pair of flat irons, a rolling-pin, and a motto worked on cardboard, reading, “Fight on.”—*Ex.*

FORWARDED.—“He has been dead two years, and today I received a bill against him with the request to forward it.”

“Why, what did you do with it?” “Put it in the fire.”—*Life.*

A SKUNK broke up a Christian Science meeting in Georgia. The leader was unable to convince his followers that they only imagined they smelt something.—*Denver Post.*

TOMMY: “Pop, what is a willful waste?”
Tommy’s Pop: “The kind you can’t get your arm around. Sh-h-h! Here comes your mother.”

DIDN’T KNOW HIS DESTINATION.—“And where is your husband, Mrs. Raggles?” “I dunno; he’s gone, sir.” “You don’t know where he’s gone?” “No, sir, he died last year.”—*St. Paul’s.*

THE JOURNAL.

Published monthly, 307 Society for Savings Bldg.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CHARLES H. SALMONS, - Editor and Manager.

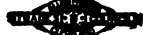
Address matter for publication — Correspondence, Technical and Link Departments; name and address of Outside Subscribers; name and address of Initiated and Reinstated Members, Transfers, Withdrawals, Expulsions, Suspensions, Special Notices, Obituaries, and changes in Division Addresses — to C. H. SALMONS, S. G. E., Editor JOURNAL.

No reading space will be sold for advertising purposes under any circumstances.

All money matters should be addressed to T. S. INGRAHAM, F. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg. Send New York or Chicago draft, Express money order or Postal order, but never send personal check, it is useless.

Changes in Address of the JOURNAL subscribers and orders for Division supplies should be addressed to D. EVERETT, T. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg.

Advertising Department matter and all correspondence relating thereto should be addressed to W. N. GATES, 409 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.



AUGUST, 1901.

Self Defense.

Human nature has been educated out of some of its rough and uncouth demonstrations of selfishness, yet, to our mind, the inherent self has remained nearly the same since Adam. The ancients depended upon force—

"He may take who hath the power,
He may keep who can."

We see much of this disposition now, but personal pride and public sentiment have greatly modified the belligerent manner of obtaining what human nature covets. There is more stratagem employed. The public, with one voice, concede that the law should be obeyed, and if the law when applied proves to be oppressive and unjust to the majority, that it should be modified. But when the law is conceded to be just and in the interest of the masses, then stratagem is resorted to—not to deceive, but to evade statutory law. For instance: The Southwestern Pooling arrangement by several railroads was declared in violation of the law and dissolved; the Pipe Trust, composed of six corporations, which entered into an agreement, dividing the territory of the United States among themselves, and by which they had arranged to

fix prices to suit themselves, was dissolved, Justice Peckham, of the United States Supreme Court, declaring this combination in restraint of trade and unlawful, and now comes the stratagem of swapping stocks and bonds, and becoming one instead of six factions, and nothing more is done toward the dissolution of a combination that accomplishes in every particular just what the six did, which was declared illegal. These strategic movements to evade the antitrust law have now been carried to an extreme of capitalization that astonishes the world. The power of this great concentration of wealth is such that many laws which have been enacted for the benefit of some large factor of the people but are in the way of the trusts, are pronounced unconstitutional by some judge who evidently fears the power of capital more than the opinions of the people. In the application of law property has a much larger place than humanity.

There are no injunctions against unjust conditions fixed by employers. The law concedes them the right to offer but 50 cents for \$2 worth of work, and if they can find labor sufficiently starved to accept the conditions there is no legal redress, either for those who perform the service or for other laborers who are compelled by force of circumstances to enter into competition with such labor, and mean conditions so productive of illiteracy, beggary and undesirable citizenship.

Miss Nellie Mason Austin, after investigating the sweatshops in Chicago for the University of Chicago, paints a horrible picture of human depravity and inhuman conditions brought about by unrestricted competition among employers who look only at the business side of the proposition, and forget conscience, if they ever possessed one. Her report is very long, and there is a wail of woe in every word of it, but we will quote but one paragraph, which will be sufficient—imagination can easily supply the rest. She says:

One Italian woman worked ten hours a day, six days in the week, and made 40 cents per week (a rate of two-thirds of a cent an hour!), and she could make \$2 a year. Another woman, a pants finisher, worked eleven hours per day and made 30 cents a week. Many of the workers made less

than a dollar a week; many more were earning less than \$100 a year, and in many families the whole income was from \$100 to \$200.

It is certainly an unpleasant thought that there should be any sort of human being under the flag of our great country who must work at such wages, and feed and clothe themselves out of a pittance so mean that immorality and theft are the natural results of the hunger and beggary of those subject to it.

This is the extreme result of the doctrine of supply and demand when applied to human affairs. There are many employers who know the real meaning of the Golden Rule and would willingly apply it, but that is impossible when they are competitors of the conscienceless employer, and he is forced to get his profit, as does his competitor, through the impoverishment of those who produce what he sells.

Laboring people are not all fools, and the more wisdom they possess the more they see the necessity of some force to compel decent concessions, and to do so they must do as employers do, join forces, organize themselves into a defensive and aggressive force to such an extent that they will be in a condition to demand better things, but they have no standing in law. The employer must do them bodily injury by violence before he becomes amenable. The employer can make any sort of combination for the control of both the producing and selling price of a commodity, and there are no injunctions. But men who have nothing but labor to sell, and who resort to the only known means of controlling the market for their labor, that of organizing, and when necessary proselyting among those who are not members, are subject to injunction by the court, and to an extreme that prevents them from rendering any assistance to those who have quit the service of an employer, or feeding the starving to keep them from the necessity of accepting the conditions offered by the employer.

We feel that we have painted the extreme of this undesirable though true condition of things, but we do not do so as a pessimist. On the contrary, we are classed among the optimists. We entertain no jealous feelings towards those who have

succeeded better than we, and do not believe all rich men, all employers and all judges are scoundrels, but we do believe that the many who would willingly do as they would be done by, cannot because of the few without conscience, and that some power must compel these few to move up to a higher moral plane, and to grant conditions that will eradicate the impoverishing influences they exert, that those who labor may have means of health-giving food, respectable clothing, reasonable opportunity for education, when every tendency will be toward better citizenship, less prisons, and less poorhouses. And we believe that regardless of injunctions, the bias of courts and the influence of trusts the day for a better adjustment of these conditions will come, though blood be shed. We believe the oldest constitution in the world will be preserved, but readjusted so as to have in it something upon which judges can find ground to base judgments that involves a moral right as well as a financial one.

The Court.

It is presumed that judges who are chosen by appointment, or who are elected by the people, are while acting in such capacity above personal bias, and that their decisions will be based upon statutory law, and that every factor in human affairs will receive equal justice before the law. And because of this presumed position of courts they are generally honored with the confidence of the public. But we are sorry to feel that a close scrutiny of the decisions rendered, makes it quite difficult for one to retain his faith and continue to pay homage to those who define law as well as the court itself which, we have a right to assume, is an unbiased factor and a just arbitrator of the legal rights of man.

How long can the public retain faith and pay homage to courts which go to the extreme of the injunctions recently issued by two Cleveland judges, enjoining strikers from every sort of act, and in practice enjoins the union men from even talking to a non-union man, as the fact of approaching them might be defined as intimidation.

A judge in New York during the strike

of the cigarmakers, the employer being his brother-in-law, enjoined the strikers from collecting assessments to assist their fellow workmen. And a judge in Kentucky goes still further and enjoins strikers from collecting dues and assessments and even enjoins them from giving food to striking members of the union.

But this is not the extreme. In Chicago, on May 17, by a decision of Judge Baker, blacklisting is declared legal. The court says employers have a right to act in concert and protect themselves against strikers. The decision was in the case of Annie Condon, who was refused employment by stock yards packers after she had struck from work for Libby, McNeil & Libby.

If the employer has a right to act in concert with other employers to protect themselves against those who demand better wages and have a right to blacklist and boycott those who make the demand, we should like to know upon what theory a judge can consistently enjoin laboring men from exercising the same rights in an effort to protect or better their financial interests.

But judges do not all agree, as will be seen by the following decision in a Chicago court: In the case of the Danker & Williams company to restrain a former workman, H. G. Vance, from working for others, Judge Dunne held that an injunction restraining a workman from seeking other employment even when he is under contract to work for certain persons was illegal.

"In the judgment of this court," said Judge Dunne, "it is against public policy to force an unwilling servant to work for his master or an unwilling master to keep a servant after their relations to each other have become strained and distasteful."

Now, we do not wish to convey the idea that judges are dishonest, but we do think that very many of them are unable to rise above personal opinion and individual prejudice and conduct the business of the courts on neutral lines. They give the employers a right to congregate, and by concert of action to intimidate and by the blacklist forever ruin the prospects of the laborer who comes within their displeasure

by acting in concert with others to secure fair wages and fair treatment.

We believe it will be found somewhat difficult to continue our faith in the honest administration of justice by our courts with such decisions as the above before us, and we presume that Judge Baker will say like the two Cleveland judges: "Men cannot learn too soon or too thoroughly that in this country of America a freedom of action that does not encroach upon the rights of others is absolutely guaranteed."

That seems to depend upon whose rights are jeopardized.

It seems that judges are like other men having their share of selfishness and prejudice, and though we expect from them greater intellectual power and that they will rise above and beyond personal bias, but we must confess that the public are many times grievously disappointed.

The only cure that we can see rests in a molded public sentiment so much in in harmony and so well known that even judges will not dare disrespect it in the interest of some small factor, even though personal interests would suggest favoring the few, who, having much, may perhaps be more desirable friends.

Violence Deprecated.

We frequently hear people try to discuss the labor question, their whole argument being confined to condemning violence, as though violence was one of the inherent principles of the law governing the organizations, and those who compose it of a degraded, brutal nature, and lacking in the finer attributes they accord to the employing class. It is an attempt to discuss a question they know little about—a hobby-horse that anyone can ride and discuss because of its narrow limits. But the labor question is a large one, and those who desire that right shall prevail will be slow in placing all the responsibility for violence upon one and the same factor under all circumstances. We have been associated with organized effort for the past twenty-five years, and have been a close student of events, of the law that governs most of these associations, and of human

character in all classes, and we feel safe in saying that very few, if any, can be found among English-speaking members of American labor organizations who do not deprecate violence, and the law governing the B. of L. E. in particular strictly prohibits every violation of written or moral law, and contains many ethical lessons that would improve the character and moral tone of some of the injunction judges if they would read them and follow them.

But there are conditions frequently met with which turn the tide, when passion rules, but is it always labor societies? Frequently mobs gather from various causes, when the farmer, the mechanic, the lawyer, and even the preacher form the common whole, and do deeds of violence even to the destruction of life, and in disobedience of both written and moral law. A year ago in July, said the Associated Press, "the minority stockholders of the American Steel and Wire Company at Joliet, Ill., smashed in the doors where the majority stockholders were holding a meeting, and under the leadership of Colonel Bennett, with cane upraised, they charged upon the majority and drove them off the premises." They evidently felt that they had a grievance, and, failing to get a hearing, lost their tempers. They were all millionaires.

If one stops to think which class is most obedient to common law (we qualify American citizens), we do not believe it will take long to conclude that it is that class usually designated as the middle class—those who really do the work in every productive field. They not only comply with the law, but they are the safeguard of their country, and battle to the death for it when in danger; and whenever they are actuated by violent motives, there is sure to be a cause. There is always more than one belligerent where there is a fight, and when organized labor gets into one it is because they have a grievance, and in presenting it they have met a belligerent employer who will neither listen, concede nor agree to submit the question of difference to disinterested parties. They stand on their presumed right under the law "to run their business in their own way," and

regardless of public good. The injunction judge sustains them in it, and without ever questioning the employer's right to fix conditions that are inhuman and lead to immorality and the degradation of society. We do not wish to imply that this is always the condition, but if it were it would make no difference. The judge falls back on the "freedom of contract," wherein the employer is free to offer conditions for service and the employee is free to accept them.

Now, we concede that this is good law, but it is out of tune with present conditions. The law of freedom of contract is all one-sided. Employers are allowed to combine, great trusts are formed, and the market for labor is narrowed down from many employers to a few, and the employees of these great establishments are confronted with three conditions: accept what is offered, regardless of the conditions fixed; refuse it, remain idle, and let others accept who are forced from want to accept, or combine forces for the purpose of having a voice in the conditions under which they shall serve.

Now, they are usually allowed to combine through organization and are undisturbed until they undertake to put it to use just as combinations of capital do, in an effort to control the market sufficiently to insure reasonable living conditions, but they have no standing under the law, even a moral right to be heard is not conceded. The injunction or state forces do all in their power to negative the laborer's efforts to control the market for his wares,—labor. The employer is sustained by law in hunting the slums of creation for laborers to take the men's places without regard to their moral character or mechanical ability. Any kind of a substitute will do to use in breaking the force of combined labor, and when men whose future is deeply involved in the success or failure of their effort for better conditions becomes endangered, through others taking their places if they cannot be proselyted, there is a natural enmity and men who labor, like the American Steel and Wire Trust magnates, above alluded to, are likely to lose their tempers and do violence, and as much or more to the regret of those who compose the organization than to any

other class. Nature asserts itself whenever the provocation is sufficient.

If the theory of non-interference with the rights of the employer, whatever conditions he may fix for those who serve, whether morally right or not, is correct, then the American people were wrong in interfering with Spain because she fixed undesirable conditions. It is as reasonable to say to the Cubans, if you do not like the conditions, why do you not go elsewhere, as it is to say to the American laborer, if you do not like your job, quit? Not having any means to go with, they both make their best efforts to better their conditions where they are, and on the same principles that actuated those who through demands contrary to law compelled King John to grant the Magna Charta. Everybody deprecates violence, but we cannot be blind to the fact that violence is incident to nearly every advance movement that involves liberty for the masses and higher moral and social attainments for the people as a whole.

We believe the public need not be surprised if the injunction issued by Judge Gager, of the Superior Court at Derby, Conn., which involves the denial of free speech, organizes another "Tea Party," and that the party will be made up of other classes of American citizens as well as the machinists enjoined. "Mayor Jones, of Toledo, says the whole country feels contempt for the courts," and he is by no means alone in that thought.

Will this usurpation find a peaceful cure? If it arouses the passion of the people without regard to occupation to a condition of violence, who is to blame? Must labor stand the odium? The peaceful solution of unjust injunctions lies, we believe, in the election by the people of every judge of every district court, and make them feel responsible for their conduct to the people who elevated them to their positions, instead of their being obligated to a few who possess influence enough with the appointing power to secure place for them.

Reform in this matter must come, and if not from peaceful means, from some other. The public will not stand still and have their natural liberties, even to free speech,

placed in jeopardy without an effort to effect a cure, and violence may attend it, however much we may deprecate violence.

The Effect of Unionism.

On July 15, the 4,500 employees of the National Tube Company at McKeesport were notified of an advance in wages of 10 per cent. The men are not organized, but the Amalgamated Association was making efforts to induce them to join the union. Several months ago the men demanded a 10 per cent advance, but were refused. On the morning of the 15th a committee waited on Manager Crawford and insisted upon the increase. He was unable to give an immediate answer, but a short time later the officials gave out a statement granting the advance.

No sane person will contend that this advance was not the direct result of organization, though these men were not members. They, however, took advantage of a presumption that they would join the Amalgamated Association if the advance was not granted. Besides, it is a fact that needs no proof that every man working in the steel mills, whether member or not, is obtaining advantages created by the Amalgamated Organization of Steel Workers, and this condition follows in every line of work where organization has gained strength sufficient to exercise an influence over the supply of that class of workmen.

We do not commend all the demands made by organized labor. Some are unquestionably excessive, and run into lines that practically request the employer to become an organizer. We do not believe an employer has any moral right to deny to his employee the privilege of joining a labor society. Neither do we believe that a labor society has a moral right to demand that the employer compel every employee to join a labor society. There can be no question that every workman who receives the benefits accruing from organized effort should become a member and furnish his share of the moral force, and pay his share of the cost; but we believe that the employees should do the proselyting and induce the workmen to join the order.

However, we believe every aggressive movement for the betterment of humanity, every moral effort and very many financial efforts on the large scale now prevalent are fraught with mistakes. The temperance movement, that carries with it distinction we believe a mistake, and one who can defend such a practice will find great difficulty in presenting valid reasons why labor organizations are wrong in demanding that every workman in steel mills belong to the Amalgamated Association, which through its influence has benefited all workmen in those mills, and the question as to whether the Amalgamated Association in its demands upon the steel trust has exceeded the demands of the steel trust upon the public by virtue of its destruction of competition, is a question that seems to us quite difficult of solution. We believe that whoever concedes a right to the trust to destroy competition and denies the same privilege to the laborers who dig the ore and put it through every process to the finished plate must do so wholly on the ground that only property rights have any standing in courts of law, and that moral rights do not enter into the question.

LINKS.

THE seventh reunion of the Old Atlantic & Great Western Railroad employees will be held at Galion, O., on Saturday, August 24th. All old employees of the Atlantic & Great Western Railroad are urged to be present. Any man that ever worked for the old company in any capacity will be welcome. If you want copies of this invitation write the Secretary for them. The families of old employees are especially invited. The business meeting will be held at 2:30 P. M., at Seccaium Park.

Committee of Arrangements: M. Rick-secker, Doc Hassinger, Galion, O.; M. V. Green, C. W. Everts, Kent, O.

Marvin Kent, President, Kent, O.; A. L. Dunbar, Vice-President, Meadville, Pa.; W. E. Nichols, Secretary, North Park Ave., Meadville, Pa.

Address all communications to the Secretary.

THE union meeting of the Canadian Divisions referred to in the June and July JOURNALS will be held at Belleville, Ont., August 21st and 22nd. The committee have completed arrangements and the indications are that it will be a grand success. Ample hotel accommodation at rates from \$1 per day upwards has been secured. The reception committee will meet all trains and assign all visitors to the various hotels. The Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific and Intercolonial Railways have kindly agreed to grant free transportation to engineers

employed on their systems upon application in the usual way. And engineers on other railroads desiring transportation over these lines can obtain the same by making application through their proper officers to the following officials: Grand Trunk, Mr. F. W. Morse, Supt. Motive Power, Montreal, Quebec; Canadian Pacific, Mr. Thos. White, Manager of Transportation, Montreal, Quebec; Intercolonial, Mr. J. E. Price, General Supt., Moncton, N. B.

One of the features arranged for the entertainment of visitors will be an excursion on the beautiful Bay of Quinte, which is rapidly becoming a favorite resort for summer tourists. It is expected that some Grand Officers, and other prominent members of the Brotherhood will be present and address the meeting.

W. J. LOGUE, Div. 189, Sec'y.

BRO. W. T. SIMPSON, a member of Div. 33, Battle Creek, Mich., was in Cleveland, on July 16 and 17, and made a pleasant call on the Grand Officers. Brother Simpson is the inventor and patentee of a driver brake retaining device which he is introducing, and is also representing the Michigan Lubricator Company, of Detroit, Mich. Come again, Brother Simpson.

BRO. F. F. COGIN, a member of Div. 61, who represented that Division as delegate to the St. Paul and Ottawa conventions, was promoted in 1897 to Air Brake Instructor on the Boston & Maine Railway, and, on April 1, 1899, was still further promoted to inspector of air brakes and steam heating apparatus on all equipment of the Maine Central. And now he has received still further promotion.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY.
OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT MOTIVE POWER.
Mr. Frank F. Coggin is appointed Road Foreman of Engines.

Mr. Coggin will have full charge of all engines in service, engineers and firemen, engine houses and engine house men. He will arrange engines and crews for all trains. Division foremen, engine house foremen, engineers and firemen, and traveling engineers will report direct to him.

Effective June 1, 1901.

Approved: AMOS PILSBURY,
Supt. Motive Power.
Geo. F. EVANS,
V. P. and General Manager.

This appointment involves very important and complicated duties, but Brother Coggin has evidently demonstrated his ability to cope with them, and though his duties will necessarily be of an arduous nature, it is a high honor, and the JOURNAL wishes him the success he merits through energetic effort.

BRO. EDWIN MANCHESTER, of Div. 517, has been honored with the promotion to Traveling Engineer for the Missouri, Kan-

sas & Texas Railway. No wiser selection could have been made, for he is one of the best engineers on the system, and our best wishes go with him in his new field of duty. Success to you, Ed., from all the boys.
MEMBER OF DIV. 517.

MR. C. H. SALMONS—Dear Sir and Bro.: There is one, P. B. St. Clair, traveling over the country and representing himself to be a member of Div. 153. He has a card and the work, but he is not a member of Div. 153, and never was. He has been very successful in some places in being able to borrow money in violation of the laws of the Brotherhood. Fraternally yours,

W. H. GILLIS, F. A. E., Div. 153.
Garrett, Ind., July 10, 1901.

THE bound volumes of "Lessons of the New York Air Brake," issued by the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa., are now ready for distribution. Students who are entitled to them will confer a favor on the schools as well as get their books promptly if they will at once send their present address, together with their class letter and number, to the Railway Department, tenth floor, Manhattan building, Chicago, Ill.

A number of the students have changed their addresses and not notified the schools of it, so that in many cases the books are returned by the express company as "uncalled for" or "not at that address," and must be held till a proper address is secured.

Yours fraternally,
C. B. CONGER.

BRO. G. W. DURYEA, member of Div. 419, Brooklyn, N. Y., secured the necessary 75 subscribers to the JOURNAL, winning the premium Webb C. Ball & Co. gentlemen's B. of L. E. standard watch, listed with our premiums at the end of Division Addresses. In offering the watches, we believed all we have said of them, and the Brother writes us the following, which speaks for itself:

C. H. Salmons, Editor JOURNAL:

DEAR SIR AND BRO.—I received the watch about ten days ago, and I am not only pleased, but proud of it. It is just what I wanted, and everyone who has seen it thinks it very nice. It keeps fine time, and our watch inspector pronounced it OK as soon as he looked at it.
G. W. DURYEA.

AS news from Div. 40, Portland, Me., has been a little backward lately, I am instructed to inform you of some changes that have recently taken place among our Brothers. Both our Chief Engineer and First Assistant Engineer have been appointed Traveling Engineers of their respective roads.

Chief Engineer Joseph E. Cook is appointed Traveling Engineer of all lines west of Waterville on the Maine Central

Railroad. Brother Cook is an engineer of a good many years' experience and thoroughly conversant with all the different conditions of the service. He has for many years been considered one of the first engineers on the Maine Central. As a member of Div. 40 he has always taken a prominent part in any movement for the benefit of our order.

First Assistant Engineer, Richard Bucknam, is appointed Traveling Engineer of the Eastern, Western and Northern Divisions of the Boston & Maine System. Brother Bucknam has for many years run one of the best passenger trains on the B. & M. between this city and Boston and has made an enviable record for himself as an engineer, being without doubt one of the first engineers in the service of that company. Brother Bucknam has for many years been our F. A. E. and has also represented Div. 40 at one convention—Milwaukee, 1900. He has been for many years one of the strong working members of our Division.

It is especially gratifying to our members to know that our two Brothers have been selected for higher positions, and all join in wishing them success in their new fields. While we shall lose from out our working force in the Division two of our strongest members, we would not even by thought interfere in the advancement of our two Brothers, and Div. 40 congratulates the officials of the Maine Central, and Boston & Maine Railroads upon the excellent selections they have made.

Yours fraternally,
GEO. C. COBB.

BRO. WALTER A. MATHIS, member of Div. 24, Centralia, Ill., was recently appointed a member of the State Board of Arbitration by Governor Yates of Illinois. This is a high compliment to Brother Mathis, as it is to organized labor in Illinois, which forms a very large factor in the politics of the state, leading all others in railroad mileage, and as a member of the Board of Arbitration Brother Mathis represents in one factor, the engineers, 40 Divisions, with a membership of 2,500. And in honoring organized labor by appointing a prominent member to the Board of Arbitration, to which matters of great importance to the members of organized labor must be submitted, honors Governor Yates as well, and we are sure the laboring men of Illinois will appreciate the Governor's action in appointing as a member of the board one who is conversant with the hardships and necessities that confront laboring men, and having their confidence can accomplish much toward a peaceful solution of the difficulties between employer and employee, for which the Board of Arbitration was created.

Brother Mathis has had 31 years of railroad experience, has been Chief Engineer of Div. 24, represented Div. 24 as delegate to three sessions of the B. of L. E. Convention, has long been a member of the Committee of Adjustment, and was honored with a term as alderman of his ward in Centralia, very good evidence that he is well qualified for the position to which he has been appointed.

The JOURNAL wishes him success, and commends the action of Governor Yates for making an appointment representative of the great factor of organized labor, which, in the main, perform the manual labor of the great state Illinois.

THE third quarterly meeting of the B. of L. E. on the B. & O. system east of the Ohio River was held in Philadelphia on Thursday, June 27, with Bro. G. W. Sturmer in the chair. It was a great success. We had with us Bro. D. W. Killey, of Div. 109, who made some remarks and gave us some valuable points in regard to the meetings. Bro. J. A. Bowers, of Div. 352, acted as Chaplain. We had between 75 and 80 members present, and expect to have a great many more at our next meeting, which will be held in Cumberland, Md., in September, by Div. 437.

We think these meetings will do a great deal of good in regard to getting the members better acquainted and causing a better feeling among the members. After the meeting we had some very fine selections of music by the Misses Ellie, Stella and Jennie Canes and the Misses Clara and Bessie Sturmer, on the piano, mandolin, guitar and violin, which were very nice.

C. W. MANTZ,
Secretary of Meetings.

ONE of the most enjoyable events of the season took place at the rooms of Division No. 47, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Hornellsville, N. Y., when the newly-decorated rooms were christened. The arrangements for the affair were in the hands of the ladies of the G. I. A., and were most successfully carried out. There was a large attendance, and despite the heat everyone present enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

The rooms, through the courtesy of Benton McConnell, who has the property in charge, have just been newly decorated throughout. The new decoration, chandeliers, etc., make the rooms very handsome and pleasant, and they are much more attractive than ever before. The lodge room has also been beautified by a handsome chair, presented to the organization by T. G. Wooster & Bro. It is expected to soon make the rooms more comfortable by the installation of electric fans.

After the merry party gathered there last evening had inspected the rooms, sandwiches and coffee, ice-cream and cake were served by the ladies of the G. I. A. and heartily partaken of. Chief H. W. Plummer was called to the chair by Mrs. George Kinne, Secretary of the G. I. A., and the meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. N. R. Bennett. In a few well-chosen words Mrs. George Badgley on behalf of the G. I. A., presented to the Chief of the B. of L. E. Division

a handsome copy of the Bible. Chief Plummer responded for the B. of L. E. in his well known manner. This was followed by brief addresses by members of both organizations. Among those who participated being: Past Chief, Matthew Dewey, W. R. Martin, Mrs. George Kinne, Mrs. Frank Truesdale, Mrs. N. R. Bennett. Engineer Thomas C. Clarke recited a poem in his characteristic manner; Miss Bagley also gave a recitation and there was some music by Mrs. A. S. Dore and several other young ladies. It is proposed to hold similar socials monthly and they will undoubtedly prove very popular and enjoyable.—*Hornellsville Tribune.*

IN June, a delegation from Div. 492, consisting of Chief Engineer A. E. Martin and Bros. H. Higgs, L. Burchett, R. C. Martin, Dan Sheahy, P. Noonan and J. M. Beggs, headed themselves for the Union Station and boarded No. 11 on the St. Louis Division of the Big Four, with engine 205 coupled to the train and handled by Brother Garner, starting on a visiting trip to Div. 37.

Our trip from Indianapolis to Mattoon was simply fine. We were landed at Mattoon in three hours. The Chief, Brother Hamilton, and several other Brothers met us and escorted us to their hall. The meeting opened in Division form. A great many subjects were discussed and business of importance transacted.

Speech-making was the order of the day, and the time was well occupied by the Brothers of both Divisions. We were informed that supper was waiting. The meeting closed in due form, and we were escorted to the dining room and partook of a hearty supper. After supper we were told that there were several carriages waiting, and to load on. We were driven over the city of Mattoon.

It is a very pleasant city, nicely laid out and comfortably situated. The fine dwellings and the large business houses would lead one to think that wealth and prosperity remained there. Time passed quickly, and soon we found ourselves at the depot to board No. 36 for home.

We were well pleased with our visit, and I want to say that Div. 37 knows how to entertain, and did entertain us in the most delightful way. I want to say also that this will not be our last visit. We hope also to see our Brothers of Div. 37 favor us with their presence soon. Come one, come all, and welcome, and we will show you what kind of material Div. 492 is composed of.

Brothers, we should visit often and become acquainted with each other, and also enjoy each other's company. If we would get closer together, there would not be that distant, cold feeling toward one another.

Again, on June 23, we find ourselves in the Union Station at Indianapolis, headed for Reservoir Park at Paris, Ill., to a picnic given by Divs. 37 and 492. An engine and

thirteen coaches soon draws into the depot. The cars are soon loaded with happy-faced people going to spend a day in the enjoyment of the out-door air, and to have a good time.

The train left Union Station at 7:15 A. M. and arrived at Paris at 10:45 A. M., where it met another train from the west end. The trains unloaded their freight of humanity, to mingle and spend the day together. Some sit chatting in the shade, others are out on the lake in boats, and still others are on the steamer; taking all in all, everyone having a good time.

To say the picnic was a success is not enough. It was successful both socially and financially, and the two committees should have and deserve great praise for their good work. The committees consisted of Brothers Garner, Lafell and Strickland from Div. 37, and P. Noonan, Burchett and Irwin from Div. 492. They are all good, jolly fellows,—just the material that should be used in such work; they will not take "No" for an answer, and no "bluff" goes. The writer being personally acquainted with these Brothers, he knows whereof he speaks.

After all were satisfied and the close of the day was nigh, the trains were backed in and "loaded to the guards" for home. All were well pleased and satisfied with their day's pleasure. We arrived at Indianapolis at 11:10 P. M.

J. M. BRIGGS, Div. 492.

"UNCLE BOB" McCLELLAND of Shawnee, Okla., who for ten years has been driving an engine for the Choctaw Railway, on Monday night, May 20, made his final trip by bringing train No. 3, engine No. 27 into Shawnee in his usual manner, "on the dot."

Uncle Bob is retiring from the railway service to pass the rest of his days in the peaceful quietude of farm life. He has a splendid country home in Kansas near Kansas City, and will remove there at once and make it his permanent residence.

With his retirement the Choctaw loses a valued and most trustworthy employee, the oldest engineer in the service of the company, and one whose record has been the brightest.

Under the auspices of Jacob Henry Div., 539, of South McAlester, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and John J. Woolard Lodge, No. 530, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, of South McAlester, his railroad friends at this point and along the line prepared a surprise for Uncle Bob in the way of a reception given at the home of engineer Eldridge Detrick, on Market avenue, in this city, last Tuesday evening.

Early in the evening Mr. Detrick's handsome lawn was decorated with unique illuminations, and the railroad boys with

their wives and families commenced coming to greet Uncle Bob possibly for the last time. It was a happy assemblage, but it had its sad influences, owing to the warm spot Uncle Bob occupies in the hearts of all his friends.

Uncle Bob was finally driven up to the residence, and his surprise at the gathering was laughable, and the climax was reached when Mr. W. F. Hanna, Chief Clerk of the Choctaw Shops of this city, arose and in a brief address presented to him as a token of his friends' regards, a handsome solid gold watch chain and Knight Templar charm.

Mr. McClelland was overwhelmed, and could only express his thanks in a brief manner.

Mr. Hanna in his presentation speech called attention to the fact that while Mr. McClelland had been in the Choctaw service for ten years, he had yet to receive for the first time a letter of reprimand from any official connected with the company. He also briefly commented upon the happy reward that Uncle Bob was receiving in his retirement after service of forty-two years—a reward that very few railroad men ever receive—"a haven of rest" is what Mr. Hanna called Mr. McClelland's future; and it was noticed that his remarks apparently expressed the sentiment of all the railway men present.

At the conclusion of his talk Mr. Hanna presented Mrs. McClelland with a handsome tea set as a token of esteem that her friends have for her. She very gracefully thanked them in her acceptance.

A letter from the Master Mechanic Mr. James Cunningham, to Uncle Bob was read, in which Mr. Cunningham expressed his regret at not being present, and expressing both his satisfaction and sorrow concerning Mr. McClelland's retirement. Sorrow, because the company loses a competent and faithful employee, and satisfaction because he was glad to know that in retiring he would enjoy the rest that he so richly deserves. It was a splendid letter, and one of which any employee may well feel proud.

A number of out of town conductors and engineers were present at the reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Detrick are admirable entertainers. Engineer McNerney in his inimitable manner, and Fireman Poulette, assisted in making all the boys feel at home. Splendid lunch and refreshments were served throughout the evening.

It was past midnight when the gathering broke up, wishing Uncle Bob and his wife long and continued happiness in their new "Haven of Rest."

COMMITTEE.

Portage, Wis., June 26, killed by derailment of engine, Bro. Cyrus W. Snow, member of Div. 13. Brother Snow was a pioneer in the B. of L. E., having joined Div. 66 Sept. 15, 1865, and took out a

policy in the Insurance in April, 1869. He was transferred to Div. 13, La Crosse, Wis., in June, 1886, in which Division he retained his membership until severed by death. In this Division he was elected Chief Engineer in 1892 and served two terms. He served as chairman of the local Board of Adjustment, represented his Division as delegate to the St. Paul Convention in 1894, and later was elected chairman of the General Board of Adjustment of the C. M. & St. P. system. His part in the affairs of the B. of L. E. had always

to be a member of the B. of L. E., and last heard of in Hollister, Cal., is wanted by J. C. Ritzmon, Van Dyke, Pa.

Members of the following Divisions will correspond with the F. A. E. of their Divisions immediately:

Division—

552—A. A. Summerall.

282—R. Johnson.

105—C. O. Mansur.



BRO. C. W. SNOW.

been active and energetic, and he had always been ready to extend a helping hand to Brothers in need. He had seen, and been a part of, nearly the whole life of the B. of L. E., and leaves behind an honorable record as a member; and his death will be greatly regretted by a large factor of the order, who by contact had learned his general nature, and by all of the order, which loses one of its honored pioneers who helped build the great institution he leaves behind to continue its beneficent work.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Wanted—To know the address of Robt. J. Haegar. Anyone knowing same will confer a favor by addressing Mrs. Robt. J. Haegar, 76 Aberdeen St., Chicago, Ill.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Samuel Wilson, who ran an engine out of Boston on the New England Railroad about six years ago,—when last heard of was in Ontario, Can., but intended going to British Columbia, and is supposed to be in the British Northwest or in the northwestern part of the United States.—will confer a favor by addressing Edwin E. Wilson, 4 Columbia Terrace, Dorchester, Mass.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Dennis F. Haggerty, a member of Div. 64, supposed to be somewhere in the West, will confer a favor by notifying C. W. Davis, F. A. E. of Div. 64.

The traveling card issued to Bro. C. S. Thomas, Div. 449, Americus, Ga., has been lost or stolen. If presented for favors it should be taken up and sent to the F. A. E. of Div. 449.

The address of S. M. Peck, or McClure, supposed

OBITUARIES.

[In accordance with the action of the Ottawa Convention, no resolutions of condolence, obituary letters or poems will be published in the JOURNAL. All deaths will be listed under obituary heading only, with cause and date of death.]

Independence, Mo., June 20, 1901, killed by boiler explosion, Bro. Geo. L. Gerew, member of Div. 8.

Wabeno, Wis., May 25, of peritonitis, Bro. C. McNab, member of Div. 178.

Leverne, Minn., June 22, of apoplexy, Bro. G. A. Johnson, member of Div. 404.

Denver, Col., June 17, of dropsy, Bro. C. B. Miller, member of Div. 186.

Utica, N. Y., June 20, Bro. Wm. Keigh, member of Div. 14.

Willmore, Pa., June 28, G. G. Robaugh, father of Bro. Samuel Robaugh, member of Div. 287.

Elizabeth, N. J., June 22, killed by engine jumping track, Bro. James Powell, member of Div. 157.

Charlotte, N. Y., June 24, of paralysis, Bro. M. E. Austin, member of Div. 152.

Salisbury, N. C., June 12, of tuberculosis, Bro. J. A. Schuman, member of Div. 267.

Asheville, N. C., June —, of tuberculosis, Bro. J. B. Stevens, member of Div. 267.

Fitchburg, Mass., June 25, Bro. Chas. A. Walker, member of Div. 191.

Charlotte, N. C., June 8, of pneumonia, Bro. Robt. F. Smith, member of Div. 84.

Savanna, Ill., June 10, by accidental drowning, Bro. Nelson Owens, member of Div. 200.

Chicago, Ill., June 6, of consumption, Mrs. D. F. O'Connell, member of Div. 96, G. I. A., and wife of Bro. D. F. O'Connell, member of Div. 253.

Damar, Kans., June 7, killed in collision, Bro. E. W. Bumgarner, member of Div. 336.

San Antonio, Tex., June 23, of inflammation of the bowels, Bro. Chas. Hollaman, member of Div. 307.

Manassquan, N. J., June —, Bro. J. C. Cline, member of Div. 157.

Omaha, Neb., June 28, of stricture of pylorus, Bro. John Stoft, member of Div. 183.

Mineral Wells, Tex., June 21, of Bright's disease, Bro. Edw. Kuhlhoff, member of Div. 187.

Pittsburg, Pa., May 23, Mrs. J. G. Huston, wife of Bro. J. G. Huston, member of Div. 325.

Martinsburg, W. Va., June 19, Mrs. Martha A. Caldwell, wife of Bro. J. W. Caldwell, C. E. of Div. 352.

Boston, Mass., July 4, Bro. W. N. Tibbetts, member of Div. 61.

Elmira, N. Y., June 6, killed, Bro. John Coulter, member of 434.

Rutland, Vt., June 17, Bro. Chas. A. Grandy, member of Div. 347.

St. Paul, Minn., July 4, Louis J. Le Claire, son of Bro. J. A. Le Claire, member of Div. 516.

Sedalia, Mo., June 22, of paralysis, Bro. John Curry, member of Div. 177.

Elma Center, N. Y., June 13, Bro. A. L. McDouald, member of Div. 177.

Louisville, Ky., June 20, of cancer of the stomach, Bro. H. Graves, member of Div. 485.

New Orleans, La., July 7, Mrs. John Holloway, mother of Bro. J. D. Holloway, member of Div. 426.

Allegheny City, Pa., July 2, Bro. Robert J. Buchanan, member of Div. 255.

Dennison, O., July 8, of throat failure, Miss Katie Wright, daughter of Bro. Thos. C. Wright, member of Div. 255.

Mooreville, N. C., July 11, of typhoid fever Bro. W. P. Parish, member of Div. 84.

Milwaukee, Wis., July 11, Bro. J. B. Lesser, member of Div. 405.

Norton, Mo., July 9, killed in head-end collision, Bro. Frank A. Briggs, member of Div. 8.

Nottingham, O., July 9, killed in collision, Bro. Frank L. Anderson, member of Div. 298.

Memphis, Tenn., June 14, Bro. P. H. Bode, member of Div. 21.

ADMITTED BY TRANSFER CARD.

Into Division—

- 126—P. A. Murray, from Div. 5.
- 251—S. U. Allison, from Div. 33.
- 4—L. A. Wideman, from Div. 334.
- 18—C. E. Peckham, J. Warboys, from Div. 421.
- 228—T. L. Tenesch, from Div. 44.
- 130—W. H. Willoughby, G. W. Wilcox, J. G. Romig, N. J. Jorgenson, Henry Kreitmier, C. S. Druce, W. S. Dix, C. F. Sanborn, J. M. Miller, C. E. Jackson, B. G. Winans, T. N. Murphy, from Div. 252.
- 368—P. M. Slaughter, from Div. 409.
- C. H. Dunbar, W. D. Stratton, from Div. 207.
- C. C. Owens, from Div. 239.
- C. H. Haywood, from Div. 210.
- 277—W. H. Thrash, from Div. 198.
- 399—T. S. Bosley, from Div. 540.
- 570—Frank A. Leavitt, from Div. 362.
- John A. Pritchett, from Div. 83.
- O. H. Mangle, from Div. 453.
- 472—Miles Shoup, from Div. 50.
- 291—G. M. Worley, J. D. Varner, from Div. 500.
- O. M. Harrington, J. W. Nichols, from Div. 530.
- O. H. McCormick, S. W. Hemphill, from Div. 475.
- 171—Wm. Layman, from Div. 58.
- 187—R. V. Fallon, from Div. 512.
- B. Brazil, from Div. 384.
- J. H. Ebert, from Div. 326.
- 28—Robert Wilkey, from Div. 385.
- 120—Harry Stephens, Martin Garvey, E. A. Green, Joseph White, John McCaslin, from Div. 334.
- 155—Andrew Johan, from Div. 460.
- 31—J. N. Baker, from Div. 334.
- 192—J. McGowan, from Div. 497.
- 371—R. L. Fuller, from Div. 540.
- Chas. D. Martin, from Div. 537.
- 481—W. P. Stevens, from Div. 408.
- 498—J. R. Gordon, from Div. 435.
- 85—H. B. Strickland, from Div. 210.
- J. H. Donovan, from Div. 433.
- 425—F. L. Cass, from Div. 415.
- 385—Robt. R. Moore, from Div. 192.
- 293—G. W. DeReamer, from Div. 419.
- 29—D. W. Lusink, from Div. 258.
- 347—C. P. Sullivan, from Div. 106.
- 242—J. R. Straughan, from Div. 139.
- 165—M. Z. Hickey, Chas. A. Bruce, Harry E. Smith, from Div. 361.
- 34—Wm. Allison, from Div. 334.
- 8—John Moran, from Div. 212.
- 396—John Holloway, from Div. 234.
- J. T. Spink, from Div. 225.
- 574—A. B. Ewing, J. W. Cassell, Geo. McNeelis, W. F. Dewey, B. Brazil, J. B. Wallace, Frank Jupe, F. P. Robinson, P. A. Caldwell, M. Coyne, Ed. Hartzell, E. Kilander, W. S. Agnew, J. P. Casey, from Div. 187.
- 256—T. T. Lee, by G. O. from Div. 429.
- H. B. Taylor, from Div. 239.
- P. M. Riney, from Div. 485.

239—W. F. Rowley, from Div. 254.
H. B. McMillan, from Div. 155.

7—O. W. Brooks, from Div. 11.

512—W. A. Smith, from Div. 330.
Geo. M. Reazos, from Div. 228.

11—E. A. Nichols, Herman Russ, J. T. O'Hern, from Div. 7.

45—Joseph Heinerwald, from Div. 74.

134—A. C. Russell, from Div. 388.

256—C. L. Ansley, from Div. 368.

WITHDRAWALS.

From Division—

304—Wm. Boughton,
565—E. H. Grace.

From Division—

530—S. H. Sharp.
18—C. F. Underhill.

RE-INSTATED.

Into Division—

200—Wm. Peterson.
86—J. H. Sims.
472—John Casey.
95—C. C. Kline.
8—John Wakely.
210—R. A. Battle.
375—Geo. B. Wagoner.
254—F. W. Griswold,
J. P. Vaughn,
H. J. Potter.
51—F. W. Lewis.
278—M. J. Redding.

Into Division—

332—J. W. Hunter.
179—Chas. F. Fletcher.
12—Samuel Mahaffey.
2—N. D. Higgins.
271—H. B. Saunders.
469—Chas. Sprey.
43—H. Cummings.
218—James Davidson.
481—F. O. Barrick.
263—Jonathan Westley.
76—Arthur Johnston.
475—J. R. Corley.

SUSPENDED.

From Division—

308—John Nelson, for non-payment of dues.

EXPELLED.

FOR NON-PAYMENT OF DUES.

From Division—

122—P. J. Sibbald.
462—J. E. Regan.
177—S. H. First, J. C. McConnell.
248—W. L. Morrison, A. H. Wherely.
104—J. T. Bennett, C. W. Downs.
100—S. J. Clark, Louis Morgan, Albert Strong.
478—Albert Stevens.
260—E. L. Tombes.
235—Lewis J. Pharmed.
272—Joseph Hornbaker.
323—James L. Tankersly.

FOR OTHER CAUSES.

- 8—Harry Clewer, for non-payment of dues and unbecoming conduct.
- 527—M. B. Tarkington, for unbecoming conduct.
- 129—W. W. Anderton, for forfeiting insurance.
- 171—James Dellmore, for forfeiting insurance.
- 437—W. H. Barger, for forfeiting insurance.
- 287—W. J. Neice, for forfeiting insurance.
- 352—Peter Burnen, for forfeiting insurance.
- 551—Frank A. Stone, for non-payment of dues and forfeiting insurance.
- 124—A. W. Jones, for non-payment of dues and unbecoming conduct.
- 537—C. B. Hulbert, for taking the place of another in a strike.
- 444—J. J. Norris, Frank Wilson, for forfeiting insurance.
- 256—Wm. F. Guggle, for forfeiting insurance.
- 540—Henry Wilson, A. E. Sanford, for forfeiting insurance and non-payment of dues.
- 360—Ed. Oechsler, for forfeiting insurance.
- 209—Herman Berndt, for forfeiting insurance.

W. Phippen was listed in July JOURNAL as being expelled from Div. 537 for unbecoming conduct and violation of obligation. It should be for violation of obligation only. R. L. TATUM, F. A. E.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS' MUTUAL LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Official Notice of Assessments 1000-1004.

SERIES D.

OFFICE OF ASSOCIATION, ROOM 803, SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING, }
CLEVELAND, OHIO, Aug. 1, 1901.

To the Division Secretaries L. E. M. L. and A. I. A. :

DEAR SIRS AND BROS. :—You are hereby notified of the death or disability of the following members of the Association :

Five Assessments for payment of these claims are hereby levied and Secretaries ordered to collect one dollar and twenty-five cents from all who are insured for \$750, two dollars and fifty cents from all who are insured for \$1,500, five dollars from all who are insured for \$3,000, and seven dollars and fifty cents from all members insured for \$4,500, and forward same to the General Secretary and Treasurer.

Members of the Insurance Association are required to remit to Division Secretaries within thirty days from date of this notice, and the Division Secretaries to the General Secretary and Treasurer within ten days thereafter, on penalty of forfeiting their membership. (See Article XI. of By-Laws.)

Secretaries in sending remittances will send same to and make all drafts, express money orders or postoffice money orders payable to WM. B. PRENTER, General Secretary and Treasurer. Secretaries located in Canada will please remit by draft or express money order. We will not accept packages of money sent by express, unless charges have been prepaid. The JOURNAL closes on the 18th of each month. Claims received after that day will lie over until the succeeding month.

No. of Ass't.	Name.	Age.	No. of Div.	Date of Admission.	Date of Death or Disability.	Cause of Death or Disability.	Amt. of Ins.	To Whom Payable.
972	Wm. Richards.....	66	142	Apr. 29, 1884.	July 3, 1900.	Blind left eye	\$3000	Wm. Richards.
973	C. G. Nyberg.....	37	499	Nov. 11, 1898.	Feb. 7, 1901.	Killed.....	750	Mrs. C. Nyberg, m.
974	S. S. Falvey.....	26	28	May 9, 1897.	Mch. 8, 1901.	Left eye removed..	1500	S. S. Falvey.
975	J. J. O'Malley.....	41	277	Jan. 6, 1895.	May 28, 1901.	Consumption	3000	{ Mrs. O'Malley and Children.
976	F. J. Fellows	186	Apr. 7, 1884.	June 4, 1901.	Pneumonia	3000	Chas. S. Washburn, n.	
977	D. Bricker.....	53	286	Sept. 14, 1887.	June 10, 1901.	Pneumonia	4500	{ Mrs. L. J. Bricker and Heirs.
978	V. Martin.....	40	237	Apr. 27, 1896.	June 10, 1901.	Left eye removed..	1500	V. Martin.
979	C. O'Brien.....	65	115	Feb. 25, 1877.	June 11, 1901.	Heart failure.....	3000	Annie O'Brien, w.
980	Chas. J. Lester....	33	554	Sept. 3, 1900.	June 11, 1901.	Lt. foot amputated	1500	Chas. J. Lester.
981	Max Mistling.....	38	119	Oct. 3, 1888.	June 12, 1901.	Paralysis	1500	His lawful Heirs.
982	W. M. Taylor.....	36	453	Oct. 13, 1900.	June 12, 1901.	Spinal meningitis..	3000	Mrs. D. S. Taylor, w.
983	Wm. Van Eps.....	68	172	Nov. 14, 1882.	June 13, 1901.	Sunstroke	3000	Mrs. J. A. Van Eps, w.
984	Chas. Eber.....	49	176	May 11, 1880.	June 13, 1901.	Sunstroke	3000	Mrs. Chas. Eber, w.
985	A. L. McDonald.....	51	177	Feb. 20, 1900.	June 13, 1901.	Regurgitation	1500	Mrs. E. McDonald, w.
986	J. E. Loveland.....	39	47	May 21, 1900.	June 19, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. M. E. Loveland, w.
987	Wm. Hanaka.....	44	15	May 2, 1894.	June 19, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. L. Naab, s.
988	Wm. Keigh.....	45	14	Sept. 3, 1881.	June 20, 1901.	Meningitis	3000	Mrs. Wm. Keigh, w.
989	Geo. L. Gerew.....	44	8	June 17, 1898.	June 20, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	His Children.
990	H. Graves.....	56	485	Aug. 1, 1891.	June 20, 1901.	Cancer of stomach.	4500	Mrs. H. Graves, w.
991	John Curry.....	45	177	Jan. 17, 1893.	June 22, 1901.	Paralysis	3000	Mrs. J. Curry, w.
992	C. A. Holloman.....	31	307	Nov. 16, 1900.	June 23, 1901.	Appendicitis	1500	Mrs. F. S. Holloman, w.
993	P. W. Blackburn.....	51	90	Jan. 10, 1899.	June 25, 1901.	Apoplexy.....	1500	M. C. Blackburn, w.
994	C. W. Snow.....	59	13	Apr. 1, 1869.	June 25, 1901.	Killed.....	4500	Lizzie F. Snow, w.
995	C. A. Walker.....	74	191	June 7, 1879.	June 25, 1901.	Inflam'nof bladder	3000	His lawful Heirs.
996	D. M. Wiltshire.....	54	321	Sept. 14, 1896.	June 26, 1901.	Carcinoma	4500	Mrs. M. J. Wiltshire, w.
997	John Stoff.....	58	183	Dec. 29, 1881.	June 28, 1901.	Stricture of pylorus	3000	Mrs. Mary Stoff, w.
998	Wm. P. Marks.....	75	70	Apr. 11, 1871.	June 29, 1901.	Tuberculosis	3000	Mary A. Marks, w.
999	John Cline.....	47	157	June 16, 1897.	July 2, 1901.	Phthisis.....	3000	Mrs. Mary Cline, w.
1000	Eugene West.....	34	92	May 27, 1900.	July 2, 1901.	Killed.....	750	Mrs. Sallie West, w.
1001	S. Campbell.....	70	135	Jan. 1, 1868.	July 3, 1901.	Heart prostration..	3000	Eliza Campbell, w.
1002	E. N. McKeeby.....	31	442	Feb. 26, 1899.	July 8, 1901.	Killed.....	750	Mrs. D. McKeeby, w.
1003	F. A. Briggs.....	43	8	Oct. 27, 1888.	July 10, 1901.	Killed.....	4500	Mrs. Lula Briggs, w.
1004	Geo. P. Hanks.....	44	263	Nov. 8, 1891.	July 12, 1901.	Rt. arm amputated	1500	Geo. P. Hanks.

Total number of claims, 33.

Total amount of claims, \$84,750.

Acknowledgments.

Acknowledgments have been received from the following Beneficiaries for amounts stated in settlement of claims paid:

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
June 12, 1901.	Mrs. Rayna C. Dunham, Guardian.	803	W. H. Umpleby.....	235	\$1500
May 10, "	Mrs. W. A. Davis.....	833	H. R. Barbour.....	85	4500
" 15, "	B. Lant.....	839	J. F. Thompson.....	309	3000
June 17, "	Mrs. Elsie T. Melson.....	842	G. A. Miller.....	219	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. Libbie Klothe.....	853	W. H. Umpleby.....	235	3000
" 20, "	Mrs. C. F. Madden.....	855	Jake Smith.....	198	1500
" 10, "	Mrs. Andrew Allen.....	856	Frank Davis.....	270	3000
" 26, "	Mrs. M. M. Burns.....	863	J. H. Southworth.....	77	1500
July 2, "	Geo. A. Pierce.....	866	Geo. A. Pierce.....	38	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. W. B. Fletcher.....	867	E. B. Skillman.....	82	3000
" 6, "	Mrs. Ann Mangan.....	868	L. B. Cutting.....	82	1500
" 6, "	Mrs. Mattie J. Davis.....	872	Alex. McD. Tonnine.....	129	4500
" 4, "	Mrs. Kate N. Albert.....	874	Chas. McCrossin.....	263	1500
" 9, "	Mrs. J. Dicke.....	875	J. J. Bornschien.....	225	1500

Acknowledgments—Continued.

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
July 4, 1901.	Mrs. M. L. Lumsden.....	876	J. A. Martin.....	381	\$1500
" 10, "	Mrs. J. W. Cunningham.....	877	M. A. Van Buren.....	286	1500
" 6, "	Mrs. Lucius M. Goff.....	878	J. H. Taylor.....	283	3000
" 3, "	Mrs. Sarah E. Kone.....	879	Geo. W. Fry.....	52	3000
" 3, "	Mrs. Mary J. Gregg.....	881	N. A. Warren.....	404	3000
" 8, "	Anna M. Muhlenbrink.....	882	Ed. Salley.....	54	1500
" 9, "	Mary A. O'Neil.....	884	J. H. Southworth.....	77	1500
" 6, "	Mrs. Sarah Brown.....	885	Thos. Sheehan.....	268	1500
" 4, "	James Fantum, Guardian.....	887	W. H. Miller.....	373	1500
" 2, "	Maggie I. Helwig, Frederick G. Helwig, Chas. W. Helwig, Hester E. Helwig, John Helwig, Mrs. Eva A. Wheat.....	888	Jesse Newell.....	244	3000
" 3, "	Mrs. Mamie E. Kellogg.....	889	L. C. Heiser.....	169	1500
" 10, "	Mrs. Josephine Du Pree, Execut'x.....	891	C. M. Benner.....	453	3000
" 3, "	Mrs. Mary E. Mecum.....	895	W. K. Wright.....	465	3000
" 2, "	Mrs. Hattie I. Fisher.....	896	W. C. Jones.....	360	3000
" 3, "	Mrs. Annie J. Moore.....	897	C. Hufschmidt.....	428	3000
" 4, "	Mrs. Sadie M. Littlehale.....	898	Chas. Wiley.....	205	1500
" 8, "	Mrs. Matilda H. Trask.....	899	Geo. E. Lapham.....	57	1500

Financial Statement.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, July 1, 1901.

MORTUARY FUND FOR JUNE.

Balance on hand May 31, 1901,	\$ 75,889 33
Paid in settlement of Claims,	69,750 00
Balance on hand June 1, 1901,	\$ 6,139 33
Received by Assessments 896-899, and Back Assessments,	66,966 81
Received from members whose insurance was carried by Association,	974 00
Received by Assessments 930-934,	784 73
Total in Bank June 30, 1901,	\$ 74,864 87

EXPENSE FUND FOR JUNE.

Balance on hand June 1, 1901,	\$ 7,615 54
Received by Admission Fees and Arrears,	234 76
Total,	\$ 7,850 30
Expenses during month of June,	1,450 71
Balance in Bank June 30, 1901,	\$ 6,399 59

Statement of Membership.

FOR JUNE, 1901.

<i>Classified Represents:</i>	\$750 00	\$1,500	\$3,000	\$4,500
Members who paid Assessments 896-899	2,250	13,780	7,323	1,370
Members from whom Assessments 896-899 were not collected,	423	1,441	447	47
Members carried by the Association, . .	1	124	277	14
Applications and reinstatements received during month	65	214	66	13
Totals,	2,739	15,559	8,113	1,444
From which deduct Policies terminated by death, accident or otherwise,	42	129	51	5
Total Membership June 30, 1901, . .	2,697	15,430	8,062	1,439
Grand Total,				27,628
W. E. FUTCH, President.		W. B. PRENTER, Gen'l Sec'y & Treas.		

DIVISIONS BY STATES.

Alabama.	Dist. Columbia.	Kansas.	Missouri.	New York.	Rhode Island.
Anniston.....407	Washington.....160	Argentine.....396	Chillicothe.....383	Rochester.....35	Providence.....57
Avondale.....432	Florida.	Arkansas City.....462	Desoto.....123	Schenectady.....172	South Carolina.
Birmingham.....436	Alachua.....379	Atchison.....164	Kansas City.....502	Staten Island.....541	Abbeville.....488
Birmingham.....156	Jacksonville.....305	Caldwell.....523	Moberly.....86	Syracuse.....169	Charleston.....240
Mobile.....140	Pensacola.....275	Chanute.....214	Monett.....507	Syracuse.....367	Columbia.....55
Montgomery.....492	Georgia.	Empire.....130	Nevada.....359	Syracuse.....441	Florence.....265
Seima.....223	Americus.....449	Pt. Scott.....237	New Franklin.....356	Troy.....87	Greenville.....84
Tuscaloosa.....450	Atlanta.....207	Goodland.....422	N. Springfield.....83	Utica.....14	
Tuscumbia.....423	Atlanta.....368	Herrington.....261	Sedalia.....178	Watertown.....227	South Dakota.
Arizona.	Augusta.....323	Holistington.....433	Slater.....317	Whitehall.....217	Huron.....213
Nozales.....335	Blue Ridge.....547	Houston.....346	Springfield.....8		Tennessee.
Tucson.....268	Columbus.....409	Kansas City.....81	Stanbury.....17	Air Line Junc......457	Chattanooga.....196
Winslow.....134	Macon.....210	Leavenworth.....491	St. Joseph.....107	Ashtabula.....260	Jackson.....93
	Savannah.....256	Neodesha.....270	St. Louis.....42	Bellefontaine.....121	Knoxville.....236
		Newton.....252	St. Louis.....48	Bellevue.....347	Memphis.....22
Arkansas.	Idaho.	Osawatimie.....336	St. Louis.....327	Bridgeport.....551	Nashville.....473
Argenta.....278	Montpelier.....324	Parsons.....179	St. Louis.....487	Bucyrus.....124	
Fort Smith.....445	Pocatello.....228	Pittsburg.....327	Thayer.....285	Chicago Junc.....522	
Jonesboro.....442	Illinois.	Polk.....234	Trenton.....91	Chillicothe.....35	Texas.
Little Rock.....182	Aurora.....82	Wichita.....364		Cincinnati.....95	Big Springs.....212
Mena.....569	Bloomington.....19		Montana.	Cincinnati.....40	Cleburne.....500
N. Little Rock.....554	Blue Island.....111		Forsyth.....103	Cleveland.....31	Commerce.....530
Pine Bluffs.....216	Centralia.....24	Bowling Green.....215	Glasgow.....392	Cleveland.....167	Denison.....177
Van Buren.....524	Charleston.....245	Corbin.....63	Great Falls.....504	Cleveland.....316	Del Rio.....566
Canada.	Chicago.....10	Covington.....71	Kaliapell.....499	Cleveland.....543	Denton.....568
BRITISH COL.	Chicago.....96	Covington.....71	Livingston.....232	Columbus.....34	El Paso.....192
Kamloops.....320	Chicago.....253	Henderson.....10	South Butte.....274	Columbus.....79	Ennis.....142
MANITOBA.	Chicago.....312	Louisville.....53	Missoula.....262	Columbus.....175	Fort Worth.....501
Winnipeg.....76	Chicago.....394	Louisville.....73	Nebraska.	Columbus.....273	Hillsboro.....266
N.W. TERRITORY.	Chicago.....404	Louisville.....85	Beatrice.....397	Conneaut.....306	Houston.....139
Medicine Hat.....322	Chicago.....458	Louisville.....85	Chadron.....303	Crestline.....306	Houston.....139
Moose Jaw.....510	Chicago.....519	Paduach.....363	Fairbury.....431	Dayton.....338	Laredo.....435
NEW BRUNSWICK.	Chicago.....545	Somerset.....363	Freemont.....389	Delphos.....334	Marshall.....219
Campbellton.....138	Clinton.....315	Louisiana.	Lincoln.....98	Dennison.....235	Palestine.....194
Moncton.....167	Danville.....100	Algiers.....531	North Platte.....268	Gallion.....16	San Antonio.....197
Woodstock.....128	Decatur.....155	Chalmette.....128	Norfolk.....183	Lima.....120	San Antonio.....304
W Ed St. Johns.....479	East St. Louis.....49	Shreveport.....328	Nevada.	Lorain.....296	Smithville.....475
NOVA SCOTIA.	Freeport.....27	Bangor.	Wadsworth.....158	Massillon.....360	Temple.....206
Halifax.....247	Flora.....127	Henderson.....400	New Hampshire.	Newark.....36	Texarkana.....496
Truro.....149	Greensburg.....67	Portland.....40	Concord.....335	Painesville.....411	Tyler.....201
ONTARIO.	Joliet.....478	Maryland.	Nashua.....483	Toledo.....298	Yokum.....427
Allendale.....486	Monmouth.....484	Baltimore.....62	Woodville.....572	Van Wert.....364	Utah.
Belleville.....189	Mt. Carmel.....400	Brunswick.....506	New Jersey.	Wellsville.....170	Salt Lake City.....222
Brockville.....116	Murphreehouse.....444	Hamberland.....437	Camden.....22	Youngstown.....329	Ogden.....55
Chapleau.....519	N. Chilliocothe.....314	Hagerstown.....253	Camden.....287		Oregon.
Hamilton.....133	Peoria.....92	Massachusetts.	Hoboken.....193	E. Portland.....277	Bellows Falls.....106
London.....68	Quincy.....467	Boston.....61	Jersey City.....135	Portland.....236	Lyndonville.....163
London.....523	Rankin.....534	Boston.....312	Jersey City.....157	Roseburg.....476	St. Albans.....330
Lindsay.....174	Rock Island.....64	Boston.....139	Paterson.....521		Virginia.
North Bay.....308	Roodhouse.....220	Fitchburg.....191	Phillipsburg.....60	Pennsylvania.	Alexandria.....317
Ottawa.....168	Savanna.....200	Springfield.....63	Prenton.....373	Albion.....282	Charlottesville.....115
Palmerston.....518	Springfield.....460	Union Hill.....235	Union Hill.....235	Allegheny.....108	Clifton Forge.....38
Pt Edwards.....240	Urbana.....143	Mexico.	Acambara.....571	Allegheny.....293	Crews.....291
Rat Portage.....536	Smith Falls.....381	Acambara.....571	Monclova.....112	Allegheny.....287	Manchester.....431
Stratford.....178	Ashley.....218	Puebla.....570	Raleigh.....339	Allegheny.....272	Norfolk.....456
St. Thomas.....132	Elkhart.....248	S'n Luis Potosi.....43	Rocky Mount.....314	Bennett.....452	Portsmouth.....331
St. Thomas.....529	Evansville.....246	City of Mexico.....224	Spencer.....375	Bradford.....290	Richmond.....26
Schreiber.....262	Frankfort.....530	Torreco Coah.....197	North Dakota.	Carbondale.....166	Richmond.....26
Toronto.....76	Ft. Wayne.....12	Battle Creek.....33	Dickinson.....275	Carbondale.....468	Renoake.....401
East Toronto.....520	Howell.....159	Detroit.....154	Fargo.....104	Carnegie.....416	Shenandoah.....351
Toronto Junc.....295	Huntington.....221	East Saginaw.....304	Grand Forks.....69	Conemaugh.....406	Spencer.....375
Windsor.....390	Indianapolis.....11	East Tawas.....482	Grand Forks.....470	Conneautville.....50	West Virginia.
PR. QUEBEC.	Indianapolis.....492	Escanaba.....116	New Mexico.	Derry Station.....310	Bluefield.....448
Hadlow.....553	La Fayette.....7	Fort Gratiot.....122	Albuquerque.....446	Dunmore.....403	Griffin.....224
Montreal.....39	L'Anse-au-Loup.....20	Gladstone.....266	Chama.....209	Easton.....259	Hinton.....101
Quebec.....384	Michigan City.....300	Grand Rapids.....266	E. Las Vegas.....371	Erie.....298	Huntington.....190
Richmond.....142	New Albany.....361	Hancock.....564	Raton.....261	Foxburg.....350	Kenova.....511
River Du Loup.....204	Peru.....543	Jackson.....2	Roswell.....299	Galleton.....299	Martinsburg.....352
W. Farnham.....128	Princeton.....39	Marshall.....433	San Marcial.....264	Harrisburg.....74	McMechen.....477
California.	Seymour.....39	Marquette.....94	New York.	Harrisburg.....459	Point Pleasant.....408
Dunsmuir.....425	Terre Haute.....25	Wabash.....461	Albany.....46	Hazleton.....316	
Kern.....126	Washington.....289	Minnesota.	Binghamton.....311	Huntingdon.....509	Washington.
Los Angeles.....398	Indian Ter.	Austin.....102	Brooklyn.....419	Shore.....424	Ellensburg.....402
Los Angeles.....398	So. McAlester.....539	Breckenridge.....356	Buffalo.....419	Leavenworth.....540	Leavenworth.....540
Needles.....393	Iowa.	Duluth.....398	Buffalo.....382	Lehighton.....376	Seattle.....399
Rocklin.....415	Belle Plaine.....526	Minneapolis.....413	Buffalo.....421	Mauch Chunk.....257	Starbuck.....147
Sacramento.....110	Boone.....6	Minneapolis.....494	Buffalo.....533	McAdams.....43	Tacoma.....238
San Francisco.....161	Burlington.....15	Montevideo.....313	Buffalo.....544	McKees Rocks.....148	
Fresno.....180	Cedar Rapids.....125	Proctor Knott.....559	Corning.....24	New Castle.....565	Wisconsin.
West Oakland.....283	Canton.....128	S. Minneapolis.....357	Dunkirk.....67	Oil City.....173	Abbotsford.....50
Colorado.	Des Moines.....113	St. Paul.....144	East Buffalo.....421	Philadelphia.....61	Altoona.....241
Basalt.....515	Des Moines.....113	St. Paul.....150	East Buffalo.....433	Philadelphia.....71	Antigo.....436
Colorado City.....338	Dubuque.....119	St. Paul.....333	Elmira.....41	Philadelphia.....109	Ashland.....379
Denver.....166	Eagle Grove.....211	St. Paul.....349	Elmira.....434	Pittsburgh.....370	Baraboo.....176
Denver.....451	Eldon.....181	St. Paul.....369	Greenbush.....59	Pittsburgh.....464	Fond du Lac.....372
Florence.....546	Leadville.....226	St. Paul.....474	Hornellsville.....47	Pittsburgh.....472	Green Bay.....297
Grand Junc.....488	Leadville.....226	St. Paul.....516	Lehigh Valley.....25	Pittsburgh.....472	Green Bay.....297
La Junta.....505	Leadville.....226	St. Paul.....516	Mechanicsville.....420	Pittsburgh.....472	Green Bay.....297
Leadville.....226	Leadville.....226	St. Paul.....516	Waseca.....549	Pittsburgh.....472	Green Bay.....297
Minturn.....561	Leadville.....226	St. Paul.....516	Waseca.....549	Pittsburgh.....472	Green Bay.....297
Pueblo.....199	Leadville.....226	St. Paul.....516	Waseca.....549	Pittsburgh.....472	Green Bay.....297
Salida.....292	Leadville.....226	St. Paul.....516	Waseca.....549	Pittsburgh.....472	Green Bay.....297
Trinidad.....430	Leadville.....226	St. Paul.....516	Waseca.....549	Pittsburgh.....472	Green Bay.....297
Connecticut.	Leadville.....226	St. Paul.....516	Waseca.....549	Pittsburgh.....472	Green Bay.....297
Hartford.....205	Leadville.....226	St. Paul.....516	Waseca.....549	Pittsburgh.....472	Green Bay.....297
New Haven.....77	Leadville.....226	St. Paul.....516	Waseca.....549	Pittsburgh.....472	Green Bay.....297
New London.....348	Leadville.....226	St. Paul.....516	Waseca.....549	Pittsburgh.....472	Green Bay.....297
Delaware.	Leadville.....226	St. Paul.....516	Waseca.....549	Pittsburgh.....472	Green Bay.....297
Delmar.....374	Leadville.....226	St. Paul.....516	Waseca.....549	Pittsburgh.....472	Green Bay.....297
Wilmington.....342	Leadville.....226	St. Paul.....516	Waseca.....549	Pittsburgh.....472	Green Bay.....297

NATHAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

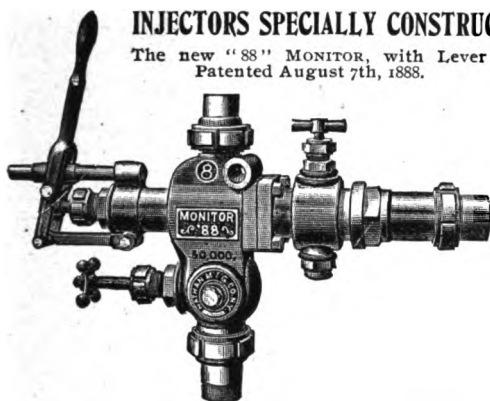
92 and 94 Liberty Street, New York,
and 180 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

MANUFACTURERS OF

The "Monitor" and other Locomotive Injectors.

INJECTORS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR HIGH PRESSURE.

The new "88" MONITOR, with Lever
Patented August 7th, 1888.



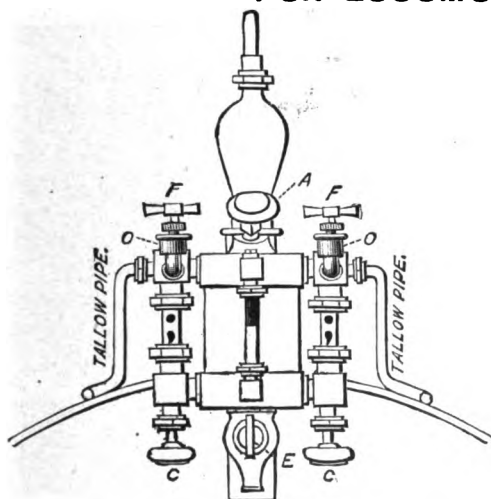
**"NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED
LUBRICATORS,
Ejectors or Water Elevators,
New Sanding Apparatus,
New Steam Fire Extinguishers,
Boiler Washers,
Rod and Guide Cups,
Etc., Etc.**

For instructions, see Engineer's
Card, which is furnished with each
Injector.

NOTE.—The "88" Monitor is also made with a quick motion Screw Starting Attachment.

THE "NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED CYLINDER LUBRICATOR FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

Oils both Cylinders.



*No possibility of feeding over
in one cylinder or
into boiler.*

**ALSO,
AIR BRAKE,
SIGHT-FEED
LUBRICATORS.**

NATHAN MANUFACTURING CO., New York.

CATALOGUES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.



STAR BRASS MANUFACTURING CO.,

Manufacturers of **Extra Heavy Locomotive Pop Safety Valves,**

MUFFLED AND OPEN.

Also Exclusive and Original Makers of "Non-Corrosive Steam
Gages," Locomotive Lubricators, Chime Whistles, Etc.

Main Office and Works: **BOSTON, MASS.**

New York, 88 Cortland St.

Chicago, 834 Monadnock Bldg.



When writing to advertisers, mention this Journal.

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA



"KNOWN THE WORLD OVER"
HAS RECEIVED THE HIGHEST ENDORSEMENTS
FROM THE MEDICAL PRACTITIONER, THE NURSE
AND THE INTELLIGENT HOUSEKEEPER AND CATERER

WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited
ESTABLISHED 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.
• GOLD MEDAL, PARIS 1900 •

Vose PIANOS

are receiving more favorable comments to-
day from an artistic standpoint than all
other makes combined.

WE Challenge Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan, every family
in moderate circumstances can own a fine
piano. We allow a liberal price for old in-
struments in exchange, and deliver the piano
in your house free of expense. You can
deal with us at a distant point the same as
in Boston. Send for catalogue and full
information.

VOSC & SONS PIANO CO.

161 Boylston Street, - - - Boston.



Hansen's Gloves and Gauntlets

"go" with Railroad Men. Not so
easily ripped as others because they
are strongly reinforced where the
strain comes. Fit well, wear like
iron, feel comfortable.

If your dealer doesn't carry
them in stock, write to us.

O. C. Hansen Mfg. Company
358 E. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis

PISO's For Consumption CURE

We always keep Piso's Cure
for Consumption in the house for
coughs and colds. The children
beg for it. We have recommended
it to our neighbors.

MRS. J. T. BALES,
Box 43, Augusta, Okla., Sept. 5, 1900.

Piso's Cure for Consumption cured my
daughter of an awful cough which the
whooping cough had left her with. I
can say it is the best remedy for coughs I
ever used.

ADELBERT C. PANGBORN,
Conway, Mich., Sept. 17, 1900.

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS JOURNAL

PRICE, \$1.00 BY MAIL



MONTE CARLO—LE CASIN

ENTERED AT THE CLEVELAND, OHIO, POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Westinghouse Air Brakes

Control the Railway Traffic of the World.

**Endorsed
by all the leading
railway authorities.**

**The Westinghouse Air Brake Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.**

BA2

When writing to advertisers, mention this Journal.

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS

MONTHLY JOURNAL

C.H. SALMONS, EDITOR AND MANAGER
307 SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING CLEVELAND, O.

VOL. XXXV.

SEPTEMBER, 1901.

No. 9

An American Abroad.

MONACO AND MONTE CARLO.

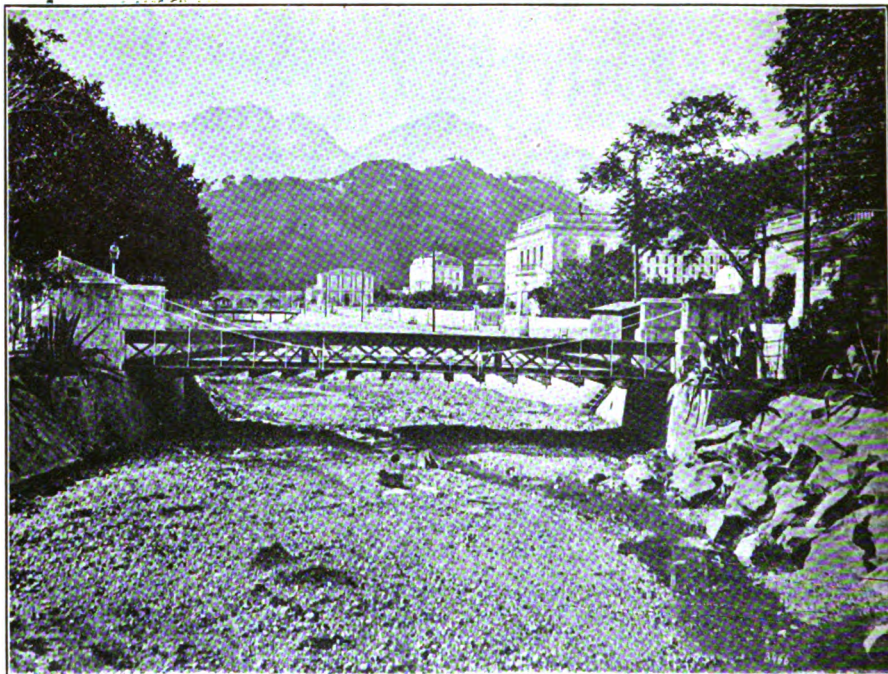
The route from Genoa to Monaco is very interesting. The railroad winds along the Gulf of Genoa and the Mediterranean shores, while to the right the foothills of the mountains, sometimes precipitous, with an occasional tunnel, will hold your attention to the scenery, generally of a rugged nature but interspersed with beautiful verdure, while to the left lie the gulf and the sea, and along their shores ancient and modern towns, each possessing something of interest worthy of the time required for a brief visit.

The train de luxe, equipped with basket chairs, is very comfortable compared with most of the accommodations in Europe, and you are whirled along at a good rate of speed. As we desire to know something of each town along the route by personal observation, we leave the train at Savona, 26 miles from Genoa.

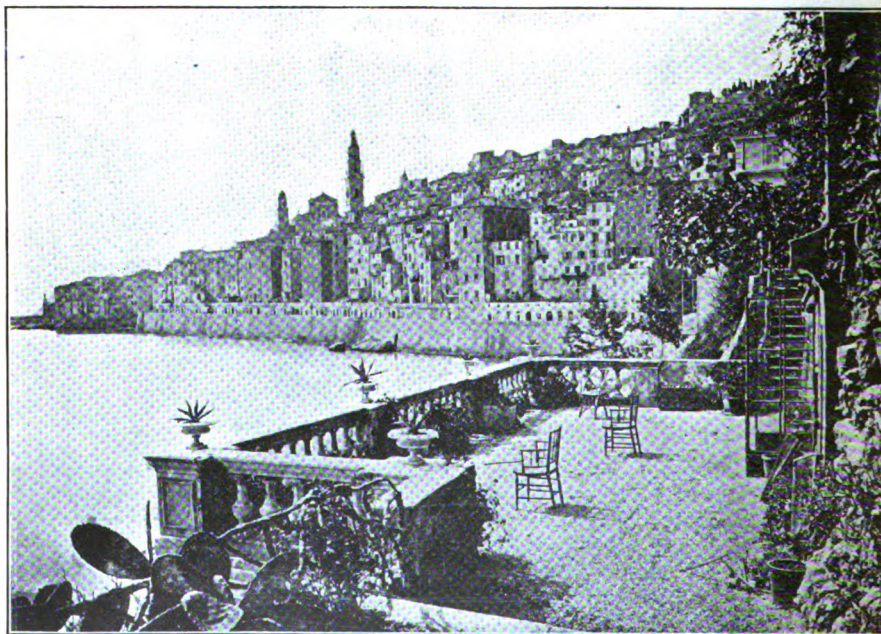
Savona is a handsome modern town, beautifully embowered in orange groves. Its history reaches back many centuries, in which we find a record of a long and desperate struggle with the Genoese. Savona was a commercial rival of Genoa, but the Genoese were too powerful for the Savonese, and during the sixteenth century the



MENTONE, FRANCE—GENERAL VIEW.



MENTONE, FRANCE, VAL DU CARIA.



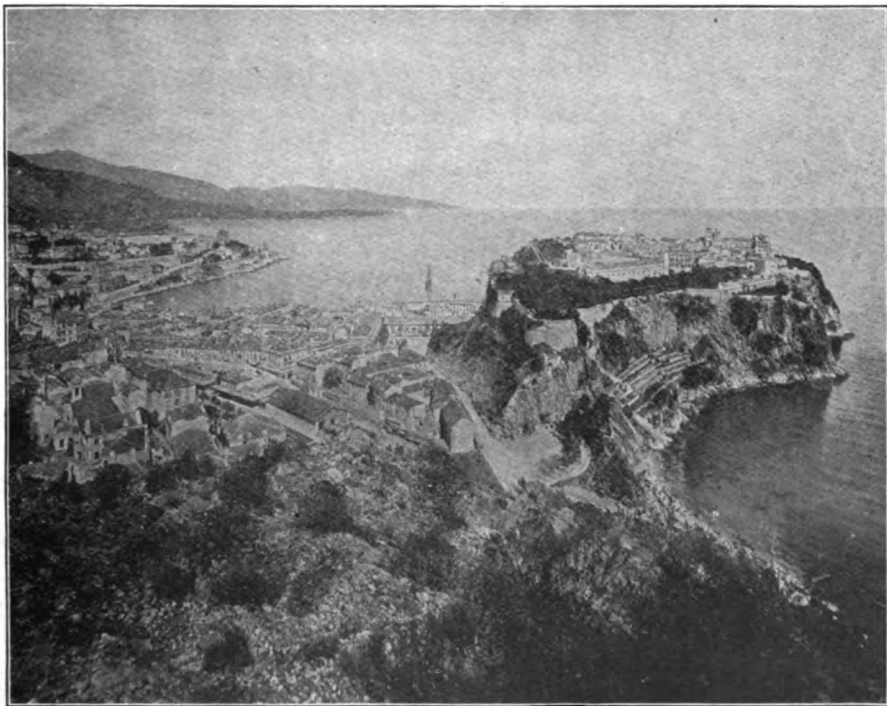
MENTONE, FRANCE, GARDEN OF MME. DUGSON.

Genoese, to ruin their shipping interest, filled up the Savona harbor, which was not opened again until 1815.

Savona has a Renaissance cathedral (1589-1604), which contains the tomb of Pope Sixtus IV., and an ancient castle (1542) which is used as a prison, and in which Mazzini, the Italian patriot and liberator, was confined in 1830-31. Other objects of interest are the Della Rovere Palace, a fine picture gallery, a marine institute, and in the residence quarter there are many examples of architectural beauty, surrounded with fine specimens of the gardener's skill. Population, about 30,000.

and language are like his own. It is very pleasantly situated, protected toward the north by picturesque and wooded mountains. The temperature is quite even, and its many attractions have brought to it the royal family of Italy, and it was a favorite resort of the Italian patriot, Garibaldi.

Leaving here, other towns on the coast, which are also winter resorts, owing to the salubrious climate, are Oneglia, with some 7,500 inhabitants, and three miles to the southwest, Porto Maurizio, San Remo and Bordighera. Between the latter and Ventimiglia we cross the river Roja, but a few miles in length, its waters almost falling



MONACO AND MONTE CARLO.

Again boarding the train, we pass Noli and Finali, two small towns some eight miles apart, which are winter resorts in a small way, and leave the train again at Alassio, 56 miles from Genoa. Alassio, Genoa and the other towns mentioned are all in the same province—Liguria, which stretches along the coast of the Gulf of Genoa and the shore of the Mediterranean almost to Monaco.

Alassio is a charming health resort, and frequented by many English-speaking people in the winter; and the American traveler will find it a pleasant relief to mingle with the people found here, whose tastes

from the Maritime Alps, and one and a half miles beyond the Italian frontier we reach Mentone, but seven miles from our objective point, Monaco.

Mentone dates back to an early period; but, having been acquired by the Grimaldi family in 1230, its history from that period is that of Monaco until 1846, when Mentone was annexed to Sardinia, and after the war of 1859 the whole territory belonged for a short time to King Victor Emmanuel. The protests of the lawful owners were loud, but the king clung to the possession until 1861, when he sold Mentone and Roquebrune to Napoleon for

4,000,000 francs, and it has since remained within the French borders.

Mentone, as will be seen by our illustration, is built on a promontory, which projects some distance into the sea, and from its point the wall protecting the harbor extends quite a distance. The hotels and villas for the visitors extend along the water's edge and out on the projecting point, while the old native town extends up the mountain-side. Beautiful trees everywhere, except upon the point, and extending well up the mountain-side, give the city a very inviting appearance. There are many fine residences, villas and

principality with an area of eight square miles, surrounded by the French Department of Alpes-Maritimes and the sea. It is divided into three sections, with about 3,500 inhabitants in Monaco, 6,500 in Cadamène and 4,000 in Monte Carlo.

For more than nine hundred years this principality has belonged to the family of Grimaldi, who were originally of Genoese extraction. They first held lands in France, between Frejus and Toulon, on the coast further to the west, where the name of the bay of Grimaud still commemorates their sway. They acquired Monaco in 968. In 1715 the heiress of the Grimaldi



MONTE CARLO—SAINTE DEVOTE SEEN THROUGH MIDDLE ARCH.

hotels, and the town, having a southern exposure, with spurs of the Alps sheltering it on the north and west, enjoys a more than usual even climate, the average for the year being 61 degrees, and in consequence it has become a very popular winter resort for invalids and health seekers from England, Germany and other countries. Considerable damage was done to the city by an earthquake in February, 1887, but little evidence of it can now be observed. It has a population of between 9,000 and 10,000.

Seven miles to the west, along the coast line, we find ourselves in Monaco, a small

of Monaco married Matignon, Comte de Thorigny, and her descendants continue to reign over their small kingdom, but it is now under French protection. There is much here aside from Monte Carlo to attract the visitor. The climate is the mildest on this coast, and palms and aloes grow most luxuriantly, and the rarest of wild flowers are found on its rocky promontory, and the surroundings, though exceedingly rugged, appeal to the lover of both mountain scenery and the beautiful in nature.

There is a tradition that Hercules founded Monaco, but the legend believed by the

natives is that "Sainte Devote," a young woman, a Christian martyr, who lived in Corsica at the end of the second century, when Diocletian and Maximian were joint emperors of Rome, and had been a Christian since birth, when called upon to sacrifice to the gods of Rome refused, in consequence of which she was put to torture and died in agony, and that as she drew her last breath a dove flew out of her mouth and ascended to heaven. The Governor of Corsica ordered her remains to be burnt, but two Christian priests to prevent this embalmed her corpse, put it into a boat and set sail for Africa. A strong wind

hand and a branch of lilies in the other. The pulpit is ornamented with medallions let into the three sides, which represent Sainte Devote before the Emperor, her being led to torture, and her crowning as a martyr. The church, seen through the middle arch, is in the Italian style of architecture, and a very interesting evidence of the natives' faith in the legendary story of the saint.

Prince Albert, the present sovereign, has one son, Louis, by a marriage dissolved in 1880, with Lady Hamilton. Lady Hamilton is a daughter of the Duchess* of Hamilton *nee* Princess of Baden, who, in



MONTE CARLO TERRACE LOOKING TOWARD MONACO.

drove the boat in an opposite direction, and when land was sighted a second dove issued from Sainte Devote's mouth and rested on the spot where she is buried in Monaco; and nestling in the shade in the Valley of Gaumatis, between the rock of Monaco and Monte Carlo, is a picturesque little church raised to her memory (seen through the center arch in our illustration on page 520). Cross palmas, with a martyr's crown and an alto-relief in which is represented the boat with Sainte Devote's body driven ashore, ornament the exterior, while inside, in the place of honor over the high altar, stands her statue, with a dove in one

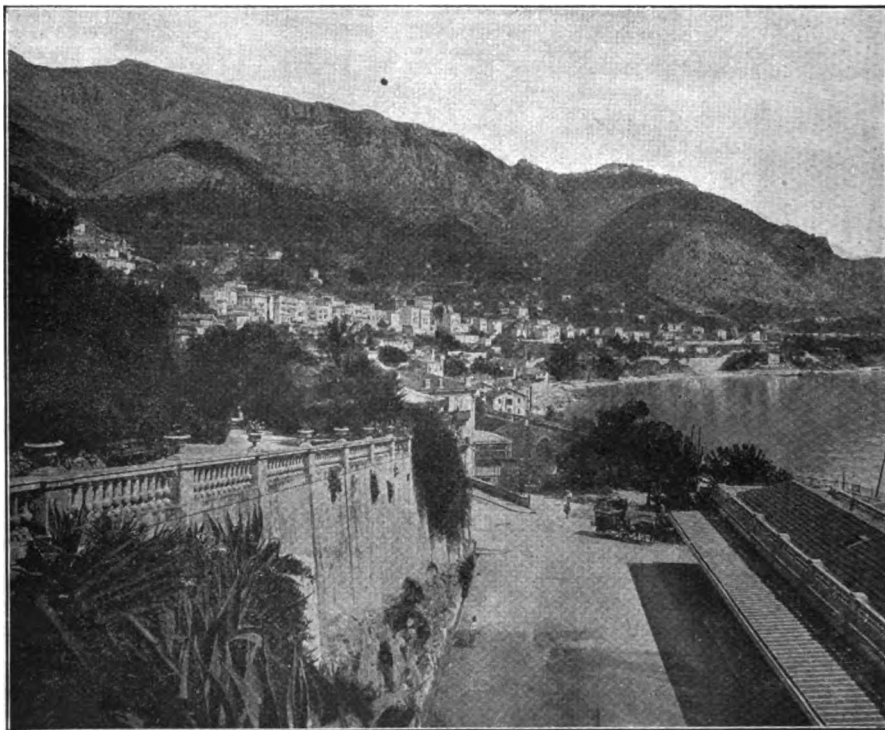
conjunction with Napoleon III., forced her into the hateful alliance with the hereditary Prince of Monaco. The moral character of this reigning prince of the greatest gambling place in the world may be fairly estimated, when we can find it said in standard authorities that his treatment of his wife, Lady Hamilton, was of such a nature that it could not be told in print, and about 1870 she fled from the Castle of Monte Carlo and took refuge with Queen Henrietta of Belgium at Brussels. In 1880,

* Marquis de Fontenoy in "Within Royal Palaces."

the Vatican annulled the marriage, though maintaining the legitimacy of the son, Louis.

The Prince of Monaco then married a Jewess, daughter of the wealthy banker Michel Heino, New Orleans and Paris. It is said that the ambition of the Prince's present wife is the transforming of the Casino of Monte Carlo into a kind of hospital for the poor and ailing who require a warm climate, and she has plenty of means to carry out that object when the present lease expires, a very commendable object. The prince himself seems to have some redeeming qualities. He is a

Monaco was a museum of beautiful and rare objects, and the works of the greatest artists had been purchased to adorn it. But when Monaco was incorporated with the French Republic in 1797, M. Vignaly was appointed a commissioner by France to examine and report upon the contents of the palace. He made a careful examination of hundreds of valuable paintings, but declared there were but sixty-four worth retaining, while he estimated other works of art, said to have been worth their weight in gold, as rubbish, and approved of a sacrifice sale at auction of one of the finest collections of the eighteenth century.



MONTE CARLO, LES MOULINS.

scientific student in marine currents, and by a system of floats, each containing a letter to be answered by whoever picks it up. From answers already received it is fairly well demonstrated that the Atlantic has a circular movement. He has also given much study to animal life at a great depth beneath the surface, which has won him favor at the French Academie des Sciences.

Monte Carlo has not always been a gambling place, but had many rich patrons in the past who spent large sums in its adornment. At the beginning of the French Revolution, in 1789, the Palace of

For a time following this sale the palace was used as a hospital for wounded soldiers, but after Napoleon's victory in Italy it was converted into a poorhouse for the department of the Maritime Alps, and was used as such from 1806 to 1814. To Baron Blanc, of Hamburg, is due the credit, if it can be considered a credit, of establishing gambling in Monaco in 1856-7, from which the gambling craze has grown to prodigious proportions. The gambling rooms built at Monte Carlo are on grounds leased to 1913 from the Prince of Monaco. The buildings belong to a stock company, or *Société Anonyme*, which pays \$250,000 a

year for the concession. The total income from this enterprise for 1899 was \$5,520,000. Of this the prince gets \$500,000 a year, \$2,220,000 goes to paying the expenses of the principality, maintenance of the Casinos, the army of croupiers, police, detectives, theatrical and operatic companies, keeping the gardens in order, and municipal expenses, which the company is bound to pay. Besides this, large amounts are spent as hush-money to newspapers for the suppression of hostile criticisms, and to prevent the statement of unpleasant facts about losses, suicides, etc.; and yet, with all this, the stockholders had left to divide

Monaco, which is protected by several gateways and a guard-house. The palace itself is under the surveillance of a fort built on the French side and overlooks it. One approach is by a long paved incline, the other by a steep road bordered on one side by a sea wall bristling with the spikes of the aloe and prickly pear. Strangers are not admitted as residents, so there is little desirable accommodation for the tourist, though there is an old-fashioned place having a placard outside which advertises a dinner with wine at 30 cents per head. Once inside the gates, driving along the public road, dotted here and there with



MONTE CARLO THEATER

among themselves \$3,400,000. The increase receipts for 1899 amounted to \$200,000 over 1898.

The streets and walks by which one must travel into both Monaco and Monte Carlo have a sort of quasi-military appearance, and there is considerable climbing wherever one goes.

The Château of Monaco, as it is generally termed, is a white stone building, with towers, one of which suffered in the earthquake of 1887. It was originally a fortress, and a very strong one, as the remains of a round tower, ramparts, and bastions indicate, as well as the entrance to the hill of

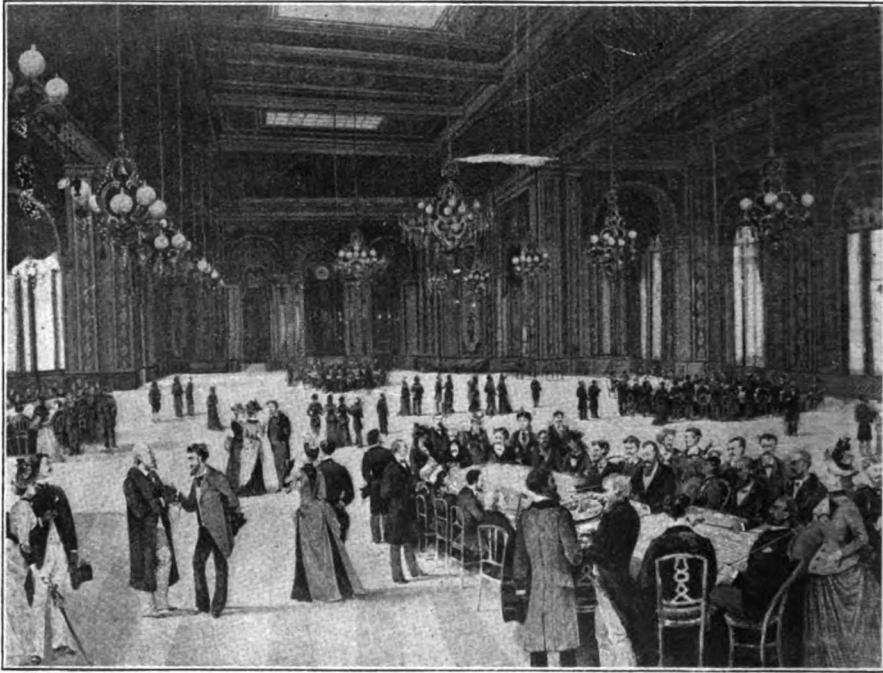
villas, is like going through a garden gay with flowers and graceful, red-burred pepper trees and hedges of scarlet geraniums. Some of the roads or paths are very circuitous and narrow, on which carriages could not pass, and we wondered what would be done if perchance two should be going to meet, for one would either have to go back or jump over the other. However, the place is worth seeing, and sufficiently so to take chances on getting out of the difficulty of meeting another carriage where there is room for but one. There are some good shops, a college for Jesuits, a convent for girls, a

large hospital, a post-office, and as Monaco coins its own money and stamps it with its own stamp, there is a mint.

There is a cathedral and barracks in the Place d'Armes, where the small army is quartered, consisting of twelve officers and seventy men. The palace stands on the plateau at the highest point, on a great rock, to which flowers seem to take as naturally as to the soil in the gardens below it. The grounds are handsomely ornamented with native trees. A bust of the late prince stands near by. The palace was not completed until the sixteenth century, by Honore II., the first Grimaldi, who assumed the name of prince, and, hav-

palace. The state rooms, finished in red, blue, green, etc., each having its own color, with the walls and furniture covered with the same damask satin, are only shown to visitors two days in the week. The throne is a gilt chair covered with red velvet, with the arms of the principality embroidered on the back of it in gold, raised on a dais over which a canopy of crimson velvet curtains depends from a gold crown. Just behind the chair stands a marble bust of Charles III.

In one of the bedrooms the Duke of York died in 1767. He had been taken ill while on the way from Marseilles to Genoa, and sought the hospitality of the



MONTE CARLO CASINO, SALLE DE JEU.

ing passed his youth in Milan, came to the throne of the little kingdom with Milanese luxurious tastes, which has evidently been followed by his successors.

The style is Italian, but somewhat in colors the rooms are finished in Roman mosaic and Japanese lacquer, marble and gilding, and the ceilings frescoed, and the rooms are replete with cabinets and tables in Florentine *pietra dura*. In the Court of Honor there is quite an elaborate staircase in marble, in the form of a horseshoe, which leads into the Gallery of Hercules, which is elaborately frescoed. The Court of Honor and staircase were built by Louis I., who was lavish in expenditures on the

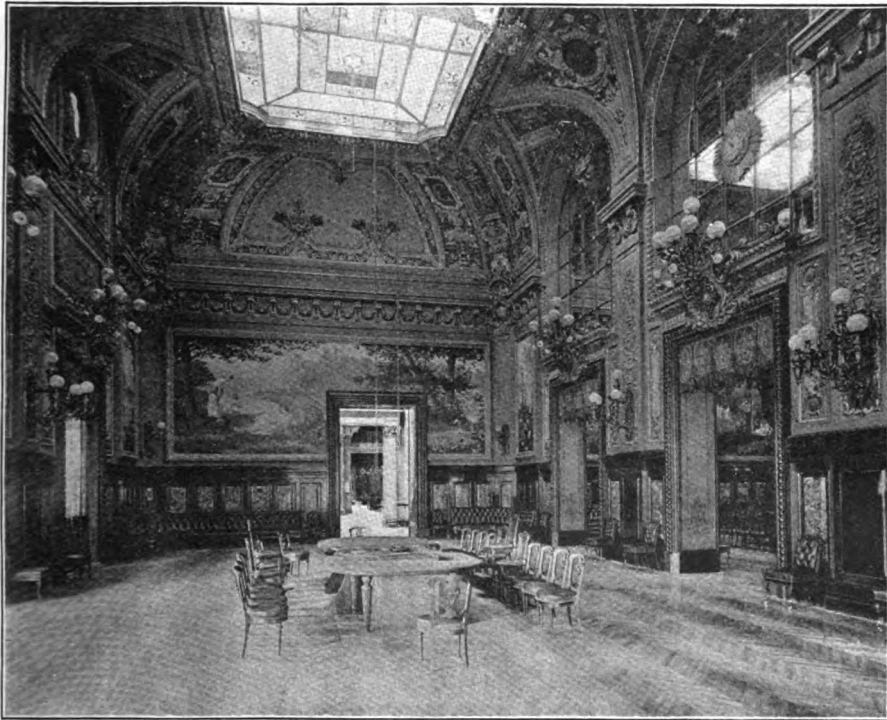
Prince of Monaco, Honore III., who gave him every possible attention, but without avail. One of the finest rooms in the palace was placed at his disposal, but he died in a few days. This room is sumptuously rich in color and gilding. It is painted red with garlands of flowers, while the seasons are represented in the four corners, and in the middle Juno with a peacock. The gold and tapestried bed and the other ornaments are Italian work of the eighteenth century. Standing at the extreme end of the gallery next the throne room and looking down the whole length of this suite of apartments, the polished marble floors shining like glass, in the

light from the many windows, coupled with the gilt cornices and frescoed ceilings, is decidedly fairy-like. The chapel Saint Jean is on the ground floor, and has a gallery or private chapel for the Royal family, who can enter from their own apartments above. It was completed in 1656, and was originally very beautiful, it is said, but badly used during the French Revolutionary period, though much work has been done to restore it in harmony with the original designs.

The buildings in Monte Carlo are exceedingly elaborate in finish and decoration, but we will let our illustrations speak for themselves, and as for what transpires

the other. Hence my capacity for observation, which was further augmented by the fact that I was not obliged to wear either the uniform of the company or that of the prince, and, on the contrary, my employers paid me liberal equipage money to enable me to follow the fashions with respect to clothes and jewelry, so I might mix with the visitors without attracting attention.

My business was to prevent "scenes" in the Casino, acts of violence of one sort or another, and to that end most elaborate arrangements prevailed. Above all, my incognito was absolute, and it was never necessary for me to address one of the guards in public. As a matter of fact, I



MONTE CARLO CASINO, NOUVELLE SALLE DE JEU.

within them we cannot do better than give the story as told by the Chief Detective, C. Benvesitsti, in the *Louisville Commercial*:

In ten years I have seen 118 men and women rise from that table and go out and kill themselves, and as that number was exactly one-half of our entire suicide crop, the ominous name of that particular piece of furniture seems well deserved.

I was chief of the detective and police agents in the Moorish room during the period mentioned, and bound not to leave my post for a single moment as long as the game lasted from one end of the season to

never took the least notice of my men, while on their parts they were instructed to keep their eyes upon me all the time and follow the direction of my movements. If I elevated my eyebrows, moved my hand, or adjusted my eyeglass in a certain fashion when I gambled, or suddenly paused in the midst of a winning or losing campaign—such apparently meaningless or capricious performances signaled to the detectives specified orders with respect to certain persons, circumstances, or general indications.

The suicide table is new and bright. I

invite visitors to the Casino to compare its cloth covering with that of the other roulette boards. Its alluring green will be found to be brighter and cleaner, its yellow figures to stick out more prominently. Everybody can see that the cloth on the suicide table is of more recent make than the rest. Yet the Casino Company is 318 francs poorer on that account. I know, because I audited the bill myself.

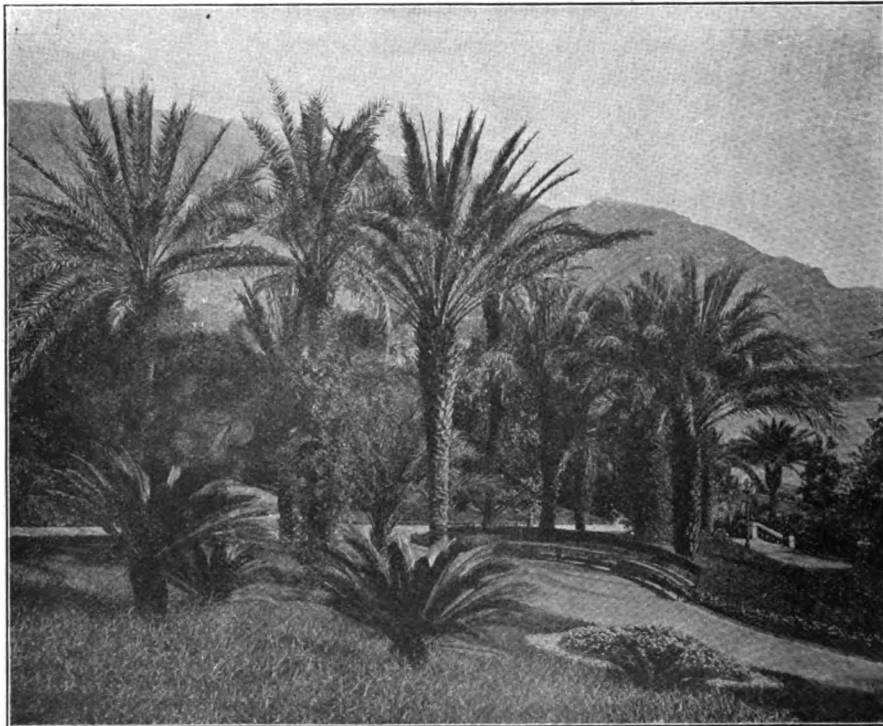
Here are the figures: cloth for double table, 250 francs; painting of yellow figures, 50 francs; nailing down, 18 francs; total, 318 francs.

Against these figures there is an offset of

and the shuffling of gold—that alone saved me from official disgrace.

As to the incident itself, it was soon forgotten, and it had no bearing whatever on the game. It has really nothing to do with the sorry superstitions attaching to the suicide table. The ill reputation of that piece of furniture was already of many years' standing when the Russian committed his flagrant breach of Casino etiquette. To be precise, he was No. 85 on my list of unfortunates who got their coup de grace under my watching eyes in the Moorish room.

Though my duties confined me to my



MONTE CARLO, CASINO GARDEN.

600 francs, which the Casino Company would have been obliged to pay the young Russian, who made the muss on the old cloth, for traveling expenses. As it was, this Muscovite prince refused to become a pensioner of M. Blanc's heirs, and blew out his brains over the very table where he had dropped his all—400,000 francs.

It happened two years ago, and it nearly cost me my job. The circumstance that one of the directors of the company drew me into a corner to talk about the same Russian's persistent ill luck and its probable consequences, just a minute before the shot rang out over the clangor of voices

Moorish room, the principality was under my jurisdiction. When I saw a man or woman approach the suicide state,—experience made me a fine judge of emotions,—my first care was to prevent him or her spoiling more cloth. To that end I signaled my men to press around the party, and, if necessary, forcibly prevent him or her putting a hand in the pocket or from striking the croupier, doing damage to the table or anybody.

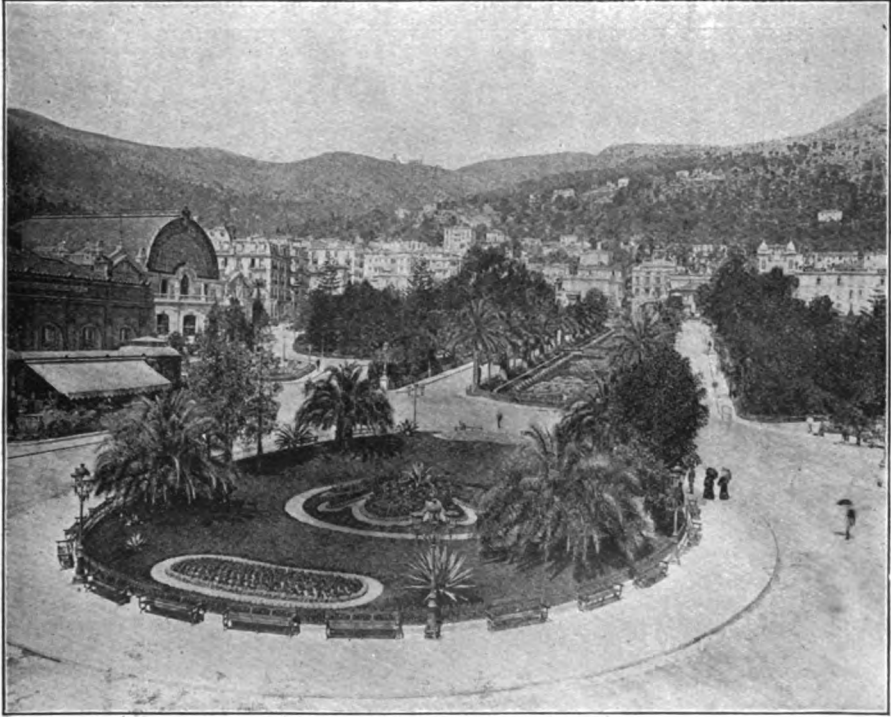
Many desperate cases I approached in my capacity of a private gentleman and fellow-gambler, offering to assist them out of the country and pay their homeward

journey. The company, you know, has the reputation of being rather ugly with people demanding railway fares and money for hotel expenses; sensitive persons, therefore, hesitate about approaching the officers. I dare say, my intervention—which cost me nothing, as the company, of course, recouped me—has saved many a poor devil's life.

But there were the hopeless cases—va banque players by destiny—some having come to Monte Carlo with the fixed intention of killing themselves unless they should win a larger or smaller pot of money. Fate pushed them to the suicide

are hardened men, to be sure; it's their business to be soulless, to be machines; but the suicide table has, to my knowledge, given three or four of them heart disease.

Whether any of the suicide candidates have a foreboding of evil when they come to our table I don't know: certain it is that a few try hard to escape their fate. They come flanked by hunchbacks, loaded down with charms, primed with prayers, or holding pieces of hangman's rope between their fingers. Others try to insure their fortune by paying the croupier 10 francs ere the day's work begins. Of course he accepts the bribe. Why shouldn't he? He



MONTE CARLO—GROUNDS IN FRONT OF CASINO.

table, and it was perfectly clear to us professional observers they were doomed the moment they staked their first 10-franc piece. Nothing could save them, neither advice, nor money advanced, and though the company shuddered at the prospect of suicides, prevention was beyond it, for the regulations of the playroom must be observed under all circumstances, and the roulette will take orders from no one.

I am not superstitious, by any means, but I can't bring myself to doubt that a strange fatality attaches to the suicide table. It's an octopus that sucks in victims from all parts of the globe. Our croupiers

isn't tampering with his employer's profits.

The table is cursed, cloth, board, and legs, but there are various degrees of damnation connected with its twenty-four chairs. My ten years' record shows that some of the seats are more fatal to their occupants than the others. I tremble when I see a man or woman sit down to the left of the croupier facing the entrance door. Seventeen death candidates sat there to my own knowledge, toying with fate. In seventeen blood-stained, pain-distorted faces at the morgue I recognized acquaintances of chair No. 2. The twenty-

third chair in the round accommodated eleven suicides, six women and five men. The others have records of eight, five, four, three, and one death.

One day, five seasons ago, my neighbor at the table was a young Parisian. He sat in one of the one-death chairs, and won and won. When the doors closed he carried off 200,000 francs. Imagine my consternation when next morning I found him installed to the left of the croupier. I felt like tearing him away or like slipping a card into his hand, warning him against the awful significance of the seat he had chosen, but my official character forbade me to interfere, and, besides,

One day not long ago an elderly gentleman, Signor Antonio Cesare, a captain in the Italian army, who knew my connection with the Casino, compelled me to give him the seat I was occupying, that next to the croupier. I did so with a bleeding heart, for this old man was the very picture of health, good nature, and favorable circumstances, and I was, besides, an intimate friend of his cousin, the Mayor of Benti-migliis. Still, I had to hold my peace.

Well, this gentleman lost nearly 100,000 francs in the course of the day and evening. When he got up his own mother wouldn't have known him, so changed was his whole appearance. He looked ten



MONTE CARLO WASHERWOMEN.

my advice would have been scorned in all probability, for the fellow gambled like one mad. He lost and lost. He lost his winnings of the day before and 200,000 francs of his own money. I saw the cold sweat stand on his face, I saw the goose skin on his head. When his last 1,000 franc note was gone, he rose, and swaying to and fro like a drunkard, stumbled out of the hall, laughing immoderately.

Two of my men were led a merry chase by this unfortunate, and when at last they caught up with him, he jumped off the railway bridge near St. Devote Church, knocking out his brains.

Another case that haunts my dreams!

years older; his flesh had fallen away; madness stared out of his eyes. He, too, escaped my vigilants in the dark. The next day they fished his body from the lake at Mentone.

Then there were the Parlingtons, refined English people, a young gentleman and a younger lady. They were on their wedding trip. I can never forget the look of delight with which young Mrs. Parlington pocketed her first gain. The pretty bride fairly coaxed her husband to stake ten francs. Alas! he won. Madam, too, won again. When night came they had a couple of thousand francs in their pockets. Next morning they took chairs Nos. 23 and

24, which happened to be vacant. No. 23 brought them the usual luck. They gained 30,000 francs. But on the following day came the inevitable change. The 30,000 francs went back to us, and the couple's little fortune followed. They walked from the room deathly pale, hand in hand. My detectives informed me that they took the train for Nice without troubling about their baggage.

They shot and killed themselves in the Windsor Hotel there.

D'Acunha's Luck—A Monte Carlo Mystery.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

When I left the Vaterland at Naples, and had seen the end of the Billington-Cangiar case, I traveled leisurely homeward, pausing at Rome, Pisa, Spezia, Genoa, and last of all, at Monte Carlo, which I had never visited, and where I proposed to spend a few days. Although the season was on the wane, there was surely enough to interest me, and, indeed, to occupy me, if I was weak enough to succumb to the dangerous fascinations of the place.

So a fellow-passenger put it to me, in passable French, as we sat side by side in comfortable basket chairs of the train de luxe and were whirled along the Mediterranean shore.

I had noticed him before leaving Genoa; had been drawn to do so by an incident that appealed to my detective faculties. For I had seen that he was being watched, "shadowed" by a couple of shabby creatures, who were either thieves or spies of some sort or other.

My companion was a dark-skinned, close-shaven, bullet-headed man of small stature, portly, indeed overgrown, with thick, sensuous lips and heavy-lidded, sleepy black eyes; very prosperous in appearance, with much jewelry on his person; smart new baggage, a costly fur coat and a red morocco handbag suspended to a strap over one shoulder. The last must have contained valuables, for he clung to it very tenaciously.

I did not quite make him out; his French had an unfamiliar accent, which gave me no clue, but he was smooth-spoken, anxious to be friendly, and we chatted on pleasantly enough, beguiling the time. He was not a Russian, although I gathered from his talk that he had come from Odessa, via Buda-Pest and Vienna. On the other hand, the men who were watching him had rather the Tartar or Calmuck cast of countenance. That they were after him I had no manner of doubt, for before leaving Genoa I had seen one make a significant gesture to the other—it was an almost imperceptible wave of the hand

toward my companion, and that was all. I saw no more of them after leaving Genoa. They were hardly first-class passengers; besides, there is a supplement to be paid for seats in this particularly favored train.

"Does monsieur play?" asked my neighbor. "No? He will certainly be tempted when he gets within the influence of the principality. It is a disease—in the air. I caught it the first time, and with me it is incurable."

"Do you play with any luck?" I asked, wondering if it was the secret of his seeming prosperity.

"I cannot complain; I have generally done well. I have a system of my own, which has never yet failed me, only it needs boldness and sufficient capital. As to that—" he touched the handbag slung round his neck with imprudent complacency.

"Is that quite wise?" I repeated his emphasis, no longer surprised that he was pursued by thieves. "Not only do you carry your money—a great deal of it I dare say,—about your person, but you confide the fact to me, a perfect stranger, whom you have not known more than half an hour."

I was about to warn him of the near danger he ran at that moment, to put him on his guard against the thieves at his heels, when he almost took my breath away by declaring that he had known me for years.

"I recognized you, Major Macnaghton Innes, sir, at Genoa," now speaking English, and of a kind that placed him at once. There was no mistaking the "chee chee," the accent of the Eurasian or Indian half-blood, with its sing-song cadence. I knew now that he was "20 annas to the rupee," half native, half European, the white half being Portuguese, as I found on hearing his name—Silveira d'Acunha.

"I had the honor of seeing you, sir," he went on very respectfully, while I inwardly raged that his memory for faces was better than mine, "at Haiwanabad some years back. I was then in the service of the rajah of Haiwanapore, a mere news-writer and clerk. You would not have noticed me; of course, I remember you."

"When did you leave India?" I asked next. It was a polite way of inquiring how the poverty-stricken half-caste had blossomed into a millionaire.

"I was fortunate, sir. The rajah was good to me. I took to trade, traveled far across the Hindoo Koosh into Siberia, and prospered—greatly. Now I am able to enjoy life."

There was something in the way he said this; a false note in his voice, a cunning look in his beady eyes, that checked my first impulse to tell him of the men who were on his track. I had a vague impres-

sion that the fellow was not quite straight, and that this wealth of his had been improperly acquired. What if these pursuers were not mere thieves, but the agents of justice, official or unofficial, with some set purpose of vindicating wrong or calling him to strict account for some misdeed?

Outwardly, at least, he had no misgiving of any impending Nemesis. I saw him that evening at the Grand Hotel, where we had both taken up our quarters, dining copiously, arrayed in purple and fine linen. A splendid black pearl solitaire, encircled with brilliants, sparkled in his extensive shirt-front; his fat, dark fingers were loaded with rings. He had, no doubt, dived deep into the precious bag before handing it over to the manager for safe custody, a precaution I had seen him take on arrival at the hotel.

He made me a low bow as he passed my table after dinner, and asked, with cringing affability, whether I proposed to visit the rooms that evening.

"If that is your intention, sir, I would venture to suggest that you should follow my system. I shall be at one of the trente-et-quarante tables. I feel confident I shall win."

I thanked him, rather coldly. Habit is strong, and an old Anglo-Indian cannot bring himself very readily to associate with or be under obligation to a half-caste.

The gaming table had never possessed any attractions for me, and I preferred that night to take my cigar and coffee under the canopy of heaven to entering "the rooms." I had come to see a place reputed to be one of the most beautiful in the world rather than tempt fortune at the tables.

Next morning, as I sat sunning myself upon the broad terrace in front of the Casino, facing the superb view, I saw, indeed, that nature was at her loveliest where man was most vile.

But I could not escape the influence of the place. Play was the one engrossing topic; the strange chances of the game; the curious variations that shipwrecked systems; the strange runs and extraordinary series, defying all calculations, and bringing about sometimes colossal winnings, more often everlasting smash.

Everyone was full of the phenomenal fortune that had come to one player the night before—a man newly arrived, but not unknown at the tables, and I soon guessed from the description given that it was my half-caste, d'Acunha. His system had clearly been most successful. He had won at least a couple of hundred thousand francs, and this, presently, I had from his own lips, for he came up, fawning and greasy as ever, upbraiding me for not having followed his advice and imploring me to do so next time.

"There are two sides to the question, Mr. d'Acunha," I answered, carelessly. "Suppose it had been the other way? I am told reaction is inevitable—at any rate, I am a very poor gambler. I hate to lose, and I am not at all sure I like to win."

"I never lose," he said, with the profound conviction that would some day land him in Queer street. I could see him working out his hotel bill by blacking the boots or appealing to the administration for a free pass back to Haiwanapore.

All this time I had seen no more of his followers. If they had arrived at Monte Carlo, they kept very close. Possibly they were reconnoitering their ground, spying out the ways of the place and the ways of their victim before making any definite move.

Like myself, however, they found their way to the rooms that second night, and I caught them watching, as I was, with breathless interest, the renewed success of d'Acunha.

He was the center of observation, the cynosure of every eye at the cross trente-et-quarante table in the first end room. The throng stood there three deep, staring open-mouthed at his extraordinary persistent good luck, and all who could struggle near enough to stake followed his play with equal fortune.

I confess to sharing in the excitement, although even now I could not bring myself to throw in my lot with the half-caste, as he carried off maximum after maximum in rapid succession.

My two nondescripts, while they kept their eyes intently on d'Acunha, remained outwardly impassive spectators of the exciting scene. But that they were strongly affected by it I am quite certain from their gestures and the muttered remarks that passed between them.

Did d'Acunha know them? Once, in the height of his triumph, he looked across the table, saw me and bowed, waving his hand toward his pile, implying that, had I chosen, the same fortune might be mine. He must have seen the spies, as he had seen me—they were almost at my elbow. But there was no recognition in his glance, no apprehension. They knew him, but he could not know them, and still I wondered.

Then suddenly they turned to go. I guessed that they were intruders without the carte d'entree that all must carry who would pass the portals of this terrestrial hell. No doubt they had escaped the lynx-eyed Cerberus at the doors, and were now leaving while it was time. Whether they had any ulterior intentions against d'Acunha I could not determine, but I thought well to follow them as they glided stealthily and quickly through the crowded rooms into the dark night.

Outside I lost them. I looked about in vain, through the small square that faces the Casino, among the tables in front of the Café de Paris. They were out of sight and ken, although all the time I was vaguely conscious that they were at no great distance from me, hidden somewhere amid the silvery shadows.

I confess I had a certain sympathy for them—that of a brother sportsman after game that is difficult to come at. They were surely more than commonplace thieves hungry for plunder. How could they foresee when they tracked this d'Acunha down to Monte Carlo that he would prove so valuable a quarry? They were far more interesting to me than the man they hunted, the smug, self-satisfied gambler whom I had but just now seen with his sheaves of banknotes drinking in delighted the plaudits of his fellow-gamblers, while the bank tottering to its fall was re-enforced by fresh rouleaux of gold from the coffers below.

By and by, as I sat in front of the Café de Paris, while it was quite early, he came out. He was, no doubt, prudently resolved to get back betimes to his hotel and put his vast winnings securely by.

I saw him plainly as he paused under the bright gas lamps at the head of the great staircase, then strut across the open space with head erect and inflated chest, obviously in his most triumphant mood, making straight for where I sat. He did not actually join me. I don't believe that he saw me, but he halted in the dark line made by the edge of the awning, and took his place at a table that stood a little apart in the deserted square. I heard him call aloud for champagne and light a huge cigar.

I watched him rather disdainfully, a little angrily, perhaps, chafing inwardly at the strange whirligig of life. A few years back this creature would not have dared to sit down in my presence; he would have cheerfully smoked a hubble-bubble or chewed betel nut; now nothing but the best would satisfy him. He was rolling in riches, at the top of the wave, while I, to whom he once cringed almost as to a superior being, was forced to take any business that offered, simply to make both ends meet.

I consoled myself by thinking that I should be sorry to change places with him. He was but a poor creature at best, even now in his prosperity, and I still believed that there was some dark shadow in his past—a shadow that seemed to take bodily shape as I looked at him, musing thus, a shadow creeping and crawling towards him, and presently, as I half fancied, enveloping him in its dark, mysterious folds.

Something of the sort might have been

in his own mind at that very moment, for I saw him spring to his feet suddenly with a shiver and a start, drain his glass at one gulp, and then move forward with a heavy lurching gait towards the Grand Hotel.

He staggered on a dozen yards or so, he had barely reached the garden in the central square, when two figures, that had been lurking in the shadows, moved out and glided noiselessly and cautiously after him.

I knew instantly what this meant, for I recognized his pursuers. It meant more, indeed, than I had at first imagined. They had evil intentions against d'Acunha, that was plain, but I saw also that he had been cunningly and adroitly prepared for defeat by a method with which I was familiar. I had seen Indian dacoits get the better of their victim by administering some narcotic or stupefying drug and attack and overpower him when under its influence.

I felt sure that d'Acunha had been drugged. I knew it by his swaying figure as he reeled along with strange antics and horrible contortions; he danced and shuffled and raised his arms above his head as though he was uproariously drunk.

But now, with his enemies close at his heels, I felt that it was time to interfere. I could not allow this abject millionaire to be robbed, maltreated, possibly murdered under my very eyes.

Starting to my feet, I ran post haste after the party, calling for help as I went along.

The police of Monte Carlo, although arrayed in a somewhat theatrical costume, are very much upon the spot when there is business to be done. At my appeal a couple of half bravos, half opera chorus, in swords and short cloaks, came rapidly up out of the gardens below the Casino. This is a favorite spot for suicides, it is said, and always carefully patrolled.

By the time I caught up with the pursuers they had already run into their prey, d'Acunha had been struck down, and the two men were stooping over him, tearing his clothes, rifling his pockets, as I thought, with all the adroitness of practiced garroters.

With a straight blow from the shoulder I sent one of them flying across the road, and then grappled closely with the second in a fierce hand-to-hand struggle, which ended in his complete overthrow just as the police rushed up to the rescue.

After the manner of most Continental officials, they proceeded with strict impartiality to take us all into custody. One of them was willing to admit that the part I had played was not exactly criminal, but I was also a suspected person, and, in any case, my evidence was necessary for the proces-verbal. They would also have carried d'Acunha with them to give his own

account of the transaction, but he was found to be quite insensible, whether from the blows he had received or the narcotic I could not tell, but I shrewdly suspected the latter. So he was consigned to the care of another party of police—by this time they swarmed around us—and removed to the hotel under surveillance.

A hasty examination of his pockets showed that the robbery had not been completed before he was rescued. His purse, a great capacious leathern wallet stuffed full of 1,000 franc notes and gold plaques (pieces of £4), was found intact, also his rings, studs and other jewelry. But his clothing was awry, his shirt-collar had been torn off and he was altogether disheveled and untidy.

We were escorted—the rest of us—back to the Casino, which we entered by a back or side door, not the main portico. A discreet veil is thrown over all affairs of this kind at Monte Carlo. The less the public hears of scandals the better in a place whose virtue is not unimpeachable.

The commissary on duty was an imposing gentleman, with a well-waxed, black mustache and in evening dress. He eyed us, innocent and guilty alike, with equal ferocity, but when he had heard the whole story and condescended to look at my card he thanked me for the prompt assistance I had rendered to the cause of law and order.

"But who are these?" he asked, abruptly, as he eyed the thieves. "What do you call yourselves? Where do you come from?"

He tried them in French, but got no answer, then in Italian, then German, with no better result. The prisoners either did not or would not understand. I believe they thought it best to preserve unbroken silence under the cloak of vacant stupidity. There was not a waver in the pale-blue eyes, not a muscle moved on the set, stolid faces as the commissary apostrophized them with increasing fierceness.

"I think they are Russians, monsieur—Calmuck Tartars, perhaps," I suggested. "If you can find any one to interpret that language—"

"It shall be done. Meanwhile they shall be consigned to durance, intolerable rogues. It is too bad, monsieur; this principality has become the resort and prey of every scoundrel in Europe."

He made me a courteous bow, and I was permitted to withdraw, being shown upstairs by an inner staircase which led direct to the great pillared hall or ante-chamber of the gambling rooms.

I was tempted to enter then, wondering whether the stormy affair in which I had been concerned had made any stir. It seemed, however, to be scarcely known, or if any rumors of it had got about it was altogether eclipsed in importance by the

remaining chances of the game. The last hour of the night's play had arrived; a great crowd surrounded every table, eager, excited, noisy, with a babel of tongues.

Something indefinable, irresistible, the fierce, baleful spirit that was abroad in that heated, noxious atmosphere, seized me also, and almost mechanically I planked down a louis upon the nearest roulette table. I staked it en plein on the single chance of No. 27.

I won it—36 louis; 720 francs; about £28—a handful of gold coins.

The same motive, an impulse I could neither comprehend nor explain, tempted me to leave my money where it lay—again 27 turned up, and again I won, but no more than the maximum, of course, 6,000 francs.

"Monsieur is not fair to himself," whispered an obliging gentleman at my elbow. "You ought to have won 25,000 francs, but you see they only pay you six. I should advise you to try the trente-et-quarante table, where the maximum is just double, 12,000 francs. Monsieur is evidently in the vein."

I was, beyond all question. For moving up as this friendly mentor advised, I struck a series, a run of 13 on the red, and when play closed for the night I had won a little over £5,000.

Carefully buttoning up my easily gotten gains I hastened back to my hotel, a little nervous, perhaps, until I found myself safe within its sheltered portals. The hotel manager was good enough to relieve me of the responsibility of the cash, and I went off to bed, hoping for the rosy dreams of the successful gambler. I knew that I had made a small fortune, enough to bring me in, if properly invested, as much as my small pittance of pension from the state.

But I passed one of the most terrible nights I have ever known. I was tortured by the most terrible nightmare, by hideous dreams, pursued, hunted, chased all through the wilds and waste spaces of the world out into limitless abysmal space; whole troops of devils were at my heels, mad, relentless phantoms running me down to the death, grisly shapes that took the form of Calmuck Tartars, commissaries, croupiers, and at their head d'Acunha, the Portuguese half-caste, hounding them forward, halloaing and whoo-hooping them on. They were a pack of fierce, fiery fiends from whom I fled hopeless with slow, leaden footsteps, in everlasting anguish, expecting momentarily to be run into and torn to pieces, yet still permitted, purposely to prolong my agonies, to go at large.

I thought my £5,000 had been dearly bought when I awoke, a wretched wreck, still torn and harassed by the distressing memories of the night. Had I been free to do so, I would have taken the very first

train from Monte Carlo and traveled straight home to England. But a polite intimation from the authorities, a request that was really an order, invited me to remain in the principality until justice had been done to the thieves. I could not help myself, but if I had to stay the tables should see me no more. I made a vow, entered into a solemn and binding compact with myself, that I would stick to my winnings; that one person, at least, of the many hundreds upon whom fortune smiles—for a short space—should hold on to the unusual and unexpected gains.

I kept my good resolutions all that day. So long as daylight lasted I could control the craving that was on me as strong as that of the drunkard or the opium-eater to taste the noxious pleasure again. Toward evening I fell—it was in that quiet hour just before dinner, when the rooms are comparatively empty, when the herd is feeding, and only a few habitués and one or two of the better sort of visitors come in in evening dress to try a little "flutter" before they dine.

I, too, tried my luck then, and found it distinctly adverse. It was the old story, old and familiar to all who are versed in the strange way of gaming. I dropped my money and, had I brought much with me, should have lost it all. But I was some five hundred pounds the poorer when I was restrained by want of funds from following the customary, the almost inevitable rule with unsuccessful players, of trying to recover lost ground.

Here was a plain warning, to be satisfied with what was still left to me, but—again according to every precedent—I did not take it.

Nine o'clock saw me back in the rooms with a thousand pounds in my pockets with a lie on my lips to myself. For I told myself that I did not mean to play, that I only came to look on, and to bear me out in this transparent thinking I still wore my light covert coat, showing that I was just walking through to see what people were at and how the game was played.

The shallow pretense did not last me long—within half an hour I had ventured a few coins, with varying luck, and presently I was again committed to the game, playing hard and high, and finding—strange vicissitude of fortune!—that I was again winning considerable sums.

How long it would have lasted I cannot imagine. I seemed to have no control over myself, no power of independent volition. Play I must, and play as some secret voice told me. What brought me to an abrupt and sudden stop was the face of d'Acunha watching me from the other side of the table with a look that still haunts me, it expressed so many of the worst passions of our fallen human nature—"envy,

hatred and all uncharitableness," all in their deepest and most concentrated form. Why this change? I had done him, knowingly, no harm, quite the reverse. As the reader is aware, I had saved him from spoliation, maltreatment, possibly murder. I could only look back in amazement and, still asking why, wonder whether the shock of the previous night's affray had unhinged his mind, or whether he was still suffering from the effects of the drug, which, as I believed, had been administered to him.

I had seen nothing of him the whole day. The answer to my inquiries was that he would keep his room, that he had been greatly upset by the attack made upon him, but that he was most grateful for my timely rescue and would thank me in person later on.

Yet here he was that same evening eying me with most malevolent hostility. From his aspect he might have wanted my blood then and there. It might be pure jealousy, of course; for I had heard from the gossip that went round the table, and to which till now I had turned a deaf ear, that he had been steadily going down hill, that he had lost repeatedly, continuously, that his famous system had played him false, and that the blind chance had come to my side.

Yes; it was no doubt jealousy, unmitigated and overpowering; for next minute he was standing behind me at my elbow, and I heard his voice hissing fiercely in my ear:

"You stole it from me! Stole it! Stole it! Now I know."

I did not answer him. I had no wish to be mixed up in any esciandre in the rooms, so, stuffing my winnings in my pockets anyhow, without counting them, although I knew they must be more than double those of the previous evening, I left the Casino.

As before, I deposited my cash with the manager, and then, for the first time, as we went through the notes, plaques and louis d'ors, I made up my total plunder for the two nights to something near £13,000.

The stolid German cashier who made out my receipt said nothing, but his eye twinkled as he swept the parcel into the cavernous depths of the safe, and I followed his thought that the money would soon take wings again. He called me back, however, as I turned on my heel.

"This is yours, Herr Major. Did you mean to keep that also? It can be nothing of very great value."

He handed me a curious bit of colored enamel in the shape of a heart, blood-red in color, with streaks of fine gold inlaid. It had the appearance of an amulet or charm, or a votive offering, such as one hangs upon a saint's figure or a holy picture.

"No; not mine. I never saw the thing till this moment. I can't have given it you—I—"

Then came a mad shriek of unutterable joy, and a hand from behind closed on the enamel.

"It is mine, mine, mine! He stole it from me—he robbed me of my luck, my life, my god!" The speaker was d'Acunha, and I could see that he was convulsed with intense excitement.

"You may have it for me," I said, contemptuously. "Is it worth making all this fuss about, man? I tell you I never saw it before."

"I dropped it; lost it last night. It was that they were after, I am sure, although how they knew, who they were—forgive me, Major Innes, but all this has quite unhinged me. I fear I have used language which is unsuitable, but, but—I have suffered terribly since that attack." He clutched the enameled heart nervously in his trembling hands, kissed it, talked to it, and behaved in such an absurd fashion that he clearly valued it above measure.

I never got at the rights of it all. He told me next day, when he had recovered himself a little, that he had bought this precious amulet from some Russian soldiers who had got it in the sack of a Kirghiz town. Its properties of bringing luck to its possessors were firmly believed in by those who sold it, but they saw their advantage in taking a high price for it. My own belief is that d'Acunha stole it, and that the men who had attacked him had followed him to recover it. Their failure at Monte Carlo has landed them in prison, but they are pretty sure to renew the quest when once more at large.

That the amulet brought me luck was an incontrovertible fact. At the first night's play I was in my covert coat, and no doubt it had fallen, during the affray, into one of the pockets. It was still there on the second night, when I again wore the coat, but I did not do so during my unsuccessful play earlier in the evening. I believe d'Acunha again invoked its aid and with the same result, but he did not remain long in Monte Carlo after the trial of the would-be thieves.

For myself, I left at the very first moment. I did not tempt my luck again, although I had grave scruples about keeping my winnings. These scruples are not altogether silenced even now. But for the present I hold my £13,000 in good securities, safe and easily convertible should my conscience at some future time insist on restitution.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

A Boston Girl.

If you had seen Herbert Sage as he took a suburban train out of Boston one fine

October morning, you would have guessed that something important was on his mind. He was a wholesome-looking young man, with well-brushed clothes and a frank countenance.

He seemed like one who could hardly have known much of trouble, but on this occasion his face assumed by turns a variety of expressions, as if conflicting emotions were alternately exalting and depressing him.

When the train was approaching the station at which he was to alight, Herbert Sage stood on the platform of the car, and as soon as the slackening speed made it safe he jumped, stepped lightly across the road, and in half a minute stopped before the door of a neat wooden building which bore a sign stating that it was the office of Jonas Carberry.

Back of the building stretched a large field, in which an army of men were working with mallets and chisels on blocks of granite of many shapes and sizes; the quarry belonged to Mr. Carberry.

He hesitated a moment, turned pale, and then plunged into the office.

"Good morning, Mr. Carberry."

"Hey! Hello, Sage, is that you? What the deuce are you doing out here?"

Mr. Carberry was about fifty years old and small in stature, with a decidedly fierce aspect and nervous demeanor.

"It's a fine morning, sir," said Herbert, affably. "Won't you have a cigar?"

"What do you mean, sir, by offering me a cigar at this time of day?" demanded Mr. Carberry, glaring at the young man with every appearance of indignation.

Herbert was surprised and pained at this repulse, but, trying to assume an air of easy good humor, he said: "I don't suppose—"

"Here! you scoundrel!" shouted Mr. Carberry, as he suddenly bolted from the room through a rear door.

Herbert, looking out of a window, saw him rush to a wagon loaded with stone that was moving slowly behind two laboring horses.

Mr. Carberry talked in an excited manner to the teamster, who appeared to listen calmly. A moment later he drove on, whistling in a contented manner.

The proprietor of the quarry then rushed hither and thither about the yard, shaking his fist at the men as if everyone of them had mortally offended him. After ten minutes he returned, with flushed cheeks and panting chest.

"Those rascals will drive me into a lunatic asylum yet," he muttered. Then he faced Herbert, and exclaimed in an explosive tone of inquiry: "Well?"

"I was about to remark," said Herbert, "that I don't suppose it does look very well to smoke in business hours."

"Who cares how it looks?" retorted Mr. Carberry. "I hope you are not in the habit of doing things that you are ashamed to have people see."

"Certainly not," replied Herbert, un- easily.

"Then why don't you smoke? Light your cigar, confound it, but don't offer one to me. Light up, I say! Do you hear?"

Herbert, in considerable bewilderment, obeyed the old gentleman's command, and stared at him inquiringly. After half a dozen puffs of blue smoke had floated about the room, Mr. Carberry said:

"It's a good cigar—a very good one—an infernally good one. Another noodle-head offered me one about an hour ago, but I didn't take it. Well, is there anything I can do for you this morning? If there is, out with it, for I have ten thousand things to attend to."

"Oh, no, nothing at all," exclaimed Herbert; "I thought I would just look in upon you. But I don't wish to take up your time."

"That's right. Time is money. Well, good day!"

With these words, Mr. Carberry again darted through the rear door, and Herbert heard him shouting at his army of stone-cutters.

The young man had nothing to do but accept his abrupt dismissal, and he walked back to the station with a crestfallen air. In five minutes he had boarded an ingoing train, and half an hour later was treading the pavements of Boston.

He had miserably failed in the errand that had taken him to Mr. Carberry's office, which was nothing more or less than to ask that gentleman for the hand of his daughter.

Herbert had taken a week to nerve himself up to the interview, and, behold, he had made a mess of it. He was meditating ruefully on his ill luck, when he met the maiden herself tripping along the sidewalk.

"Ah, Daffodil!" he exclaimed, as the sight of her lifted him out of his gloom.

"Oh, that name again!" exclaimed the young lady. "It arouses everything antagonistic in my nature to be addressed as Daffodil. Do you know, Herbert, that it is the one regret of my life that my parents did not call me Minerva?"

"It's lucky they didn't," replied Herbert. "It would break your back to carry such a name around. How did you come to be out this morning?"

"I have just come from cooking school," replied Daffodil. "Have you seen father?"

"Oh, yes," with a hollow laugh. "I've seen him, and offended him, too."

"How could you have done that?" asked Daffodil, wonderingly.

"I am sure I don't know. He flew into a passion when I offered him a cigar. Perhaps he was nervous on account of having trouble with his men."

"That is impossible," replied Daffodil. "Father is a man of strong individuality. You may be at fault in your interpretation of his language. Give me an account of it all."

Herbert related to her all that had happened at Mr. Carberry's office. When he had concluded, Daffodil said:

"You must come to our house this evening and see father."

"Well, I like that!" exclaimed Herbert. "Your father would probably give me the cold shake. Of course, I want to come, because I want to see you, and am miserable every moment when I'm away from you."

"It's useless to waste time in argument. I tell you to come. My opportunities for studying father's character have been more extended than yours, and you must submit to my guidance in this matter."

"Well, Daffodil, you know best," replied Herbert, submissively, "and I'll do as you say, but I'll be hanged if I don't think it would be better to wait until your honored sire has forgotten that he is angry with me."

"Come at 7:30," replied the demure Boston maiden, ignoring the last remark of her lover. "And, by the way, are your horrid cigars good ones?"

"Prime," answered Herbert.

"Bring some of them with you," she commanded.

It was with considerable trepidation that Herbert knocked at the door of the Carberry mansion at 7:30 o'clock in the evening. He was admitted by Daffodil.

"Father has been home only a few minutes," she said. "One of the men was injured this afternoon, and father had to walk half a mile to his house after business hours to see that he was made comfortable. You had better join him now. He is in his 'den,' as he calls it."

Herbert hardly realized the process by which he found himself, a moment later, occupying an easy chair in a cozy apartment, the master of the house beaming upon him cordially, albeit with a quizzical twist in his smile.

"I'll take that cigar now, if you've got it with you," said Mr. Carberry.

"Certainly," exclaimed Herbert, with an eager but diffident laugh.

He handed the brown roll to Mr. Carberry, who fondled it between his fingers for a moment before lighting it, and then proceeded to blow clouds of smoke with an air of ecstasy.

"Do you want to know why I refused it this morning?" he asked, after a moment of silence.

"I own that I have a great curiosity on the subject," replied Herbert.

"Quite natural. Quite excusable," said Mr. Carberry. "Well, sir, the fact is that I can't afford to smoke in the morning. Tobacco is too much of a tranquilizer. It is too soothing. It makes a man contented, happy and amiable. It shuts his eyes to a thousand things that require his attention.

"For instance, I have two hundred or three hundred vagabonds working for me, who need blowing up forty times a day. If I didn't go at them hammer and tongs they would ruin me in a week. But I couldn't do it if I should smoke. Consequently, I never smoke until evening.

"Do you know what I do sometimes? I buy a tip-top cigar—smell of it—and pretend I am going to smoke it. Then I give it to one of my scallawags.

"Of course, it's like pulling teeth; but it gets up a state of irritation that lasts me all day, and the result is that I can fly into a fury on a second's notice, and make things hum. Do you see the point?"

"The idea is certainly an original one," said Herbert, hardly knowing whether he was expected to treat the matter with seriousness or levity. But Mr. Carberry was quite in earnest. He said, with energy:

"It's common sense, and it's the only thing that keeps me from going into bankruptcy."

"I am very glad to know that you were not offended with me this morning," said Herbert.

"Offended? Nonsense! I was pleased. I wanted that cigar so badly that I was simply wild, and going without it put me in splendid trim. I was a regular cyclone among my men all the rest of the day. Let me thank you for helping me out. I was actually in danger of treating my rascals decently until you came in."

The old man and the young man both lapsed into silence, and for several minutes smoked in calm enjoyment. At length Herbert spoke, with a slight tremor in his voice:

"Mr. Carberry I have something to say to you, and I am coming to the point without waste of words. It is about Daffodil. I love her very much. Can I have her?"

Mr. Carberry smoked so furiously that his head was hidden in a blue cloud. After a time his face emerged into view, and he said:

"Daffodil is a dear girl. Does she know that you want her?"

"Oh, yes."

"Daffodil is also a very clear-minded girl. I have great confidence in her judgment. If she approves of you, I shall conclude that—well, not that you are quite good enough for her—"

"Of course not," murmured Herbert.

"But that—confound it. Sage, ever since Daffodil's mother died, ten years ago, I have dreaded this thing, for I knew it must come some time. But it's tough. If you and Daffodil ever have a daughter and she grows up, and some scamp comes around and says he wants her, you'll know how it is. Don't talk to me now. Go and tell her it's all right. I presume she is in the library waiting for you. You may leave another of those cigars; but never offer me one in business hours, for if you do I shall break the engagement off short."

Daffodil, poring over a volume of synthetic philosophy, heard approaching footsteps. The next instant an arm about her waist and a pair of lips pressed against her brow told her all that was needed of the result of the interview in the smoking room.

Mr. Carberry smoked seven cigars that night, and the next morning, when the craving came on, he put temptation behind him, and congratulated himself on possessing a magnificent equipment of pugnacity for the day's campaign.—*Boston Globe*.

The Wager.

We played a careless, listless game,
And both declared 'twas dull and tame,
And hastened to get through it.
"And now," said I, "I know a way
To add some interest to the play,
If you'll consent to do it."

"Agreed," said she, "I'm willing, quite,
And e'en a bet I'd call all right,
But I've no money handy."
"Suppose," said I, "we play like this,
I'll bet you 'gainst a single kiss
A five-pound box of candy."

She blushed a little, then she cried:
"I'll do it—luck is on my side—
I'll win the wager squarely;
We'll play one hand of High-Low-Jack.
I cut," and then she took the pack
And dealt each nine cards fairly.

"We'll bid for trumps, then discard three."
"Here's two," I cried; "give three," cried she,
And hearts is what I make it."
The three cards that she laid aside
Down in her lap I saw her hide,
Then chose a card and played it.

And now our interest was intense,
Nor was the game long in suspense,
For easily I won it.
My queen was high, my four-spot low.
She flushed—got angry—didn't know,
"How in the world I'd done it."

But when I tried to claim my bet,
She struggled hard, and somehow let
Those three cards fall unguarded.
The ace, deuce, ten-spot, at her feet;
Dear girl, she didn't want to beat,
For these she had discarded.

—W. H. COMSTOCK, in *Chicago Times-Herald*.

The Wanderer.

There was presage of a storm. Masses of blue black clouds hung over the sunset. The wind wailed and died, and died and wailed. In the roadway rusty leaves leaped suddenly to the air, eddied and swirled, strove to unite with the tree that had cast them, shivered in the dyke. At the fringe of the cloud there was a star.

A stile had been fixed at the turning of the road. It had three bars and a step to cross by. On either side the hedge grew thickly; and also two trees, like guardians gaunt in the horrid light. So the stile was picturesque; but it had its uses. On the further side there stretched a path across the meadow; it led to the old house that had stood among the beech trees through generations. From the stile you could see the turrets above the tree tops. The inheritor of the name of Dalrymple, the Squire, lived there. If you followed the road you would also come to the Hall, and enter by the great gate. But the pathway was nearer by far.

A man was seated on the stile. His back was to the road and his eyes were fixed upon the turret tops above the trees. He had come upon a journey; you could tell it from his boots. He was hungry; you could tell it from his eyes. Such a man, indeed, as one would pass upon the further side of the road, and be glad to get rid of before darkness set in.

The wind wailed in the branches, and the clouds massed in the West, but the man sat still upon the stile. But when those who were hurrying from the storm came by, he moved to let them pass; yet ever he dropped upon the side that was furthest from the Hall. Such as were women eyed him askance, and such as were men with wonder. But not a soul passed him a salutation. So the man remained, and the birds cried out for the storm. Then two maids returning to the Hall came to the stile, and tossed their heads, resenting that he should soil with his clothes the rail which their skirts would surely have to touch.

Yet the stile was his own. Nor the stile alone; but the grass at his feet, and the great house at the end of the pathway, and the broad acres that pressed it round. There was warmth and good cheer at the house. Still the man moved not. Had the journey been long, and did he linger at the stile to rest? Or did he wait there for some one who tarried?

Then there came the prattle of children's voices in the road. They babbled merrily as their nurse pressed them on from the storm. And they passed the man by. Then their voices ceased and their feet sped faster still and many a frightened glance

they cast behind them as they walked and hurried again. So they heeded not the pond. But the man watched them wonderingly. And he saw a laborer approach along the pathway, returning from his work. The pipe he smoked glowed warmly, and the man shivered. But at the stile he spoke to the laborer; and his voice was hoarse, as one that was not used recently.

"Whose children are those?" he inquired.

The workman stopped abruptly and looked at the man in surprise. He wondered at the question, I doubt not, and may be, he wondered at the questioner.

"Them?" he said, at last, in a strong, broad accent. "Them's the Squire's bairns."

"But I thought that the Squire was an old man?"

"T'owd Squire? Why, bless your life, 'e's been dead this ten years."

There was a pause. And then this man said:

"So these are the children of his eldest son?"

"Noa," said the workman, "it winna be the eldest. 'E wanted 's brother's gal and cos' she would a now't to say to 'im, 'e went away i' sulks. An' 'e never come back no more. Aye, that was 20 years ago."

"And what became of 'im?"

"Aye, bless your life, 'ow should I know. 'E's dead, they say."

"And the brother married the lady?"

"Aye, that 'e did."

There was silence; for the man was gazing at the turrets. The laborer was about to move away. But the man stopped him with another question.

"And are they happy, these two?"

"'Appy?" Again the workman seemed amazed at the question. "Why, it's beautiful to see them. Aye, often and often when they passes i' the road wi' the bairns, agoing to church mebbe, or mebbe not, the missis says to me, 'Jim, it's a pictur', she says, and I says to 'er, 'It is,' says I. 'Appy?" And the workman smiled.

But the man at the stile was silent. From the heavens there shot a jagged streak of light. For a moment it lit up the faces of the two men; then the darkness had fallen like a pall. And the workman laid his hand upon the shoulder of the traveler.

"Look 'ere, stranger," he said, "I don't know 'oo you be, or where you come from, or what yer doing 'ere; but you seem a civil sort, and I'll tell you this: We're going to 'avesuch a night as not many i' these parts 'll remember the likes on, and if you've got a place to go to, don't wait no longer, but make tracks; and if you 'aven't why come yer ways along o' me."

The stranger seemed moved; but he replied:

"I thank you. You are very kind. I have shelter from the storm." As he spoke his eyes were trained across the stile. So the laborer passed on his way. And the storm gathered. Thunderous clouds loomed overhead. The air was thick, and pressed upon the brow. A great bird rose from the rushes at the pond's verge and shrieked to a surer refuge. The wind dropped.

But the man lingered. And over in the meadow, in the pathway, there appeared a light. It drew nearer, and swung gently to and fro. The traveler saw it was carried in the hand of a man walking. He was clad in a coat that was lined with fur, and his face was soft and white. At the stile he saw the man. He frowned, and would have passed. But the stranger stopped him.

"Mr. Dalrymple," he said.

The other raised his lantern till it shone in the face of the man. He shuddered slightly, and again would have passed on his way. But the traveler stood before him so that the path was closed.

"Mr. Dalrymple," he repeated.

"By what right do you bar my way?" The tones were quiet but imperative, as of a man accustomed to receive deference.

"And why do you call me by name?"

"I have news of your brother," said the man.

"He is alive?" The words were said gladly, but there was a gulp at his throat when he spoke. The man saw the gulp.

"He will never return," the man replied.

"By what means," said the Squire, "can I tell that you speak with authority?"

The man put his hand beneath his rags and drew forth the faded photograph of a woman. On the back there was a name written. He passed it to the Squire.

The Squire looked at it. And he turned it over and read what was written on the back. Then he raised his hand and uncovered his head. And he said to the man:

"May I keep this memento?" And the man nodded.

"What you tell me," he said quietly, "is only that which, necessarily, I have always understood. Nevertheless, this confirmation grieves me deeply." There was real sorrow in his voice. And that too, the man noticed. "Did my brother have no message?"

"He spoke much of a woman," said the man.

"Can you tell me her name?"

"It is Marianne."

The Squire was silent. Then softly, "Poor fellow!" and again, "Poor fellow!" to himself. "It is my wife of

whom he spoke," he said to the man.

"I trust she is well," said the man.

"She is very well. I left her but now with the children."

As he spoke the first heavy raindrops fell from the clouds. They were ominous of the storm to come. On the water in the pool they pattered softly.

"I fear," said the Squire, "you have traveled far and are weary. It is possible that you are at a distance from your home and there is a terrible night before us. The rain has already begun. You may hear it on the pond. Will you not go to the Hall for some rest and refreshments?"

"I thank you," said the man, replying in almost the words he had used to the laborer. "I have all I need." And again his eyes seemed to gaze into the darkness beyond the stile.

There was the sound of a rumble of wheels on the road, and two lights shone out of the dimness. The lights brightened; the sound cleared; a brougham and pair drew up at the turning.

"My carriage meets me here," said the Squire, "and I am somewhat pressed for time. But you have laid me under a deep obligation; is there no way that I can serve you?"

"There is one," said the man. "I should like to shake you by the hand!"

The Squire hesitated. It was only momentary. But a flush rose to the cheek of the stranger. "It is my hands," he said. "I will wash them in the pond."

But the Squire had pulled off his seal-skin glove, and he held out his soft, white palm. The other clutched it in his bony hand, and for a moment the eyes of the two men met in the light of the lamp. The Squire started, and released his grasp. There was a look in his face that held something of fear. When he entered his carriage the look still remained on his face.

And the man sat again on the stile. In the darkness the lights from the Hall shone brilliantly, and he gazed at the lights. Then he turned his eyes to the trees that were dim around the pond, and again from the pond to the lights. Was there happiness at the lights? Was there peace in the pond? So the man crossed the stile. In the quietness before the storm there was a great cry of despair; yet a cry of hope, of joy.

The Squire heard it, and stopped his carriage. The laborer heard it as he entered his cottage, and lingered at the door till his wife called ought for the draught. The children at the Hall heard it as they sat at tea, and dropped their spoons askance, listening to hear it again. But the trees at the pond bent closely; the circles melted away. And the storm burst.—*Black and White.*

Her Answer.

They were old friends, but they hadn't met
 In many, many years,
 And the tide of life had hurried on,
 With its joys and hopes and fears;
 But both the women had met at last—
 Old playmates once again;
 They talked of girlhood's dreams, now past—
 Its buoyant hopes, now slain.

"Ah, Kate," said Madge, "You're not the same—
 You've lost your charm of face—
 You've lost your pretty, rosy cheeks—
 You've lost your form of grace.
 Your chestnut hair has turned to gray,
 Your lips have lost their red;
 All things are changed—and soon our day
 Will turn to night instead."

"Dear one," Kate said, "I've nothing lost,
 For here's my hair of brown
 On Prue's dear head—my eldest born—
 And Bess has not a frown
 On her sweet face, that's just like mine
 Of thirty years ago—
 While Kittie's blue eyes dance and shine
 Like sunlight in the morn."

"Mine shone in just the self-same way
 When you, dear, saw me last,
 And Margaret's lips are just as red
 As mine in days long past.
 No, no, my dear, I've nothing lost,
 My life is on the wane;
 My children have my own youth cost—
 In them I live again!"

—MADELINE K. VAN PELT, in *Success*.

Courtship as Practiced by Manila's "400."

"One of the most curious customs among the social upper tandom of the Spanish at Manila," remarked Harry K. Montgomery, late secretary of the customs service in the Luzon capital, the other day to the *Macon Republican's* interviewer, "is their method of courtship. When the young Spanish grandee wants to do the thing about right, he dons a faultless suit of clothes, gets out a light bamboo cane and waxes his mustache. Without the latter his case would be hopeless. He goes to the home of his lady-love and takes his station on the walk where she can see him from her window.

"He struts up and down for her inspection, twisting his idolized mustache, twirling his cane, and going through gestures calculated to set off the offering to the best advantage. The lady may not even deign to look at him. In fact, he hardly expects her to until he has gone through his monkeyshines a number of times to prove his sincerity. It may be months before he receives the encouragement of a smile, but when it does come his raptured heart repays him for his labor. After awhile, say six months, the señorita may drop a rose, a fan, or her perfumed lace handkerchief. He seizes the prize with the avidity

that a half-starved miner reaches for a golden nugget where he expected none. But the bird is not yet within the suitor's grasp; not by a long ways.

"At this point the dutiful parents of the young lady appreciate the fact that matters may become serious some time in the future, and they begin looking up the young man's pedigree—and bank account. They never think of inviting him to see their daughter until these facts are ascertained with a fidelity that would do credit to a mercantile agency. His standing having been ascertained, the bulldogs are tied up and the warders sheath their swords. The coast is clear now, and the lover may fetch out his mandolin or guitar and send sweet melody along with the moonlight into the bedchamber of his sweetheart. At the end of the year or twelve months, if he still remains faithful and refrains from prosecuting his suit with undue haste, he may approach the girl's parents and plead for a personal audience with her.

"This is getting to close quarters, and a favorable answer means that the girl has made the same plea to her parents. The young people are permitted to meet in the parlor, but not alone. The parent or guardian is always on hand to see that the proprieties are thoroughly respected, and this sort of vigilance is never relaxed until they have plighted their troth. The lover cannot take his mistress to church, theater, or even to the refined, elevating Spanish sport known as the bull fight until his matrimonial intentions are spiked down and welded. A person would think the rigorous custom would deter aspirants, but it doesn't. They accept the conditions eagerly and face them like martyrs.

"It is considered quite the proper thing, indeed, as an evidence of good taste, for well-dressed young men to stand in the parks and along the residence districts for the purpose of looking at the women as they pass by. If they audibly express their opinions about the gayly-dressed butterflies, so much the better. The butterflies expect it, and would feel that there was something lacking in their make-up if they failed to excite remarks. No one dreams of resenting it as an impertinence. The flirtation, however, extends no further, and if the youth becomes enamored with any of the specimens a pretty day brings forth, the only way he can call one of them his own is by pursuing the tedious course I have described."—*Macon Republican*.

Chip Off the Old Block.

This incident is recalled because of the fact that the traveling freight agents recently made a flying visit to the city, and incidentally held their fifth annual conven-

tion. A daughter of one of this fraternity married a prosperous young business man of Detroit. Throughout the impressionable period of childhood she had heard much of rebates. The word was endlessly repeated in her father's conversation, and was not to be detached from her memory.

When the couple were about to engage in housekeeping her husband told her to figure out about what her household expenses would be, allow a margin in her favor, and fix the answer as determining the amount of the weekly allowance he would give her. She had a long conference with the grocer, meat market attached and all vegetables in season. It was decided approximately what the weekly bill would be for her small family, and then she asked about a rebate.

"Rebate!" he echoed. "Why, bless your heart, I've put everything down to the lowest notch. Couldn't throw off a cent. Couldn't think of it. I must put everything higher if you insist on a rebate."

"Well, that's just what I do. Every smart business person gives and takes rebates. Papa always thought more of them than he did of anything else in the world, except himself and ready money. If I can't get a rebate I'll go somewhere else. Please understand that. What would trade and commerce be without rebates? I leave it to yourself."

So the grocer advanced his prices 20 per cent and allowed her 15 per cent rebate, an arrangement highly satisfactory to herself. She secured an equally gratifying bargain with the dry-goods merchant, the milkman, the dressmaker, the coal dealer and the ice man. Her husband scrutinized the figures suspiciously, but his chief aim was to have certainty and a system, so he made the allowance.

During the recent cyclone in stocks he participated. At the finish he was a squeezed sponge, and ready to begin life anew as a farm hand or a sewing-machine agent. She cheerfully opened up her rebate fund, counted out \$3,000, enabled him to cover so that he cleaned up a competence, and then took him into the backyard to solemnly inform him that he would never prosper unless he looked after the rebates.—*Plain Dealer*.

The Only Blind Postmaster.

The only blind postmaster in the United States lives in the little village of Lexington, on Clear Lake, Lesueur county, Minn.

Hiram Baxter has been blind for nearly thirty years.

During the entire period he has served the people of the village and surrounding country faithfully.

With his duties as postmaster he also has a small general store.

The traveler in quest of food and a night's lodging he cheerfully accommodates.

When the mail is distributed his wife or son call off the names.

Now, a letter may lie in the office for two weeks, but when the owner calls he receives his mail promptly.

A customer will call for muslin or cloth of some description, and he will measure off the required length with ease.

He will give you a gallon of molasses or a pound of butter and weigh it accurately.

He knows the sound of each voice, and can call his customers by name.

He can put his hand on any one of the 120 boxes and never makes a mistake.

No matter what you ask for, if he has it in stock he finds it readily, and in making change counts it rapidly.

He has a large number of cows, which he drives to pasture, and if he stumbles and falls upon one of them it will stand perfectly still, seeming to realize his affliction.

He has a little garden in the rear of the postoffice, which is also his home, and there at odd times, when there is "nothing doing" in a business way, he cultivates peas, beans, turnips, tomatoes and other vegetables, his sense of touch being so acute that he seldom injures one of the plants.

September.

Purple asters here at last!
And thistle seed a-blowing!
And what is this in the blackbird's song—
The locusts pipe in shrill and long,
Over and over: "Past—past—past—
The summer days are going!"

Stay, chattering squirrel! Why this fret
For hoard you're sure to gather?
And, cunning spinner, why so soon
A shroud to weave—a last cocoon?
The bitter frost is far off yet,
Though summer days are going.

Perhaps (Who knows?) to grass and fern
Comes bitter pang in turning
From youth to age. Perhaps the wood
Rebels against a faded hood,
And would escape it if it could;
And that with wrath the sumachs burn,
When summer days are going!

—JANE MARSH PARKER, in *The Outlook*.

Trading Legs.

"Trading legs?" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to say that a wooden leg is an article of barter and exchange?"

"Waal, some do an' some don't. I'm one of the kind that does," went on the

driver, dryly. "It's only human natur' to be dickerin' an' tradin' round if a fellow's got anything to trade with, an' when I run across a chap who's got a peg-leg that looks as if it might fit me a little mite better than the one I'm wearin' at the time, I gener'ly stump him fer a trade before I let him git away," says W. S. Gidley in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*.

"Sometimes we make a swap of it, an' sometimes we don't. Depends on whether the other feller's got any game in him or not. It's a sorter resky business, tradin' legs, same as swoppin' hosses, an' some folks ain't got the rekisite sand to do it. I'll never forgit the first trade I made. Feller I swopped with was one of these travelin' exhorters—a shoutin' Methodist or Second Adventest, or suthin' in that line—an' b'gosh, I don't keer a darn whether you b'lieve me or not, but I hadn't bin wearin' that wooden leg of his a week before I quit swearin' at the hosses an' raisin' Sam Hill when anything didn't go right, same as I allers uster do, an' commenced exhortin' the passengers an' p'intin' out the error of their ways to them in any case where I seen it was necessary.

"Waal, it wa'n't very long before complaints began to come in ag'inst me. You see, to begin with, I couldn't make time over the road without rippin' out at the hosses wunst in a while. The plaguey critters noticed the difference in me right off, an' they took advantage of it to lazy along an' do jest about as they pleased. An' then, besides complainin' of me fer bein' behind time, the passengers said I was preachin' at them an' mixin' in affairs that was none of my special bizness; an' by gravy, it begun to look as if I was goin' to lose my job, when that air shoutin' Methodist, or whatever he was, came along back ag'in an' kicked up a rumpus because that leg of mine had jest about ruined his business; said it had bin traveling straight t' rds the bottomless pit with him ever sence he owned it, an' now he'd got so he was jest as liable as not to swear right in the pulpit without thinkin', an' he allowed that unless I traded back with him, he'd sue me fer damages."

Lincoln's First Grammar.

"I have talked with great men," he (Lincoln) told his fellow-clerk and friend, Greene, "and I do not see how they differ from others." He made up his mind to put himself before the public, and talked of his plans to his friends. In order to keep in practice in speaking he walked seven or eight miles to debating clubs. "Practicing polemics" was what he called the exercise. He seems now for the first time to have begun to study subjects. Grammar was what he chose. He sought

Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster, and asked his advice. "If you are going before the public," Mr. Graham told him, "you ought to do it." But where could he get a grammar? There was but one, said Mr. Graham, in the neighborhood, and that was six miles away. Without waiting for further information the young man rose from the breakfast table, walked immediately to the place, borrowed this rare copy of Kirkham's Grammar, and before night was deep into its mysteries. From that time on for weeks he gave every moment of his leisure to mastering the contents of the book. Frequently he asked his friend Greene to "hold the book" while he recited, and, when puzzled by a point, he would consult Mr. Graham.

Lincoln's eagerness to learn was such that the whole neighborhood became interested. The Greens lent him books, the schoolmaster kept him in mind and helped him as he could, and even the village cooper let him come into his shop and keep up a fire of shavings sufficiently bright to read by at night. It was not long before the grammar was mastered. "Well," Lincoln said to his fellow-clerk, Greene, "if that's what they call a science, I think I'll go at another." He had made another discovery—that he could conquer subjects.

Graham Bell and the Telephone.

Alexander Graham Bell and the telephone have been synonymous terms for about a score of years. Bell's career presents one of the most remarkable Monte Cristo romances in this country of rapid fortune making. He was a penniless boy in Edinburgh thirty years ago. He came to the United States in 1872 and finally became a teacher in a deaf and dumb school in Boston. From boyhood the idea of speech transmission has been an undercurrent of thought with him. The telephone was the result of years of patient labor and investigation. It was completed in 1876, exhibited at the Centennial held in Philadelphia in that year, and in August of 1876 speech was transmitted over a telegraph line. The telephone was at first looked upon as an ingenious plaything, but its money-making qualities quickly developed, and Bell is now worth millions, while he has spent hundreds of thousands in the legal defence of his patents. It cost Bell enough to make an ordinary man rich to get rid of Drawbaugh alone.

Some Medieval Trusts.

The combinations which in their magnitude and methods most nearly resemble the trusts of the present day were corners in foreign trade, or in domestic commodities

like the metals, which had a limited area of production, says A. P. Winston in the *Atlantic*. They were made possible by two facts then new in business life; capital had accumulated so that a few persons were enabled to undertake large enterprises, and the habit of faithful co-operation had reached a certain rough perfection without which it would have been impossible for even a few men to act concertedly. In the foreign trade particularly, great wealth was necessary, not only for making large purchases, but also to defray traveling expenses and provide depots en route. As early as the first half of the fifteenth century merchants sometimes purchased—particularly at Venice—quantities of oriental wares, spices, silks, gold brocade, ginger, cinnamon, pepper, etc., and, after consulting the chief merchants of the empire, fixed a price for each commodity. This method was later applied also to domestic commodities, such as hardware, leather, tallow, and other agricultural products. Tradesmen who refused to enter into this arrangement were crushed out by a sudden lowering of prices. When competition had been stifled, prices rose again.

Facts and Figures.

The creed of the true saint is to make the most of life and to make the best of it.—*E. H. Chapin.*

The Danube River flows through countries in which fifty-two languages and dialects are spoken.

Next in cost to the War of the Rebellion was the Franco-Prussian War in 1870. It cost, in round numbers, \$2,500,000,000.

There are twenty-eight pounds of blood in the body of an average grown-up person, and at each pulsation the heart moves ten pounds.

One of the most destructive earthquakes in the world's history was that which occurred in Yeddo in the year 1703, when 190,000 people were killed.

The first clocks manufactured in this country were by Eli Terry, at Plymouth, Conn., in 1793. The manufacture soon became extensive, and Connecticut wooden clocks were famous all over the country.

A Gentle Rebuke.

One day, in the olden times, a Spartan happened to be in a theater at Athens, when an old man entered, but could find no seat. The Athenians jostled him from bench to bench, but the Spartan no sooner observed the old man's embarrassment than he modestly arose and offered him

his own seat. The action called forth universal applause, at which the old man remarked, "The Athenians know what is right, but the Lacedaemonians practice it."

Birthplace of Wild Geese.

Wild geese, it is said, breed in the interior of Alaska and eastward to the Hudson Bay country. It is estimated that fully one million of these birds return from the south every spring to pass over Canada on their way to their place of birth to reproduce their kind. One-tenth of their number is annually slaughtered for the use of the Hudson Bay officials at the various Hudson Bay Company's forts, and by the Montagnais Indians of the Labrador Peninsula, and American sportsmen are mainly responsible for the destruction that keeps down the natural increase of the species to to about its normal size.

Street-Car Ethics in Vienna.

The tram cars in Vienna are small and dingy, and, like everything else, are controlled by the government, writes a correspondent of the *New York Times*. If you infringe upon the law, however slightly, you find the good right hand of Franz Joseph clutching you by the neck. As an instance, the windows of the cars can only be opened on one side; there is a law to that effect, as the Austrians regard a draught even in midsummer as something deadly. The passenger must also see to it that his fare is paid; the duty is not on the conductor at all. Should he happen to pass you by, you must keep your eye upon him, as the government inspector is liable to jump on the car at any moment, and if you have no ticket showing that you have paid, you are arrested then and there. Another thing, you are allowed to jump off and on a horse car, but if you do the same thing in the case of an electric car you are arrested.

Made Him Feel Small.

"If you want to experience that 30-cents feeling," said the man with the much tanned countenance, "just get your wife to send you around on a little shopping expedition on her account. I've been off vacationing with my wife, and I just came up last night. She didn't want to return to Washington, and yet she wanted to make some purchases. So she gave me a list.

"The list included night robes and stockings. I made a couple of side steps and shied when I saw those things on the list, but I'm dead game, if I do say so myself, as hadn't ought to, and I went after

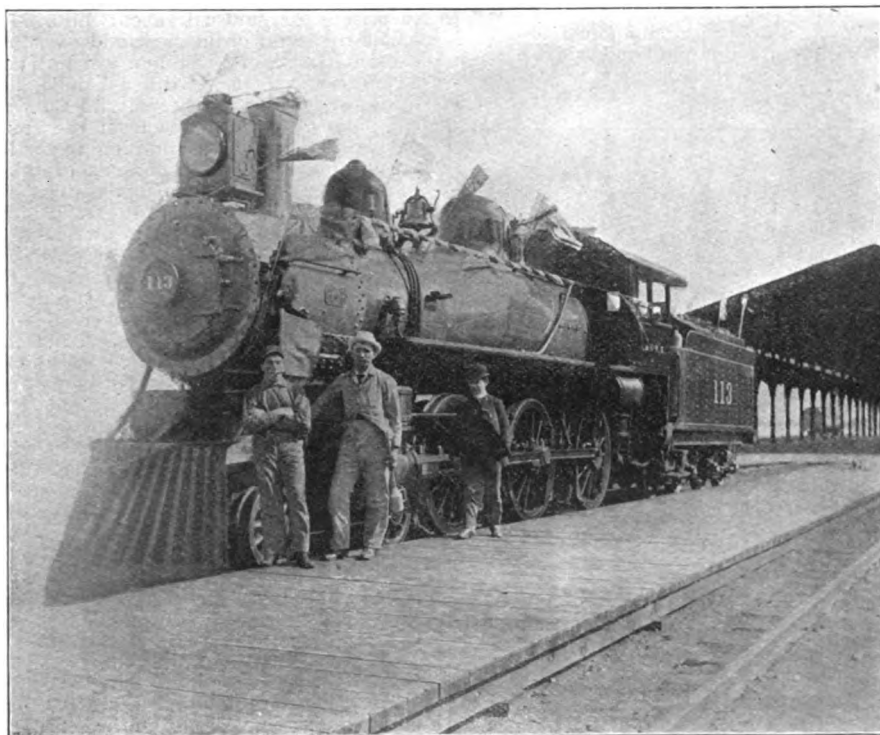
those things in one of the big department stores. I didn't go after 'em in any grinny-cheesy-catty way at all, but I just waltzed up to the girl and was as solemn as a judge when I asked her for a \$1.39 Empire, embroidery-trimmed night robe, No. 14, for a lady.

"The salesgirl was all right, and she didn't look at me out of the tall of her eye, as though she thought I was a lunatic, but all of the woman shoppers around that part of the store began to giggle when they heard me give the order. I pretended not to see or hear 'em, but they just suspended business and eyed me from a little distance,

counter on the second floor I leaned over and said in a very low tone to the girl: 'Wil you please give me three pairs of 85-cent, lisle thread open-work, No. 9½ stockings?'"

"The girl was all right again, and I thought I was going to get through this without any trouble, but when the woman shoppers saw the girl showing me the stockings I could see them smile and smile and smile—and, say, I was in two minds about chucking the whole thing and making a run for it.

"Do you like this kind?' the salesgirl asked me. I didn't even see 'em.



ENGINE 113, C. & N. W. RY.—Which pulled one of the B. of L. E. Special Convention Excursion Trains to White Fish Bay in May, 1900. Bro. W. H. Frederick, Div. 405, Engineer, and G. Williams, Lodge 288, Fireman. Photographed by Bro. J. F. Trinder, of Div. 19, Char. G. B. of A., C. & A. Ry.

giggling and pointing me out to their friends. I felt as if they were, anyhow, and I never was so warm or moist in my life, and I felt as if I'd give any old figure just to be out in the open air.

"I grabbed the bundle and was chasing myself out without the change of a \$10 bill, when the salesgirl called after me and then I had to stand there and try to look unconscious until the change arrived. I thought I'd get the stockings on the quiet, and so, when I reached the stocking

"'Yes,' said I, 'they're great—the real thing—give me three dozen of 'em—I mean three pairs,' and I guess the girl began to think I hadn't ought to be loose. Say, when I got out of that store I wasn't satisfied, but I just chased myself off the street altogether, and while I was running away I thought I recognized dozens of women that had seen me doing the buying, and was making 2 to 1 bets with myself that they were poking at each other and saying, 'There goes that queer, imbecile-looking

man we saw buying stockings and night robes a while ago."—*Washington Post*.

The Unpaid Reformer.

A man was seen the other day standing on a prominent street corner and gazing with great earnestness at a window near the top of a tall office building.

"What is it?" inquired two other men, whose curiosity impelled them to stop and see what was up.

He made no reply.

Other men stopped and looked up at the same window.

"What's the excitement?" they asked.

When nearly a dozen more had joined them, he turned around and said:

"Fellow up there washing a window in the fourteenth story."



MASTER PAUL T. ONDERDONK.

Aged 17 months, grandson of Bro. Truman Onderdonk member of Div. 145.

"What about him?"

"Watch him."

The crowd craned its collective neck and continued to gaze upward.

More men joined the concourse.

"What's the excitement here?" they demanded.

"Fellow up there washing a window in the fourteenth story."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Watch him."

"I don't see anything remarkable about

him. He's got his safety belt on, has'nt he?"

"Watch him."

"Is he going to test it?"

"Is it some new fire escape?"

"Is he drunk?"

"What's he going to do?"

"Watch him."

"What for?"

Then the man turned around and faced the crowd again.

"Because my neck is getting tired," he said. "Allow me to remark, fellow-citizens," he continued, raising his voice, "that I, personally, don't see anything surprising or unusual about him. He seems to be an ordinary window-washer. Uses a sponge, or possibly a wet rag, and a rubber arrangement with a handle, following it up with a dry rag. So far as I can judge at this distance from the scene of operations, there is nothing to distinguish him from the hundreds of other human beings who make a precarious living in the same line of business. It does not require any special gifts or qualifications to wash windows. It does not come under the head of skilled industries. No particular training or education is needed to become an expert window-washer. Hence you will permit me to say, there is nothing necessarily exciting or awe-compelling in the spectacle of a man in the ordinary pursuit of such a calling. My only object in stopping to watch him was to ascertain approximately how many blamed fools would gather in the course of two or three minutes merely to see a man washing an office window. Count yourselves, gentlemen. Count yourselves."

With a polite and comprehensive bow he took the arm of a policeman, who happened along at this juncture, and walked serenely away.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Wealth of the United States,

The wealth of the United States is computed every ten years from the census returns. The total wealth in 1850 was put at \$7,135,780,228, or \$308 per capita, and in 1870 at \$30,068,518,507, or \$780 per capita. This amount rose in 1880 to \$43,642,000,000, or \$870 per capita, and again in 1890 to \$65,037,091,197, or \$1,036 per capita. Expert statisticians estimate that the amount for 1900 will be at least \$90,000,000,000, or nearly \$1,200 per capita. When it is considered that the latter amount represents accumulated savings of \$6,000, or nearly four times the average of 1850, for every family of five persons, it is evident that the world is growing rich at an astounding rate under the operation of machine production.—*C. A. Conant, in The World's Work*.

Legal News.

Decisions of Courts Affecting Labor.

DECISIONS UNDER STATUTORY LAW.

CONSTITUTIONALITY OF STATUTE—DISCHARGE OF EMPLOYEE FOR BECOMING A MEMBER OF A LABOR UNION.

Gillespie vs. People, 58 Northeastern Reporter,
Page 1007.

In the County Court of Vermilion County, Ill., Charles Gillespie was convicted of attempting to coerce one of his employees to withdraw from a labor union by discharging him. The action was based upon an information filed by the State's attorney, charging Gillespie with violating section 32 of chapter 48, entitled "Employment," Hurd's Revised Statutes, 1899. Said section reads as follows: "It shall be unlawful for any individual or member of any firm, or agent, officer, or employee of any company or corporation to prevent or attempt to prevent employees from forming, joining, and belonging to any lawful labor organization, and any such individual, member, agent, officer, or employee that coerces or attempts to coerce employees by discharging or threatening to discharge from their employ or the employ of any firm, company, or corporation because of their connection with such lawful labor organization, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be fined in any sum not exceeding \$100 or be imprisoned for not more than six months, or both, in the discretion of the court."

The evidence in the case showed that Gillespie was a contractor in the building trade; that at the time the controversy arose he was employing a number of carpenters who were known as "non-union" men; that one of them, Reuben Gibbons, the prosecuting witness, had been employed by him for about ten months, and that his employment was by the day; that while so employed Gibbons joined a "union labor organization;" that after he had become a member Gillespie informed him that he could not give him employment if he desired to belong to the union, claiming that the labor unions were enemies of his in business, and that it would not be consistent for him, under the circumstances, to employ union help; that he stated to Gibbons that if he desired to remain in his employment he would have to quit the union, and that if he did not desire to quit the union, he would have to look elsewhere for employment, and that he could do as he desired, and that Gibbons then left his employment. After his conviction Gillespie carried his case upon a writ of error before the Supreme Court of Illinois, which rendered its decision December 20, 1900, and reversed the action of the lower court. The opinion of the court was delivered by Judge Magruder,

and in the course of the same he used the following language:

"The question raised is the constitutionality of the statute of June 17, 1893 (section 32 set forth above). The provisions of the constitution of this state which the act in question is said to contravene are: First, section 1 of article 2 of the bill of rights, which provides that 'all men are by nature free and independent, and have certain inherent and inalienable rights—among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;' second, section 2 of article 2 of the bill of rights, which declares that, 'no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law;' third, section 22 of article 4 of the State Constitution, wherein the legislature is prohibited from passing any local or special law 'granting to any corporation, association, or individual any special or exclusive privilege, immunity, or franchise whatever.' The provision of the Constitution of the United States with which the statute in question is said to be in conflict is section 1 of the fourteenth amendment, which provides that 'no state shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.'

"It may be assumed that plaintiff in error (Gillespie) attempted to do the act with which he is charged, and that it lay in his power to discharge, or attempt to discharge Reuben Gibbons from his employment because of his connection with the union labor organization, which is admitted to have been a lawful labor organization. Upon this assumption, the question squarely arises whether or not the statute in question contravenes the provisions of the State and Federal constitutions above quoted. The terms 'life,' 'liberty,' and 'property' are representative terms, and intended to cover every right to which a member of the body politic is entitled under the law. These terms include the right of self-defense, freedom of speech, religious and political freedom, exemption from arbitrary arrests, the right freely to buy and sell as others may. Indeed, they may embrace all our liberties—personal, civil, and political—including the rights to labor, to contract, to terminate contracts, and to acquire property. None of these liberties and rights can be taken away except by due process of law. The rights of life, liberty, and property embrace whatever is necessary to secure and effectuate the enjoyment of those rights. The rights of liberty and of property include the right to acquire property by labor and by contract. If an owner cannot be deprived of his property without due process of law, he cannot be deprived of any of the essential attributes which belong to the right of property without due process of law. Labor is property. The laborer has the same right to sell his labor and to contract with reference thereto as any other property owner. The right of property involves, as one of its essential attributes, the right not only to contract, but also to terminate con-

tracts. In the case at bar the contract between plaintiff in error and Gibbons was not for any definite period of time, but Gibbons was employed by the day at so much per hour. In view of what has been said, it cannot be doubted that the plaintiff in error, Charles Gillespie, had a right to terminate his contract, if he had one, with Reuben Gibbons, subject to civil liability for any termination which should be unwarranted. One citizen cannot be compelled to give employment to another citizen, nor can anyone be compelled to be employed against his will. The act of 1893, now under consideration, deprives the employer of the right to terminate such contract with his employee. The right to terminate such contract is guaranteed by the organic law of the state. The legislature is forbidden to deprive employer or employee of the exercise of that right. The legislature has no authority to pronounce the performance of an innocent act criminal when the public health, safety and comfort, or welfare is not interfered with. The statute in question says that if a man exercises his constitutional right to terminate a contract with his employee, he shall, without a hearing, be punished as for the commission of a crime.

"Here the employment, as has already been stated, was by the day; and at the end of each day there was no obligation on the part of Gillespie to furnish another day's work and no obligation on the part of Gibbons to labor for Gillespie. At the time of the alleged offense there was in fact no contract of employment, but at that time Gillespie said, in substance, to Gibbons: 'I am not employing union men, and if you belong to the union you can look elsewhere for employment.' This was not a crime on the part of the plaintiff in error, Gillespie. His sole offense consisted in refusing to give employment to a man who belonged to a union labor organization. In other words, he merely exercised his constitutional right of terminating a contract or refusing to make a contract. Liberty includes not only the right to labor, but to refuse to labor, and consequently the right to contract to labor or for labor and to terminate such contracts and to refuse to make such contracts. The legislature cannot prevent persons who are *sui juris* from laboring or from making such contracts as they may see fit to make relative to their own lawful labor, nor has it any power by penal laws to prevent any person, with or without cause, from refusing to employ another or to terminate a contract with him, subject only to the liability to respond in a civil action for an unwarranted refusal to do that which has been agreed upon. Hence we are of the opinion that this act contravenes those provisions of the State and Federal constitutions which guarantee that no person shall be deprived of life, liberty, or property without due process of law.

"In addition to what has already been said, we regard this act as unconstitutional as being in violation of section 22 of article 4 of the State constitution as above quoted. The act certainly does grant to that class of laborers who belong to union labor organizations a special privilege. The em-

ployer, if he discharges a union man from his employment, is liable to be punished as having committed a crime. But he is not subject to punishment if he should discharge from his employment a non-union laboring man. An unwarrantable distinction is thus drawn between workmen who belong to union labor organizations and workmen who do not belong to such organizations. That is to say, the statute does not relate to persons and things as a class, or to all workmen, but only to those who belong to a lawful labor organization; that is to say, a labor union. 'Where a statute does this—where it does not relate to persons or things as a class, but to particular persons or things of a class—it is a special, as distinguished from a general law.' (State v. Tolle, 71 Mo., 645; Same v. Herrmann, 75 Mo., 340.)

"For the reasons above stated we are of the opinion that the statute in question is unconstitutional and void, and that the court below erred in not quashing the information and discharging the plaintiff in error. Accordingly, the judgment of the County Court of Vermilion county is reversed, and the case is remanded to that court, with directions to dismiss the prosecution."—*Department of Labor, July, 1901.*

WISCONSIN.—CHAPTER 332.—PROTECTION OF EMPLOYEES AS MEMBERS OF LABOR ORGANIZATIONS.

SECTION 1. No person, corporation, agent or officer on behalf of any person or corporation, shall coerce or compel any person or persons into an agreement, either written or verbal, not to join or become a member of any labor organization, as a condition of such person or persons securing employment or continuing in the employment of any such person or corporation, and no person or corporation shall discharge any employee because he is a member of any labor organization.

SEC. 2. Any person or corporation violating any of the provisions of this act shall be fined not less than two hundred dollars nor more than one thousand dollars, or be punished by imprisonment in the county jail not to exceed nine months, or both.

SEC. 3. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage and publication.

Approved May 3, 1899.

WASHINGTON.—CHAPTER 23.—BLACKLISTING.

SECTION 1. Every person in this state who shall willfully and maliciously send or deliver, or make or cause to be made, for the purpose of being delivered or sent or part with the possession of any paper, letter or writing, with or without name signed thereto, or signed with a fictitious name, or with any letter, mark or other designation, or publish or cause to be published any statement for the purpose of preventing any other person from

obtaining employment in this state or elsewhere, and every person who shall willfully and maliciously "blacklist" or cause to be "blacklisted" any person or persons, by writing, printing or publishing, or causing the same to be done, the name or mark, or designation representing the name of any person in any paper, pamphlet, circular or book, together with any statement concerning persons so named, or publish or cause to be published that any person is a member of any secret organization, for the purpose of preventing such person from securing employment, or who shall willfully and maliciously make or issue any statement or paper that will tend to influence or prejudice the mind of any employer against the person of such person seeking employment, or any person who shall do any of the things mentioned in this section for the purpose of causing the discharge of any person employed by any railroad or other company, corporation, individual or individuals, shall, on conviction thereof, be adjudged guilty of misdemeanor and punished by a fine of not less than one hundred dollars nor more than one thousand dollars, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than ninety days nor more than one year, or by both such fine and imprisonment.

Approved March 3, 1899.

MASSACHUSETTS.—PASS USERS NOT PROTECTED.

Judge Colt, in the United States Circuit Court at Boston, decided that an employee of a railroad injured while riding on a pass given him by a corporation, even if it was a part compensation for his services, could not recover damages. The case was that of C. A. Whitney, a baggage-master, against the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad. The plaintiff claimed he was seriously injured in a wreck on May 7, 1896, and sought to recover \$25,000 damages. Judge Colt, in his decision, said: "One of the conditions on the employee's pass being that the employee expressly agrees that the company shall not be liable under any circumstances for any injury of person, it follows that the plaintiff cannot recover in the present action."

DECISIONS UNDER COMMON LAW.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY—ACCEPTANCE OF BENEFITS FROM RELIEF FUND—RELEASE OF DAMAGES—VALIDITY OF CONTRACT.

Petty vs. Brunswick & Western Railway Company, 35 Southeastern Reporter, Page 82.

In the City Court of Brunswick, Ga., in a suit brought by Alfred Petty as plaintiff against the above-named railway company to recover damages for personal injuries incurred by the plaintiff while in the employ of the company, a judgment was rendered in favor of the defendant company and the plaintiff carried the case upon a writ of

error to the Supreme Court of the state. Said court rendered its decision January 30, 1900, and affirmed the judgment of the lower court.

In the opinion of the court, which was delivered by Presiding Judge Lumpkin, certain principles of interest were laid down which are given in the syllabus of the decision, prepared by the court, in the following language:

"1. A contract between an employee and his master, or another acting in the latter's interest, by the terms of which the employee, when physically injured, whether as a result of his own negligence or not, or when sick, is to receive pecuniary and other valuable benefits, and which stipulates that his voluntary acceptance of any of such benefits in case of injury is to operate as a release of the master from all liability on account thereof, is not contrary to public policy.

"2. That such a contract secured to the employee substantial benefits, and that the master contributed to the fund for the payment thereof constituted a valuable consideration, as to the employee; and this is true though he himself made a small monthly contribution to that fund. A contract of this kind is not wanting in mutuality.

"6. The acceptance by an injured employee of any benefit under a contract of the kind indicated in the first of the preceding notes is an election on his part to look exclusively to that source for compensation on account of the injury, and amounts to a complete accord and satisfaction of his claim for damages against his master therefrom arising.

Railroad Legislation in Texas.

The Twenty-seventh Texas Legislature, just closed, passed six laws affecting railroad interests.

Senate Bill No. 30.—Railroad companies having charters granted or amended since Jan. 1, 1887, which have failed to construct their roads within the time prescribed by law, have two years from March 12, 1901, in which to complete their lines.

Senate Bill No. 16 amends Article 4445 of the Revised Statutes, authorizing railroad companies to acquire right of way for reducing grade and shortening line, so as to permit such companies to also acquire land for reservoirs; and such real estate acquired need not adjoin the right of way.

Senate Bill No. 35 provides that the venue of suits brought against railroads for damages on account of personal injuries shall be brought in the county where the plaintiff resided at the time of the injury.

Senate Bill No. 298 provides that bonds may be issued on the extensions and branch lines of railroads, without reference to the capitalization of the portion of the line previously constructed.

House Bill No. 470 provides a penalty for railroads when they permit Jounson grass or Russian thistle to go to seed on their right of way.

Senate Bill No. 54 extends the police powers of the Railroad Commission by providing a penalty not exceeding \$5,000 for violation of any provision of the Commission Act made thereunder, when no penalty is otherwise provided.—*Railroad Gazette*.

Correspondence.

All contributions to our Correspondence and Technical columns must be in not later than the 10th of the month to insure insertion.

Articles must be written on one side of the paper only. Noms de plume may be used, but every article must be signed with full name and address of the writer to insure insertion.

We shall be glad to receive articles on any subject of general interest to the fraternity.

All communications are subject to revision or rejection, as the Editor may deem proper.

The Editor does not assume responsibility for the opinions expressed by contributors in this department. C. H. SALMONS, Editor and Manager.

Who'll Sing the Song of Labor?

Who'll sing the song of labor,
Who'll raise the grand refrain,
Our Marseilles,
This side the seas,
For men of brawn and brain?

Who'll strike the anthem glorious,
To sing of coming days,
When all for one
Shall aim the gun,
And at oppression blaze?

The poet to essay it
Must know what 'tis to feel
His stomach gnaw,
'Gainst nature's law,
When craving for a meal;

Have scars of countless battles,
With shovel, pick and hoe,
From ceaseless strife,
To nurture life,
Amid surrounding woe.

Who'll sing the song of union,
With not a doubtful note,
To make men stand
In solid band,
With justice in each throat?

Then raise the hymn of glory
From mountain tops to sea,
That reason reigns,
And slavish chains
Are dropped from men who're free.

Some poet soon shall sing it,
The signs are in the air,
That reason's sway
Shall win the day,
'Gainst hunger and despair.

SHANDY MAGUIRE.

Unequal Rights.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In reading the various editorials in the press of the country relative to the rights of the men engaged

in different strikes now on it is amusing to sum them all up. In one section men have certain rights that would not be tolerated in another section, or in other words, certain laws are effective towards one class that are not good law towards any other class. Labor and capital we are taught should work hand in hand to be beneficial to both, and each should receive its just share of the fruits of their labor combined. But do they?

In looking over the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* for the month of May, 1901, I see the beautiful pictures of a banquet table. Said banquet was given by Mr. Schwab to the Carnegie partners. As I read along I cannot but admire the push and energy of all these partners, and what impresses me most is how few short years it takes them all to become very rich. I do hope that all their employees are as well fixed through their labor for this firm, or in other words that each employee owns his own home, for that, generally speaking, is the height of the average working-man's idea of wealth. If this is not so, then there is something wrong in the distributing of the wealth of capital and labor combined, and it is no wonder that these men grow rich so quick. No reason why the president for so many years of the company is feeding the country with libraries. And it is no surprise that Mr. Schwab, on page 10, uses these words: "I have noticed, with much pain, that as soon as you gentlemen sit down here you seem to forget all the cheerfulness that lurks in life. Your countenances become solemn, and your eyes grow serious," etc. In fact, in his opinion, they feel or look like I did in boyhood days when I had stolen the farmer's apples and the cramps came on to remind me of it. And it might have been some such thoughts that came crowding into their heads as they looked over the festive board and thought of their growing financial condition in a few short years and compared it with the lot of their dissatisfied employees.

At the present moment the employees of the different steel companies are on strike. As I understand it, the right to have their union and the right to get other mills into

the union is the issue. There does not seem to be much wrong in this. Surely, if the trusts want all the mills in the trust they should all be paid the same wages according to the work done. And it is a well known fact in all trades that the less organization, the less wages. It is also a well known fact that the public has to pay as much to a non-union mill for that product as they do to a union mill. It will apply to almost everything, even the railroads. I pay as much per mile to ride on a railroad where the men are not allowed to organize and just as much for freight, as one that is covered all over with organizations, and I favor the organized one and I know I get the best service even though the men do get the best wages. It is too bad that these strikes have to occur, so much is written how to prevent them. Men want to become rich so quick. Capital combines and says we run our own business, and will permit no one to dictate to us how we will run our business, very often through a man that has nothing and knows only what the men under him teach him from time to time. Their advice is all right until they ask for a raise of pay, then the financial end says we run our own business, etc. There is much discontent over the country. The cost of living is very high. Men are becoming very rich. It would be best for all to work together in harmony. The hours of some labor are too long. There is a Scriptural injunction that will apply to both sides that would be well to remember, "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

Fraternally, ORIÓN.

"Peace."

Let there be peace, enough of strife we've had
To make a loyal citizen feel sad.
Let honest capital shake hands with toil,
Let there be righteousness within each soul,
Then love, and truth, and justice will control.
The Christ-like principle if lived aright
Will banish wrong and always bring the right.
All wrongs that now exist on either side
Should now be righted with an honest pride.
Where love of gold and avarice abound
There all the ills of life are surely found.
The miser's god is gold, he's called a fool
Because he disobeys the golden rule.
Poor little soul, he counts his sordid pelf

And cares for nothing but his gold and self.
Let no such spirit curse the millionaire,
With love and justice he will treat men fair;
Let not the toiler have the miser's soul,
But use the golden rule to reach the goal;
Go, capital and labor, hand in hand,
For each without the other cannot stand.
Give all the graces of the spirit place
To lift the tolling millions of the race,
Let base injustice and oppression cease,
Then! then will fly the snow white dove of peace.

LEONARD G. FOSTER.

Graphic Picture of a Ride on a Locomotive from Kansas City to Memphis.

BY MISS EDYTHE LANGDON.

"Toot! toot! Ding, dong!"—and I was off to Memphis in the cab of engine 35.

I hadn't received much encouragement upon my project. Mr. Lockwood, general passenger agent of the Memphis route, shook his head in a wise manner and said I wouldn't be able to endure the trip.

At the depot the conductor looked amazed, and exclaimed: "All the way to Memphis!"

Engineer Shipley bestowed an incredulous smile upon me, as he read the permit.

Of course, I wouldn't want the public to know; it's a secret I hope you won't disclose. I had a few misgivings myself after receiving so many headshakes, and slipped into the depot and bought an accident policy.

Engineer Shipley is large, good looking and good natured. We oiled and examined the engine. Then he told me quietly that I was the possessor of too much hat. So the porter was sent to purchase a regulation engineer's cap.

The whole train crew said I looked about right in it. Only the conductor was unkind enough to remark that something about it made his thoughts fly to the Bowery.

With the fireman's assistance, I managed to gain the cab and crawl upon the seat. Engineer Shipley suggested I place my feet upon the tool box to brace myself. I was quite insulted, but later was glad to act upon the suggestion.

It was just 6:30 Saturday night when the fireman pulled the bell cord. The engineer blew the whistle, and the great iron

horse, puffing, straining and screeching, started out of the yard and over the switches.

The first bump I gripped the window ledge; the second, and the other hand was employed likewise.

How had I ever injured the rails that they should show such antagonism toward me? Why didn't they remain where they belonged, instead of jumping up in my face?

We went around a curve. I leaned to one side much as I had seen circus riders do. My feet slipped, and only for the protecting arm of the fireman I would have landed in a heap upon the floor.

Faster and faster we sped as we neared the outskirts of the city; around curves and over switches.

Engineer Shipley was throwing sly glances in my direction. "I want to get off and walk," was the thought running through my mind.

A shout from the fireman to the effect that I wouldn't fall if I loosened my grip caused me to try, and I discovered he was correct. I looked over at Engineer Shipley and smiled. He appeared relieved. He had evidently witnessed the anguish I was going through.

Then I began to enjoy the sensation of flying through small burrs, over trestles, and whisking around sharp curves. I had a desire to shout, and did wave my hands at everything pertaining to humanity.

I wanted to go on and on. The swaying, puffing, and the whistle of the iron horse got into my veins. I felt like some wild creature who had never been within the bounds of civilization.

Dirt was covering my face, hands and clothes, but I did not give that a thought. The engine and I were acting in unison; it realized my mood and was doing its best.

After we left Paola the fireman said we were doing a mile a minute. Lights began to appear in the houses along the road, the great electric light in the front of 35 was becoming brighter and brighter, throwing its radiance a mile ahead.

Trees soon became but black shadows. The white fences and barns looked like ghosts in the distance.

Away off in the south the lightning flashed, and once in a while the roll of thunder reached my ears. The stillness of the darkness was all about us; the rays of the light on 35 were cutting their way into the gloom. Over everything was the peace of the night; we were a thing within ourselves, the world was so far away.

I had forgotten the coaches behind us. I had forgotten Engineer Shipley and the fireman; 35 and I were alone, hastening to I knew or cared not where.

The fireman's hand upon my shoulder aroused me, and he pointed to the lights of Fort Scott as they came into view one by one. Soon we were drawing into the station. We changed engines and crew here, so I shook hands with the men who had piloted me that far on my journey and ran my hand with a caressing pat over engine 35.

After making the acquaintance of Engineer Calkins, I was handed into the cab of engine 346. I occupied the fireman's seat and breathed in the cool, fresh air. The lights in the houses were slowly extinguished, until we were going through sleeping villages. I think I must have dozed or been in a semi-trance of contentment produced by my surroundings, for in what seemed a very short time we were stopping at the depot in Springfield, Mo.

We changed the iron horse, and with Engineer Dougherty in charge of engine 113 we started out of there.

And then it was the ride really began, going over the Ozark mountains. For four miles out of Springfield it is on a down grade. I grabbed the window sash with both hands and placed my feet upon the tool box, my knees were almost touching my chin. I was an exact representation of the Darwinian theory.

We flew around the curves (which are not over a block apart) until I could feel my hair standing up straight. My cap was blowing in the air, held only by a small hat pin. The box at my feet was slipping away. I followed it, gradually, until I was sitting upon the edge of the seat.

Every bone in my body ached. The engine swayed and groaned. The fireman placed a chunk of coal at the end of the

box to keep it from slipping. We ran a short distance without a curve. I thought I could risk to replace my cap. That was my undoing. I had just relinquished my grip when we flew around a curve and I landed down by the box and the coal. The fireman picked me up and helped me on the seat again.

I thought about the time when I was a small child and refused to say my prayers. All the stories of wild night rides upon an engine I had read and passed lightly by went through my mind and I vowed to be more impressed with them hereafter.

Every light I saw along the road I imagined was another engine bearing down upon us, and when I did see one attached to a freight train upon a siding I groaned aloud in horror.

The fireman was a cheerful man. Going up grade I could perhaps have calmed myself and rested a few minutes, but he shouted in my ear what a terrible country it was, how awfully mean the people were; that they put rocks upon the track and threw them at the engine. He pointed out the spot where a train was stopped and held up. At a crossing he informed me that seven people had been killed there.

A city of the dead was not neglected by him, and he was very particular I should gaze upon the place where Engineer Dougherty's engine once turned completely over.

When he shouted in my ear that we were passing through Dead Man gulch I was ready to beg for mercy.

The engine had become a vile monster to me, the curves were snakes twisting my life out, Engineer Dougherty and the fireman were demons who were torturing me to death. Soon I was insensible to my misery, to everything but that I must hold to the sash.

When we reached Thayer I had just sense enough left to allow the cheerful fireman to assist me to alight. Walking up and down I succeeded in returning to a normal condition.

Engine 33, with Engineer Crawford in charge, backed up and I was helped into the cab.

Lights were appearing again in the

houses we passed. The first gray streak of dawn was in the east. The electric light upon 33 was growing dim. Ghosts disappeared and were replaced by white buildings and fences. The dark shadows were once more trees, and from among the branches we could hear the chirp of the birds.

People in the villages were commencing to stir. Engine 33 was running smoothly, the curves were few and far between.

I looked upon the awakening world and forgot the night ride in the pleasure of the coming day.

We were passing through a country that is almost always under water. Houses are built upon stilts and paint is a luxury. Miles and miles of dead timber land we traveled, the dead trees standing up like gray specters.

Climbing a grade of almost a mile, we reached the big iron bridge that spans the Mississippi River, and crossed into Memphis.

With more dirt than I have ever had upon me before, Engineer Crawford lifted me from the cab of the engine.

Too little is known of the duties of the men in whose care we place our lives and of the grave responsibility that rests on their shoulders. Too little thought is paid to the value of their services. To fully appreciate them, take a ride in an engine some time, the night preferred.

You will then understand, as you never did before, what might be the result of the slightest miscalculation or negligence. Alert of eye, strong of arm and quick to act, these men pilot sleeping thousands through the blackness of the night and land them safely at their destination.

How often do we read of accidents wherein the passengers were saved and the engineer and fireman lost!

"Only the Engineer Lost," "Scalded to Death" and "Buried Beneath His Engine" are headlines that have taken on a new meaning to me. The next time I see one of them I will know that the world has lost a hero, a man who, in the ordinary course of his duty, had given his life to save the lives of others. Their hands can never be too black for mine to shake. I

can wash my hands, but with my conscience it would be a more difficult matter.

My thanks to all the railroad men I met, and especially for the sympathy they extended for my lame back, my stiff neck and my sore shoulders on the homeward trip.

I enjoyed my ride, but I shudder when I think of the Ozark Mountains.—*Kansas City Journal*.

Railroad Employees' Home.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., Aug. 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Following is the statement of receipts for the Home for the month of July, 1901:

No.	FROM B. OF L. E. DIVISIONS.	Amt.
261.....		\$ 12 00
385.....		6 00
439.....		12 00
463.....		5 00
519.....		12 00
Total.....		\$ 47 00
O. of R. C. Divisions.....		22 00
B. of R. T. Lodges.....		96 60
B. of L. F. Lodges.....		18 00
L. S. to B. of L. F. Lodge 56.....		5 00
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Discount on plumbing bill No. 272.....		60
Discount on coal bill No. 294.....		6 60
Refunded on invoice bill No. 306.....		3 00
Refunded on freight bill No. 289.....		19 79
Personal—Mrs. Lilly S. Hurst, sale of doily.....		5 00
Contributed by members of Div. 566, B. of L. E.....		4 86
Grand total.....		\$228 45
Donated by an unknown, a box of bound books, very nice.		

Respectfully submitted,
MRS. T. B. WATSON, Sec. & Treas.

Neglected.

One of the principal claims made for establishing a JOURNAL was an opportunity for the interchange of thought among the members of the order, but for some reason both the Correspondence and Technical Departments suffer from a lack of interest in them, at least sufficient to write for them. We admit that it is not always easy to find a subject that we may feel is of sufficient interest to write about. Yet there are many things in local affairs that must suggest discussion. Ethical propositions. How we are inclined to do and what we should do, has in it an endless variety of thoughts, and when one writes it suggests some thought to some other who will be inspired to express their thoughts and an interest be aroused. It ought not to

be the duty of the Editor to urge members to manifest an interest in the two departments of the JOURNAL. The JOURNAL belongs to the B. of L. E. family, and the Correspondence and Technical Departments were established for the purpose of the interchange of thought, through which we might keep in closer touch and advance the social and ethical standing of our family to a higher plane, and in the Technical Department to educate ourselves when we write, and others who may read, for it sets the mind at work, and that leads on to research, and research means education. So the one who writes, while creating an interest for the readers and giving them unthought of truths, is likely to be most benefited himself. We know from experience that a hard worked engineer, whose hours are irregular, is not likely to be in very good condition to write, yet each one may find time if they feel an interest. Short articles are better than long ones, and no great care need be taken to perfect grammar and diction, the Editor will look after that, and we hope more will conclude that they can and will write for the two departments, Correspondence and Technical, particularly the former. Some of the experiences of our old members who have seen and experienced the great changes that have taken place during the past 30 or 40 years; how railroading was done, the pay and ethical relations of employee and employer, size of engines, cars and trains, personal experiences and difficulties, which follow along the life of a railroad man. Let us feel the encouragement that demonstrated interest gives. We do not expect everybody to be suited with any department, nor with the JOURNAL as a whole, but we would like the critic to come in and demonstrate his ability to do better than his Brothers. We make only such restrictions as are involved in our law,—*politics, religion, and personalities*,—they all lead to passion, and what we want is the friendly, home talks that anyone can read with pleasure, rather than irritation.

Brothers, let me feel that you are not indifferent by sending in your copy, and oblige
THE EDITOR.

Self-Helps.

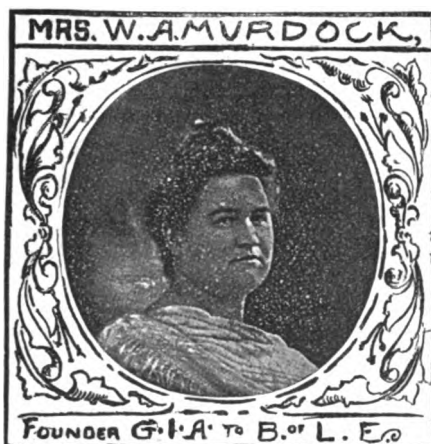
EDITOR JOURNAL: There is an old and well tried maxim, "Heaven helps those who help themselves," which may as well be applied to the B. of L. E. as an individual, for the B. of L. E. is but an aggregation of individuals, and if it is composed of those who possess the true spirit of self-help they will add vigorous strength to the organization, will be present at the meetings, act, and discuss measures for the good of all, and incidentally, themselves. With such a force in attendance, the officers elected to carry out the law will of necessity be forced up to the level of activity and push of those who compose the meeting. The law of the order is the product of years of experience, and if followed by the individual member he must be the better for it, morally and socially, and with the law for negotiation and arbitration wisely administered, with each and every member lending his personal strength, all members may enjoy security from unjust conditions, and reasonable compensation for labor performed, and with little sacrifice. But however stringent the law of the B. of L. E. it cannot put interest into the indifferent, imbue the lazy with the spirit of self-help, or make the thriftless provident. These reforms must come from the individual though the association may tend toward betterments in these respects, for we are all inclined to be imitators. According to statements in the JOURNAL, we have had an unusually thrifty growth the past year, and that which is now needed is good attendance at the meetings, a conscientious carrying out of all law by those chosen to perform that duty, loyalty and the prompt payment of dues on the part of all members; and if that is done there can be little reasonable ground left for complaint that the B. of L. E. does not accomplish all that in reason can be expected of it. Our dues are but a tithe of the benefits we are continually receiving from the constant efforts and influence that has materialized from the continued efforts during the life of the order. Every member should appreciate these benefits, bury personalities if there be such,

and lend his personal aid to the work by taking an active part in giving it force. Make yourself felt as an advocate for well paid labor, and higher social and moral attainments. S.

Prepare For a Rainy Day.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I have thought much about this question of frugality, or perhaps, financiering would be a better term, for there are plenty of engineers who draw good salaries, spend it all, and yet spend none of it for what they think is unnecessary to their comfort; in fact the habit of buying everything they want and the family wants has grown just in proportion to the enlarged salary, and they never stop to think how much they could do in the way of accumulating with just a little cut off, and things they would not miss after a trial. There are many who could easily put away 25 cents a day, which means \$90 a year. And if put on deposit in a savings bank at 4 per cent. in five years there would be to your credit \$496.68. And many of our members could put away 50 cents a day, which would mean a thousand dollars in five years. When this practice is once started the whole family becomes interested in it, and all help to swell the pile for a rainy day. A small bank with a clock which makes a nice and useful ornament, may be had by depositing from two to five dollars. This cannot be opened only by the bank officers, and it is a splendid incentive to frugality. I hope to know some day that most of our members live in their own homes through the right application of their earnings, and this can be done in time without any serious deprivation of that which is necessary to a happy home. If one feels that cutting expenses slightly is a hardship let them just for one moment contemplate the conditions that go with those who must live on \$1.25 a day; then ask yourself if you can find a good excuse for spending three, four, five, and some six times that much, and still accumulate less than the man with \$1.25. To those who have no bank account I would suggest getting a savings bank and drop something in it every day. I am sure you will be surprised at the interest that will center on the box, not only for yourself but the rest of the family as well.

HARWOOD.



Ladies' Department.

Communications for publication must be written on one side of the paper. Noms de plume are always permissible, but to receive consideration must be signed by the full name and address of the author, and addressed to the Editress, Mrs. M. E. CASSELL, 922 Dennison Av., Columbus, Ohio, not later than the 8th of the month.

The Editress reserves the right to revise, reject or use matter sent in, governed entirely on its merits.

Do You Believe It ?

That we should deem that luck's the thing
That will to us our blessings bring,
And give us honey without sting—

I don't believe it!

But that endeavor well applied,
A will that will not be denied,
Do much life's problem to decide—

I do believe it!

That our great world, as some folks say,
Has still grown worse from day to day,
While men and morals but decay—

I don't believe it!

But that, as history will show,
The "good old times" of long ago
Have better grown, will better grow—

I do believe it!

That we are here to sorrow born—
Are given life to live forlorn,
Have more of night time than of morn—

I don't believe it!

But that a healthy, cheerful mind
And thankful heart e'en here may find,
That God means only to be kind—

I do believe it!

To the Land of Roses---(Concluded).

My next stop was at Sacramento, where I went in the company of Sisters Bowley and Ford. Sister Ford was to inspect this Division, and it was a pleasure to be present at that time. Sister Bowley and myself accepted the hospitality of Brother and Sister McKay at their pleasant home, where roses were everywhere and the grass green and beautiful. One of our pleasures was a carriage ride, when we viewed the city, which was in process of decoration for their annual carnival, a feature of which is the flower parade and crowning of the Queen of May. In the evening the home of Brother and Sister Jordan was thrown open and reception given. The house was beautifully decorated with colors and flowers arranged in an artistic manner. Music and mirth prevailed. The singing of Sister Lightner's accomplished daughter was greatly enjoyed. Recitations, songs and instrumental music by the members of Sacramento Division made up the evening's program. This was the largest Division I met with in California, and the talent in this Division is above the average. It is composed of accomplished ladies, of whom Sister Lightner, who has been to our conventions, is a fair sample.

Next day Sister Ford inspected the Division, and the work was well given, but with the number of members and the talent displayed the evening before, I know you will not be cross with me when I say that you should have done even better. Sister Graham, President, in a few well-chosen words, presented me in behalf of the Division with a souvenir spoon, which I greatly appreciate. Sister Ford was also kindly remembered in the same manner. After the meeting we returned to Oakland, where I was again welcomed by Sister Gardner, as I had returned at her earnest solicitation to view more of the sights of the great city and surrounding country. One of the pleasant side trips was a compliment from Sister Richards, a charming lady of Div. 156, who secured passes for several of us to take a trip on the Government boat *McDowell* in a cruise around the bay. Stops were made at several points, and the scenery was exquisite.

We were in sight of the spot where the ill-fated *Rio* went down. Another trolley ride to the State University at Berkeley was taken in company with Sisters Carroll and Hartman. The large oak trees in the grounds here are magnificent specimens and the buildings fine. The Sisters in Oakland, especially Sister Gardner, who spared no pains to have me see all worth seeing in the two beautiful cities, also Brother and Sister Bowley, deserve my highest gratitude for the many kindnesses I received while in this part of the Golden State.

Just before leaving Oakland, the President presented me with an exquisite filagree silver and glass vase from Div. 156, which will always remind me of the beautiful sweet peas which I received nearly every day while there. And now I feel that I have seen nearly everything in California. I have eaten of your fruits. I have smelled the perfume of your flowers. I have traveled your roads sprinkled with oil. I have visited the ancient mission churches, where the altar of religion was first raised and whose chimes have sounded through the centuries their message of hope and benediction. I have heard the dashing waves of your ocean and bathed in its waters. I have felt your sunshine,—and have been tanned somewhat by its rays,—and all the time I have felt the warm touch of your hearts. I have met the brave men and women of our order, and wherever I have been in lovely California I have seen smiling, happy and contented faces. And now, good-bye. I leave your state, perhaps never to return, but while life shall last I shall treasure up the memory of this trip and every dear Sister and Brother who made it so pleasant.

After leaving Oakland the scenery was grand—over snow-covered mountains, through snow sheds, with beautiful waterfalls here and there,—until I reached Wadsworth, Nev., where I made a stop of a few days with Brother and Sister Shepley. The Division at this place is not a very large one, but is composed of bright ladies, who made me more than welcome. The evening of my arrival all came to

greet me at Sister Shepley's, and the young people delighted us with recitations and music. A fine repast was served, and the President, Sister Cunningham, pleasantly acted as spokesman for the Division and gave to me a souvenir of Wadsworth. Next day a great treat was in store for me. Carriages were hired and a party of eleven went out across the country, eighteen miles, to the Painte Indian Reservation. Before we reached there we made a stop to eat the fine lunch which the Sisters brought along, and to our dismay when we began to eat we found that our number, counting a couple of children, was thirteen; but we ate the lunch and went on to visit the school. It was a sight to me, and I was surprised at the proficiency displayed by the pupils, especially in writing and drawing; and some of these Indian girls have been taught to do beautiful lace work. The picture of Persia and baby, in last month's JOURNAL, was taken by Sister Wetmore while we were there. Persia is a product of this school, and legally married. She is also the mother of a little boy, but the Indian father was contrary and would not let the boy stand for us. They dislike very much to be "taken," and will turn their backs on a camera every time.

There is a great difference in the tribes of Indians, and I have learned much of their ways and customs on this trip which I would love to write about, but space forbids, and I must hasten on to Ogden, Utah, where I arrived next day and was greeted by the Sisters residing here. Brother and Sister T. Lindsay made me their guest and I enjoyed my stay with them. A progressive pedro party was held at the home of Sister Hastings. The prizes were nice, but I have forgotten who were the successful ones. I did not take a prize, but Sister Halsted said the Division wished me to have one in the shape of a state souvenir spoon, which I prize most highly. There was a Brother here who told our fortunes, and some things that he told me have actually come true, and now I am expecting the great wealth which he said should be mine. If it comes, I will return and treat you all. Ogden is a fine

city, and we had a good look at it, as a tally-ho party was given me, at which time twenty-five engineers and their wives escorted me up Ogden cañon. This is a fine drive and the cañon is full of interest. Returning, a stop was made at the Reed House, where dinner was served to the jolly crowd. A meeting was held in the afternoon, after which I said good-bye to the dear Sisters of Ogden and went on to Salt Lake City, where I was met by Brother and Sister Beless, who took me to their cosy home.

I had looked forward all along the line to my stop at Salt Lake City, as I remembered its beauty when the delegation of B. of L. E. men and their wives stopped over there many years ago on their way to the San Francisco Convention. My husband and I were in that party and that was one of the very pleasant memories of that happy time. I had also met Brother and Sister Beless at several conventions, and was glad to meet them again in their own home. The following day was Sunday, but fourteen of us took a drive out to Fort Douglas and attended the services at the Tabernacle in the afternoon. The organ, which delighted us so many years ago, has been remodelled and improved, and such music I never heard from an instrument. A choir of 200 voices, with Lizzie Edwards as soloist, sang a most beautiful anthem, and never shall I forget the combined effect of the organ and this large, well-trained choir. Next day about twenty of us went out to Salt Air, which is a few miles out to Salt Lake. It was most too early for bathing, but as I had been in both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and all the Great Lakes, I felt that I must wet my feet in Salt Lake, so on the 13th of May four of the party went in. The water was warm, and how can I describe the sensation of a bath in the *saltiest* of all salt water? I never enjoyed anything more in my life, and thanks to a good Brother I was taken out quite a ways, somewhat frightened, but it has been a source of pleasure to me many times since to think of it during the very warm weather we have been having. While in the city we held a good Division meeting, and I had the pleasure of initiating three members. The Ogden Sisters to the number of ten came over to the meeting and assisted the Salt Lake Sisters. After the meeting a lunch was served, when Brothers were admitted. Speeches were made, and Brothers Hatch, Yates, Shirmer and McClain gave us words of encouragement. The President, for the Division, gave to me a magnificent plaque, with the Mormon Temple, Tabernacle and statue of Brigham Young on in relief work, which is a typical souvenir, indeed. I am very proud of it, and show it to all who enter my home. Brother and Sister

Beless took me to visit the smelters before my departure next day, and it was with great reluctance that I bade the Sisters of the lovely Utah state good-bye and turned my face homeward. I am especially indebted to Brother and Sister Beless for the many courtesies extended to me while in Salt Lake City. I returned to Colorado Springs over the Denver & Rio Grande, and, suffice it to say, the grand scenery of this road, which has been so many times described, was fully enjoyed.

The first day of June I arrived home, with a heart full of gratitude to find all well. Dear old Div. 52, my own Division, gave me a cordial welcome and had prepared a surprise. Sister Cole came over from Newark to inspect our Division, and I was very much interested in wanting the work to be well done, so much so, that I did not notice anything unusual going on. After the inspection I was asked to present Sister Cole with a Columbus spoon, which I did, when our President, Sister Hanning, stepped up and presented me with a magnificent bouquet of roses in words of welcome from the Division, which made my heart glad. Oh, how grand to feel that of all places your own home Division loves you most, and the thought that I had been missed and was given such a hearty "welcome home" has seemed like a benediction ever since. The roses did not complete the surprise, for when I donned my hat the doors of the dining room were thrown open, and, behold the tables all decorated and refreshments ready to be served. The surprise was complete, and I haven't gotten over it yet.

In looking over the Divisions I have met with in these months and the Sisters I have met, I want to say from a full heart, I thank you, one and all, and may God bless and prosper you, and to dear old 52, *your* welcome I shall never forget.

M. E. CASSELL.

Grand President Honors Mattoon.

On Monday, Sister Murdock, of Chicago, paid an official visit to New Endeavor Div., 47. She was met at the train by a committee and escorted to the home of our President, Sister Dan Flynn, for dinner, and in the afternoon she held a meeting and gave instructions in the work of the order. During recess several of our citizens called and paid their respects to the distinguished visitor. In the evening a reception was tendered her at the residence of Brother and Sister O. F. Hamilton, at which about fifty guests were present, among them the members of Div. 16, of Charleston. At about 8 o'clock delicious refreshments were served, but before the happy guests had risen from the table Sis-

ter Dan Flynn proposed the following toast: "Great is she who uses her greatness for all." In response, Sister Murdock gave a most interesting address on the origin, history and progress of the G. I. A. to the B. of L. E. After a few remarks from Sister Sampson and A. Sumerlin the banquet table was deserted, and the remainder of the evening was spent in a social manner. Tuesday morning Sister Murdock was escorted by New Endeavor Division to the Old Folks Home and the remainder of the morning was spent in driving around the city. At noon Sister Murdock departed for Charleston to visit Div. 16. The afternoon was taken up in conferring degrees and the work of the order, and in the evening a grand reception was given in her honor at Brother and Sister Schully's, where she was entertained in a royal manner, Div. 47 of Mattoon being present and the honored guest was most highly pleased with her sojourn in Ma'toon and Charleston.

SEC., Div. 47.

Wedding Anniversary.

On June 27, 1901, the Sisters of Manila Div., 244, Brooklyn, N. Y., were invited to a dinner at the home of Brother and Sister Sprague, at Rockaway Beach, L. I. It was the tenth anniversary of their marriage and the birthday of Sister Sprague. About thirty Sisters were present, and a very pleasant time was had by all. Four large tables were arranged and a selection of dainties served under the direction of Sister Sprague, who did her best on this occasion. An orchestra of string music played during the dinner. The Chaplain, Sister Allegar, said grace and a hymn was sung by the Sisters. President Wohlofka presented to Sister Sprague a silver water pitcher, cup and tray, a gift from the Sisters. The following bit of poetry was composed and read by Sister Wohlofka for the occasion:

Sister Sprague, I would say, but not in a jest,
That you love your husband and family best;
But all Sisters here will say with me, aye,
That you have a good share for the G. I. A.

For you take your friends
As gifts God sends;
For friendship and love
Come from above.

May you ever be happy, may you ever be true;
May your path be all roses, is what we wish you;
May God shower blessings upon you, we pray,
And guide your footsteps in life's weary way;
And many more years in your home be your stay,
For it is the good wishes of the Sisters of the
G. I. A.

Accept, Sister Sprague, this token from me.
As a gift from the Sisters of Manila, you see;
Who are ever ready to give a surprise.
And found out your secret that you tried to hide.

Later in the day a tour of the seaside was made, and the Sisters suggested that

we have our pictures taken in a group, each one to take a picture as a souvenir of the day. Every Sister who attended the dinner went home delighted with the day's enjoyment and wished best wishes for Brother and Sister Sprague.

PRESIDENT OF DIV. 244.

Inspection.

Of the twelve Divisions assigned me to be inspected, one was visited in February, seven in March, two in April and two in June. We are glad to say that the several Divisions maintained their high standing in the ritual work. As the Grand President informed me that a report of rank would be given out with the semi-annual password, I have not followed my usual custom of sending it to each Division. We were pleased to note that almost without exception the new Insurance record books were kept in a systematic and correct manner, and only one Division had no insured members. The officers of Div. 118 do all work without rituals, and President Flagg, of Div. 61, does perfect work without the ritual. All the Divisions I inspected are blessed with good musicians and marshals, and the guides were all fine.

We had hoped to see accounts of the social functions connected with inspection by members of the local Divisions. Failing in this, I will speak of them briefly, and not at length, as I would gladly do did space permit. I am indebted to the following Sisters for entertainment at their homes: President Powers, Lyndonville, Vt.; Sister Fitzsimmons and Secretary Taylor, St. Albans, Vt.; Vice-President Kidder, Malden, Mass.; Secretary Smith, Springfield, Mass.; Secretary Smith and Sister Baines, Hartford, Conn.; Past-President Minor, New Haven, Conn.; Sister Davis, Worcester, Mass.; President Darling, Providence, R. I.; Past-President Small, Henderson, Me.; Sisters Spear and Kelsey and President Colman, Bangor, Me.; Sister Siloway, Rutland, Vt.; and President Willoughby did the honors at Nashua, N. H. Div. 99 entertained five Sisters from Div. 49 and Sister Reynolds, of Div. 61, dining at Maeston's and with lunch at the hall. Two members were initiated, and Inspector Getchell started on her trip at the close of this session. We found much pleasure in the company of Sister Kidder's aged mother, who is blest by being surrounded by loving sons and daughters, whose affection for their mother was shown in many ways.

At Springfield, Mass., I was met by Secretary Smith and dined at the hall, where the local organization was working to aid some worthy object. The evening was passed in the company of Brother and

Sister Nelson, and a call at their home was enjoyed as usual.

In company with President Flagg, I passed on to Hartford, Conn., where we were met by President Sherman. After dinner at Secretary Smith's occurred inspection. Refreshments were served at the hall in fine shape by the Sisters of Div. 107. Sister Giddings served light refreshments in the evening at her home. The night was passed with Sister Baines, unfortunately detained from the meeting by illness. Here it was my pleasure to meet a former President and interested member of Div. 107, Mrs. Sterner, and Sister Ran, who was suffering with a broken arm.

After the meeting at New Haven, at which Past-President Nichols presided with dignity, I dined at the Grand in company with several Sisters of Div. 177 and Brother Witherell, who made us a gallant escort. An informal reception was held after with an entertainment, musical and other selections being finely rendered. I am unable to recall the names of the participants. The young lady with the "bones" did fine execution. Refreshments were served. An evening was passed with Second Assistant Grand Vice-President McNeil, who being ill was unable to act as hostess, which President Marley did to perfection. A few other Sisters were present.

Sister Hamilton, Secretary of Div. 224, met me at Worcester. An informal reception, with refreshments, was held at the home of First Assistant Engineer Davis, of Div. 64. Several Brothers of Div. 64 were there, and the occasion was greatly enjoyed. It was my pleasure to meet while here Brother and Sister Berry, of Lyndonville, Vt., recently established at the Hotel Prentice, this city.

A severe rain storm prevented the reception and tea, planned by Div. 118 at Sister Rockford's, on my arrival at Providence, R. I., where I staid with President Darling. After inspection, refreshments were served in Gelb's best style at his parlors. Brother Trask, who was ill at this time, passed away soon after.

At Henderson, Me., a prettily-arranged hall greeted me on my arrival. After inspection, small tables, with handsome tray cloths were placed about the hall, where ice-cream, cake and coffee were served to a number of Brothers and their families. Sister Cooney had charge of the entertainment. President Spalding is an interested worker.

Sister Rogers, of Div. 205, accompanied me to Bangor. An informal tea and reception was held at the close of the work, and a very enjoyable evening was passed at Waterville, on my return, at the home of Brother Barton, in company with Sister Paul, two Sisters Buller, Sister Low and Brother and Sister Sturtevant. All but

Sisters Paul and Barton had been unable to attend the meeting at Bangor. The courtesy and kindness of these friends will not be soon forgotten.

At St. Albans, Sister Fitzsimmons gave a tea and reception at her new home. Sister Davis, of Div. 49, and Sister Blanchette, of Div. 81, were guests of this Division. Three sessions were held, at the last one of which two new members were added. Ice-cream and cake were served at an adjacent restaurant. I dined with Past-President Anderson, passed a pleasant evening with Vice-President Parmelee, and enjoyed a fine ride about the city with Secretary Taylor.

At Rutland, I was cordially received by the faithful few—Sisters Mahoney, Thompson, Sweeney, Sullivan and Silloway. Two sessions were held. A friend of Sister Silloway entertained with the graphophone. Sister Mahoney treated me to a trolley ride on the belt lines and to West Rutland.

This tour of inspection ended with a side trip to Whitehall, N. Y., where I was the guest of Brother and Sister Brown. Two very pleasant days were passed in their home at this pretty place, where the several castle-like dwellings of its wealthy citizens and the beautiful new armory of Company I, — New York Regiment, are among its chief attractions.

For courtesies shown, I am under obligation to Brother Ames, of Div. 440; Robinson and Barton, of Div. 508; McConnell, of Div. 330, and Brown, of Div. 217. The useful articles of Div. 61, beautiful china of Divs. 177, 118 and 233, carnations of the latter, and souvenir spoon of Div. 114 are pleasant reminders of this trip, which covered about 1,900 miles, and thanks to all Divisions that arranged dates for my convenience, which enabled me to attend all home meetings.

MARY L. COOK.

On March 27, I visited Water Valley and inspected Easter Div., 191, and found the members exceedingly good in their ritual work, also well informed in their By-Laws and Constitution. After the inspection we went to the confectionary and were bountifully supplied with good things. While in Water Valley I was entertained at the homes of Mrs. F. Caihey, of the O. R. C., and Sister Ohlson, of the G. I. A.

The next evening I left for Jackson, Tenn., accompanied by Sister Seeber, of Water Valley. I was met at the depot by a delegation of Sisters and Brothers and taken to the cosy home of Sister Good, President of Div. 188. The next day Star of Ninety-Three Div., 188, was inspected, and as in the case of 191, I found them fully prepared for an inspector. The officers of 188, with visitors, dined at the Southern Hotel. After partaking bounti-

fully of the good things, we resumed our labors. That night there was an elegant reception at Sister Bailey's, also a surprise party, when I was presented with a beautiful spoon as a souvenir of the occasion. I shall ever feel grateful to Divs. 191 and 188 for the gracious hospitality extended me on this trip.

The latter part of May I was informed by our Grand President that I would be needed to organize a Division at Gulfport, Miss. I left for there June 5, and that night was met at the train by a number of Sisters and Brothers and escorted to the hotel. The next night Div. 552, B. of L. E., tendered the G. I. A. an elegant reception and banquet, and to say these Brothers deserve a world of credit would faintly express it, especially as it is comparatively a small Division. The tables were loaded with every thing good, and with two bands and several fine speakers the evening was a decided success. The next day E. M. Lake Div., 103, was organized, with eleven charter members, and two more to come in. Though their number is small, what they lack in "quantity," I am sure will be made up in "quality," and I hope for fine results. I forgot to say that although my baggage didn't get there till the day after the ball, "I got there just the same," thanks to a friend at the hotel.

While I am writing, I must say a word for my own Division—Harrel, 199. We are quite flourishing and every little while get in some new members. We do some charity and all the good we can, and hope so to do to the end of the chapter.

MRS. HUB BOWEN, G. O. & I.

New Divisions Organized.

July 31, 1901, there was a new star added to the banner of the G. I. A., christened Fall City. Fall City Div., 258, was organized by Sister Pat Cain, President of Div. 132, with seventeen charter members, all of whom are good, earnest workers. Sister Cain was assisted in the work of organizing by eight Sisters from Divs. 132 and 239. After the installation of officers refreshments were served in honor of our guests, to which the Brothers of Div. 165 were invited.

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to the Brothers of Orcola Div., 165, for presenting us with our charter, and the interest they have taken in our organization. They kindly offered us their goat, but having one of our own we declined the offer. We also wish to thank the Sisters who kindly lent us their assistance.

• May all the Auxiliaries meet with abundant success, and may they always remember that they will receive a hearty welcome from
FALL CITY DIV., 258.

Gem of the Ocean Div., 250, Staten Island, N. Y., was formally organized June 5, by Mrs. F. H. Tucker, Grand Organizer, of Manila Div., 244, Brooklyn, N. Y., with 15 charter members, under very favorable auspices.

The new Division extended invitations to the five Auxiliaries in and around New York, viz., 38, 201, 215, 234 and 244, which were accepted. They decided to have a public installation, to which the Brothers were invited. Manila Division kindly loaned its set of officers' regalia and exemplified the work, assisted by several members of other Divisions.

The President of the new Division was formerly a member of Div. 244. After the public installation, followed by remarks from visiting Sisters and Brothers, refreshments were served and a reception followed.

The Brothers of 541 take great pride in their Auxiliary, and sincerely regret their inability in not all being able to attend the public installation, but they were pleased to have their visiting Brothers from 105 and 419 present.

We understand that a few of the Brothers from 541 were too bashful to venture to the hall alone, consequently they do not know what an enjoyable time they missed.

ONE PRESENT.

Study Club Program for September.

Subject: "American Literature."

Roll-call—Quotations from Poe, Bryant, Prescott, Whittier, and other writers of this period.

1. Who was the author of "Star Spangled Banner," and under what circumstances was it written?
2. Name orators who became famous during the period of 1800-1850.
3. What act of Webster's called forth denunciation from a certain class of philanthropists?
4. Who is the person alluded to in "Ichabod," a poem by Whittier?
5. Name novelists of this period.
6. Name essayists of this period.
7. Character sketches of Hawthorne, Willis and Irving.
8. Name female writers of this period, with sketches of one's favorite authors.

BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

Griswold's Poets and Poetry of America.
Barrett Wendell's Literary History of America, Cleveland's Compendium.
Tyler's History of American Literature.
Stedman's Poets of America.

Division News.

DIV. 21, Atlanta, Ga., lacks a lot of being dead. I can tell you we have all sorts of parties. First, we had quilting parties at different houses, and for a change we had an auction party at Sister Weekley's. As some may not know how an auction party is conducted I will explain. Each member brings a package, and after being rewrapped by a committee they are

then sold at auction; and you, Sisters, if you have never had one, just try it, if you want some fun. One Sister brought a five-cent bar of soap, and after the wrapping papers were changed she bid it in for 28 cents. The next was an oyster party, at Sister Scribner's. We had music and dancing, and all had a good time.

Then we had a tacky party at Sister Green's,—a regular tacky party,—old-fashioned negroes, with their fiddles, and some to beat the strings with straws. Our Sisters in the North do not know much about the darky's musical talent, but they are born musicians. I want the Sisters when we meet at Norfolk to get Sister Weekley to tell them how she fixed her belt and necktie, and Sister Scribner how she dressed her hair for this party. We had red lemonade and old-fashioned ginger cake, and everybody as they left begged for another Auxiliary tacky party, so I guess they all had a good time. Then we had a public installation. It was complimentary to our Inspector.

Last, but not least, was a sock party—something new. I believe this was a suggestion of Sister Weekley, and it was a success, both socially and financially. I send an invitation so that the Sisters will see what it is. We had all sorts of refreshments and a musical and literary program. The doorkeeper was Bro. G. D. Kitchens and the master of ceremonies Bro. Fred Carlisle, both of Div. 368, and the orator was the Hon. T. C. Ladson, one of our most eminent lawyers and a true friend to organized labor, not only by giving advice, but always a dollar for a hungry man. He gave us a talk that was appreciated by all. We sent out 800 invitations, and as every invitation was in a sock it took us some time to make the socks. We met at the houses of the Sisters, and the hostess was always so nice, and knowing by experience that it makes a woman hungry to sew, we always had a nice lunch, and so much to talk about—our hopes and our aspirations for the G. I. A.—that these meetings were very pleasant. We received such hearty responses to our invitations and such good words, and we did appreciate them so; for it is the good word and the hearty hand-clasp that goes to make life worth the living. One was from Brother Everett, and as his life is a poem he had to send us one with his donation.

Our Auxiliary is on a boom. Since last November we have had an initiation at nearly every meeting. Some that had withdrawn have come back, and we were so glad to have them; and we want all the engineers' wives to join us, for we do have such good times together. With good luck to all I will say good-bye.

MRS. G. G. GREEN,
Cor. Sec., Div. 21.

It has been some time since Div. 84, Springfield, Mo., has been heard from, but we are much alive and in good condition. We are always ready to tell what good times we are having. On June 14, Div. 84 had a pie social at the home of our President, Sister Noleman; it, too, being their thirty-third wedding anniversary. The yard was beautifully decorated with Japanese lanterns, and the spacious green lawn presented a lovely appearance, indeed. Pie was served in the large dining-room to about fifty. It proved a success, both socially and financially. The evening was delightfully spent. It was something of a surprise to Brother Noleman when he came home from a long run to find his home lit up and invaded by a crowd of engineers and their wives. It is needless to say that Brother Noleman was pleased, and soon forgot his long, tiresome trip. Sister Dillard, on behalf of the Division, presented Brother and Sister Noleman with a solid-silver berry spoon as a token of love and remembrance of Div. 84. Sister Noleman, in a few well-chosen remarks, accepted the gift and thanked the Sisters for their love and esteem for her. At a late hour good-nights were said, and wishing Brother and Sister Noleman many more such happy anniversaries all were again on their way homeward, with the idea of having a splendid good time on the following Monday evening.

June 17, a pleasant birthday surprise planned by Bro. Charley Waits on his dear, good companion was a success, it being Sister Waits' (16th) birthday. The members and their husbands assembled at the home of Brother and Sister Collier, and went from there to the home of Brother Waits. Sister Waits was completely surprised, and said that was "one on her." After the surprise greetings were over, the evening was well spent in games of various kinds and social conversation. Sister Noleman, on behalf of Div. 84, presented Sister Waits with a solid-silver berry spoon as a token of remembrance from Div. 84. Sister Waits received many more handsome and useful presents, one from her husband and son, Bertie,—a lovely parlor lamp, which is elegant in shade and shape. Light refreshments were served to about thirty-five. At a late hour fond good-nights were said, and all went home wishing Sister Waits many more such happy birthdays. Brother and Sister Waits are royal entertainers, and their home is always open for their friends to come and enjoy a pleasant evening.

June 25, our third annual picnic was given at Doling Park, north of the city. The day was bright and pleasant, and a large crowd of engineers and their families were present. The park is an ideal place for a picnic—beautiful shade trees, rustic

benches and lovely spring water. The day was spent in boating, bathing, riding on the merry-go-round, and visiting the cave and many other attractions, too numerous to mention. A splendid picnic dinner was spread under the big shade trees, and all did justice to the many good things provided. Sister Beasley and children, of Neodesha, Kan., were guests at the picnic; also Mrs. G. W. Kirk and nephew, of Fort Smith, Ark., wife of Brother Kirk, Chairman of the General Grievance Committee of the St. L. & S. F. R. R. Mrs. Kirk has many warm friends in Springfield, and was favorably impressed with the G. I. A.'s, and hopes some day to have a Division in her own little city of Fort Smith. When the sun approached the western horizon we were reminded of our homes, and loading up our baskets we started homeward, voting the day a grand success.

OZARK.

It has been a long time since Div. 177, New Haven, Conn., has had anything to say for herself. But I assure you, dear readers of the JOURNAL, that we are more alive than you would infer from our long silence. On March 23 we had our inspection, with Sister Cook on hand to see what we had been doing through the past year. On the evening of that day we held a reception in our Division rooms, which was well attended. Music and recitations helped to make it a pleasant time for all of us, and refreshments were also served during the evening. All agreed it was a success in every way, and that it was the most enjoyable affair of the kind Div. 177 had ever had. Sister Cook assured us we had been very good girls during the past year, but would like us to try and be a little better this present year. All right, Sister Cook, we will try real hard to make you proud of us when you come again, and "try real hard" with Div. 177 means success.

We have been very fortunate that for the last year or two we have lost none of our members by death. Several of the Sisters have been quite ill, but I am glad to be able to say they are all on the convalescent list, and we hope to see them among us soon. We have had one withdrawal from our Division recently—Sister Carrington, who thought best to leave our beautiful city and locate in Scranton, Pa. She was a faithful, willing worker among us, and by her gentle, womanly ways she endeared herself to all of us. It was with sorrowful hearts we bade our dear little Sister good-bye and wished her good luck in her new home. I think she has recently been taken into Div. 82, which is to be congratulated upon this addition to its members.

Div. 177 has always been a prosperous Division. When we first started we had few members, and still less of dollars, but the faithful hearts and willing hands of those few soon began to tell, and we have always held our own through all the ups and downs of Division life; and what a lot more of the ups there can be if we will only look at things that way and try to make it so. And right here, I do not think it would be out of place to say that our prosperity may, to a great extent, be due to the generous support and encouragement given us by the Brotherhood of which we are the Auxiliary. I assure you, dear readers, that we are more than grateful to those good Brothers, and we thoroughly appreciate what they have done for Div. 177.

Now, lest our genial Editress look too severely at such a lengthy epistle, I had better stop and give others a chance. With a hearty greeting and best wishes to all of our Auxiliary Sisters, I am

Yours in F., L. and P.,
HATTIE A. MCNEIL.

It has been a long time since an article from Vesta Div., 142, Derry Station, Pa., has appeared in the JOURNAL; therefore, we think it might be well to let the Sisters of the other Divisions know we are "still on deck and able to hold our own among the many ups and downs." We are as ever one in heart as to the welfare of our beloved order. Our membership is small in comparison with some of the other Divisions. We are small in number, but united in purpose; our officers are faithful in attendance upon their duties; so by earnest work we are able to keep up with the Sister Divisions that have a larger attendance than Div. 142. We have added to our number four new members within the past three months, and we expect to gain several more new members before the close of another year.

We have enjoyed several social functions during this Spring and Summer, and if space will permit I would like to tell you of the good time we had at the home of our President, Sister Gilchrist, on July 16th, the anniversary of Vesta Division. About fifteen of us boarded the train at Derry. Soon we landed at Radabaugh, where we were met by a conveyance, which took us to the home of Sister Gilchrist. Arriving there we were heartily welcomed. After resting awhile the next thing in order was the dinner. Soon all were as busy as bees arranging the tables out in the orchard. Then came the well-filled baskets, and in a few moments the tables were trembling beneath their load of good things,—dainty, delicious and substantial.

After dinner all adjourned to the parlor, where Mr. and Mrs. Gilchrist entertained the crowd with vocal and instrumental music. The rendering of some of the popular coon songs by Mr. Gilchrist was particularly amusing and entertaining. "Jerry" certainly possesses rare vocal talent. We must not forget to mention the cakewalk that was given by Miss Carrie, the small daughter of Bro. H. M. Bennett. Time seemed to be flying around. It did not seem any time until we were called to supper. Everyone did ample justice to the meal and it was hugely enjoyed. Next in order were the leave takings. A tally-ho was provided which conveyed the merry crowd to the station, from where they boarded the train for home. Altogether it was a most enjoyable day. Brother Gilchrist and his wife deserve special praise for the manner in which they entertained their guests. Those not present to partake of their hospitality certainly missed a rare treat, and those that were present raise their voices in one accord and say it was good to have been there.

SEC., Div. 142.

I THOUGHT it would be well to let the Sisters know that Div. 201, Jersey City, N. J., is still alive. Although we have not many members, we have quite a number that are active and interested in the Division, and we have been having some very good times lately. One of these was when about a dozen of us responded to Sister Jackson's most cordial invitation to spend the evening of June 3 at her home, it being her birthday. We had a delightful time. We were entertained by Miss Scott with piano solos, and Miss L. Miller did the cakewalk in her usual good style. Sister Kirkendall, with a few remarks, presented to Sister Jackson (who is also our organist) a handsome silver service as a token of our esteem, and wishing she may have very many happy returns of the day we were obliged to leave her in the enjoyment of her lovely home at Roselle, N. J., and wend our way back to noisy Jersey City.

A few words about our bazaar, held on June 13 and 14. The following Sisters were faithful workers and helped make it a financial success: Fancy table—Sisters Jackson and Schick; flower table—Sister C. Foster, Misses L. Foster and J. Stevens; Lemonade—Sister Miller, Misses L. Miller and V. Mason; Variety—Sisters Vannatta, Hartzell, Canday, Huff, and Misses A. Schick and Wolverton; Domestic—Sisters H. Foster and H. Schick; Mysterious Table—Sister Schuyler and Masters C. Schuyler, B. Schuyler, H. Foster and S. Foster; Ice-cream—Sister Wait; Fortune-teller—Sister Van Middlesworth, who made a very good one, as Sisters Grey and King,

of A. Reasoner Division, will bear witness, along with those present who had the opportunity to have their fortunes told.

Div. 201 was very much pleased with the handsome lamp donated by New York City Div., 234, the silver-top glass water pitcher by A. Reasoner Div., 38, and the fine linen sideboard scarf by C. W. Bradley Div., 215, and wish these sister Divisions all success in their work, and the G. I. A. as a body greater success in its mission to uplift our own railroad people, which we can do if we will all be faithful to the principles of our order and remember never to speak evil of a sister.

Fraternally,
GEORGIA KIRKENDALL.

F. S. EVANS DIV., 99, Boston, Mass., again visits the JOURNAL with a very encouraging report of prosperity and harmony, of gaining new members, and of several outings,—one, a trip to Salem Willows, where many of the Sisters had their palms read by palmists who were tented there. Again, a trip taken on a steamboat from Boston along the shore to Gloucester was very enjoyable; and on Sunday, Aug. 4, the Sisters accompanied the Brothers to Old Orchard Beach, it being their annual excursion. All, without doubt, enjoyed themselves as usual.

I must not forget to mention our new Sisters in Boston, Auxiliary to Div. 439, B. of L. E. This new Division is Bay State, 256, and was organized by our Past-President, Sister Getchell, July 14. These Sisters have our best wishes for their future success, and I will close this with pleasant thoughts for all.

E. W., Ins. Sec.

ON Thursday evening, March 23, the Sisters of Div. 11, Rochester, N. Y., held their annual ball in Odd Fellows' Hall, where, at promptly 9 o'clock, began the strains of a waltz from Sousa, which started all who knew they could, and many who thought they could not, tripping over the floor. The hall was tastefully decorated with palms and colors of the order, and with the gay dresses of the ladies shone resplendent. The patrons of the party were loud in their praise of the party and its management, and the Sisters are as loud in their joy at the financial outcome.

Div. 11 was quite busy all winter and up to the time of the May party holding dime socials each month, at which times we "ate, drank (coffee) and made merry," as well as made new friends. We are looking forward now to our picnic, which is one of our popular events of the year, and at which, like all else, we have a very enjoyable time. The social side is not our only work. We have many new members and a good bank account.

.

THE members of Div. 13, Saginaw, Mich., had a pleasant time at their installation of officers in April. After the regular order of business Sister O'Hearn was presented with a Past-President's pin, after which Sister Hall, in a few graceful words, presented Sister O'Hearn, President, and Sister L. B. Moore, Secretary, who were both re-elected, each with a handsome chair in recognition of their faithful services in past years. This part of the program was totally unexpected by at least two members. The Sisters then enjoyed a pleasant social hour, during which refreshments were served. These occasions bring us closer together and help us to a better acquaintance one with another. The quilt which we have been some time making was raffled in May and drawn by Roland Lyons. We hope to give a few socials during the summer to keep in practice, and will begin with renewed energy with the advent of cooler weather.

SEC., Div. 13.

HELPING HAND DIV., 86, Clinton, Ill., celebrated its tenth anniversary July 30 on the lawn of Brother and Sister Robinson. The entire membership, with their husbands and invited friends, also Decatur Div., 252, and Sister Simms, of Indianapolis, made a large gathering to help us remember how long we had been organized. Refreshments were served, and our home orchestra discoursed sweet music the entire evening. We are glad that we have been ten years in the ranks, and are increasing in membership, and hope at the close of another ten years to still be as prosperous as we are now.

COR. SEC.

Div. 57, Toledo, O., does not intend to be forgotten while taking a rest these warm days. Our attendance is good. At our installation a beautiful etched quilt that had been made at our sewing societies was raffled off, netting the treasury a snug sum. Early in the Summer we had the pleasure of having with us Sisters Mellish, Lyons, Bogardus, Requadt and Wiggins, of Div. 13, Saginaw, Mich. After the meeting closed a social hour was enjoyed, with supper served in the hall. In the evening a reception was held in honor of our visitors at the home of our President, Mrs. Meade, for members and their husbands. The Study Club held a basket picnic at Walbridge Park before their Summer adjournment. So you see Div. 57 is very much awake.

S. E. R.

ONE of the most delightful events in the history of Div. 182, Freeport, Ill., was the reception given on July 18, when the Sisters of the G. I. A. to the B. of L. E. received Sister Auxiliaries of the Brother-

hood of Locomotive Firemen and the Order of Railway Conductors. The hours were from 3 to 6 o'clock and the ladies saw that all their guests enjoyed themselves, and it proved a grand success in every way. The decorations were very pretty, the hall being made attractive with roses, ferns, carnations, potted plants and rugs. During the afternoon the guests were entertained by selections by the Ladies Mandolin Club. Mrs. A. Steavens, Mrs. J. P. Reece, and Mrs. James Moore received. The serving at the punch bowl and the tables were taken care of by engineers' daughters, which helped to make the occasion one which will long be remembered by those who were present.

COR. SEC.

Div. 225, Pensacola, Fla., asks permission to come into "Division News" for the first time. We were organized in June, with 12 charter members, and while we are situated away down in Florida we hope to be as earnest and thoughtful workers for the good of the G. I. A. as Sisters in other parts of the country. We know you will welcome us and bid us God speed. We will feel at home with the rest of you in the JOURNAL, and hope to have many pleasant things to tell about as the time rolls on.

SEC., Div. 225.

G. I. A. Voluntary Relief Association.

TOLEDO, O., Sept. 1, 1901.

To Division Insurance Secretaries, V. R. A.:

You are hereby notified of the death of the following member of the Association, and for the payment of this claim you are ordered to collect 25 cents from each member holding one policy, and 50 cents from each member holding two policies, providing, however, that no one be assessed on a policy if the application for said policy was dated later than July 31, 1901:

ASSESSMENT No. 43.

Died July 26, 1901. Sister Margaret H. Fisher, aged 53, of Div. 41, Newark, O. Cause of death locomotor ataxia. Admitted Dec. 9, 1899. Held two policies, Nos. 5736 and 5737, payable to Emily C. Bradway, mother.

Members will pay their Insurance Secretaries on or before September 30, 1901, or pay a fine of 10 cents on each policy. Insurance Secretaries must remit to the General Secretary and Treasurer on or before October 10, 1901, or forfeit membership.

Insurance Secretaries are requested to promptly notify the General Secretary and Treasurer of date when a transfer card from their Division is granted an insured member; also to accept no money from members transferring to their Division, unless instructed by the General Secretary and Treasurer to do so. It would also simplify the work if notice was sent the General Secretary and Treasurer when an insured member is expelled.

Members in good standing Aug. 1, 1901, nineteen hundred and eighty-two carrying one policy, thirteen hundred and sixty-two carrying two policies.

All claims are paid in full—\$500 on each policy.

MRS. GEO. WILSON, Pres. V. R. A.

MARY L. ROBERTSON, Gen'l Sec'y and Treas.

Technical.

Combined Automatic and Straight-Air Brake for Locomotive and Tender Equipment.

BY ROBERT H. BLACKALL.

Owing to the frequency of brake applications on engines used in switching and local freight service, experience has shown that air is taken from the auxiliary reservoir faster than the train pipe can supply it, between brake applications, through the medium of the triple feed grooves. As a result, it is frequently necessary for the engineer to use his reverse lever instead of the brake in order to permit the auxiliary reservoirs to become properly recharged. This, together with the release of engine and tender brakes, which is a trifle slow for switching service, because of the necessity for stops and starts, which are made as quick as practical, is often somewhat of a drawback.

The complaints in regard to slow recharge and release have given rise to the following suggestions:

a. That the feed and exhaust ports of the triple valve be enlarged on switch engine and tender equipments.

b. That switch engines and tenders be equipped with a straight-air instead of an automatic equipment.

c. That switch engines and tenders be equipped with a steam or vacuum brake.

The first suggestion, inasmuch as it would produce an equipment not standard, and one that would produce bad results in case it chanced to be placed upon an engine in road service, would produce trouble by not applying properly and by releasing too quickly.

The second and third suggestions are not practical, since an engine so equipped could not be used in connection with cars, either to operate the brakes or for testing purposes.

The accompanying diagram illustrates a combined automatic and straight-air brake, with which equipment the straight-air brake may be used when it is not desired to operate the engine and tender brakes in conjunction with those on cars, and the automatic feature which may be cut in if desired to operate the brakes on the cars from the engine.

The parts employed with the automatic feature are identical with those at present in use, while with the straight-air it is necessary to add a slide-valve reducing valve, a straight-air brake valve, a single-pointer air gage, if desired, a safety valve and a double-check valve.

Either device may be used when desired without first cutting the other out.

The slide-reducing valve placed between the main reservoir and straight-air brake valve operates to permit the engineer to use only such a pressure as will develop a proper braking power without producing "flat wheels." The safety valves also perform the same function, but work in conjunction with either the automatic or straight-air feature. The slide-valve reducing valve is the present slide-valve feed valve, with a slight modification as to shape.

The double-check is so constructed that it will automatically adjust itself to the use of either brake, and has two sets of ports leading to the brake cylinder. It consists of a double piston having leather faces, which form a joint on either side according to whether air is entering through the pipe connection from the straight-air brake valve or from the triple valve.

This device has been in severe service for some time, and the engineers are strong in their expressions as to its satisfactory operation, both in road and yard service.

The device has been successfully used in road service on freight engines to bunch the slack in long trains, and those only partly equipped with air brakes; also in "slow-ups," where the use of all the brakes is unnecessary.

Among the other advantages of a straight-air equipment on a switching engine are the following: Full braking may be obtained at any time without the necessity of recharging an auxiliary reservoir through a small port; the braking power may be increased as gradually as is desired, or if the cylinder pressure is slightly in excess of that desired, a small amount may be exhausted to the atmosphere without releasing the brake entirely; the braking power developed does not depend upon the length of piston travel, as any cylinder pressure, up to the predetermined limit, may be developed.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. H. D. J. Will you kindly explain through the columns of the JOURNAL, what a water brake is and where it is used?

A. Though occasionally found in the East, its use is confined almost exclusively to the mountainous regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. The brake accomplishes the effect produced by placing the reverse lever from three to four or more notches back of the center, according to the retarding power desired. Ordinarily when this is done, smoke, cinders and gases are drawn into the cylinders; but with the water brake, steam instead of smoke is drawn into the cylinders, thus prohibiting the entrance of any undesirable dirt or gas. The boiler is tapped below the water line, from which point a

pipe runs to a globe valve convenient to the engineer; from this valve a pipe connects with the exhaust passages in the cylinder. In descending a grade where a constant use of the air brake would endanger tire heating the driver brake is not used, but instead the globe valve is opened slightly, permitting hot water from the boiler to flow to the exhaust cavity of the cylinders, at which point, being freed from pressure, it flashes into steam and, being free to enter the cylinder, acts as a cushion and destroys the suction, which would otherwise tend to draw foreign matter into the cylinders. The reverse lever is moved back of the center after the globe valve has been opened.

Q. W. J. Several times I have noticed that in using my driver brake I would pick up my drivers while backing up, but while going ahead I seldom experienced any trouble. Was this a case of imagination, or is there a reason for such an action?

A. If the condition of the rail was the same at the different times to which you refer, the sliding might be attributed to the variation in piston travel. The shorter the travel the greater the braking power, and with the usual form of equalized driving brake the piston travel is shorter when an engine is backing than when running ahead. This is because in backing the direction of the rotation of the wheel tends to lift the shoes on the drivers and shorten the travel, while in running ahead the springs give and allow the shoes to pull down where it will be necessary for the piston to travel farther to keep the shoes against the tires. Where the brake shoes are placed at the rear of the drivers the variation in piston travel is the opposite of that just described.

Q. D. H. Will you please explain why it is that, if when my engine is alone the tender brake almost always releases after I make a sudden reduction in train-line emergency position. It seems as if the sudden reduction caused a surge of air pressure in the train pipe that made the brake release, but I can't see why if it is a surge of air that the driver brake would not also release. I never saw my tender brake act like this when coupled to a train?

A. When the brake-valve handle is placed in the emergency position air is taken direct from the train pipe. Upon returning the valve handle to "lap" the seventy pounds in the equalizing reservoir connected with the chamber above the equalizing piston, feeds by the packing ring into and raises the train pipe pressure, which increase of pressure forces the triple piston to release position. The release of the tender brake would point to the probability of the piston travel being longer on the tender-brake cylinder or the packing ring in the driver-brake triple piston allows

air to feed from the train pipe into the driver-brake auxiliary reservoir as fast as the equalizing reservoir pressure is able to leak by the packing ring of the equalizing piston into the train pipe.

When the engine is coupled to a train the volume of air in the train pipe is so much greater, as compared with that on the engine alone, that the air from the equalizing reservoir does not raise the pressure in the train pipe to any considerable extent and no brakes are released.

Don't use the emergency position unnecessarily and you will not be troubled unnecessarily with this peculiar action of the brake.

Answer to Brother Ward's Valve Question.

TAMAQUA, PA., Aug. 3, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I noticed in this month's (August) JOURNAL, a question asked by W. W. Ward, of Dallas, Tex.,—how to distinguish the difference between a stuck discharge valve and a stuck receiving valve. If a discharge valve is stuck, the strokes of the pump will be uneven, and slow towards the stuck valve and quicker away from it. If a receiving valve is stuck, the strokes of the pump will also be uneven, but quicker towards stuck valve and slow away from it. No air will be drawn in that end of the cylinder and the pump will run hot. Hence, to be able to distinguish the difference between a stuck discharge valve and a stuck receiving valve would be to watch the strokes of the pistons.

If a receiving valve is broken, air will be forced out of air inlet when piston goes towards defective valve; also the strokes of the pump will be uneven, going quicker towards defective valve. If a discharge valve is broken, there will be a continuous blow out of air-cylinder oil cup, if top discharge valve; and a continuous blow out of plug in lower cylinder head if bottom discharge valve; if plug is removed and air-cylinder oil cup is opened, no air will be drawn in that end of cylinder where defective is.

Fraternally yours,

HARRY H. BURNS, Div. 257,
Air Brake Inspector, P. & R.

Indications When Valve is Stuck.

SEYMOUR, IND., Aug. 3, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In answer to W. W. Ward's query in August JOURNAL, I would submit the following:

To test for stuck or broken receiving valve, or one that has too much lift with 8-inch pump, it is only necessary to hold the hand near air inlet and as pump makes stroke toward defective valve air will be forced out. With 9¼-inch pump, as there is

only one air inlet, air that is forced past defective valve goes to opposite end of pump. Therefore, less air will be drawn in at air inlet as pump makes its stroke toward defective valve, also stroke is made quicker. With stuck or broken discharge valve no air will be drawn in as pump makes stroke away from defective valve.

Pump will make stroke slower toward defective valve owing to having main reservoir pressure to work against.

If upper discharge valve is stuck or broken it will be indicated by continuous discharge of air from the oil cup on top of air cylinder if it is opened; if lower valve, by continuous discharge of air from plug hole in bottom head. H. F. GARY, Div. 39.

How to Detect Broken or Stuck Valves.

WATERBURY, CONN., Aug. 3, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: W. W. Ward, in the August issue, asks how he may know the difference between a broken or stuck discharge or receiving valve in an air pump. He will find by closely watching the pump work that it will almost tell him itself by its action just what and where the trouble is. As both ends of the pump (air end) are alike, it will only be needful to speak of the action of the pump if the upper valves are out of order. If it is the lower valves the action will be the same, only that they will occur on the opposite stroke. Supposing, then, the top discharge valve were broken or stuck open, the main-reservoir pressure will always be on top of piston, causing a slow up stroke, because the piston will be working against this pressure the full length of stroke, which it does not do with valve in good condition. The down stroke will be quicker, because then this same pressure will be helping the steam to push piston down. No air will be drawn into pump on down stroke because the receiving valve is being held closed by the pressure from main reservoir also. If oil cup be opened, there will be a constant flow from it. If the top discharge valve be stuck shut, the compressed air in the pump cannot escape except by leaking by the packing rings, an operation which requires some time, so that the up stroke will be very slow, if the pump does not stop altogether, and it will do it frequently. If the top receiving valve is broken or stuck open, the air drawn in on down stroke will simply be blown out again on the up stroke; so this is easy to locate. If the same valve be stuck shut, there will be no air drawn in on down stroke, and, of course, none to compress on the up stroke; so having no resistance the piston will make a very quick up stroke of it. Some of these defects may be located by placing hand on strainer, and if no air is drawn in

on either up or down stroke, you may feel pretty sure the receiving valve is stuck shut or discharge valve open or broken at the end from which the piston is moving; and if the return stroke is made with extreme rapidity, it will show it is the receiving valve that is in trouble, there being, as before noted, no resistance to the steam driving the piston up or down, as the case may be. B., Div. 205.

How Bro. B. Filled the Boiler.

NOGALES, ARIZ., July 17, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In answer to Brother Bossounet's question as to how he managed to fill the boiler of his dead engine while being towed, I will say, I suppose he plugged the relief valves and all air inlets to boiler; then, with throttle wide open, tank valves and injectors open, and reverse lever in full stroke in same direction as that in which the engine was being towed, the pistons would form sufficient vacuum in boiler to allow the atmospheric pressure to force the water from tank into boiler.

FRANK GORDON, Div. 355.

Questions.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Please ask the Brothers to answer this question through our JOURNAL: Say we have a train of 25 cars of air, triples all working well, brakes go on and come off all right; place brake handle in position for running, and 15 out of the 25 go on; where is the trouble?

Fraternally, J. A. McDOUGAL, Div. 409.

TAMAQUA, PA.

EDITOR JOURNAL: What defect in the steam end of a 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pump could cause a blow, and how can it be ascertained which particular part is causing the blow?

How can you tell whether you have a leaky rotary valve or a leaky gasket 32 (D5 or E6) valve; that is, suppose the gasket leaks about as much as a rotary valve would leak, and equalizing piston packing ring leaks also?

HARRY H. BURNS, Div. 257.

Air Brake Inspector, P. & R

The Michigan Automatic Driver Brake Retainer.

This device, patented by Bro. W. T. Simpson, member of Div. 33, is for the purpose of keeping the train bunched after train brakes have been released, in order to prevent shock to train on second application of the brakes, and also to prevent train from parting when train brakes have been released, caused by forward end of

train surging ahead, while brakes are not fully released on rear end, which is very often the case on long trains, and which results in damage to draw bars, merchandise and stock. It also facilitates handling the train at railroad crossings and water crane stops, where the train can be handled with better dispatch on account of being able to have all the brakes on the train fully released when the train comes to a stop, which allows the engineer to promptly get his train under motion without waiting for the release brakes.

TO CONNECT RETAINER.

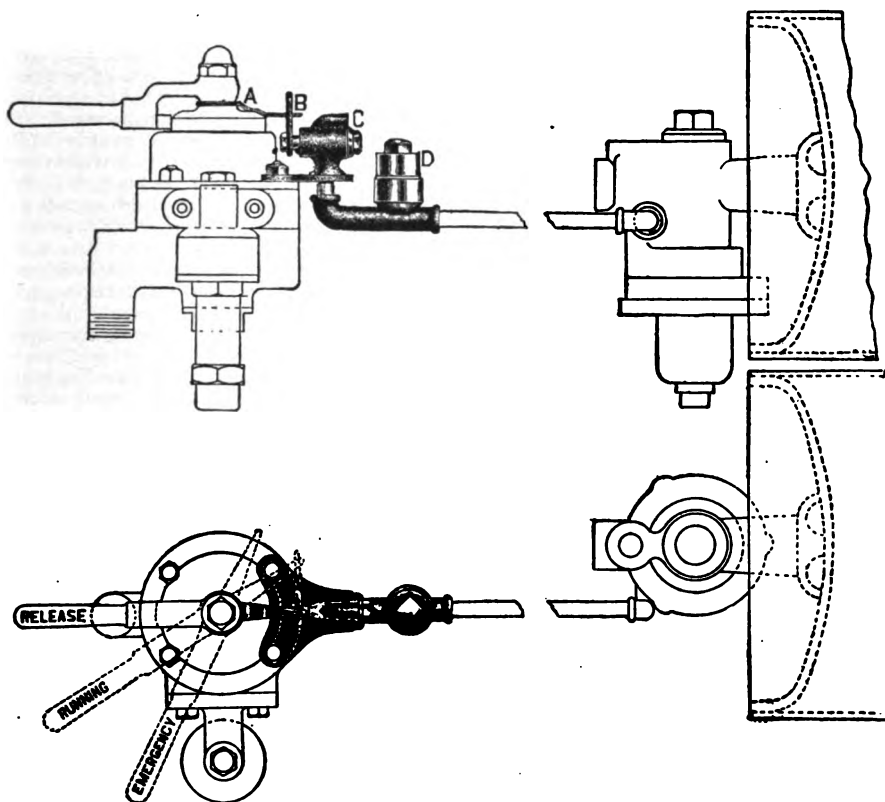
Connect the retainer valve (part "C") to

open; it also causes the engineer to place his brake valve in running position before starting, because his driver brake is set when brake valve handle is in full release position.

TO OPERATE RETAINER.

First. This retainer is connected to and reciprocally operated by the movement of the brake valve handle. The pressure is retained in the driver brake cylinder when the brake valve handle is in full release position and released when the brake valve handle is in running position.

Second. When the brake valve is



the top flange of the brake valve, using the brake valve's regular joint bolts.

Use $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch gas pipe to connect the retainer valve (part "D") to the exhaust port of the triple valve.

Remove the brake valve handle and place the reciprocating handle "A," that operates the retainer, over the post; then replace the brake valve handle to its normal position.

This device warns an engineer that his driver brake is set when warning port is

brought to full release, leave the handle in said position until all the brakes on train have been released. In this position 15 pounds of pressure is held in the driver brake cylinder, which keeps the train bunched.

Third. In the event of making an application of brakes, and it is not desired to come to a stop, the brake valve can be brought to full release and returned to running position, which will release all brakes, including the driver brake.

Fuel Economy, Etc.

PORTLAND, ME., Aug. 10, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In the *Railway Master Mechanic* for July, I notice the recommendation of the committee on the subject of what is the most promising direction in which to affect a reduction in locomotive fuel consumption. Referring to compounding as one step in this direction, one locomotive builder stated that about 70 per cent of the standard engines turned out during the past year were compound; another one said at least 50 per cent of the road engines turned out of their shops for use in this country within the last year were also compounds.

The committee also recommended the use of the exhaust steam from the air pump and cylinders for heating feed water, as being one of the most promising directions in which to affect reduction in fuel consumption. The scheme seems to be a partitioning off of a portion of the tank in which to heat the feed water and pumping it into the boiler through the usual branch pipe which is provided with a Y bend to allow the using of the injector as an auxiliary. The proposed pump certainly looks very nice perched upon the right-hand side of the engine and keeping the air pump company, but the committee says in conclusion that they had hoped to present to the convention results of the test made in regular service with the device just described, but on account of failure to get a satisfactory pump, are unable to make a service report and I think that the engineering world would be greatly interested in this said pump when it is forthcoming, as I have found in my experience, that hot water did not run up hill into a pump very well, as it must necessarily do according to their plans on this outline. Perhaps the pump builders have been a little slow in this direction in the past years, but to help the aforesaid committee out, they might build a pump that would overcome the natural laws that have heretofore prevented the lifting of hot water, but it seems to me that they will have no small task before them to build a pump to fill the bill under the existing conditions of railway requirements. We all know that low water in a tank, even when cool, has often been the source of trouble with the water surging back and forth with the motion of the engine and tender: but it is a promising field; let us hope that such a pump will be forthcoming. It is generally known as a reason that hot water cannot be lifted by a pump is that it will flash into steam when a vacuum is formed; as it is also known that hot water will boil at 35° in a vacuum, while it will require 212° to boil it in the atmosphere or in an open tank, and we can readily see what the result will be of

drawing water of that temperature into a vacuum which the pump is supposed to form.

The committee also recommended as another step in this direction, increased grate area, the wide fire box being especially recommended. Engines in constant service, is recommended by another member as a promising direction in which to effect reduction of fuel consumption. Bad meeting and passing points leave their mark on the performance sheet, in which divisions with frequent layovers or exceedingly long runs on which the fire becomes clinkered are not conducive to fuel economy. Part of this seems a shot at the train dispatchers as is no doubt often where it rightly belongs, but overloading is also one of the ills responsible for this; another important factor is the uniform grades of coal. Where engines could be furnished with one grade of coal, the result would doubtless be more satisfactory but that seems to be an impossibility nowadays as coal is badly mixed at the shipping points, any old thing being put in to make up a load, but this could doubtless be remedied to some extent with proper attention on the part of the fuel department. I can remember when extension fronts were first adopted, that suddenly it became a fad throughout the railway world and they were applied indiscriminately in all directions, no attention being paid to the grade of coal to be burned. Afterwards this matter received more attention and I have found in the west engines working in districts where a certain grade of coal was more plenty had been changed back to diamond stack. When in the employ of the Union Pacific several years ago, the then S. M. P. was busily engaged in taking off the front ends put on by his predecessor, replacing them with shorter ones, and the engines burned the coal just the same and the public wondered why the U. P. didn't pay the government that loan.

The recommendation of compound engines doubtless is a good one, but there are chances for a mistake in that direction. We have had an example of that in this part of the country on the B. and M. and a certain class of compounds were roundly condemned on one part of the system, while on another where the conditions were different they were said to be the *thing*, or as one of the Brothers running them says, the simple engines are not *in it* with them. The case referred to was the two-cylinder compounds that were being used on a hilly division as compared with the same engines on a more level road, while had the four-cylinder compounds been used on the hilly roads, there is no doubt that they would have given better satisfaction, speaking of freight performance only. I have run the four-cylinder

compound and know it to be a fuel saver when properly handled.

I see that our Brother in Angel's Camp is still in the ring on his side rod proposition and speaks of a reasonably safe retention of the rods on one side as depending on the good condition of crank pins, true diameters of drivers, close care of brasses and dry rails. He also says that one must exercise judgment and care in all break-downs, even under the most favorable conditions, and further makes the flat-footed statement that it surely wouldn't be necessary to disconnect side rods on the opposite side. All I have to say is, let him try it some time, and if he don't take a flying trip to the angels, it will be because he is out of the way somewhere when they strike.

Take for instance an engine running over the road with rods uncoupled. How many miles would it go, especially on a crooked road, before his pins were all out of unison? Then what must the effect be on the side rods when left on one side only? Not even the best possible conditions would keep them in unison with one side on, but perhaps the surest way to settle this would be to try it, and I would rather he would try it than I. I think he would find the *time-honored custom* still held good.

At an examination of engineers on a certain road several years ago where Forney engines were employed this was one of the leading questions over which a great many good railroad men stumbled. As the Forney engine depended on its side rods for its valve motion, the question was: "If you broke one of the rods or a pin, what would you do?" and the answer was, promptly: "Take down the other side." "Then how about your valve motion?" was the next question, and then the silence was oppressive.

J. V. N. CHENEY.

An Unusual Adjustment.

ANGELS CAMP, CAL., Aug. 8, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: If the reversing gear of a locomotive were to be so arranged that the link on one side would be depressed and the link on the other side lifted in hooking up to short cut-off (engine going ahead), thus bringing go-ahead eccentric rod to lower end of link on the one side and to upper end of link on the other side, —causing the rods to cross on the engine with depressed link and open on the engine with raised link when the eccentric centers arrive between the link and the axle, thereby decreasing the lead of the former engine and increasing the lead of latter in shifting links to mid gear, —this locomotive would run with a noticeable tangle in the geometry of her link motion. And this is the way the link motion works on the powerful direct-acting hoisting engine built by

the Union Iron Works of San Francisco for the Utica Gold Mining Company's deepest shaft in Angels Camp. It is a simple horizontal double engine, cylinders 24x60, with poppet admission and exhaust valves; is equipped with conical reels, air brakes and clutches; and the great distance between crank disks due to the huge reels on the crank shaft makes it important that the steam distribution in one cylinder should be as nearly equal as possible to that in the other cylinder—which it is not under existing circumstances, when a shorter cut-off than the full gear one is employed. The two eccentric shafts of this engine take their motion from angle-toothed gears on the crank shaft and extend parallel with the central line of motion to points below the rocker arms, where the eccentrics are located and their rods connected vertically to the links above, which shift horizontally at right angles to the cylinders. The teeth in the right and left eccentric driving gears on the crank shaft have the same angle, and in consequence the eccentric shafts turn in the same direction, as the axles of a train; but to suit the convenience of the designer in locating the tumbling-shaft arms, the links are made to shift in opposite directions, as in the suppositious case of the locomotive, where the fault would be more noticeable because of the vertical suspension of links. This tangle in the valve motion of the Utica hoist gives the left engine an increased lead and the right engine a decreased lead in linking up, and it is not desirable to lessen the lead that way in an engine with valves that have no lap. When eccentric rods are crossed to decrease lead in shifting link from full gear, the excess motion caused by the crossing and opening of rods is counter to the travel of piston, and if valves have no lap and eccentrics are set at the 90° angle, the extreme further separation of eccentric centers increases the counter motion of rods in mid-gear and allows steam to enter one end of the cylinder while the piston is at the other end. If the left engine of the Utica hoist is linked up to cut-off at $\frac{1}{4}$ stroke, there will be little or no port opening in right engine; if full-gear lead is discarded and the lever is latched in center notch, steam will impede the beginning of piston stroke in right cylinder if the valves lift at all.

Let the left horn of a V represent the angle of teeth in the eccentric drivers, the two wheels on each side meshing at right angles to each other. This splendid direct-acting engine, built by the builder of battle-ships, would give better service if her links were made to shift in the same direction, or the right horn of the V substituted for angle of teeth in gear on right side, with transposition of eccentric centers on that side.

FRED W. CLOUGH.

Interesting Railway Statistics.

The following statistics of the railways in the United States for the year ending June 30, 1900, are obtained from summaries which appear in the thirteenth statistical report of the Interstate Commerce Commission:

RAILWAY RECEIVERSHIPS.

The number of railways in the hands of receivers on June 30, 1900, was 52, there being a net decrease of 19 as compared with the corresponding date of the previous year.

MILEAGE.

On June 30, 1900, the total single-track railway mileage in the United States was 193,345.78 miles, an increase during the year of 4,051.12 miles being shown. This is a greater increase than that for any other year since 1893. The states and territories which show an increase in mileage in excess of 100 miles are Alabama, Arkansas, California, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Louisiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, North Carolina, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Texas and Oklahoma. Practically, all of the railway mileage of the country is covered by reports made to the Commission, the amount not covered being 789.75 miles, or 0.41 per cent of the total single track mileage. The aggregate length of railway mileage, including tracks of all kinds, was 259,788.07 miles. The distribution of this aggregate mileage was as follows: Single track, 193,345.78 miles; second track, 12,151.48 miles; third track, 1,094.48 miles; fourth track, 829.29 miles; and yard track and sidings, 52,367.04 miles.

CLASSIFICATION OF RAILWAYS.

The number of the railway corporations included in the report was 2,023. Of this number 1,067 maintained operating accounts, 847 being classed as independent operating roads and 220 as subsidiary roads. Of roads operated under lease or some other form of contract 324 received a fixed money rental, 167 a contingent money rental, and 241 were operated under some form of agreement or control not readily classified. The operated mileage of roads merged, reorganized, or consoli-

dated during the year was 9,546.90 miles. The corresponding figure for 1899 was 5,846.35 miles.

EQUIPMENT.

There were 37,663 locomotives in the service of the railways on June 30, 1900, or 960 more than the year previous. Of the total number reported 9,863 are classed as passenger locomotives, 21,596 as freight locomotives, 5,621 as switching locomotives, and 583 are not classified.

The total number of cars of all classes in the service of the railways on the same date was 1,450,838, an increase of 74,922 being shown in this item. Of the total number, 34,713 are assigned to the passenger service, 1,365,531 to the freight service, and 50,594 to the direct service of the railways. It should be understood, however, that cars owned by private companies and firms and used by railways are not included in the returns made to the Commission. The report contains summaries which will indicate the density of equipment and the extent to which it is used. It appears that the railways of the United States used on an average 20 locomotives and 753 cars per 100 miles of line.

Practically, all locomotives and cars in the passenger service were fitted with train brakes, and of 9,863 locomotives assigned to that service 7,431 were fitted with automatic couplers. Nearly all passenger cars were fitted with automatic couplers. With respect to freight equipment, it is noted that nearly all freight locomotives were equipped with train brakes and 75 per cent of them with automatic couplers; the corresponding figure one year previous was 45 per cent. Of 1,365,531 cars in the freight service June 30, 1900, 920,465 were fitted with train brakes, and 1,307,559 with automatic couplers.

EMPLOYEES.

The number of persons employed by the railways of the United States, as reported for June 30, 1900, was 1,017,653, or an average of 529 employees per 100 miles of line. As compared with the number employed on June 30, 1899, there was an increase of 88,729, or 34 per 100 miles of line. From the classification of these employees it appears that 42,837 were enginemen, 44,130

firemen, 29,957 conductors, and 74,274 other trainmen. There were 50,789 switchmen, flagmen, and watchmen.

Disregarding 8,394 employees not assigned to the four general divisions of employment, it is found that the services of 36,451 employees were required for general administration; 324,946 for maintenance of way and structures; 197,799 for maintenance of equipment, and 450,063 for conducting transportation.

The report will contain a statement of the average daily compensation of the eighteen classes of employees for nine years, beginning with 1892. Another summary gives the total compensation of more than 99 per cent of railway employees, for the fiscal years 1895 to 1900. During the year ending June 30, 1900, \$577,264,841 were paid in wages and salaries, an amount \$131,756,580 in excess of that paid during the fiscal year 1895. The compensation of the employees of railways for the fiscal year 1900 represents 60 per cent of the operating expenses of the roads and 39 per cent of their gross earnings.

CAPITALIZATION AND VALUATION OF RAILWAY PROPERTY.

The amount of railway capital outstanding June 30, 1900, was \$11,491,034,960. This amount assigned to a mileage basis represents a capitalization of \$61,490 per mile of line. Of this amount \$5,845,579,593 existed in the form of stock, of which \$4,522,291,838 was common stock and \$1,323,287,755 preferred stock. The amount which existed in the form of funded debt was \$5,645,455,367. This amount was classified as mortgage bonds, \$4,900,626,823; miscellaneous obligations, \$464,983,341; income bonds, \$219,536,883; and equipment trust obligations, \$60,308,320. The amount of current liabilities not included in the foregoing capital statement was \$594,787,870, or \$3,183 per mile of line.

The amount of capital stock paying no dividend was \$3,176,609,698, or 54.34 per cent of the total amount outstanding. The amount of funded debt, excluding equipment trust obligations, which paid no interest, was \$378,937,806. Of the stock paying dividends, 10.18 per cent of the total amount outstanding paid from 1 to 4 per cent, 14.56 per cent paid from 4 to 5 per cent, 6.93 per cent paid from 5 to 6 per cent, 4.29 per cent paid from 6 to 7 per cent, and 6.40 per cent paid from 7 to 8 per cent. The amount of dividends declared during the year was \$139,597,972, which would be produced by an average rate of 5.23 per cent on the stock on which some dividend was declared. The amount of mortgage bonds paying no interest was \$266,874,623, or 5.44 per cent; of miscellaneous obligations \$16,779,175, or 3.61 per

cent; of income bonds \$95,284,008, or 43.40 per cent.

PUBLIC SERVICE OF RAILWAYS.

The number of passengers carried during the year ending June 30, 1900, as shown by the annual reports of railways, was 576,865,230, showing an increase during the year of 53,688,722.

The number of tons of freight carried during the year was 1,101,680,238, an increase of 141,916,655 being shown.

The average revenue per passenger per mile for the year ending June 30, 1900, was 2.003 cents. For the preceding year it was 1.925 cents. The revenue per ton of freight per mile was 0.729 cent, while for 1899 it was 0.724 cent. An increase in earnings per train mile appears for both passenger and freight trains. The average cost of running a train 1 mile increased nearly 9 cents as compared with 1899. The percentage of operating expenses to earnings shows a small decrease as compared with the preceding year.

EARNINGS AND EXPENSES.

For the year ending June 30, 1900, the gross earnings from the operation of the railways in the United States, covering an operated mileage of 192,556.03 miles, were \$1,487,044,814, being \$173,434,696 more than for the preceding fiscal year. The operating expenses were \$961,428,511, the increase in this item being \$104,459,512. The details of gross earnings were as follows: Passenger revenue, \$323,715,639—increase as compared with the preceding year \$32,602,646; mail \$37,752,474—increase \$1,753,463; express \$28,416,150—increase \$1,660,096; other earnings from passenger service \$8,161,022—increase \$473,659; freight revenue \$1,049,256,323—increase \$135,519,168; other earnings from freight service \$3,345,912—decrease \$915,892; other earnings from operation, including unclassified items, \$36,397,294—increase \$2,341,556. Gross earnings from operation per mile of line was \$717 more than for the year ending June 30, 1899, being \$7,722.

The operating expenses of the railways for the year under review were distributed as follows: Maintenance of way and structures \$211,220,521, increase \$30,809,715; maintenance of equipment \$181,173,880, increase \$30,254,631; conducting transportation \$529,116,326, increase \$42,956,719; general expenses \$39,328,765, increase \$651,882; undistributed \$589,019. The operating expenses for the year in question were \$4,993 per mile of line, or \$423 more than for the previous year.

The income from operation, or amount of gross earnings remaining after the deduction of operating expenses, generally designated as net earnings, was \$525,616,303, an increase as compared with the pre-

ceding year of \$68,975,184. The average amount per mile of line for the year ending June 30, 1900, was \$2,729, and for 1899, \$2,435. The amount of income received from sources other than operation was \$162,885,071. This amount embraces the following items: Income from lease of road, \$99,429,619; dividends on stocks owned, \$24,490,253; interest on bonds owned, \$11,833,974; miscellaneous income, \$27,131,225. The total income of the railways, \$688,501,374—that is, the income from operation increased by the income from other sources—is the item from which fixed charges and analogous items are deducted in order to reach the amount available for dividends. The total of these deductions was \$461,240,927, leaving \$227,260,447 as the net income for the year available for dividends or surplus.

The amount of dividends declared during the year (including \$4,542 other payments from net income) was \$139,602,514, leaving as the surplus from the operations of the year \$87,657,933, the corresponding surplus for the year ending June 30, 1899, having been \$53,064,877.

The report will contain a summary of taxes paid by railways, the gross amount and the amount per mile of line being given for each state. From this it appears that, disregarding taxes paid to the United States Government under the recent internal revenue act and small amounts not apportioned by states, there accrued against the railways of the United States during the fiscal year in question taxes to the amount of \$47,415,433, or an average tax of \$254.78 per mile of line.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

The total number of casualties to persons on account of railway accidents during the year ending June 30, 1900, was 58,185. The aggregate number of persons killed in consequence of railway accidents during the year was 7,865, and the number injured was 50,320. Of railway employees 2,550 were killed and 39,643 were injured. With respect to the three general classes of employees, these casualties were distributed as follows: Trainmen, 1,396 killed, 17,571 injured; switchmen, flagmen, and watchmen, 272 killed, 3,060 injured; other employees, 882 killed, 19,012 injured. The casualties to employees resulting from coupling and uncoupling cars were: Number killed, 282, injured 5,229. The corresponding figures for the preceding year were: Killed, 260; injured, 6,765.

The casualties from coupling and uncoupling cars are divided as follows: Trainmen, killed 188, injured 3,803; switchmen, flagmen and watchmen, killed 77, injured 1,264; other employees, killed 17, injured 162. The casualties due to falling from trains and engines are assigned

as follows: Trainmen, killed 412, injured 3,359; switchmen, flagmen and watchmen, killed 45, injured 501; other employees, killed 72, injured 565. The casualties to the same three classes of employees from collisions and derailments were as follows: Trainmen, killed 380, injured 1,867; switchmen, flagmen and watchmen, killed 11, injured 141; other employees, killed 70, injured 445.

The number of passengers killed during the year was 249, and the number injured 4,128. The corresponding figures for the previous year were 239 killed and 3,442 injured. In consequence of collisions and derailments, 88 passengers were killed and 1,743 injured. The total number of persons, other than employees and passengers, killed was 5,066; injured, 6,549. These figures include casualties to persons classed as trespassers, of whom 4,346 were killed and 4,680 were injured. The total number of persons killed at highway crossings was 750, injured 1,350, distributed as follows: Employees, 20 killed, 53 injured; passengers, 1 killed, 3 injured; other persons trespassing, 171 killed, 204 injured; not trespassing, 558 killed, 1,090 injured. The number of persons killed at stations was 521, injured 3,836. This statement covers: Employees, killed 113, injured 2,570; passengers, killed 34, injured 646; other persons trespassing, killed 338, injured 393; not trespassing, killed 36, injured 227. The summaries giving the ratio of casualties show that 1 out of every 399 employees was killed, and one out of every 26 employees was injured. With reference to trainmen—including in this term engine-men, firemen, conductors, and other trainmen—it is shown that 1 was killed for every 137 employed, and 1 was injured for every 11 employed. One passenger was killed for every 2,316,648 carried, and 1 injured for every 139,740 carried. Ratios based upon the number of miles traveled, however, show that 64,413,684 passenger miles were accomplished for each passenger killed, and 3,885,418 passenger miles accomplished for each passenger injured. The corresponding figures in these latter ratios for the year ending June 30, 1899, were 61,051,580 and 4,239,200 passenger miles for each passenger killed and each passenger injured, respectively.

One summary shows that in the course of thirteen years ending June 30, 1900, in consequence of railway accidents, 86,277 persons were killed and 469,027 persons were injured. The injuries reported varied from comparatively trivial injuries to those of a fatal character. The casualties for the period mentioned occurred to persons as follows: Employees killed 38,340, injured 361,789; passengers killed 3,485, injured 37,729; other persons (including trespassers) killed 54,452, injured 69,509.

THE JOURNAL.

Published monthly, 307 Society for Savings Bldg.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CHARLES H. SALMONS, - Editor and Manager.

Address matter for publication—Correspondence, Technical and Link Departments; name and address of Outside Subscribers; name and address of Initiated and Reinstated Members, Transfers, Withdrawals, Expulsions, Suspensions, Special Notices, Obituaries, and changes in Division Addresses—to C. H. SALMONS, S. G. E., Editor JOURNAL.

No reading space will be sold for advertising purposes under any circumstances.

All money matters should be addressed to T. S. INGRAHAM, F. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg. Send New York or Chicago draft, Express money order or Postal order, but never send personal check, it is useless.

Changes in Address of the JOURNAL subscribers and orders for Division supplies should be addressed to D. EVERETT, T. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg.

Advertising Department matter and all correspondence relating thereto should be addressed to W. N. GATES, 409 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.



SEPTEMBER, 1901.

The Steel Workers' Strike.

The strike of the Amalgamated Association of Steel Workers seems to be as vigorous now, August 22, as at any time, and with very few losses to its ranks. The Steel Trust is evidently finding a lot of difficulty in gaining recruits to help them break the force of the strike and get the mills even partially in operation. It seems to us quite unfortunate that the Amalgamated Association should not have put their position before the public so fully and freely that all readers might know just what the issue is. While we realize how difficult it is to get into the regular newspapers with a plain statement of the laborers' side of a controversy, it is worth a very great effort to have a plain statement of facts commonly known, for public opinion is of great value in these struggles.

The Steel Trust, or those who wished to secure its good graces, gave out a statement that the strike was the result of a demand on the part of the Amalgamated Association that the trust should coerce its non-union men into joining the union, and that statement was accepted as a fact by many; at all events, it was made the foundation for many newspaper editorials which

put the Amalgamated Association in bad light in the public mind.

President Shaffer, of the Amalgamated Association, in discussing these charges, is reported as saying:

The statement that we asked the companies to bind themselves to employ only union men is a deliberate falsehood.

We do not ask assistance of the manufacturers in unionizing the plants now being operated non-union.

We simply ask that the three companies—the Sheet Steel, Tin Plate and Steel Hoop—sign the scale for all mills, whether non-union or union, thus preventing discrimination in favor of the non-union plants during dull times.

We ask that all agreements now in force between the companies and the men binding the latter not to join any labor organization be canceled by the companies.

We ask to be let alone in the matter of organization.

We do not ask even recognition of the union in the organization of non-union mills further than the signing of the scale.

The thing that we insist on is that the men be released from the contract now binding them to belong to no labor organization and be allowed to join our association without being discharged, as has been the rule heretofore in the non-union plants of the American Sheet Steel Company.

We have not seen this statement contraverted by any officer of the Steel Trust, and it is reasonable to accept it as a true statement, and from this view of the issue it is easy to see why the members of the Amalgamated Association feel that it is a struggle for existence. The prime object of the steel workers in declaring the strike appears to be: First, that men employed by the trust shall not be obliged to sign away their liberty to join a union if they wish. Second, that employees of the Steel Trust who do join a union shall not be discharged for such course; and third, which seems quite as important as the others, that the scale be signed for all mills controlled by the trust so as to put them on an equal footing as to pay, thereby preventing an incentive for discrimination in favor of the non-union shops in dull times. It is very unfortunate that some settlement could not have been made without a strike. Strikes are always bad for both parties in the contest, and particularly so for those who labor and have little surplus from which to draw while in idleness. But many strikes have been inaugurated with

less real cause than that of the steel workers. They evidently feel that their future welfare is endangered by the refusal of the Steel Trust to accede to some of their demands that they evidently feel are of vital importance, and they are willing to fight for their preservation. Much as we may deplore strikes, if there was never a fighting contest to gain or maintain that which men are organized for, organization would be useless in a protective sense. The increase in salaries and other betterments which have come through organization have been conceded, generally speaking, because it was either known or presumed that refusal to negotiate for a settlement meant a strike, loss, and all the undesirable conditions that go with it. We hope the day will come when arbitration will have a larger place in settling these difficulties without the necessity of resorting to a strike.

Bro. J. C. Currie, S. G. A. E., was in Cleveland on business the last week in July. He made a pleasant call at the office exchanging greetings with the Grand Officers, and gave the Editor the pleasure of a visit extending over Sunday, when he left to complete his trip to the West.

Bro. John W. Kincaid, member of Div. —, wife and son, were in Cleveland and called at the Grand Office. They were on their way home from the Pan-American Exposition. Brother Kincaid is the patentee of the Kincaid stoker mentioned in the August JOURNAL, under the head of "Economy in Fuel," on page 501, and is advertised in this issue by the Day-Kincaid Stoker Company. Brother Kincaid has demonstrated a good deal of mechanical ability and a lot of perseverance in perfecting his stoker, which is receiving unusual attention from railway mechanics and others.

Bro. W. C. Hayes, Locomotive Superintendent B. & O. Ry., was in the city on August 22, and made a pleasant call on the Grand Officers. Brother Hayes, prior to his present position, occupied a very prominent place in the B. of L. E., always active in local affairs, a delegate to our

conventions for years and held the position of S. G. A. E. with much credit to himself. He has been eminently successful in his present position, and though official responsibilities were new to him, and his office new in railroad practice, he has demonstrated the fact that the office he holds is productive of betterments to the service and that he is well fitted for the place. He was a very welcome guest and the JOURNAL wishes Brother Hayes that success that indomitable energy and right practice deserves.

LINKS.

THERE will be a grand union meeting of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers of the Pacific Northwest held at Spokane, Wash., on September 16, 17 and 18.

This is the first union meeting that has been held in this part of the West since 1885, and our Grand Chief Engineer has already been advised and has consented to be with us on the dates mentioned.

As chairman of the executive committee appointed by the Divisions having the matter in charge, we desire to extend a cordial invitation to each and every member of the order.

Fraternally yours,

G. O. BARNHART, Chr.

C. F. HOBART, Sec.

A NUMBER of the Brothers of Div. 527, Pittsburg, Kan., went to the new country that was opened up in July and registered for a claim. Bro. Wm. Edsell was the lucky one, drawing claim No. 226 in the Lawton District. Brother Edsell says that he is now going to quit railroading and go to farming. Success to him.

The office of Road Foreman of Engines and Enginemen, Kansas City Southern Railway, held by T. J. Mendenhall, was abolished on Aug. 1, 1901. All examinations on air brakes will be conducted in the future by Mr. F. F. Ainsworth, General Air Brake Inspector.

In connection with the above, the Pittsburg, Kan., *Daily Headlight*, says: "Mr. T. J. Mendenhall, formerly Traveling Engineer of the Southern, has been appointed Traveling Engineer of the Missouri Pacific

Railway. Mr. Mendenhall has not yet selected his headquarters, preferring to wait till he is thoroughly acquainted with the road and then make his selection of a home in the most central city."

W. HERRIMAN, F. A. E., Div. 527.

At a regular meeting of Watson Div., 360, held on August 5th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It is with feelings of sincere regret that we are obliged to accept the resignation of our Brother, A. D. Homard, as Chief of Div. 360, and as Chairman of the General Board of Adjustment to accept a position with the Detroit Lubricator Co., of Detroit, Mich., as their special representative. The very intimate relation held between Brother Homard and Div. 360 renders it proper that we place on record our appreciation of his long and faithful service; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the departure of Brother Homard to his new field of labor Div. 360 loses a very popular and capable chief, a faithful and fearless member of the Adjustment Committee, and the city of Massillon a good and upright citizen.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be placed on our minutes, a copy presented to Brother Homard, and a copy published in our JOURNAL, that all may know how we as a body regret our loss, and as a token to him of our esteem.

M. H. LAYLIN, F. A. E.

THE Supreme Court of Georgia has recently affirmed the decision in favor of the widow of Brother William Hyer. Mr. Hyer was an engineer on the W. & A. Railroad of many years standing, he having rail-roaded nearly 50 years and being 64 years old at the time of his death. He was killed in a collision without any fault on his part. Upon the trial of the case, in addition to trying to lay the blame upon the engineer who died at his post of duty the railroad company claimed that on account of his age, his widow was entitled to very little. Under the Georgia law, the amount to which a widow is entitled is the financial expectancy of the husband, and of course the older he is the less is his financial expectancy.

But Mrs. Hyer's attorney met all of this by introducing the evidence of Assistant Grand Chief Youngson, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Mr. Youngson very clearly developed the fact that an ex-

perienced engineer of good health and habits often at 64 years of age had a fine opportunity for many years of additional work at the throttle. Efforts were made by the company to settle this case for a nominal sum, but all such offers were persistently refused, and the judgment of the Supreme Court which ends the case, and upon which the widow has collected the full amount with interest of fifty-eight hundred dollars, shows the wisdom of this course.

Mr. Burton Smith, of Atlanta, Mrs. Hyer's attorney, has been most successful in such cases. He possesses to a marked degree the confidence of Southern courts and juries; this together with his loyalty to a client's interest and his profound study of the law has enabled him to secure many large verdicts for injured railroad men.

OBSERVER.

THE New York Central Railroad is making it a part of its policy to take an interest in the social and civic welfare of its employees as well as in their economic efficiency, by various means, such as attractive quarters for social meeting, well-equipped dining rooms, sleeping rooms for men away from home, libraries, reading rooms, baths, gymnasiums, lectures, etc., practically free. They have found that their employees live and work the better the more intelligent they become. It is sound policy, and makes for good feeling as well as good citizenship.—*Dispatchers Bulletin*.

AN examination of the "Biographical Directory of Railroad Officials," with especial reference to the course through which the officers named therein have attained their present positions, reveals the fact that the operating department appears to present the greatest number of successful careers. There are approximately 5,000 names mentioned in the directory. Under a classification which includes the operating department, telegraph operators, clerks, brakemen and shop men, there appear to be over 1,700, or over one-fourth of the whole, who have entered the service in the department, and by far the largest portion of these, or over 600, began as tele-

graph operators. There are also now filling places at the heads of their department, 166 who began as brakemen, and 62 who were originally firemen, about 400 who began as mechanics in the shops, and over 200 who were laborers. The general office and accounting department furnished about 1,100, the engineering department 900, and the various clerical and subordinate positions in the traffic department about 850.—*Official Guide.*

ACCORDING to the *Topeka Capital*, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe is going to put up four new reading rooms for its employees during the next six months. These buildings are to be at La Junta, Col.; Raton, N. M.; Woodward, O. T., and Gallup, N. M. The estimated cost of the four is \$30,000. The reading and resting rooms for the employees of the Atchison are under the direction of Mr. S. E. Busser, who formerly was an Episcopal clergyman in Kansas. His office now is at Los Angeles. We judge, from the accounts giving this information, that the Atchison's employees' rooms are not connected with the Young Men's Christian Association. The number of club rooms of this kind now established is 19, in as many different towns. The libraries in these clubs aggregate 10,000 volumes. The rooms at many places are used for dances and other entertainments, and Mr. Busser occasionally provides a musical or literary entertainment by stopping off companies on their way to the Pacific Coast, which he is enabled to do at small cost by giving these entertainers their transportation.

THE number of employees of the Illinois Central retired on pensions July 1, according to the announcement issued two months ago, is said to be about 200.

KANSAS CITY papers contain an account of three farmers being arrested there while fighting over the possession of an idle man, whom each wanted for a farm hand.

CHARLES W. LEAVITT, JR., has been appointed landscape engineer of the New York Central & Hudson River, and will

have charge of the work of beautifying station grounds with flowers and shrubbery and improving the appearance of the right of way.—*Ex.*

GEORGE J. GOULD, like his father, is a silent man. He divides his secrets with no one. Taught in a practical school, he has the ability, wealth, and the experience to develop his plans on a scale of great magnitude. It is predicted he will make a greater reputation as a master financier than his father left, and that he will accumulate, if he has not done so already, a much larger fortune.

THE Saxon State Railroads have been trying their speed. April 2 a train of seven cars was hauled from Dresden to Leipsic, 73 miles, in 81 minutes, and back in just the same time; while the best time heretofore over the line was 117 minutes. The greatest speed reached during the fast run was at the rate of 77½ miles per hour.—*Railway Gazette.*

It is stated that a gift of over \$1,000,000, in which all the employees of the Rio Grande Western Railroad from section foreman to executive officers shared, was made by Gen. W. J. Palmer, of this city, when he sold his interest in the railroad a few months ago. He distributed 10,000 shares of the stock of the company, then at 104, the gifts ranging from that of Vice-President Dodge, who received over \$100,000 worth of stock, down to single shares received by minor employees.—*World.*

A SOMEWHAT nervous English tourist vouches for the genuineness of the following incident of Irish traveling: The train arrived some twenty minutes late at a small station, and the engine driver inquired of the station master, "Did the express go by yet, Tim?" "It did not," was the answer. There was indecision on the part of the engine driver for a moment, when he cheerfully exclaimed, "Ah, well; we must chance it!" as he blew the whistle and started off on the single line.—*London Outlook.*

THE square man mezzures the same each way, says Josh Billings, and hain't got any winny edge nor cheap lumber in him. He is free from knots and sap, and won't warp. He iz clear stuff, and I don't care what you work him up into he won't swell and he won't shrink. He iz amongst men what good kiln-dried boards are among carpenters; he won't season crack. It doesn't make any difference which side ov him yu come up to, he is the same bigness each way, and the only way to get at him ennyhow iz to face him. He knows he iz square and he never spends any time trying to prove it.

ONE of the grand results of the building of railroads in this country is shown by the present postage charges, compared with the following:

The rates of postage in 1835 would somewhat startle the public. For a single letter composed of one piece of paper the schedule was as follows:

	Cents.
For any distance not exceeding 30 miles.....	6
Over 30 and not exceeding 80 miles.....	10
Over 80 and not exceeding 150 miles.....	12½
Over 150 and not exceeding 400 miles.....	18½
Over 400 miles.....	25

A letter composed of two pieces of paper was charged with double these rates; of three pieces with triple, and of four pieces with quadruple. One or more pieces mailed as a letter and weighing one ounce were charged with quadruple postage and at the same rate should the weight be greater.—S. A. W., in *Railroad Men*.

RAILWAYS will soon have to look to their laurels in the matter of high speed. In the Paris-Bordeaux motor car race this week the 557 kilometers (346.1 miles) were covered in 8 h. 44 m. (39.63 miles an hour), or about an hour longer than the time usually taken by the Southern express, one of the fastest trains in the world. The progress being made is evidenced by the facts that in 1895 the time taken was 22 h. 25 m.; in 1898 M. Rene de Kniff gained the race in 15 h. 15 m. 31 s.; and in 1899 Charron came in first, having covered the distance in 11 h. 43 m. 20 s.—*Hera-path's Journal*.

JUST before we die, says a Western editor, we want all whom we have pleased in the publication of this paper to give us a little statement to the effect. If the list is a respectable one—we mean in regard to length—we will take it with us, and when Peter meets us at the gate with a "Who are you, sir?" we will hand him the list and proudly say: "I am the editor who pleased everybody." Then good St. Peter

will say: "Come in, come right in. You will have to occupy the parlor until we can prepare special quarters for you. You are the first of that class who has applied for admission. I will soon have things in shape. In the meantime, I will leave an order for a special harp and a crown with an extra row of jewels. I am powerful glad to see you. How is my old friend—er—er—, well, I can't think of the name of any friend in your town, but how are they? You don't know how glad I am to see you. Sit down again."—*The Caveat*.

THE editor of the Walkertown (Ind.) *Independent* says he has two subscribers who frequently "get full," and every time they are in that condition they come in and pay a year in advance. One of them is already credited to 1941, and the fraternity throughout the state is crazy to find out what brand of whisky he drinks. They want to offer it as a premium.

THE editor of the *Railway Conductor* says:

"We realize one thing in the printing of a magazine, we cannot produce one that will please all alike. Tastes differ; one wants a journal on the order of the *Police Gazette*, with all the latest sensations; another wants something after the order of the *Forum* or *North American Review*. The scope is too large to cover and the contrast too marked to permit so wide a variation, hence we have confined our columns to a vein of reading along lines intended to interest the average progressive employee."

The editor of the *Conductor* is not alone in being confronted with these various impossible propositions in journalism. Suiting the taste of the largest number of readers as far as we can find out what that is, is our policy.—EDITOR.

THE management of the St. Paul road has started a campaign against the man who pays one fare and occupies two seats, and who is commonly known as the "railroad hog." Gen. Supt. Goodnow has issued an order directed to train crews and conductors calling their attention to the train rules and insisting that they be rigorously observed.

Particular attention is called to the rule which provides that passengers shall not be permitted to occupy more seats than they pay for. Conductors are told that this rule must be strictly construed and obeyed to the letter, especially when approaching large cities and in places where the passenger traffic is heavy.

The superintendent's attention was called to the matter by a series of written complaints which have been made to the man-

agement within the last few weeks. Many of the complaints come from passengers on the St. Paul runs, and are to the effect that they have been unable to obtain seats owing to the fact that some "hog" was in painful and obtrusive evidence.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

AN alarming brake is described in a special cable dispatch to the New York *Sun*, according to which one Planta has invented an apparatus that will stop within 8 yards a train running 25 miles an hour, and within 20 yards one running at 50 miles, says the *Engineering Record*. Passengers can apply the brake, it is said, by pulling an alarm cord. It is certainly to be hoped they will adopt some less generally destructive mode of suicide. To acquire a velocity of 50 miles per hour a body must fall nearly 84 feet. To bring it to rest in 20 yards would, therefore, require the continuous exertion of a force 40 per cent greater than the weight of a body. That is, if a passenger weighing 150 pounds were leaning against the front of the car, he would be pressed against it with a force of 210 pounds during the whole time that the train was being brought to rest, while if he were standing in the aisle he would be thrown forward with a velocity considerably greater than if the car, while at rest, had suddenly been stood up on its front end. No train could be stopped so suddenly by mere friction on top of the rails and if they were gripped so as to increase the friction they would probably be torn from the tie or ties, and all would go with the train, as sometimes happens in derailments.

This man must have been reading Bro. Wrye's dream, which appeared in the April (1901) JOURNAL, page 227.—EDITOR.

"FOR the first time in the history of Alabama railroads, a cow that was not a pure-blooded Jersey worth \$125 has been killed by a locomotive," said Harry Jenkins, of the Mary Lee Coal and Railroad Company.

"As if to make this fact doubly extraordinary, two cows have been killed, and neither one a pure Jersey worth \$125; but both were just plain, honest, everyday cows, the property of an honest man. The story deserves to be printed in every newspaper and posted in every court house.

"The other day, a locomotive on our track at Mary Lee struck and killed two milk cows, the property of Mr. Glass, a dairyman, who supplies Birmingham customers with honest milk. Not knowing Mr. Glass, I naturally assumed, when the accident was reported to me, that, in accordance with the hitherto invariable custom, the cows were pure-blooded Jer-

seys worth \$125 each, though I know as a fact that they were just common country cows.

"I sent for Mr. Glass in order to come to an agreement with him and compensate him for his loss, for there was no doubt that our locomotive killed his cows. He came, and we had a pleasant meeting. After the interchange of the ordinary courtesies, I came to business.

" 'Now, Mr. Glass,' I began, 'we have killed your cows, and we intend to pay you for them. What did you value them at?'

" 'I believe the cows were worth \$25 each, Mr. Jenkins, and that is all I could ask you for—\$50 for the two,' said Mr. Glass.

" 'Why, certainly, Mr. Glass,' I replied. 'The cows were worth that. But you won't take it disrespectfully if I say I expected you to name a much larger sum?'

" 'Certainly not; I understand how such things are usually done,' Mr. Glass said, 'but I couldn't accept more than my cows were honestly worth to me, and to tell you the truth, I was partly the fault of them fool cows getting in the way of your engine!'

"I paid Mr. Glass his \$50, and we parted the best of friends," concluded Mr. Jenkins, "and now I think the public ought to know of this unique transaction, which is so greatly to the credit of a thoroughly honest man—Mr. Glass, the dairyman."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Wanted.—To know the address or whereabouts of W. E. La Dow, formerly a member of Div. 420. He was last heard of in Oregon. Anyone knowing anything concerning him will confer a favor by addressing G. I. La Dow, Pendleton, Ore.

The traveling card of J. D. Ross, of Div. 275, has been lost. If presented, please take it up and forward to the F. A. E. of Div. 275.

The traveling cards of Bros. J. C. Keys and J. C. Henderson of Div. 85 have been lost. If presented for favors, please take them up and forward to the F. A. E. of Div. 85.

Anyone knowing the address of Wm. H. Brannan, who was last heard from in Mexico City, Old Mexico, will confer a favor by addressing his father, James Brannan, a member of Div. 357. Address, 3026 Snelling Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. E. H. Yeakel, Assistant Superintendent of the Prudential Insurance Company, 90 E. Commerce St., Bridgeton, N. J., reports finding a watch fob and charm, with monogram engraved on reverse side, belonging to some member of the B. of L. E. It was found in Darby, Delaware Co., Pa. The charm can be had by corresponding and proving property.

Bro. Homer H. Phippin, No. 5 Leroy St., Watertown, N. Y., has a complete file of the JOURNAL, the first 16 volumes nicely bound in cloth, with morocco backs, and all the numbers to date in good order. Brother Phippin desires to sell it all to someone or some Division, because he has lost his wife and his own health is bad. Anyone desiring a complete file of the JOURNAL from its first issue should correspond with Brother Phippin.

Members of the following Divisions will correspond with the F. A. E. of their Divisions immediately:

Division—

- 507—H. J. Hale, R. E. McLoughlin.
363—J. C. Kelley.
192—E. J. Sexton.
377—T. J. Hunt.
201—J. R. Gentry, Joel Stewart, S. D. Murphy.
431—F. H. Marion, C. H. Carnahan, F. H. Lawless.
556—Q. M. Nelson.

OBITUARIES.

[In accordance with the action of the Ottawa Convention, no resolutions of condolence, obituary letters or poems will be published in the JOURNAL. All deaths will be listed under obituary heading only, with cause and date of death.]

Oskaloosa, Ia., July 17, 1901, from effects of operation for appendicitis, Bro. James W. Caffall, member of Div. 114.

Marriottsville, Md., July 26, killed by engine leaving track and turning over on him, Bro. F. C. Hohman, member of Div. 352.

Stuart, Ia., July 13, from injuries received in collision, Bro. J. T. McDaniels, member of Div. 184.

St. Joseph, Mo., July 17, killed in collision, Bro. C. H. Becker, member of Div. 107.

Massillon, O., July 28, of appendicitis, Bro. E. C. Jones, member of Div. 360.

New Albany, Ind., July —, Mrs. Mary Duncan, mother of Bro. Walter Duncan, member of Div. 165.

Newark, O., July 24, killed by being run over by yard engine, Bro. Frank Huffman, member of Div. 36.

Jersey City, N. J., July 3, of heat prostration, Bro. Stephen Campbell, member of Div. 135.

Oswego, N. Y., July 12, Bro. H. Watkins, member of Div. 152.

Derry Station, Pa., July 28, Emmet Johns member of Div. 310.

Derry Station, Pa., July 21, Margaret Wilson, daughter of Bro. L. C. Wilson, member of Div. 310.

Steubenville, O., July 27, of tumor, Mrs. B. Murray, mother of Bro. T. J. Murray of Div. 255, and of Sister Maude Murray of Div. 65, G. I. A., and of J. D. Murray, of Div. 96, B. of L. F.

Battle Creek, Mich., May 16, of Bright's disease, Abner Bonney, father of Bro. C. L. Bonney, member of Div. 482.

East Tawas, Mich., May 1, of scarlet fever, Chas. Hardin Culter, only child of Bro. R. D. Culter, F. A. E. of Div. 482.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 19, of cancer, Mrs. Sarah Smith, wife of Bro. E. J. Smith, F. A. E. of Div. 492.

Indianapolis, Ind., July 21, of heart failure, Sister Patterson, mother of Bro. Jessey Patterson, member of Div. 492.

Randolph, Vt., July 10, of heart failure, Bro. G. F. Jones, member of Div. 56.

Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 3, killed in collision, Bro. Thos. Hyland, member of Div. 18.

Des Moines, Ia., July 31, of consumption, Miss Mary Gahagen, daughter of Bro. Wm. Gahagen, member of Div. 113.

Marshall, N. C., July 27, killed by his engine turning over, Bro. R. L. Watson, member of Div. 239.

Knoxville, Tenn., June 29, of fever, Page Horner, daughter of Bro. Geo. Horner, member of Div. 239.

Winslow, Ariz., Aug. 6, Mrs. John Williams, wife of Bro. John Williams, member of Div. 134.

Charleston, S. C., Aug. —, of typhoid fever, Bro. Wm. D. Tallavost, member of Div. 265.

Huntingdon, Pa., Aug. 7, of complication of diseases, Mrs. Martha Gorsuch, wife of Bro. T. H. Gorsuch, member of Div. 509.

Grain Valley, Mo., Aug. 1, killed in collision, Bro. Chas. A. Jaques, member of Div. 559.

Syracuse, N. Y., July 16, Bro. Wm. Malone, member of Div. 367.

Lake Ontario, N. Y., Aug. 13, drowned, Albert L. Belden, son of Bro. G. C. Belden, member of Div. 382.

Kingston, Pa., Aug. 6, Bro. J. W. Heberling, member of Div. 543.

Fond du Lac, Wis., Aug. 6, killed by derailment of his engine, Bro. R. F. Stroud, S. A. E. of Div. 372.

Toronto Junction, Ont., Aug. 7, killed by his engine turning over, Bro. Wm. Campbell, member of Div. 295.

New Albany, Ind., July 25, of brain fever, Nellie J. Byrn, daughter of Bro. Norman Byrn, member of Div. 361.

Peoria, Ill., Aug. 16, by being struck by an engine, Bro. Horace A. Easton, member of Div. 92.

Pekin, Ill., July 1, killed in collision, Bro. Eugene West, member of Div. 92.

McDonoughville, La., Aug. 11, of malaria, Bro. P. Danenhauer, member of Div. 531.

Denver, Col., Aug. —, of intestinal obstruction, Bro. Wm. Grow, member of Div. 186.

Campbellton, N. B., Aug. 16, killed by his engine turning over, Bro. A. J. Sharpe, member of Div. 138.

Woodstock, Conn., Aug. 3, by being thrown from his buggy while driving, Bro. Joseph B. Weaver, member of Div. 132.

Albany, N. Y., Aug. 8, suicide, Bro. Thos. H. Willard, member of Div. 46.

ADMITTED BY TRANSFER CARD.

Into Division—

- 448—C. F. Musser, from Div. 401.
R. O. Dennis, from Div. 317.
372—John J. Curtis, from Div. 48.
J. H. Scott, from Div. 80.
501—M. E. Hanford, from Div. 24.
114—Fred B. Taylor, from Div. 27.
208—James M. Whalen, from Div. 453.
547—W. E. Brown, from Div. 448.
554—H. Uhland, from Div. 115.
462—F. W. Bussey, from Div. 554.
558—B. J. Houston, M. Houston, from Div. 89.
Geo. H. Goddard, Richard L. Mitchell, from Div. 142.
525—J. H. Driscoll, from Div. 184.
256—H. B. Taylor, from Div. 239.
F. T. Lee, by G. O., from def. Div. 429.
165—Wm. Wyatt, from Div. 485.
419—Wm. J. Farrell, from Div. 260.
498—A. G. Boon, from Div. 435.
496—P. J. Faut, from Div. 438.
336—Harry Davis, from Div. 491.
415—F. E. Keenan, from Div. 110.
J. G. McGrail, from Div. 216.
W. Nelson, from Div. 36.
192—J. McGowan, from Div. 497.
552—R. W. Rosback, from Div. 430.
78—H. R. Johnson, from Div. 239.
85—M. J. Campbell, from Div. 47.
H. B. Strickland, from Div. 210.
J. H. Donovan, from Div. 433.
563—James Hazlett, from Div. 535.
4—L. A. Wideman, from Div. 334.
A. A. Nichols, from Div. 3.
485—Chas. Marcella, from Div. 182.
110—D. B. Riley, from Div. 415.
516—Gus. Theyson, from Div. 100.
525—F. B. Bicknell, from Div. 24.
J. B. Lewis, from def. Div. 112.
552—J. C. Whiddon, from Div. 449.
578—A. A. Schneider, J. W. Yocum, John Heim, H. E. Wells, E. L. Gibbs, from Div. 445.
Wm. Hughes, P. H. Lillis, Ed. Butler, S. H. Ergenbright, J. W. Binkley, E. L. Summers, from Div. 507.
Chas. E. Hamilton, James F. Robertson, II.

P. Ross, from Div. 83.
 Logan Wells, from Div. 366.
 Henry Gorman, from Div. 270.
 28—E. Love, from Div. 197.
 251—P. J. Brennan, from Div. 371.
 197—A. J. Archer, from def. Div. 112.
 J. J. Waters, from Div. 497.
 93—F. S. Brink, from Div. 96.
 383—J. B. Simmons, from Div. 264.
 W. E. Keen, from Div. 371.
 394—W. E. Holman, from Div. 502.
 61—J. M. Lynda, from Div. 191.
 443—Harry Nelson, from Div. 362.
 53—Oliver Pancoast, from Div. 109.
 570—A. A. Ackerman, from Div. 192.
 W. J. Shanks, from Div. 224.
 463—K. W. Frazier, from Div. 495.
 183—C. J. Collins, from Div. 163.
 495—W. E. Young, from Div. 172.
 399—Andrew Davison, from Div. 392.
 418—Henry Hodgkins, from Div. 191.
 188—Arthur Prime, from Div. 518.
 446—A. M. Howard, from Div. 548.
 260—C. E. Beebe, from Div. 31.
 87—Melvin Elkinburgh, from Div. 4. 8.
 420—Wm. J. Davis, from Div. 504.
 286—D. P. Aldrich, from Div. 8.

WITHDRAWALS.

From Division—

5—Wm. O'Neil.
 382—Clark Woodard.
 240—Wm. Kirkpatrick.

From Division—

6—Carey E. King.
 439—R. M. Brigham.

RE-INSTATED.

Into Division—

116—W. J. Whitford.
 444—J. J. Norris.
 346—A. U. Brown.
 363—L. W. Hollisway.
 318—Fred Gallagher.
 427—C. E. Russell.
 182—W. E. Goff.
 554—G. W. Yauney.
 312—J. L. Lagarde,
 H. A. Sears,
 E. J. Proud.
 253—J. F. Rawlings.
 18—Clarence De Sacia.
 512—Jesse Elliott.
 380—John Brogan.
 74—R. L. Cramer.
 420—Wm. A. Annis.

Into Division—

192—A. E. Ackerman.
 191—A. D. Ross.
 552—R. W. Thompson.
 372—B. F. Seeley.
 335—F. M. Hall.
 432—Columbus Phillips.
 127—John S. Bennett.
 28—Geo. Knox.
 379—Geo. Shomer.
 19—P. Rafferty,
 J. L. Butler,
 Joseph Burner.
 161—H. B. Bradley.
 10—M. Gepper.
 J. P. Smith.
 197—W. Hammock.
 183—J. T. Martin.

16—Wm. L. Wright.
 47—M. J. Campbell.
 8—R. Carroll.
 281—Thos. Heidt.
 304—Fred Smith.
 34—Chas. Tope.
 129—John Baker.

SUSPENDED.

From Division—

308—L. G. Shaw.
 335—Daniel Danforth, three months for non-payment of dues.

EXPELLED.

FOR NON-PAYMENT OF DUES.

From Division—

527—Wm. L. Long.
 509—Albert C. Burns.
 182—W. H. Holman, R. W. Macey.
 434—P. H. Myers, Ed. Donnelly, C. E. Davis, M.
 J. Keane.
 283—Seymour Gifford.
 477—John Lambers.
 526—Geo. Hardy, R. Richardson.
 482—Wm. McFaul.
 235—Isaac M. Blauvelt.
 288—C. B. Cady.
 335—Henry C. George.
 60—E. Loderquest.
 304—John Brock, Fred Smith, D. F. Kenyon.
 248—Thos. Bell.
 177—J. F. Cramer, John Muldowney, James
 Minter, F. J. Stinson, Geo. Gerwick.
 317—K. L. Lambeth.
 251—A. S. Erskine.
 21—Chas. R. Sweet.

FOR OTHER CAUSES.

96—P. H. Ryan, for forfeiting insurance.
 521—D. C. Seward, for intoxication.
 283—H. A. Robertson, E. C. Barbour, for forfeiting insurance.
 448—R. O. Dennis, for unbecoming conduct and deserting his family.
 238—John Fitzsimmons, for violation of obligation.
 208—Thos. Mackin, for engaging in liquor business.
 404—Wm. C. Tullock, for forfeiting insurance.
 53—John W. Boyce, for non-payment of dues and forfeiting insurance.
 215—Thos. G. Kincaid, for forfeiting insurance.
 225—J. G. Cairnes, for forfeiting insurance.
 258—James F. Campbell, for forfeiting insurance.
 206—J. P. Moynihan, for violation of obligation.

If your JOURNAL address is not correct, or you fail from any cause to receive it, fill out this form properly, cut it out and send it to 307 SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BLDG., CLEVELAND, O.

The B. of L. E. Journal.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Name..... Division No.....

Box or Street and No.....

Postoffice..... State.....

OLD ADDRESS.

Postoffice..... State.....

Be Sure and Give Old Address and Division Number.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS' MUTUAL LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Official Notice of Assessments 21-24 AND SPECIAL ASSESSMENT.

SERIES E.

OFFICE OF ASSOCIATION, ROOM 803, SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING, }
CLEVELAND, OHIO, Sept. 1, 1901.

To the Division Secretaries L. E. M. L. and A. I. A. :

DEAR SIRS AND BROS.:—You are hereby notified of the death or disability of the following members of the Association:

Four Assessments for payment of these claims and FIFTY cents Special Assessment on all members are hereby levied and Secretaries ordered to collect one dollar and fifty cents from all who are insured for \$750, two dollars and fifty cents from all who are insured for \$1,500, four dollars and fifty cents from all who are insured for \$3,000, and six dollars and fifty cents from all members insured for \$4,500, and forward same to the General Secretary and Treasurer.

Members of the Insurance Association are required to remit to Division Secretaries within thirty days from date of this notice, and the Division Secretaries to the General Secretary and Treasurer within ten days thereafter, on penalty of forfeiting their membership. (See Article XI. of By-Laws.)

Secretaries in sending remittances will send same to and make all drafts, express money orders or postoffice money orders payable to WM. B. PRENTER, General Secretary and Treasurer. Secretaries located in Canada will please remit by draft or express money order. We will not accept packages of money sent by express, unless charges have been prepaid. The JOURNAL closes on the 18th of each month. Claims received after that day will lie over until the succeeding month.

No. of Asst.	Name.	Age.	No. of Div.	Date of Admission.	Date of Death or Disability.	Cause of Death or Disability.	Am't. of Ins.	To Whom Payable.
1	W. E. Kuhlhoff.	56	187	Sept. 10, 1874.	June 21, 1901.	Bright's disease.	\$3000	Elida Kuhlhoff, s.
2	J. C. Jordan.	31	284	Dec. 19, 1895.	June 26, 1901.	Lt. foot amputated	1500	J. C. Jordan.
3	R. M. Patrick.	53	211	Dec. 1, 1891.	July 6, 1901.	Bright's disease.	3000	Children.
4	J. H. Nichols.	39	497	Jan. 31, 1901.	July 6, 1901.	Rt. leg amputated.	750	J. H. Nichols.
5	F. L. Anderson.	56	298	Jan. 25, 1890.	July 9, 1901.	Killed.	4500	Mary A. Anderson, w.
6	A. Courtrite.	59	481	May 14, 1875.	July 15, 1901.	Killed.	3000	Children.
7	Wm. Malane.	30	265	June 27, 1897.	July 16, 1901.	Nephritis.	3000	Wife and Children.
8	C. W. D. Tallevast.	52	367	Oct. 7, 1895.	July 16, 1901.	Typhoid fever.	1500	Mrs. W. D. Tallevast, w.
9	C. H. Becker.	36	107	Nov. 26, 1899.	July 17, 1901.	Killed.	1500	Mrs. C. E. Becker, w.
10	R. D. Clark.	49	101	Mch. 18, 1900.	July 17, 1901.	Killed.	750	Mrs. Edna Clark, w.
11	F. Huffman.	40	36	Jan. 11, 1892.	July 24, 1901.	Killed.	4500	Mrs. E. S. Huffman, w.
12	F. C. Holman.	55	352	May 3, 1890.	July 26, 1901.	Killed.	1500	Mrs. S. J. Holman, w.
13	R. L. Watson.	35	239	July 29, 1891.	July 27, 1901.	Killed.	4500	{ Mrs. R. L. Watson, w. A. L. Watson, son.
14	B. C. Jones.	28	360	Aug. 22, 1900.	July 28, 1901.	Appendicitis.	1500	Mrs. G. B. Jones, w.
15	L. G. Reck.	27	343	Jan. 7, 1900.	July 29, 1901.	Suicide.	1500	Mrs. Tillie Reck, w.
16	H. O. Spier.	48	210	Mch. 13, 1894.	July 31, 1901.	Typhoid fever.	4500	Mrs. H. O. Spier, w.
17	Thos. Willard.	44	46	Oct. 25, 1900.	July 31, 1901.	Suicide.	1500	Mrs. Ida Willard, w.
18	Thos. Hyland.	54	18	Oct. 4, 1884.	Aug. 4, 1901.	Killed.	4500	Mrs. Thos. Hyland, w.
19	Fred. Willson.	34	494	July 22, 1899.	Aug. 5, 1901.	Killed.	1500	Mrs. S. Willson, m.
20	J. W. Markhart.	68	46	Dec. 7, 1886.	Aug. 6, 1901.	Gastric ulcer.	3000	M. L. Markhart, w.
21	J. W. Heberling.	44	543	May 23, 1891.	Aug. 6, 1901.	Paresis.	1500	Mrs. J. W. Heberling, w.
22	R. F. Strand.	32	372	Jan. 18, 1900.	Aug. 6, 1901.	Killed.	750	Mrs. S. Strand, w.
23	S. D. Trevillian.	41	26	Apr. 27, 1897.	Aug. 13, 1901.	Killed.	3000	Mrs. B. Trevillian, w.
24	H. B. Longsdorf.	43	74	Apr. 26, 1892.	Aug. 14, 1901.	Gall stones.	1500	Ida Longsdorf, w.

Total number of claims, 24.

Total amount of claims, \$57,750.

NOTE.—Annual Special Assessment of 50 cents is ordered to be collected this month, and is included in amount stated above to be paid by each member. A form will be sent to Insurance Secretaries for Special Assessment report.

Acknowledgments.

Acknowledgments have been received from the following Beneficiaries for amounts stated in settlement of claims paid:

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
July 25, 1901.	Mrs. Jennie M. Rice.	838	W. H. Gillis.	153	\$1500
" 31, "	Mrs. McGuffin, W. A. Aylsworth.	869	J. W. Searls.	96	1500
" 18, "	Mrs. Mary Praise.	870	D. A. Ross.	500	1500
" 18, "	Mrs. Mossye P. Lowry.	871	Ed. B. Skillman.	281	1500
" 16, "	Mrs. C. M. Gall.	873	W. A. Kempton.	61	1500
" 17, "	Mrs. Godfrey Laufie.	883	H. Furtney.	102	1500
" 7, "	Mrs. Thos. Ormond.	886	H. La Voie.	189	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. Fannie Hanselman.	890	Otto Graetz.	343	1500
" 9, "	Lulu M. Hetherington.	892	Wm. Dongherty.	448	750
" 22, "	Mrs. D. F. Kuox.	894	F. H. Kaub.	186	1500
Aug. 5, "	Mrs. Mary E. Oakley.	900	Alex. McD. Tohnie.	473	1500
" 4, "	Mrs. Lydia Oddy.	903	Titus Hinchcliff.	315	1500
" 10, "	Francis J. Green.	904	W. P. Allen.	42	3000
" 6, "	Mrs. Mary J. Jones.	905	A. J. Pike.	335	3000
" 3, "	Ed. D. Davis.	906	E. L. Aylsworth.	429	1500
" 6, "	Mrs. R. V. Sharp.	907	Wm. Shively.	463	1500

Acknowledgments—Continued.

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
Aug. 6, 1901.	Mrs. Carrie Meizer.	908	H. A. Dering.	226	\$1500
" 5, "	Mrs. J. R. Todd	909	Wm. Thomas.	94	1500
" 7, "	Lucy J. Morgan	910	D. H. De Gear.	159	3000
" 6, "	Carrie Metcalf.	912	T. D. Haynes.	84	1500
" 2, "	Mrs. Elizabeth Morris.	913	M. Teagarden.	12	4500
" 5, "	Isabella M. Salsbury	914	Jas. Lowes.	472	1500
" 10, "	Joseph Green.	915	R. G. Shepard.	3	3000
" 2, "	Mrs. Mary Moore	916	M. Teagarden	12	3000
" 6, "	Mrs. Annie Coleman.	917	Otto Graetz	343	1500
" 2, "	Mrs. Jennie Johns.	918	Elias Dew	36	1500
" 5, "	Thos. Nornich.	919	A. Atkins.	123	3000
" 3, "	Mrs. Fanny P. Henry	920	T. H. Joiner.	22	750
" 5, "	Mrs. Eliza J. Chamberlin	921	J. A. Dryden	83	4500
" 5, "	Mrs. M. Murray	922	J. Feathers.	78	4500
" 6, "	Mrs. W. H. Schnitzer.	923	J. McCallum.	156	3000
" 2, "	Mrs. Mary Fitzsimmons.	924	Samuel Brandt.	306	1500
" 5, "	Margaret J. Daly Myers.	925	L. C. Heiser	169	3000
" 7, "	J. A. Mumper	926	G. Viquesney.	25	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. M. H. McGrath.	927	E. I. Baker.	105	1500
" 6, "	Anna E. Blake.	928	W. W. Boyles.	91	4500
" 7, "	Mrs. Margaret Coggins.	929	H. G. Rust.	234	3000
" 2, "	Mrs. Josephine McClure.	930	M. Teagarden	12	3000
" 10, "	Sarah A. Allen.	931	J. D. Primmer	58	3000
" 13, "	Mrs. Elizabeth Keegan	932	W. B. Ceveley	485	3000
" 5, "	Catherine Denio.	933	W. C. Roberts	51	3000

Financial Statement.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Aug. 1, 1901.

MORTUARY FUND FOR JULY.

Balance on hand June 30, 1901, \$ 74,864 87
Paid in settlement of Claims, 68,250 00

Balance on hand July 1, 1901, \$ 6,614 87
Received by Assessments 930-934, and Back Assessments, 84,445 89
Received from members whose insurance was carried by Association, 154 75
Received by Assessments 967-971, 597 38
Interest placed to credit of account, 880 79

Total in Bank July 31, 1901, \$ 92,693 68

EXPENSE FUND FOR JULY.

Balance on hand July 1, 1901, \$ 6,399 59
Received by Admission Fees and Arrears, 239 78
Interest placed to credit of account, 145 65

Total, \$ 6,785 02
Expenses during month of July, 926 20

Balance in Bank July 31, 1901, \$ 5,858 82

Statement of Membership.

FOR JULY, 1901.

<i>Classified Represents:</i>	\$750 00	\$1,500	\$3,000	\$4,500
Members who paid Assessments 930-934	2,410	13,944	7,414	1,364
Members from whom Assessments 930-934 were not collected,	286	1,363	370	59
Members carried by the Association,	1	123	278	16
Applications and reinstatements received during month	69	206	75	4
Totals,	2,766	15,636	8,137	1,443
From which deduct Policies terminated by death, accident or otherwise,	32	112	32	6
Total Membership July 31, 1901, . .	2,734	15,524	8,105	1,437

Grand Total, 27,800

W. E. FUTCH, President. W. B. PRENTER, Gen'l Sec'y & Treas.

NATHAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

92 and 94 Liberty Street, New York,
and 180 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

MANUFACTURERS OF

The "Monitor" and other Locomotive Injectors.

INJECTORS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR HIGH PRESSURE.

The new "88" MONITOR, with Lever
Patented-August 7th, 1888.



**"NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED
LUBRICATORS,**

*Ejectors or Water Elevators,
New Sanding Apparatus,
New Steam Fire Extinguishers,
Boiler Washers,
Red and Guide Cups,
Etc., Etc.*

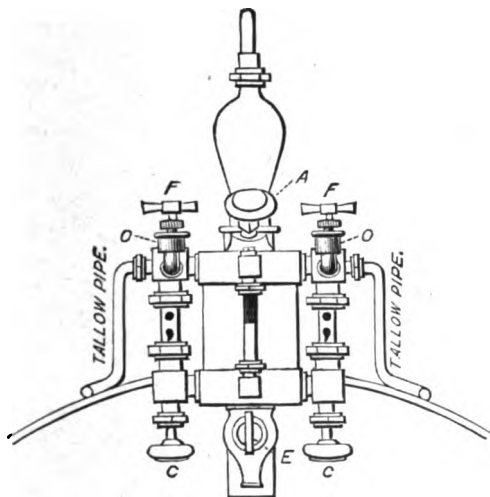
For instructions, see Engineer's
Card, which is furnished with each
Injector.

NOTE.—The "88" Monitor is also made with a quick motion Screw Starting Attachment.

THE "NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED CYLINDER LUBRICATOR FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

Oils both Cylinders.

*No possibility of feeding over
in one cylinder or
into boiler.*



ALSO,

AIR BRAKE,

SIGHT-FEED

LUBRICATORS.

NATHAN MANUFACTURING CO., New York.

CATALOGUES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.



STAR BRASS MANUFACTURING CO.,

Manufac-
turers of

Extra Heavy Locomotive Pop Safety Valves,

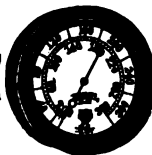
MUFFLED AND OPEN.

Also Exclusive and Original Makers of "Non-Corrosive Steam
Gages," Locomotive Lubricators, Chime Whistles, Etc.

Main Office and Works: **BOSTON, MASS.**

New York, 38 Cortlandt St.

Chicago, 934 Monadnock Bldg.



When writing to advertisers, mention this Journal.

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA



"KNOWN THE WORLD OVER"
HAS RECEIVED THE HIGHEST ENDORSEMENTS
FROM THE MEDICAL PRACTITIONER, THE NURSE
AND THE INTELLIGENT HOUSEKEEPER AND CATERER
WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited
ESTABLISHED 1760 DORCHESTER, MASS.
• GOLD MEDAL, PARIS 1900

Vose PIANOS

are receiving more favorable comments to-
day from an artistic standpoint than all
other makes combined.

WE Challenge Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan, every family
in moderate circumstances can own a fine
piano. We allow a liberal price for old in-
struments in exchange, and deliver the piano
in your house free of expense. You can
deal with us at a distant point the same as
in Boston. Send for catalogue and full
information.

Vose & Sons Piano Co.

161 Boylston Street, . . . Boston.

FUN FOR LODGE ROOMS of RAILROAD MEN *also Home Amusements.*



NO AMUSEMENT OF MODERN TIMES EQUALS

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Nine Styles, from \$10.00 to \$100.00

None
Genuine
without

Thomas A. Edison

this
Trade
Mark

Catalogues at all Dealers

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY

New York Office, 135 Fifth Avenue

Chicago Office, 144 Wabash Avenue

Foreign Dept., 15 Cedar Street, New York

Piso's For Consumption CURE

We always keep Piso's Cure
for Consumption in the house for
coughs and colds. The children
beg for it. We have recommended
it to our neighbors.

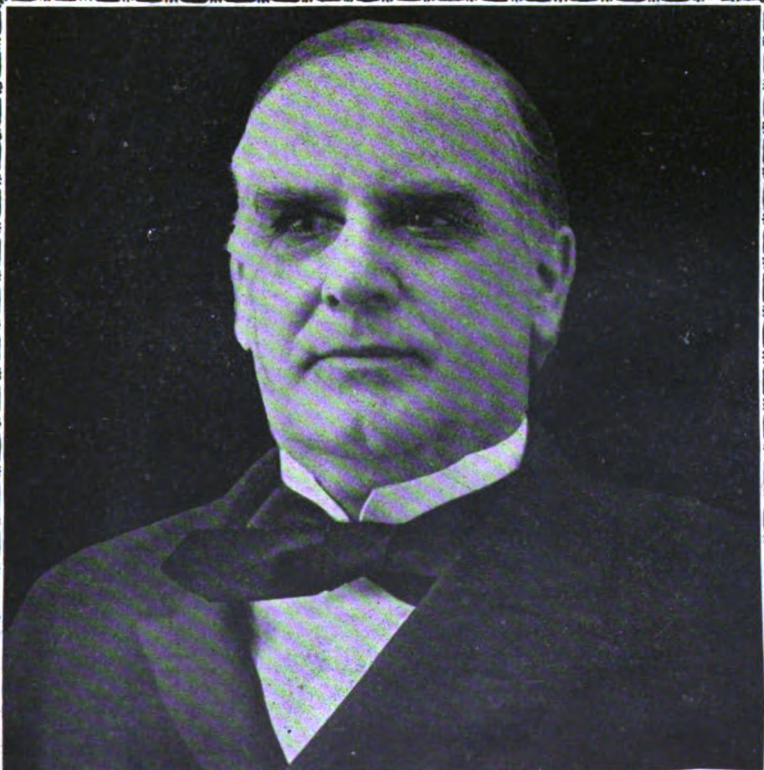
Mrs. J. T. Bales,
Box 43, Augusta, Okla., Sept. 5, 1900.

Piso's Cure for Consumption cured my
daughter of an awful cough which the
whooping cough had left her with. I
can say it is the best remedy for coughs I
ever used.

ADELBERT C. PANGBORN,
Conway, Mich., Sept. 17, 1900.

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS JOURNAL

PRICE, \$1.00 BY MAIL



"GOOD-BYE, ALL; GOOD-BYE. IT'S GOD'S WAY; HIS WILL, BE DONE."

ENTERED AT THE CLEVELAND, OHIO, POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Westinghouse Air Brakes

Control the Railway Traffic of the World.

**Endorsed
by all the leading
railway authorities.**

**The Westinghouse Air Brake Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.**

BA2

When writing to advertisers, mention this Journal.

BROTHERHOOD OF
LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS
MONTHLY JOURNAL
C.H.SALMONS, EDITOR AND MANAGER
307 SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING CLEVELAND, O.

VOL. XXXV.

OCTOBER, 1901.

No. 10.

An American Abroad.

BEAUTIFUL HISTORIC CITIES IN FRANCE.

We leave Monte Carlo via the road leading through the tunnel to Nice, nine miles distant, and for many years celebrated as a winter resort; its temperature is so mild that frosts occur but seldom, the number of visitors usually being from fifteen to twenty thousand. It stands on a beautiful, well-sheltered site on the coast, with a population of nearly 101,000. The city consists of three parts, the new town on

the west, the old town, and the part on the east. The new town is the part frequented by foreigners, particularly English, and in consequence is given the name English town. Beautiful promenades stretch along the seashore, and are overlooked by villas and hotels. Numerous bridges across the little river Paylione, or Paillon, connect the new with the old, or upper town. This part, with its narrow streets, clusters at the foot of a rocky height, Castle Hill, and on the east side of this hill is the harbor. The Castle Hill is an isolated mass of limestone 318 feet high, which was formerly crowned



MONTE CARLO, ROUTE TO NICE.

by a strong castle, now in ruins, and the ground laid out in very pretty gardens. Nice has many good public buildings, churches, libraries, schools, etc., and is to be commended especially to the winter tourist. It, like all the towns along this coast, has a very ancient history. It was founded by a colony of Phocaeans from Marsalia (now Marseilles), as Nicaera, and became subject to Rome in the second century. In the tenth century it was in the hands of the Saracens. Then after existing as an independent city, it acknowledged the supremacy of the Counts of Provence and the House of Savoy, 1388. In 1543 it was taken and pillaged by the Turks under Barbarossa, and from 1600 on-

interests is flowers, and the farms of violets, roses, oranges, jessamines and cassia, give an enchanting effect to its surroundings. It has a decidedly interesting history. Founded by the Romans, but during the middle ages was held as a fief by the convent of the Lerins, and Abbot Adelbert began to build the *Vigie* or watch tower in 1070, for it was repeatedly attacked by the Barbary pirates. The most disastrous year ever known to it was 1580, that of the plague, though during the wars of religion it was sacked by the Duke of Savoy. When Massena lived in it and Mural gave a ball on the shore in 1815 it contained about 3,000 inhabitants; it now has about 18,000, but in winter has about



NICE, FRANCE—ENTRANCE TO THE PORT.

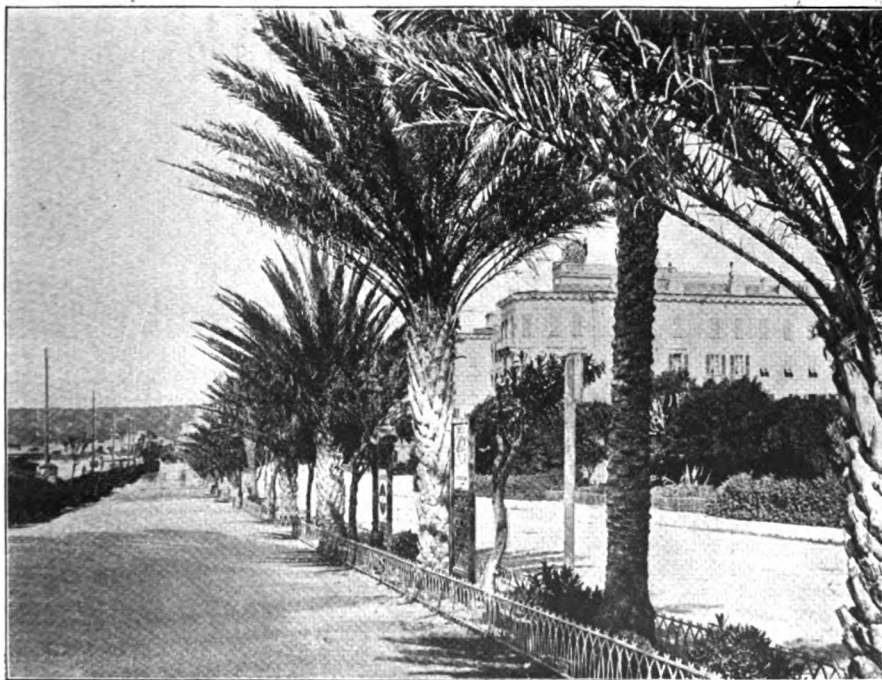
ward it was repeatedly taken by the French who succeeded in holding possession from 1792 to 1814, and in 1869 it was ceded to France by Sardinia (Savoy). The patriot Garibaldi was born in Nice, and Massena, the greatest of all Napoleon's Marshalls, was born here in 1758.

Leaving Nice, the railroad follows along the coast, and nineteen miles distant we reach Cannes, a charmingly situated town on a bay of the Mediterranean. A range of low wooded hills shelter it from the north and it occupies the center of the great curved bay fourteen miles in width, of which Cop Roux and the Cop de Antibes form the extremities. One of its principal

twice that number. It was here that Napoleon landed when he returned from Elba; entering Cannes after dark, he made his bivouac on the shore, but left at 2 A. M. on the 2nd of March, 1815, to march by the hill road, via Grasse and Digne, upon Grenoble and Paris. The list of celebrities who have lived and died in Cannes is very long, among whom are: Alexis de Tocqueville, Prosper Marinee, Louis Blanc, Victor Cousins, Auerbach and J. B. Dumas. The English Duke of Albany died at Villa Nevada in the spring of 1884, and in 1887 Queen Victoria visited Cannes to see the place and the beautiful memorial church of St. George of England,



NICE.—QUAI DES PALMES OR PROMENADE D' ANGLAIS.



NICE.—QUAI DES PALMES, OPPOSITE HOTEL D' ANGLAIS.

erected with the funds raised by the Prince of Wales.

The next place of interest on the way to Marseilles is Toulon. It lies at the head of a deep double bay and rises toward the north in the form of an amphitheater. The port is divided into two parts, the east is devoted to merchant shipping, and the west by the dockyards, ships, arsenal, cannon foundry, etc. The dockyard covers 240 acres, and belonging to the arsenal, which is said to be one of the finest in France, are the sail yard, armory, museum, etc. Toulon is the chief port of communication with Africa, and possesses important works of defense. Its ancient history is similar to that of Cannes, but has

years before Christ, and is one of the oldest towns in France. It was for many centuries, down to 300 A. D., a center of Greek civilization. The Greeks called it Massalia, the Romans Massilla. It supported Pompey against Cæsar, but was taken by the latter in 49 B. C., after an obstinate defence. It fell into the hands of the Saracens in the ninth century. In the tenth it was a republic, but fell to Charles of Avon in the thirteenth century, to Alphonzo V. in 1423, and to Henry III. of France in 1575, but it had always enjoyed a free port until Louis XIV. deprived it of this privilege in 1660. The years 1720 and 1721 are memorable for the devastation of the plague, when nearly half the population of



NICE, FRANCE.—CAPE MOWHORN.

some modern history not common to other towns on the Mediterranean. The English were defeated off here by the united fleet of France and Spain, 11th February, 1744, and in 1793 Toulon was occupied for four months by the English (under Hood) who, however, were forced to evacuate the place after being fiercely attacked by the French Republicans, a memorable siege, as it marks the first great achievement of Napoleon as a successful general.

Forty-two miles from here we reach Marseilles, in point of population the third city in France. Marseilles was founded by Phœceans from Asia Minor six hundred

100,000 perished. "It was the scene of stirring events in 1792 and 1793 during the French Revolution, and sent large bands of 'cut-throats' to Paris beside keeping sufficient at home to carry on wholesale murders."* In 1871 Marseilles joined with many other towns in proclaiming the Commune. It is the principal commercial port of France. The port is entered annually by about 8,000 vessels having about five million tons burden. The imports and exports reach a value of about four hundred million dollars. It is headquarters for

* Chambers' Encyclopedia.

many of the great French commercial companies. Something like 35,000 emigrants, of whom less than 2,000 are French, embark from this port yearly.

Among its memorable buildings are: the new Byzantine basilica, which serves as a cathedral; the pilgrimage church Notre Dame de la Garde, containing an image of the Virgin, greatly venerated by sailors and fishermen, and innumerable ex-voto offerings. It was built in 1864, on the site of an old chapel of 1214; the Church of St. Victor, 1200, with subterranean chapel and catacombs of the eleventh century; the health office of the port, with its fine paintings; the museum of antiquities; the Longchamp palace, with its picture gallery

a zigzag course to Paris and take a look at some of the old and historic cities in France; and our course naturally following the line of the river Rhone. As the port of the Rhone Valley is at Marseilles, fifty miles west instead of the mouth of the river, perhaps a description of the Rhone will not be out of place here. The Rhone has a long but narrow valley. The river rises in the glacier of La Furca, Switzerland. At St. Maurice it is but a few yards wide, and in the Valais its basin is only a league wide. It passes through Lake Geneva, but three leagues below Geneva, at Fort L. Ecluse, it again traverses a very narrow gorge. After it has turned the extremity of the Jura, the val-



MARSEILLES, FRANCE.—PROMENADE DE LA CORNICHE.

in one wing and natural history museum in the other; the public library, with more than 100,000 volumes. The public institutions embrace a botanical and zoological garden, a marine and an astronomical observatory, and schools of fine arts, Oriental languages, music, commerce, etc. Population, about 425,000. It was the birthplace of Pythias, an adventurous navigator, who discovered several new countries whose existence had at that period never been suspected; Petronious, an author at the court of Nero. Thries, the French historian, politician and patriot, was born here on April 16, 1797.

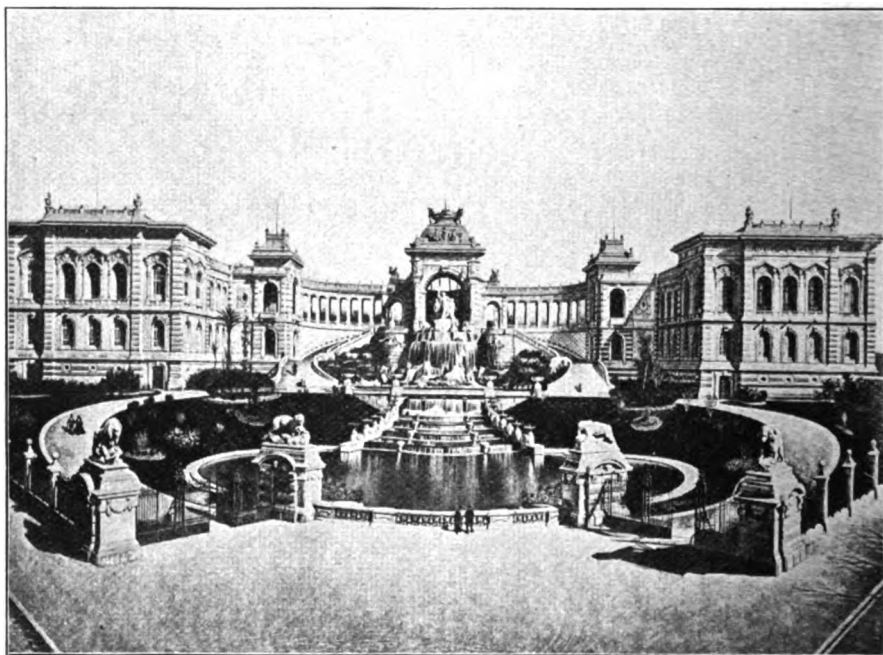
From Marseilles we concluded to adopt

ley is still narrow, and the river itself preserves a capricious and dangerous character. At Lyons it forms a junction with the Saone, and to the sea it flows with the swiftness of an arrow. In vain are its borders embanked; it breaks through the embankment and spreads desolation far and wide, especially when a south wind has rapidly melted the snows of winter, or when abundant rains have fallen upon the Alps. The detritus which the Rhone thus receives it carries along its course, strewn with numerous shallows, down to the Mediterranean, into which it carries every year 20,000,000 cubic meters of solid matter, and all the space from Arles to the sea has thus

been filled up, and this mass of sand and gravel, called the Carmagur, forces the Rhone to divide into branches, of which only one is navigable, so the port of the Rhone, as we said before, is at Marseilles. We leave Marseilles by rail, passing through Arles to Avignon.

Avignon is situated on the left bank of the Rhone, 75 miles northwest of Marseilles, and though it has narrow and crooked streets it is of very much interest to the tourist. It is still encircled by lofty crenelations (1349-60) except on the north side, where the Roches des Dones rises steeply from the Rhone to a height of 200 feet. The country about Avignon, however, is delightful, and extremely fruitful

bells, and to the tourist it would seem that there were more than enough churches now, though some have been demolished, among them that of the Cordeliss, with the tomb of Petrarch's Laura—demolished in 1791. Petrarch, whom we mentioned in our article on Naples in connection with Robert the Wise and Dante. Petrarch was a son of the Florentine Notary Petracco who was exiled with Dante (1302). He took refuge in Arezzo, where Petrarch was born, in July, 1304, the father moving to Avignon in 1312. The son became one of the earliest and greatest of modern lyric poets. While living here he first saw Laura, in the Church of St. Clara, the lady whose name he was to immortalize in his



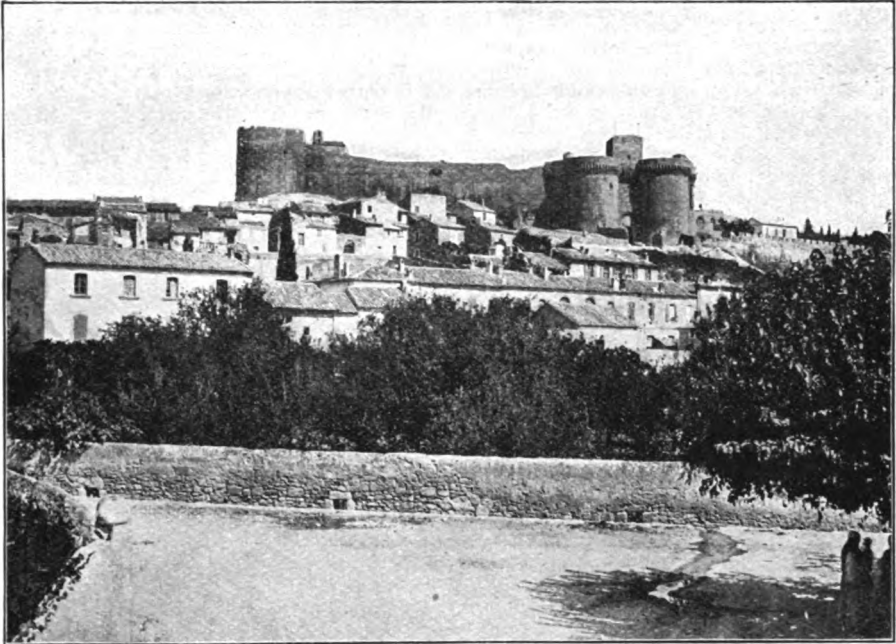
MARSEILLES, FRANCE.—PALACE LONGCHAMPS.

in corn, wine, olives, oranges and lemons. Population, about 40,000.

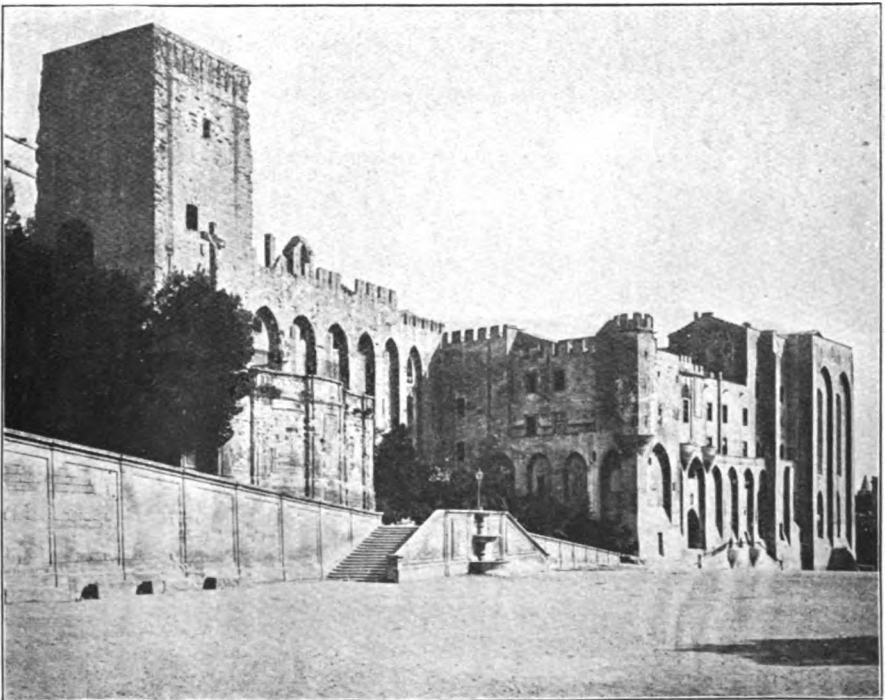
Avignon was the capital of the ancient Cavares, and presents many remains of the Romans, and it is celebrated in ecclesiastical history as being for a time the residence of the popes. By order of Philip IV. of France, Pope Clement V. and six of his successors, from 1308 to 1377, were obliged to live there. This period was called the Babylonish captivity. Here is the Cathedral of Notre Dame, dating from the eleventh century, with its papal throne and monuments to two popes (1339-64); the multitude of churches and convents made Rabelais call Avignon the city of

lyrics, and who inspired him with a passion which has become proverbial for its consistency and purity, though his love was unrequited, and, like Dante's Beatrice, she is said to have married another and become the mother of eleven children; yet the date of his first meeting Laura and the date of her death is recorded by Petrarch on the fly-leaf of his Virgil, now amongst the treasures of the Ambrosian Library at Milan. Petrarch's fame as an author was such that his presence at court was competed for by the most powerful sovereigns of his day.

Near the Hotel de Villa stands the quaint old Jacquemart belfry, a statue of Crillon,



AVIGNON, FRANCE.—FORT OF ST. ANDREW.

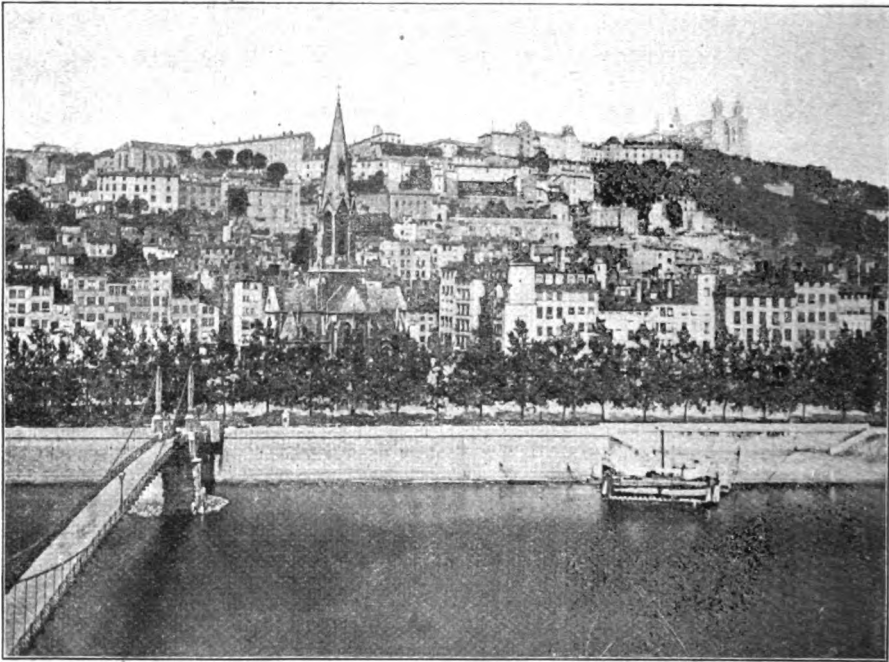


AVIGNON.—SECTION OF THE PAPAL PALACE.

Henry's brave captain, and a statue of Petrarch. Two ecclesiastical councils were held here (1326-37), and there is a little cottage in Avignon, long the loved retreat of John Stuart Mill and in which he died in 1873.

The next city of importance is Lyons, 315 miles south-southeast of Paris, the second city of France; population, about 450,000. It stands at the confluence of the Rhone and Saone, the latter being one of the great arteries of the country between the southeast and the north. Lyons occupies an important position, both from a commercial and military view. The importance of Lyons was established in 27 B. C. by Augustus, who visited Gaul and divided

St. Polycarp, who himself, in his youth, had heard the Apostle John. Pothinus, in a few years, won over a large number to the faith; but one day (177) the populace of Lyons rose against the Christians and conducted them before the governor, when the faithful were condemned to torture. The greater part of them faced martyrdom. The Bishop Pothinus died in prison at the age of ninety, and forty-seven other confessors perished, being either devoured by lions or put to the sword.* About the year 250 another effort was made, but persecution put a stop to it, at least publicly; men sought the humblest occupations in order to gain access to the people, and a century later St. Martin took up the work, and



LYONS, FRANCE.—GENERAL VIEW.

it into sixty municipalities or tribes, and held each tribe responsible for disturbances which broke out within its territory, and he made Lyons the capital and center of the imperial administration, and four great military highways were extended from Lyons to the ocean, to the Rhine, to the channel along the Rhone and the Mediterranean coast.

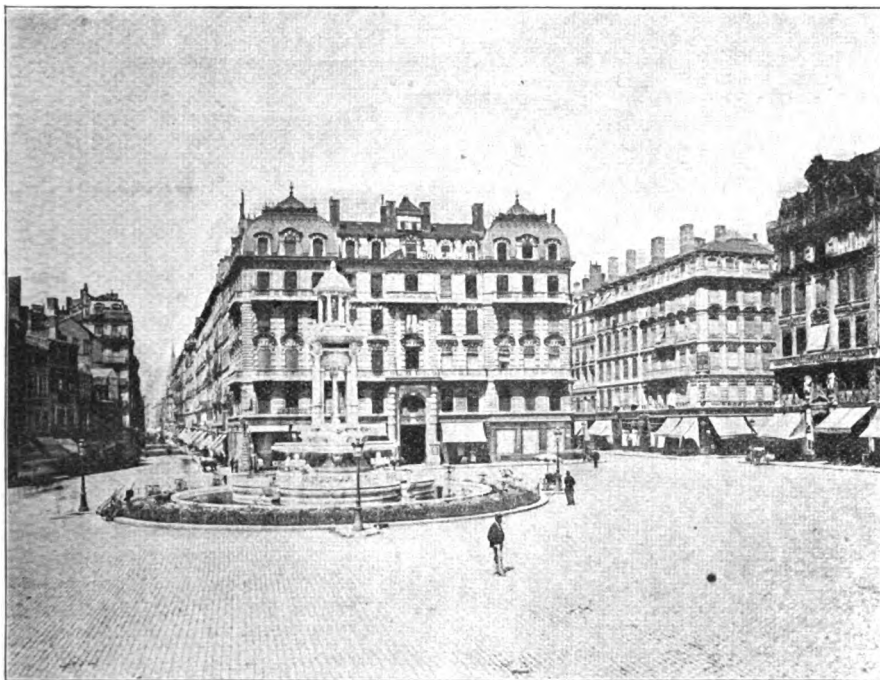
In the fourth century the schools of Bordeaux and Lyons are said to have rivalled those of Greece. Lyons had the first Galic church and the first martyrs.

About 150 A. D. there arrived in Lyons some priests of Smyrna, having at their head the Bishop of Pothinus, a disciple of

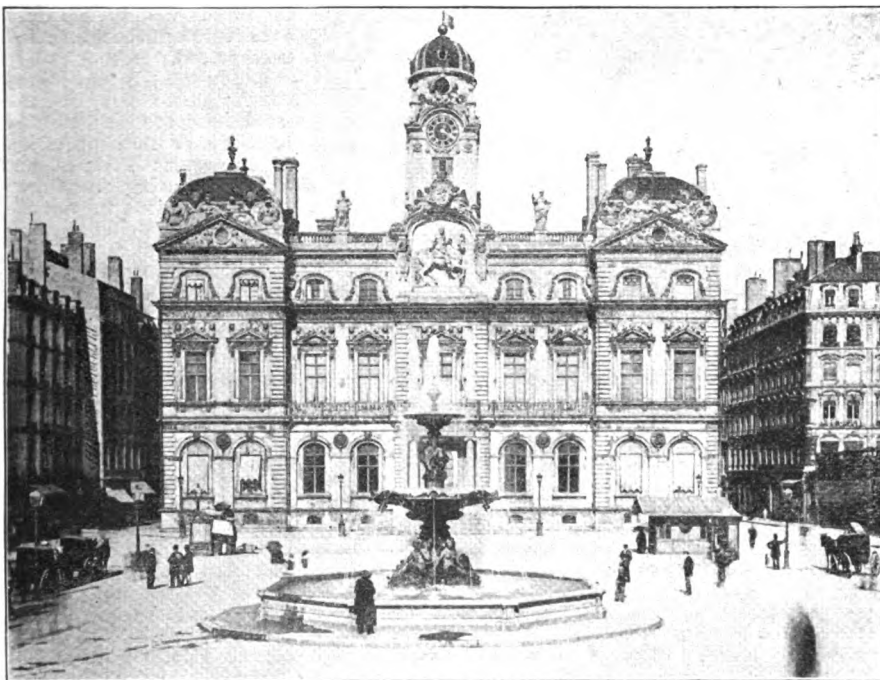
with Constantine on the imperial throne the work was not hindered.

In 1245, Pope Innocent IV., driven from Italy by Emperor Frederick, took refuge in Lyons and held there the thirteenth ecumenical council, which was attended by 140 bishops. In 1572 at 3 o'clock on the night of the 24th of August, the feast of St. Bartholomew occurred, the massacre of the Huguenots and on the following day the King sent orders to the governors of provinces, which extended the massacre, from which order some fifteen or twenty thousand victims perished, but

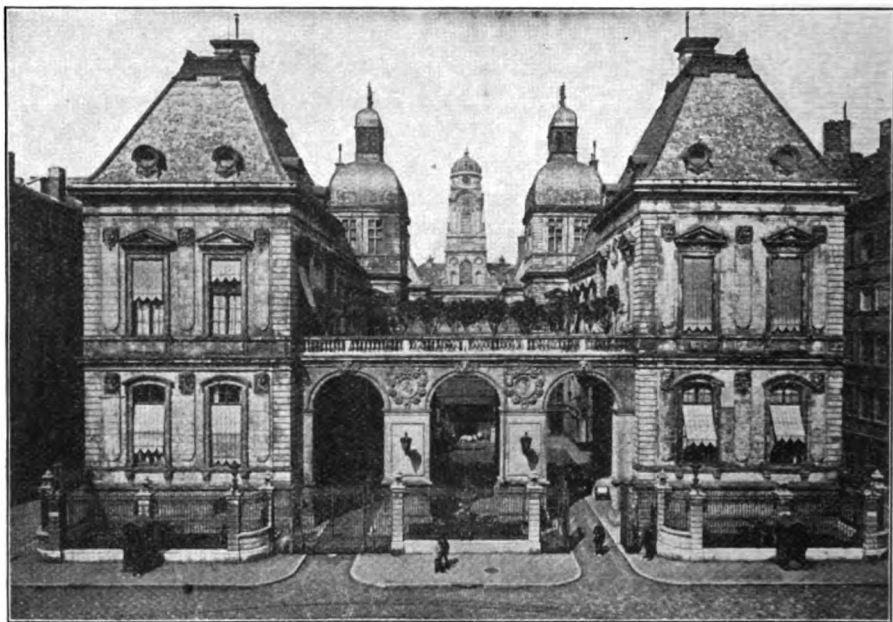
* History of France.



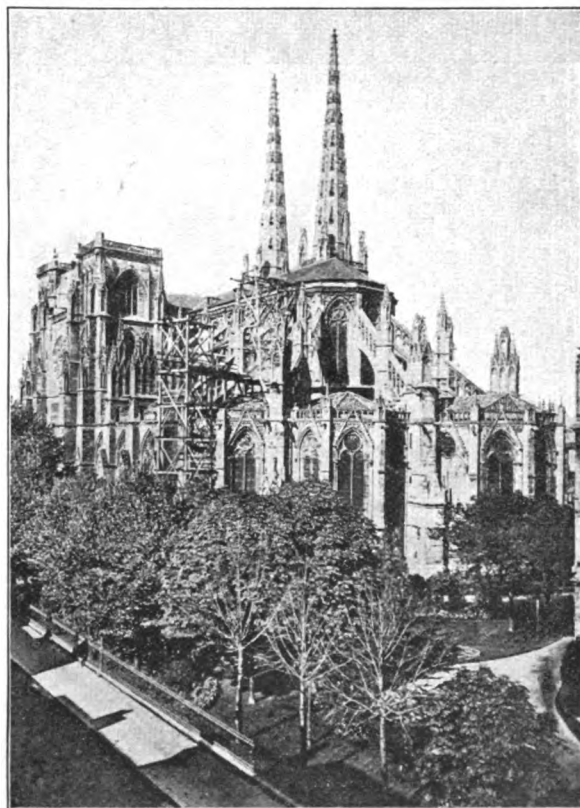
LYONS.—PLACE DES JACOBINS.



LYONS.—PALACE OF JUSTICE.



HOTEL DE VILLE, LYONS FRANCE



BORDEAUX, FRANCE.—CATHEDRAL OF ST. ANDREA.

the executioner of Lyons refused to take part in the murders, as he termed them, saying that it was not his duty to execute until sentence had been passed.

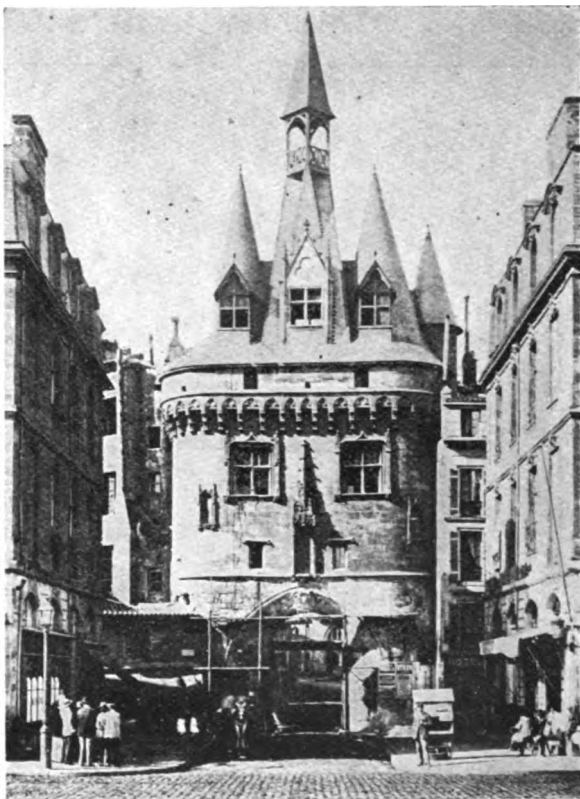
But in 1585 Lyons joined the league to carry out the conditions of the treaty of Jourville for the suppression of Protestant heretics, but this was during the thirty years of religious turbulence when passion held sway and religious prejudice was used as a political stepping-stone.

During the French Revolution (1793-99) the greater part of the cities in the south of France declared against the Convention, among them Bordeaux and Lyons, but the Convention enacted laws for the suppression of commercial and political liberty, and sent an army to Lyons and Bordeaux and they were reduced to submission, but Lyons held out for 63 days. The law against suspects threw 300,000 people into prison, and Barrere declared in the name of the Committee of Public Safety that France must become one vast camp, and in their efforts to make it so, cartloads of

victims, without regard to age or station, were daily dragged to execution,—in Lyons as well as elsewhere,—which exceeded the most horrible proscription ever recorded in history. In 1813, when France was attacked by the allied armies, the Austrian army occupied Lyons and the English Bordeaux. An insurrection of the workmen occurred in Lyons in 1831, which was suppressed, and in 1834 a mixed trade and political insurrection concurrent in Lyons and Paris was suppressed and 164 Republicans were put on trial before the Peers, then in 1849 the trade riot assumed very formidable proportions, and since the war of 1870 Lyons has been known as the focus of red republicanism.

The commercial and fashionable part lie in the long narrow tongue of land between the two rivers, Rhone and Saone, and is connected with the suburbs beyond by more than twenty bridges. This central part of Lyons contains many narrow streets, with tall, gloomy houses; yet there are some long wide streets and handsome squares. The Church of St. Martin d Ainay is the oldest in Lyons, dating back to the tenth century. St. Nizier is a fine specimen of the fifteenth century and has a crypt in which St. Pothinus is said to have officiated. Across the Saone and on its right bank is the steep high suburbs of Fourvieres, the ancient Forum Vetus of Trajan, whose summit 410 feet high is now crowned by the Church of Notre Dame (the new church begun in 1872) in which is the miracle working image of our Lady of Fourvieres, that is believed to have preserved the city from the cholera in 1832-35 and 1850; it is visited by thousands of pilgrims annually, whose offerings cover the walls of the church. From its tower, which is surmounted by a gilded statue of the Virgin eighteen feet high, a view can be had of the distant Alps. On this elevated site also stands the church of St. Irenaeus, in the crypt of which are preserved what purports to be the bones of 19,000 Christian martyrs who perished in the persecution of Severus, before mentioned. At the foot of the hill next the Saone is the Archiepiscopal Cathedral of St. John of the thirteenth century, with

magnificent stained glass windows, fourteenth century, and a celebrated clock of 1598. The left bank of the Rhone is very low and is protected by embankments to prevent their overflow and flooding the handsome new suburb Les Brotteaux. In the Tete de Or Park there is an oriental museum, a zoölogical collection, and a fine botanical garden, which taken together are decidedly interesting. La Guilotiere, a suburb to the south of the city, is decidedly squalid and evidently a breeder of the violence for which Lyons is quite noted.



BORDEAUX, THE PALACE GATE.

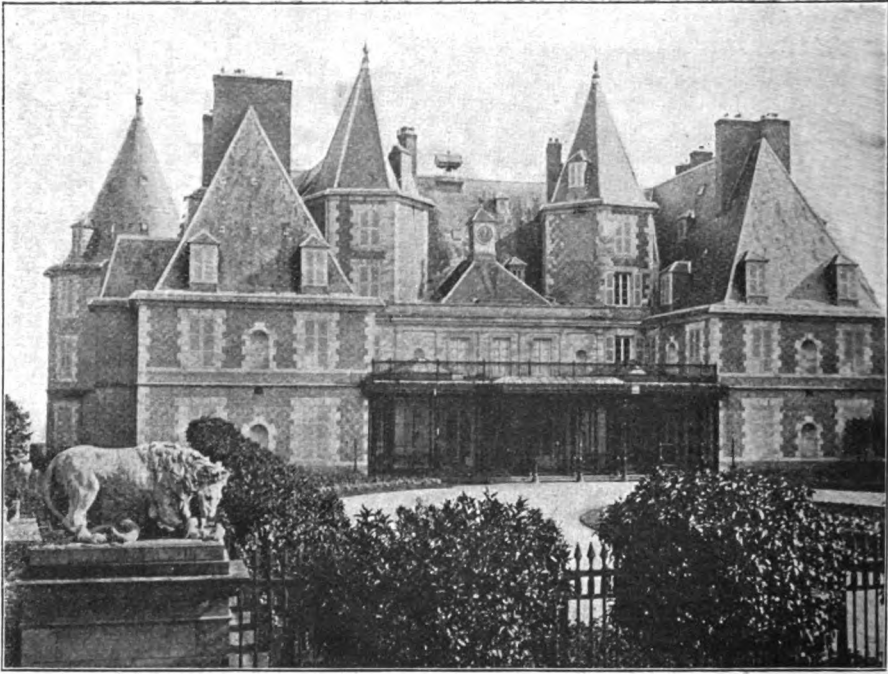
Lyons has its share of libraries and museums and a collection of Roman antiquities. The city is a fortress of the first rank, being defended by a double row of forts. The staple industry is the silk; it is computed that there are within the city and its environs from 75,000 to 85,000 hand looms, and some 25,000 power looms, employed in this manufacture and the annual production reaches more than \$200,000,000.

The list of notable persons born in Lyons includes Germanicus and the Roman Em-

perors Claudius, Marcus Aurelius, and Caracalla, Jules Fevre, Roland, Say, Suchet, the De Jussieus, Ampere, Recamier, Bonnet, Delorme, Messonier, and Jacquard. There is sufficient interest for one to devote much time to Lyons, but we fear we have consumed too much of the readers' time already, and we take the train for the west.

Our next stop is at Vichy, the most frequented bathing place in France. Millions of bottles of Vichy water are exported from here every year. It has some 15,000 population, and is visited by more than twice that number, who go there for the benefit

and Pope Alexander granted it, and he married Anne, and French history intimates that the marriage was more political than otherwise. Nantes also witnessed the embarkation of the young pretender Charles Stewart (1745); the fall of the Vendean leader Cathelmeau (1793) when Napoleon then but a captain drove them out of Nantes. Nature furnished a beautiful site for Nantes which has been much improved by art, further improvements between 1865 and 1870, now make it one of the handsomest cities in all France, with its noble river, quays, bridges, shady boulevards, squares, statues, etc. Popu-



VICHY, FRANCE.—CHATEAU DE RANDAN.

of the medicinal properties in the water, both for drinking and bathing.

We now pass on to the West to Nantes the city in which Henry IV. on April 15, 1598, issued the famous edict of Nantes which gave freedom of religion to the Huguenots, and whose revocation by Louis XIV. on the 22nd of October, 1685, drove 400,000 French into exile. Nantes was pillaged by the Northmen in the year 840. In a war over a candidate for the throne of France Nantes withstood a siege in 1342, and witnessed the marriage of Anne of Brittany to Louis XII. (1499); Anne was the widow of Charles VIII. Louis had been married for 22 years to a daughter of Louis XI., but not loving her he asked for a divorce

lation about 125,000. Ten miles below Nantes is the vast government steam engine factory of Indret employing some 3,000 mechanics and familiar to every reader of Daudet's "Jack."

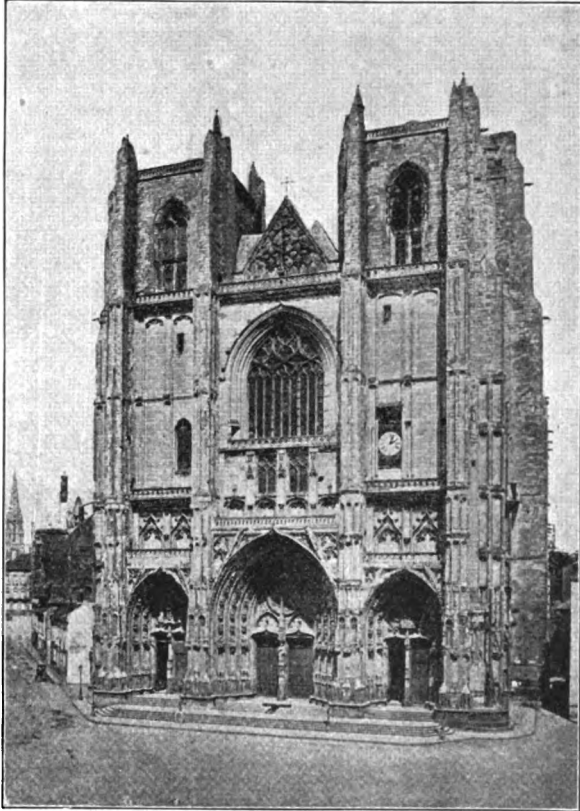
We go up the river to Tours, capital of the department of Indre-et-Loire, 147 miles southwest of Paris. It stands in the fertile valley of the Loire just above the influx of the Cher. It is a regularly built and handsome town. Conspicuous among its buildings is the noble cathedral built in various styles of Gothic from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century. It has two towers 205 feet high, and the glass in the many windows is very fine. Other buildings of interest are the church of St. Julien, the

towers and other remains of the famous abbey church of St. Martin (long a place of pilgrimage, but destroyed at the revolution), the Archbishop's place, Palace of Justice, Public Libraries, etc. Near the town are the remains of the monastery of Marmoutier and the Castle Plesses les Tours, the favorite residence of Louis XI., and there are some well preserved ancient houses, including that of the executioner Tristan l'Ermite. Near here Charles, surnamed Martel (the hammer), met the Saracens (732) completely defeating them which is considered the most important victory in the world's history as it saved western civilization from hopeless retrogression and ruin. Meetings of the States-general and councils repeatedly took place in Tours, and during the Franco-German war Tours was the seat of government from the time the Germans closed round Paris September 21st, but later they closed round and then occupied Tours.

The great silk manufactories of Tours, established in the fifteenth century, were destroyed by the revocation of the edict of Nantes for it drove nearly half of the most industrious inhabitants of the place into exile, though now they have a brisk trade in woolens and silks.

Blois is 36 miles by rail from Tours, and though it has but about 20,000 inhabitants it is very interesting. It has a remarkably fine situation on a steep acclivity, and is built chiefly on the right bank of the Loire. The old historic town with its crooked, narrow streets is mainly on the hill on the crown of which stands the historic castle which has been the scene of many interesting historical events. Louis XII was born in it, and under its roof Charles Duc d'Alençon and Margaret of Anjou, and Henry IV. and Margaret of Valois were married. Here also the Duc de Guise and his brother, the Cardinal, were murdered by order of Henri III., December 23rd, 1588. Isabella, queen of Charles VI., here found a retreat, and it served as a prison for Mary de Medici; Catherine de Medici died within its walls; and Maria Louisa here held her court in 1814 after Paris had capitulated. The castle was then neglected and used as a barrack, but the greater part of it has been finely restored,

and at great cost. Blois is a place of great antiquity. Stephen, who usurped the crown of England on the death of Henry I. (1135), was born here in 1105. He was the son of one of the counts of Blois, by Adela, the daughter of William the Conqueror; among other natives was Peter of Blois, subsequently Archdeacon of London, who died in 1200, and Denis Papin, to whom belongs the honor of having first applied steam (1690) to produce motion by raising a piston. He was also the inventor of the safety valve. The



NANTES, FRANCE.—CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER.

principal manufactures are porcelain and glass.

Orleans is 36 miles further up the river and but 75 miles from Paris. It stands in a fertile plain on the right bank of the Loire, the river being spanned by a nine-arch bridge, built in 1760, 1,092 feet long. Close to the city is the Forest Orleans, covering nearly 150 square miles and planted with oak and other valuable trees. The history of Orleans reaches back into the dim distance. It was the Celtic Genabum, where, in 52 B. C., the great Gallic rising

broke out against Julius Cæsar. About 272 A. D. it was renamed Civitas Aureliani, of which the present name is only a corruption. It was besieged by Attila in 451, passed into the hands of the Franks, and was twice plundered by the Northmen (855 and 865). In 1428-9 it was besieged by the English under the Duke of Bedford, but was delivered by Joan of Arc, called therefore the Maid of Orleans. The town suffered much in the Huguenot wars, and in the Franco-German war, being occupied by the invaders. It originally had walls and

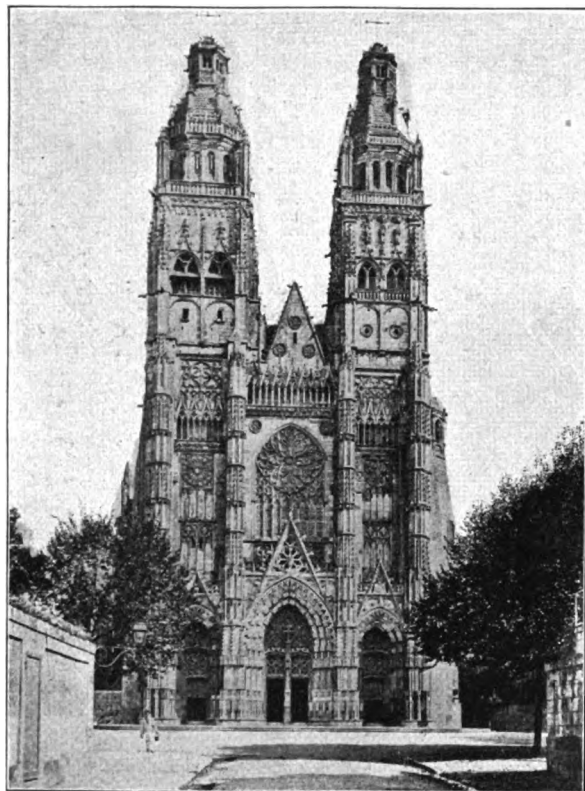
the Good toward the end of the .enth century. Almost every king added something in the way of enlargement and embellishment, so that the Chateau bears the character and style of almost every century. It was the residence of Christina of Sweden after her abdication, and here in 1657 she caused her secretary, Monaldeschi, to be executed. In the Chateau Pope Pius VII. was detained a prisoner for nearly two years by Napoleon, and here this emperor signed the act of his abdication in 1814. Fontainebleau now has a population of

about 15,000. From here we go back to gay Paris (see previous letter March 1900,) with upwards of forty theaters and numerous places of amusement, suited to the tastes and means of every class, and where the open-air and restaurant life in summer exceeds that of any other city in the world. The French delight in the glitter, the chatter, the radiant and noisy ebb and flow of the boulevards; and if his meal and wine are served in the open in front of the hotel or restaurant, all the better.

An American may live fairly cheap in Paris in the lower grade of restaurants, but in the better ones no price is affixed to the several dishes upon the bill of fare. The head waiter and the lady accountant, of course, know that you are an American, and you will be exceedingly fortunate if you do not pay from one-fourth to one-half more for your service than the Frenchman does who sits beside you. Still, Paris is an enchanting place, and we tarry for a season on our return visit and make a few side trips.

Nancy, a very beautiful French town, 220 miles east of Paris, is well worth a visit, and especially so to many who have become American citizens, whose parents or themselves have been identified with Alsace-Lorraine, over which Germany and France have had so much trouble, now annexed to Germany.

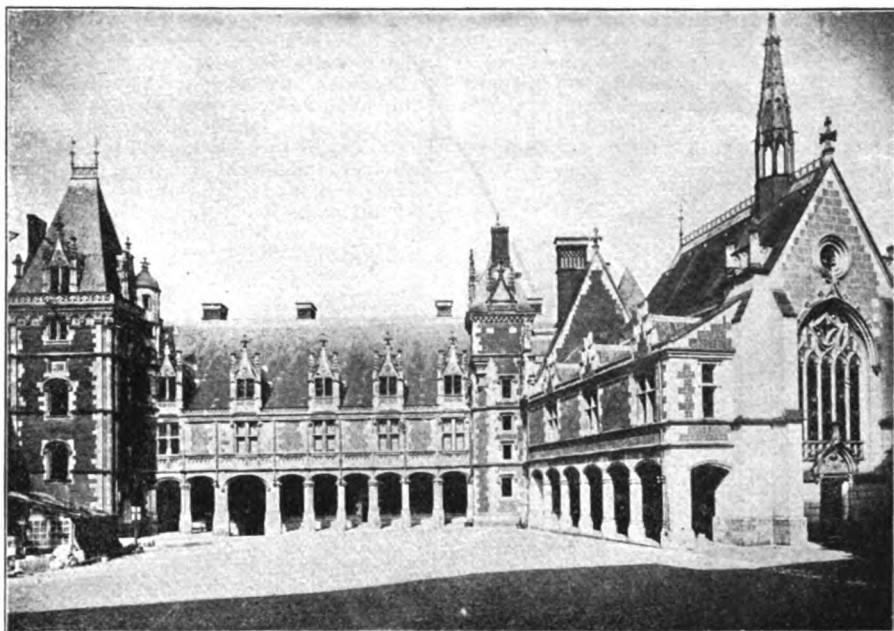
Another pleasant and interesting trip is to Havre, one of the chief ports in France from which emigrants set sail, about 40,000 yearly, composed mostly of French, Italian and Swiss, two-thirds bound for America. The history of Havre as a seaport dates from the reign of Francis I. (1516), who built the harbor and fortified it. The



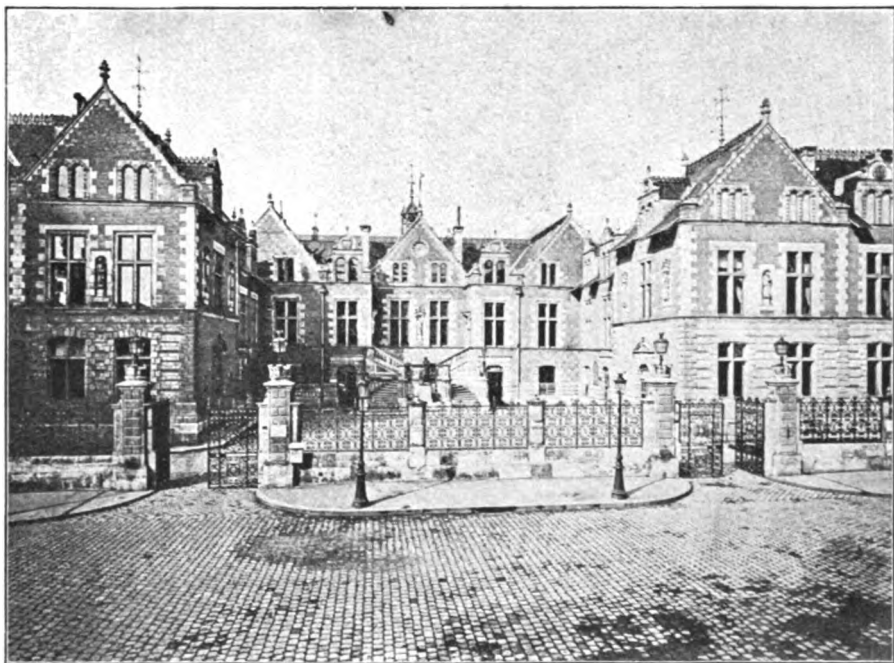
TOURS CATHEDRAL, FRANCE.

gates, but they have given place to handsome boulevards; but the town seems lifeless, and there is little in or about it to interest the tourist, and we proceed on our journey to Fontainebleau.

Fontainebleau is 37 miles southeast of Paris, with which it is connected by both steamers on the Seine and by rail. It stands in the midst of a forest on the left bank of the river, and is chiefly famous for its Chateau, or pleasure place of the kings of France, and the forest and fine scenery that surrounds it. The Chateau is said to have been originally founded by Robert



BLOIS CASTLE, FRANCE.—FACADE OF LOUIS XII. FROM THE COURT.



ORLEANS, FRANCE.—HOTEL DE VILLE.

town was held some months by the English in 1562. Louis XIX. made it a strong citadel, and it was several times bombarded by the English in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The walls which surrounded it were demolished in the middle of the nineteenth century. Havre possesses excellent harbor accommodations, but is difficult of approach from the sea, owing to the shifting sand banks that lie in the estuary of the Seine, but very extensive harbor improvements under way will

edge that we should have enjoyed it had it been held on a week day, yet our conscientious scruples were not sufficiently strong to keep us from seeing and knowing something of this greatest fete day in Paris life.

Having seen a large portion of the old world, enjoyed the sights and the study of its ancient, mediæval and modern history, architecture and sculpture, we begin to feel an irresistible longing for home, and we took the train for Cherbourg, 230 miles west-northwest of Paris. Cherbourg itself is insignificant and the streets are narrow and dirty, yet as a whole it is interesting, for France has spent some 250,000,000 francs on its fortifications and harbor works. It bristles with forts and outer works, and the extent of its breakwater, which incloses 2,000 acres in connection with its fortifications, assumes an importance that attaches to no other work of the kind in existence. Owing to the small depth of the greater portion of the port, we board a vessel and sail out to meet the good ship *St. Paul*, which we board with great satisfaction and become a part of the hundreds of peoples of all sorts and nationalities which go to make up the list on such a steamer and really begin our homeward journey.

Among those with whom we formed a pleasant acquaintance were Mr. Samuel Soper, President of the Pintah Gaslight Company, — gas commonly used to light railroad coaches; Mr. Frank Munsey, Editor and Proprietor of *Munsey's Magazine* and other publications, Mr. Hill, President of the Eastern Railway of Minnesota; and others, whose names we do not now remember, assisted in a social way to make our time pass

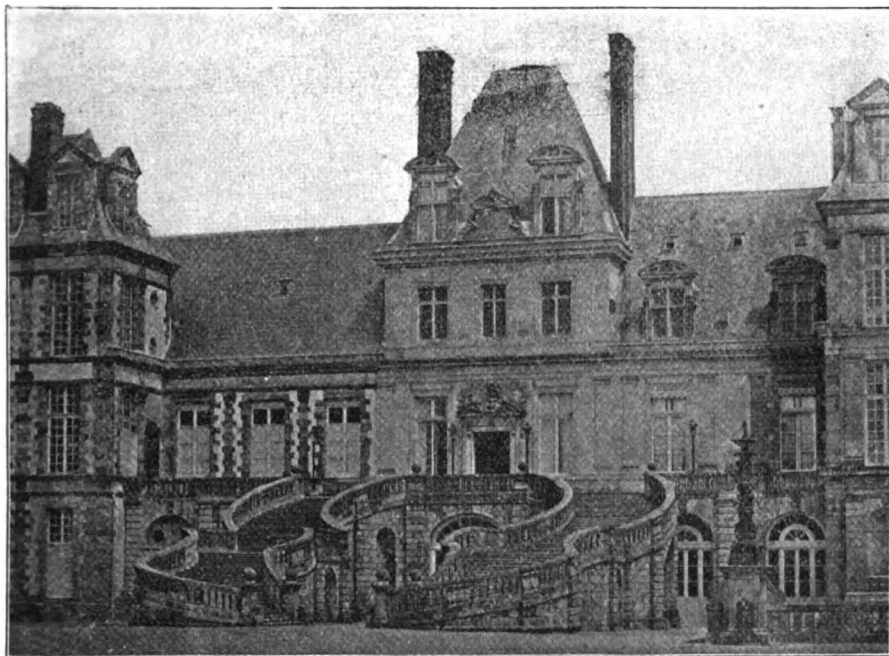
pleasantly during the trip. But to the student of human nature there is always variety and food for thought, and some amusement on board one of these great ships furnished by the three or four hundred types in his own class, and if one carries his investigation into the seven or eight hundred in the steerage he will have plenty to occupy his mind. Some begin to get seasick before the ship moves from its dock, who perhaps get over it in a day of sailing, while there are others who are never out of their stateroom until the harbor is reached in New York; yet there is usually plenty of company on deck.



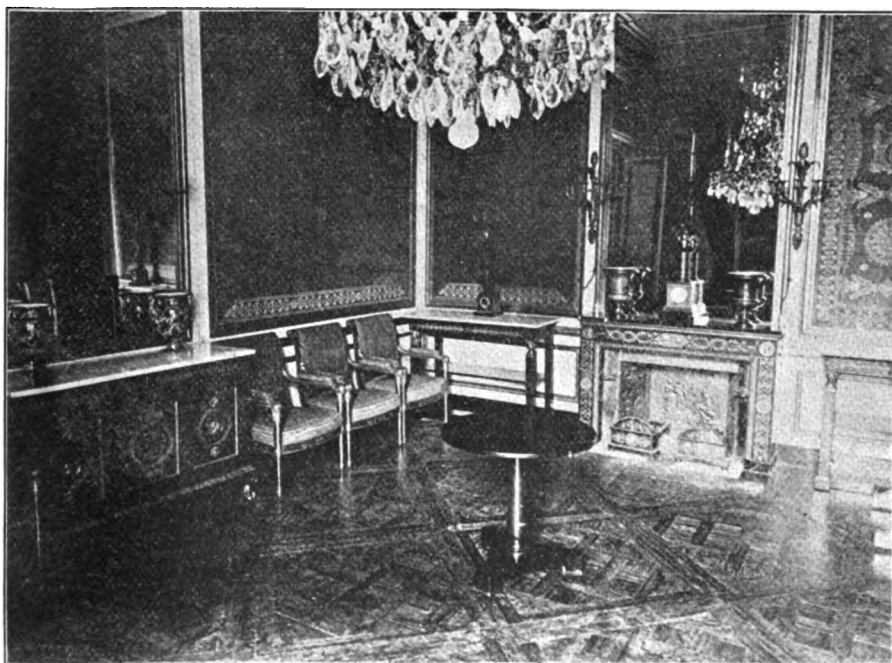
ORLEANS CATHEDRAL, FRANCE.

doubtless make Havre in time the leading port in France.

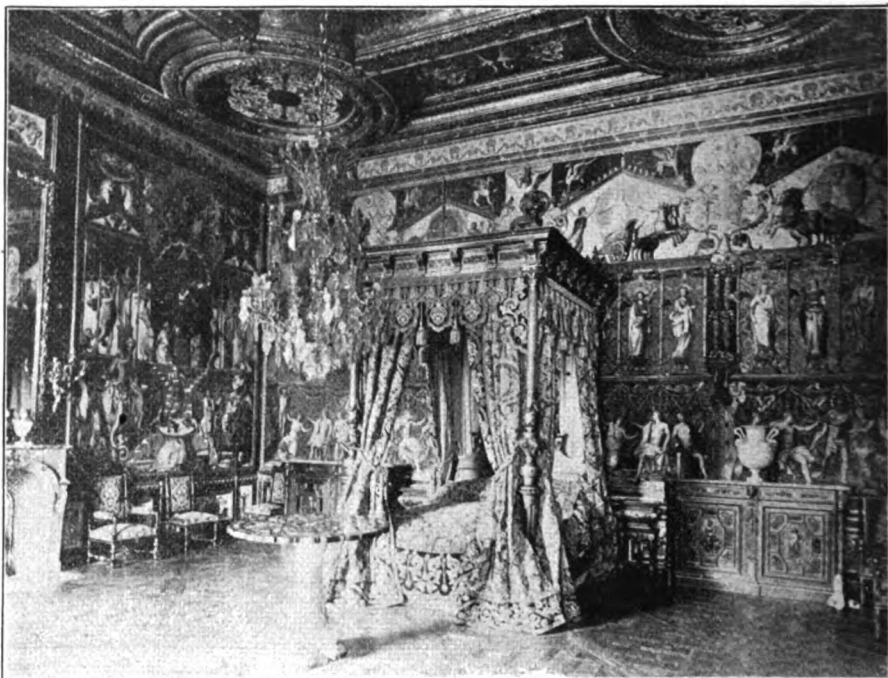
We are fortunately back in Paris in time to attend the Grand Prix, one of the greatest days in Paris life, though it is the great running races of the season and occurs on Sunday, when we attended it looked as though all Paris was there. There were 250,000 people on the grounds, and it is said that it cost the city \$24,000 to preserve order. We had never seen anything that equaled the crowd, nor the enthusiasm that swayed it as the flyers contested for first place. The Parisians seem to think nothing of its being Sunday; but we acknowl-



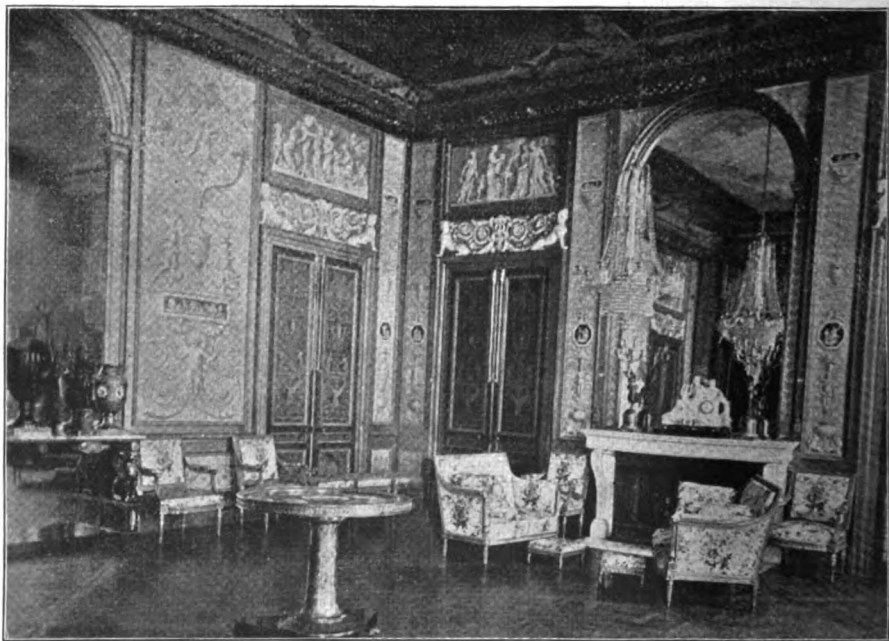
FONTAINEBLEAU, FRANCE.—THE PALACE—COURT OF THE WHITE HORSE.



FONTAINEBLEAU PALACE.—THE TABLE ON WHICH NAPOLEON SIGNED HIS ABDICATION, APRIL 11, 1814.



FONTAINEBLEAU PALACE—CHAMBER OF ANNE OF AUSTRIA.



FONTAINEBLEAU PALACE—APARTMENTS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

There are those who are modest and unassuming; possibly a bishop, a senator, or some notable known by reputation the world over, and those of smaller mental caliber who pose as, to use a slang phrase, "the whole thing." You are likely to have operatic celebrities, English Lords and Dukes, and those who are carried away with a desire to lead the cotillion, and there are those who have a penchant for changing their dress at least six times a day. And there are those who are, presumptively, better than others because they have a long pedigree, and they usually have it on their tongue's end ready to give it to you if circumstances permit. And

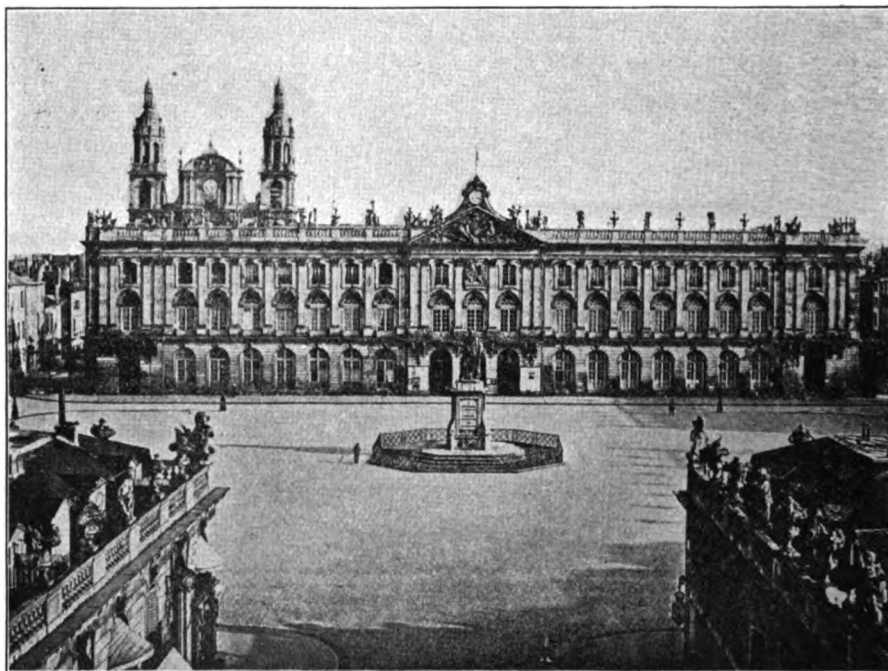
the trip, and as the proffered services cannot well be declined the torture must be endured. These entertainments take on quite a variety, and of course some of it is very good, some very commonplace, and some decidedly bad; yet it is a never-to-be-forgotten evening, and passes the time away, and not without leaving some pleasant and lasting remembrances of the trip. We were glad of any diversion that assisted in passing the time, for as the days passed our anxiety to see the land of our native country increased, but at the end of seven days we came in sight of New York city and I cannot describe my feelings of pleasure and anticipation as we neared the end



NANCY, FRANCE.—GENERAL VIEW.

there are those with unlimited nerve whose whole aim is to attract attention; another will persist in trying at least, to escort every young woman on board ship. And one has a better opportunity to study the freak side of humanity than the more substantial and enlightened portion of the ship's company. The ship's officers put forth their best efforts to organize entertainments for the passengers, but it seems nearly the same on every ship. Everybody who really can do something, and do it well, declines, while the less the talent the greater the anxiety to get an opportunity to perform, recite, or sing. But the one eventful night is sure to come during

of our long journey on a bright June morning in 1899. As I could see those dear to me in the distance it seemed an age before the *St. Louis* was safely moored to the dock, but soon the bridge was down and we were permitted to land, and when I looked into the faces of my children and that of Brother Salmons and Bro. M. H. Shay who had accompanied my children to give me a welcome home again, I confess I wept for joy that I was once more surrounded by loving friends and that I stood on American soil over which waved the most beautiful of all flags, significant of the greatest liberty known to any people since the dawn of man. The knowledge I had



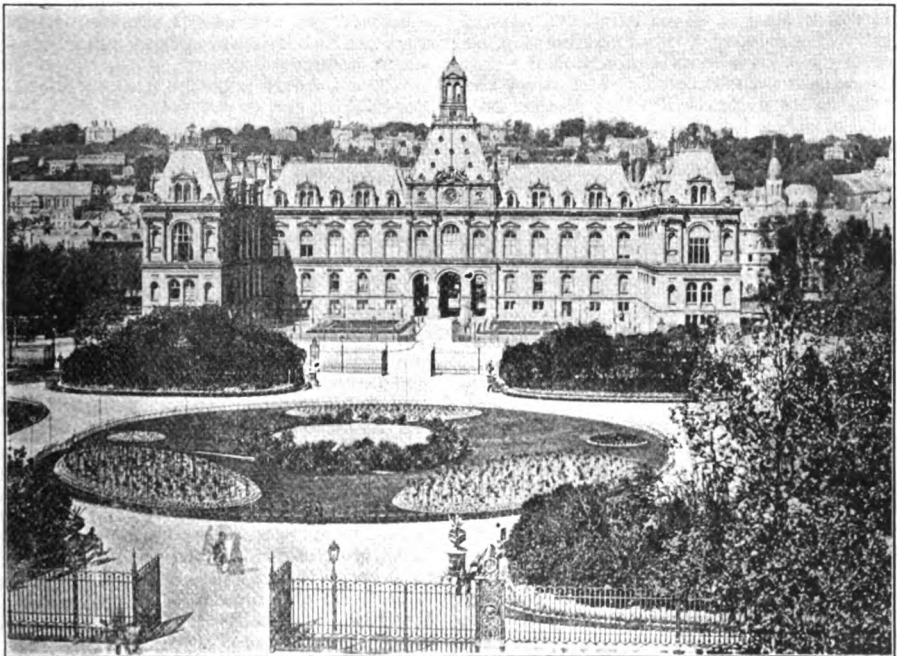
NANCY, FRANCE.—HOTEL DE VILLE.



HAVRE, FRANCE.—THE BOURSE.



HAVRE, FRANCE.—JETTIES.



HAVRE.—HOTEL DE VILLE.

gained of the Old World gave me power to better understand and appreciate the surpassing liberty and equality of my own country.

With this we close "The American Abroad" series of letters, hoping that we have at least in some degree added to the pleasure of the many readers of the JOURNAL.

The Siege of Berlin.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DAUDET.

We were going up the Champs Elysees with Dr. V—, gathering from the walls pierced by shell, the pavement plowed by grapeshot, the history of besieged Paris, when, just before reaching the Place de l'Etoile, the doctor stopped and pointed out to me one of those large corner houses so pompously grouped around the Arc de Triomphe.

"Do you see," said he, "those four closed windows on the balcony up there? In the beginning of August, that terrible month of August of '70, so laden with storm and disaster, I was summoned there to attend a case of apoplexy. The sufferer was Colonel Jouve, an old cuirassier of the first empire, full of enthusiasm for glory and patriotism, who, at the commencement of the war, had taken an apartment with a balcony in the Champs Elysees—for what do you think? To assist at the triumphal entry of our troops! Poor old man! The news of Wissembourg arrived as he was rising from the table. On reading the name of Napoleon at the foot of that bulletin of defeat he fell senseless.

"I found the old cuirassier stretched upon the floor, his face bleeding and inert as from the blow of a club. Standing, he would have been very tall; lying, he looked immense; with fine features, beautiful teeth and white curling hair, carrying his 80 years as though they had been 60. Beside him knelt his granddaughter in tears. She resembled him. Seeing them side by side, they reminded me of two Greek medallions stamped with the same impress, only the one was antique, earth-stained, its outlines somewhat worn; the other beautiful and clear, in all the luster of freshness.

"The child's sorrow touched me. Daughter and granddaughter of soldiers, for her father was on MacMahon's staff, the sight of this old man stretched before her evoked in her mind another vision no less terrible. I did my best to reassure her, though in reality I had but little hope. We had to contend with hemoptysis, from which at 80 there is small chance of recovery.

"For three days the patient remained in

the same condition of immobility and stupor. Meanwhile came the news of Reichshofen—you remember how strangely? Till the evening we all believed in a great victory—20,000 Prussians killed, the crown prince prisoner.

"I cannot tell by what miracle, by what magnetic current, an echo of this national joy can have reached our poor invalid, hitherto deaf to all around him, but that evening, on approaching the bed, I found a new man. His eye was almost clear, his speech less difficult, and he had the strength to smile and to stammer.

"Victory, victory!"

"Yes, colonel; a great victory.' And as I gave the details of MacMahon's splendid success I saw his features relax and his countenance brighten.

"When I went out his granddaughter was waiting for me, pale and sobbing.

"But he is saved," said I, taking her hands.

"The poor child had hardly courage to answer me. The true Reichshofen had just been announced. MacMahon a fugitive, the whole army crushed. We looked at each other in consternation, she anxious at the thought of the father, I trembling for the grandfather. Certainly he would not bear this new shock. And yet what could we do? Let him enjoy the illusion which had revived him? But then we should have to deceive him.

"Well, then, I will deceive him!' said the brave girl, and hastily wiping away her tears she re-entered her grandfather's room with a beaming face.

"It was a hard task she had set herself. For the first few days it was comparatively easy, as the old man's head was weak and he was as credulous as a child. But with returning health came clearer ideas. It was necessary to keep him *au courant* with the movements of the army and to invent military bulletins. It was pitiful to see that beautiful girl bending night and day over her map of Germany, marking it with little flags, forcing herself to combine the whole of a glorious campaign—Bazaine on the road to Berlin, Frossard in Bavaria, MacMahon on the Baltic. In all this she asked my counsel, and I helped her as far as I could, but it was the grandfather who did the most for us in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so often during the first empire! He knew all the moves beforehand: 'Now they should go there. This is what they will do,' and his anticipations were always realized, not a little to his pride. Unfortunately, we might take towns and gain battles, but we never went fast enough for the colonel. He was insatiable. Every day I was greeted with a fresh feat of arms.

"Doctor, we have taken Mayence,' said the young girl, coming to meet me

with a heart-rending smile, and through the door I heard a joyous voice crying:

"We are getting on! We are getting on! In a week we shall enter Berlin!"

"At that week the Prussians were but a week from Paris. At first we thought it might be better to move to the provinces, but once out of doors the state of the country would have told him all, and I thought him still too weak, too enervated, to know the truth. It was therefore decided that they should stay where they were.

"On the first day of the investment I went to see my patient—much agitated. I remember, and with that pang in my heart which we all felt at knowing that the gates of Paris were shut, that the war was under our walls, that our suburbs had become our frontiers.

"I found the old man jubilant and proud.

" 'Well,' said he, 'the siege has begun!'

"I looked at him, stupefied.

" 'How, colonel, do you know?'

"His granddaughter turned to me. 'Oh, yes, doctor, it is great news. The siege of Berlin has commenced.'

"She said this composedly, while drawing out her needle. How could he suspect anything? He could not hear the cannon nor see that unhappy Paris, so sullen and disorderly. All that he saw from his bed was calculated to keep up his delusion. Outside was the Arc de Triomphe and in the room quite a collection of souvenirs of the first empire. Portraits of marshals, engravings of battles, the king of Rome in his baby robes, the stiff consoles, ornamented with trophies in brass, were covered with imperial relics, medals, bronzes; a stone from St. Helena under a glass shade; miniatures all representing the same becurled lady, in ball dress, in a yellow gown with leg-of-mutton sleeves and light eyes; and all—the consoles, the king of Rome, the medals, the yellow ladies with short waists and sashes under their arms in that style of awkward stiffness which was the grace of 1806. Good colonel! It was this atmosphere of victory and conquest, rather than all we could say, which made him believe so naively in the siege of Berlin.

"From that day our military operations became much simpler. Taking Berlin was merely a matter of patience. Every now and then, when the old man was tired of waiting, a letter from his son was read to him—an imaginary letter, of course, as nothing could enter Paris, and as, since Sedan, MacMahon's aide-de-camp had been sent to a German fortress. Can you not imagine the despair of the poor girl, without tidings of her father, knowing him to be a prisoner, deprived of all comforts, perhaps ill, and yet obliged to make him speak in cheerful letters, somewhat short, as

from a soldier in the field, always advancing in a conquered country. Sometimes, when the invalid was weaker than usual, weeks passed without fresh news. But was he anxious and unable to sleep, suddenly a letter arrived from Germany which she read gayly at his bedside, struggling hard with tears. The colonel listened religiously, smiling with an air of superiority, approving, criticising, explaining, but it was in the answers to his son that he was at his best. 'Never forget that you are a Frenchman,' he wrote. 'Be generous to those poor people; Do not make the invasion too hard for them.' His advice was never ending; edifying sermons about respect to property, the politeness due to ladies, in short, quite a code of military honor for the use of conquerors. With all this he put in some general reflections on politics and the conditions of the peace to be imposed on the vanquished. With regard to the latter, I must say he was exacting:

" 'The war indemnity and nothing else. It is no good to take provinces. Can one turn Germany into France?'

"He dictated this with so firm a voice, and one felt so much sincerity in his words, so much patriotic faith, that it was impossible to listen to him unmoved.

"Meanwhile, the siege went on—not the siege of Berlin, alas! We were at the worst period of cold, of bombardment, of epidemic, of famine. But, thanks to our care and the indefatigable tenderness that surrounded him the old man's serenity was never for a moment disturbed. Up to the end I was able to procure white bread and fresh meat for him, but for him only. You could not imagine anything more touching than those breakfasts of the grandfather, so innocently egotistic, sitting up in bed, fresh and smiling, the napkin tied under his chin, at his side his granddaughter, pale from her privations, guiding his hand, making him drink, helping him to eat all these good forbidden things. Then, revived by the repast, in the comfort of his warm room, with the wintry wind shut out and the snow eddying about the window, the old cuirassier would recall his northern campaigns and would relate to us that disastrous retreat in Russia where there was nothing to eat but frozen biscuit and horse-flesh.

" 'Can you understand that, little one? We ate horseflesh.'

"I should think she did understand it. For two months she had tasted nothing else. As convalescence approached our task increased daily in difficulty. The numbness of the colonel's senses, as well as of his limbs, which had hitherto helped us so much, was beginning to pass away. Once or twice, already those terrible volleys at Porte Maillot had made him start

and prick up his ears like a warhorse; we were obliged to invent a recent victory of Bazaine's before Berlin and salvoes fired from the Invalides in honor of it. Another day (the Thursday of Buzenval, I think it was) his bed had been pushed to the window, whence he saw some of the national guard massed upon the Avenue de la Grande Armee.

"What soldiers are those?" he asked, and we heard him grumbling beneath his teeth:

"Badly drilled, badly drilled."

"Nothing came of this, but we understood that henceforth greater precautions were necessary. Unfortunately, we were not careful enough.

"One evening I was met by the child in much trouble.

"It is tomorrow they make their entry," she said.

"Could the grandfather's door have been open? In thinking of it since, I remember that all that evening his face wore an extraordinary expression. Probably he had overheard us; only we spoke of the Prussians and he thought of the French, of the triumphal entry he had so long expected, MacMahon descending the avenue amidst flowers and flourishes of trumpets, his own son riding beside the marshal, and he himself on his balcony, in full uniform as at Lutzen, saluting the ragged colors and the eagles blackened by powder.

"Poor Colonel Jouve. He no doubt imagined that we wished to prevent his assisting at the defile of our troops, lest the emotion should prove too much for him, and therefore took care to say nothing to us; but the next day, just at the time the Prussian battalions cautiously entered the long road leading from the Porte Maillot to the Tuilleries, the window up there was softly opened and the colonel appeared on the balcony with his helmet, his sword, all this long unused but glorious apparel of Milhund's cuirassiers.

"I often ask myself what supreme effort of will, what sudden impulse of fading vitality had placed him thus erect in harness.

"All we know is that he was there, standing at the railing, wondering to find the wide avenues so silent, the shutters all closed, Paris like a great lazaret, flags everywhere, but such strange ones, white with red crosses, and no one to meet our soldiers.

"For a moment he may have thought himself mistaken.

"But, no, there behind the Arc de Triomphe, there was a confused sound, a black line advancing in the growing daylight—then, little by little, the spikes of the helmets glisten, the drums of Jena begin to beat, and under the Arc de l'Etoile, accompanied by the heavy tramp

of troops, by the clatter of sabers, bursts forth Schubert's 'Triumphal March.'

"In the dead silence of the streets was heard a cry, a terrible cry:

"To arms! To arms! The Prussians! And the four Uhlands of the advance guard might have seen up there on the balcony a tall old man stagger, wave his arms and fall. This time Colonel Jouve was dead."
—*Cleveland World*.

Scares for the Engineer.

ILLUSIONS OF THE RAIL THAT TRY THE NERVES ON LOCOMOTIVES.

I wonder what was the first instantaneous sensation of that Canadian engineer who ran down Jumbo in the fog. Probably no engineer ever had a stranger shock; but shocks, strange and otherwise, are the portion of every man who stands at a locomotive throttle. He must get used to them the best he can—or find some occupation with less nervous strain to it. Most of them in the business get hardened to the unexpected, which is always happening on the rails.

One of the worst starts I ever had was due to a large lazy pig who had got on my mind. Nothing will slide a train more easily and destructively from the rails than live pork. This particular specimen had a habit of burrowing alongside the track, and it was a fair presumption that sooner or later he would find something to interest him between the rails, and somebody would go down the bank.

I was coming down a hill one day at high speed, and craning my neck for a comforting sight of piggy in his accustomed place, when, as I popped round the curve, a bright red flag assaulted my anxious gaze. The connection between that flag and the pig was only a bit of mental aberration, on my part, but it was very vivid.

I shut off and grabbed the whistle cord, but before I could even screech for brakes I saw that the flag was only a red flannel shirt, which the good woman of the shanty to which the pig belonged had hung on an improvised clothesline between the telegraph poles. That may not sound like much of a scare, but it represents a type that turns the railwayman's hair to a delicate ash color.

Railroad men have supplemented the rules with additions of their own, for the sake of convenience and to expedite the work. When a man is sent out to flag he gets instructions. Perhaps he is told to let all regular trains pass, but to hold everything else; then he understands that his conductor will have his train in the siding when those trains arrive.

A freight train had occasion to cross to the other track, but there wasn't time to cross ahead of the limited. A man was sent ahead with orders to let the limited go by and hold everything else until he should be called in. I was fireman on the limited that night, and the place I write of was in the middle of a twenty-mile run, where the engineer had made a practice of catching up any little time previously lost.

I heard a sudden exclamation as George, my engineer, shut off and snapped on the air. I stepped to the gangway and caught a glimpse of a fellow waving a red light frantically as we flew by. In another instant we rounded the curve, and there was a headlight right in our face and eyes.

George "horsed 'er over," and I thought he would surely pull the sand lever out by the roots, but in spite of all that headlight came up on us like a comet. Of course, we thought the other fellow was crossed over on our track, or he wouldn't have flagged; it didn't make any difference that he had no right to be there; there he was. George yelled for me to "get off," but a single glance at the ground satisfied me with my chances where I was.

A moment later we rolled past the engine and half the train—which was on its own track. The freight conductor climbed up on our engine and asked George if that blamed fool had flagged him. George stammered and stuttered with nervousness before he found his tongue, but when he did that conductor heard something that was well worth listening to. Such a salvo of verbal pyrotechnics—George expressed himself about the conductor, and he about the flagman—one hears but once in a lifetime.

A newly-located watchman's shanty—looking exactly like the end of a box car—set my scalp to tingling one night. There had never been anything there but the river before, and when the headlight glared on that very substantial structure, I was sure my call had arrived.

Another time, a tool box in a tunnel, partly covered with overclothes and a coil of rope, started me for the step, under the impression that it was a rock fallen from the roof. But these are mere harmless scares, which help to keep one awake. The engine gets by them before you get off, and you are back in your seat again breathing anathema against the thoughtless idiot who was the cause of it all. Then there are the other kind.

I was poking up a long hill one night when a red light suddenly showed up, followed at once by another, indicating that the caboose of the preceding train was just ahead, and I was coming up to it with astonishing rapidity. I yelled to my fireman to jump, and we had barely landed in the ditch when six cars and the caboose of the

train ahead climbed all over our engine. The train had broken in two, and this was the rear section that had trundled down the hill on top of us.

Frequently I have been asked if railroad men are superstitious. I think not, though they might be pardoned if they were.

One night, after the meeting, Fred Jones asked, with fairly well-assumed indifference, if "any o' you fellers" had seen a mysterious flagman at night near the old stone house, this side of Ollendorf's Fill. Two or three of the men looked around quick and sharp, as though the question reminded them of something, but nobody admitted he had.

"Darn funny," said Fred, puffing at his cigar like a "mog" on a grade, "I've seen 'im twice, 'n danged if I c'n make it out."

In response to careful pumping, Jones told me that on two occasions, on the night trip, a fellow had sprung out from behind the ruins of the old stone house and flagged him—not with a lamp, although it was night time, but with a flag. He stopped both times, but no man was to be found, nor was there any occasion for flagging.

On the second occasion, his conductor hinted with railroad frankness that Jones was dopy, so Jones said he would disregard the fellow's signal if he ever saw him again. As to details, he remembered only that both nights were brilliantly moonlit and that a good breeze was blowing.

About two months later, along in the fall, after a heavy rain, Jones ran into a bad rock-side a quarter of a mile beyond the old stone house. His fireman was killed, but he escaped with a sprained ankle. He came hobbling up to me a day or two later, as I was oiling round, and said:

"Wal, I done it."

"Done what?"

"Run by that stone house flagman I was tellin' ye about; wonder if they'll think I'm dopy now?"

He went on to tell me that the same fellow flagged him the night of the accident; but, with his good name in mind, he dropped her down a notch, breathed defiance at the spook through his teeth and went through the cut tail on end, only to pile up on the side a moment later.

One night, a long time after that, I was killing time on a clearance. The moon was about full, pretty well down in the west, and there was a stiff breeze from the same quarter. I remembered Jones' flagman and decided he would never have a better chance to get caught. I shut off and let her roll on approaching the stone house.

Waving shadows on the track, cast by trees and bushes on the bank above, suggested a possible solution of the mystery. I kept my eyes fastened religiously on the

spot Jones had described and presently saw there was something there. Gradually the thing took form, until, when within a train length, I could have sworn that a man was in front of me waving a flag.

I put on brakes, slowed right down, and gave an answering toot toot, but he paid no attention. Then I crawled out on the run-board and looked at the moon, which was just visible above the bank at my right. As the moon, myself and the man came into line he became blurred and indistinct, and I observed that a small pine tree on the bank was also coming into line with us. When the line was complete the flagman spread out and lost form.

Next time I saw Jones I told him about it, and he exclaimed:

"Well, I'll be darned!"

On his next day off Jones deadheaded to the station near the stone house and tramped four miles with an axe. The spook flagman never bothered him nor any one else thereafter.

A ludicrous case of misplaced confidence in the evidence of his own eyes was that of Pete Schufeldt, a crabbed, contrary, Lehigh Valley Dutchman. Pete had enjoyed a ten days' involuntary vacation through being "outlied" by his conductor and crew in regard to an open switch, and he hungered and thirsted for revenge.

Coming east shortly afterward in a dense fog and carrying white flags, they crossed over at a water-plug and left some cars on a siding. They backed on to the train again, and while the fireman took water, Pete got down to oil. He found a warm wedge on the front driving box on his side, and pulled it down a bit. While he was under her, the conductor passed and told him to call the flag when he was ready.

Pete got his tallow-pot, gave the wedge a good dose of cylinder oil, put the pot on the run-board, finished oiling and climbed into the cab. He was in the very act of reaching for the whistle cord to call the flag when he saw what looked like the target of an open switch right ahead of the engine. It was really the staff of the white flag, helped out by the tallow-pot, which he had forgotten and left on the run board. But the heavy fog, aided and abetted by the simmer of the safety valve and escaping steam from the cylinder cocks, obscured his vision and distorted his perspective.

Here was a chance to get square with that conductor. A local was following them pretty close, and a few minutes' delay would "lay her out" and necessitate an explanation from the conductor as to how he came to leave that switch open. Pete sat down comfortably in his cab and awaited developments.

When the conductor came up fuming,

Pete told him with fine sarcasm that if he was in a hurry he had better close that gate in front of the engine. During the interchange of courtesies which followed this shot, the fireman noted the absence of the tallow-pot, and asked Pete if he had had it. The conductor referred in a scornful manner to Pete's cranial density, and told him he couldn't see the switch from there anyhow."

"Ish dot so?" roared Pete, foaming with righteous indignation. "Better you get your eyes fixed. Vat you call dat, hey?" and he pointed triumphantly ahead, just as the fireman reached up and lifted the tallow-pot down from the run-board.

Of course, the supposed open switch target disappeared, and Pete has been trying to explain ever since.—*New York Sun*.

Passed It Along.

There was trouble in the office of the old P. D. & Q.

When the news came in that No. 4 had smashed with No. 2

And distributed calamity for half a mile around
Till it was impossible to see the color of the ground,

And the chairman of executives said to the president:

"It strikes me that you can't run a railroad worth a copper cent!"

Whereupon the general manager was called upon the floor

And informed that he was careless in the case of 2 and 4;

And the general manager remarked: "I very plainly see

That the general superintendent needs a red-hot roast from me—"

Which the same induced the general superintendent to call in

The division superintendent, whom he criticised like sin.

And who straightway had the master of the road report to him

For a roasting then and there administered with dash and vim.

Said the master of the road: "The section foreman is the chap

Who has caused this great disaster, and I'll knock him out a rap,"

So he called the section foreman, and he said: "You careless cuss,

Your remarkable stupidity has made scapegoats of us—"

Which the section foreman took as quite a personal affront

And resolved right then and there to do a criticising stunt

On his own hook, so he called the man who greases up the track.

And he said: "It seems to me you ought to find a friendly crack

And crawl into it and pull your carcass after you, you chump.

For neglect of duty on your part has got us on the jump!

If you'd greased your tracks this accident would never have occurred.

You just go and draw your salary, without another word!"

* * *

So the greaser took the order for his cash and drew his roll.

And remarked with much emphatic language:

"Well, upon my soul,

Dis road's de cheapest lot o' guys dat I has ever saw,

An' dis 'ting o' takin' blame f'r udders rankles in me craw;

Wy, de chairman o' de board spen's all de money in de Bas'.

An', by gosh, I can't be greasin' w'en I ain't got any grease!"

—Denver Times.

The Railroad Tie.

The drummer in railroad supplies handed the drummer in cotton goods his silver-mounted flask as he settled himself comfortably as the train pulled out of Philadelphia for Washington, says a Washington *Star* man.

"The reason why you chaps in the South used to have, many years ago, so many accidents on your old lines was because pine trees, being so convenient, were used extensively in the making of railroad ties, than which no more important element enters into the make-up of a railroad," he said. "Pine wood will not hold the spikes, is soft, and rots quickly, and has now been abandoned as supports of the steel rails.

"Whoever thinks of the ties of a road as he speeds along at the rate of sixty miles an hour with scarcely a tremor of the coach in which he is sitting? No one; but railroad men give the closest attention to these wooden ribs.

"Ties are placed at varying distances apart, but the average distance adopted by most trunk lines is 1½ feet from center to center. Give me your pencil. There are approximately about 3,500 ties to the mile. These ties are worth delivered to the road from 90 cents to \$1.10 each, depending upon the point of delivery. In the prairie sections of the west, for instance, ties, owing to the distance from the base of supplies, are more expensive than in a region abounding in forests. Placing their value at one dollar each, on a double track from New York to Washington, a distance of 221 miles, the ties alone are worth \$773,500, while along the sides of the track are piles of ties seasoning easily worth half this sum. Therefore, in a road operating 2,000 miles of track its ties alone represent an expenditure of \$7,000,000.

"Each tie is carefully inspected by men who make that their business, who look for splits, decayed places, worm-eaten spots and other imperfections. Each piece of wood selected must be up to the standard size in length, width and thickness. If the

inspector passes a tie he daubs a round splash of red paint on the end, which shows plainly on the freshly hewn or sawed wood, and that's what all those little red eyes meant on that pile of new ties we just passed and of which you asked the meaning.

"The average life of a tie is about five years, depending upon climatic influences and the character of the road bed. Ties set in soft, moist soil will, of course, rot quicker than those placed in rock ballast, which is now the accepted road bed of all of the great lines. The various species of oak are mainly used, though chestnut and one or two other varieties of wood which are tough and of firm, solid grain are used.

"We don't hear so much about spreading rails and ensuing accidents as a decade or two ago. One reason for this is the closer inspection now given to ties and their renewing, and the great improvements made recently in road beds and their care and maintenance.

"Iron ties have been used on some of the roads in Europe, but if they have been proved a success there they have not been adopted in this country, and I doubt if they will ever be. Down in Central America in the tropical forests they use ties of solid mahogany, as it is about the only wood which will withstand the climate and the ravages of tropical insects. Up here, we are glad to have a veneer of mahogany for our tables."

A Homesick Boy.

He came and sat down beside me Sunday on one of the benches in Olentangy Park.

Only a mere slip of a boy—sixteen, perhaps—ungainly, uneasy; clothes very plain and ill-fitting. When I caught him looking at me he shifted his eyes in embarrassment. Sometimes there is a look on a strange face which pleads: "Won't you let me talk to you?" That was the question the boy's face was asking me, so I said:

"Nice day."

"Yes, sir," he answered, eagerly, "but I don't believe it's as nice a day here as it is back home where I live." He saw my look of inquiry and went on:

"You see, sir, my home is away out in Indiana—that is, my mother's home and mine; I have been in Columbus only nine days. I am an errand boy in ———'s store."

"And how do you like Columbus?" I asked.

"Why, sir," he said, "I am afraid I don't like it very well; that is, I never knew a fellow could be so lonely where there are so many people, sir."

I saw his lips twitch and he turned away his face, pretending he saw something of interest. I knew it was only a pretext to

hide the tears. Neither of us spoke for a time. When the little chap had mastered his feelings, he went on:

"But I'm going to try to like Columbus," he said, bravely, "because, when I can afford it, I am going to bring my mother here to live; I got a letter from her yesterday! Would you like to see it?"

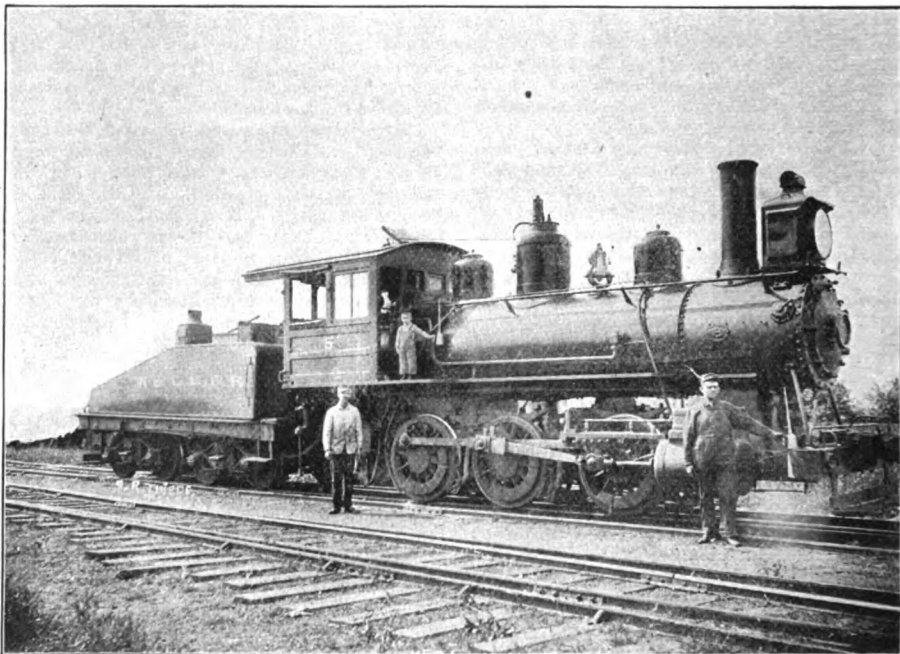
Forthwith from his pocket came a well-thumbed envelope. In it was the depth of a mother's love, and the tender echo of her prayers between the lines. As he replaced it, he said, smiling:

"She thinks a good deal of me; I shouldn't wonder she is lonely, too, but then I'm going back home on a visit in the fall."

supersensitive conscience. Because his worldly affairs were unusually prosperous he felt he should in some way "mortify the flesh." A humorous friend suggested matrimony. The advice was taken seriously and the man married a widow, with the following result:

"The charm and comfort of married life had wrapped him about as with a mantle, and he was at peace with the world. From this state his conscience pricked him awake, and on a night when he had been particularly troubled he sought his friend and counsellor with a clouded brow. They sat together in their accustomed place on the fence.

"I'm bothered, Silas," said Nathan.



W. & L. E. ENGINE No. 5.—Bro. E. J. Connell, Div. 4, engineer, at the right; his little son on running-board, and fireman to the left. Photo by C. R. Thiede.

We talked for some time. When I arose to leave he asked modestly:

"Do—do you sit here every Sunday?" Then we parted.

If you chance to meet a boy with blue eyes and sunny hair—a boy about fifteen years old, wearing ill-fitting clothes, stop long enough to give him a word of cheer and welcome; he is the homesick boy from Indiana.—*Ohio State Journal*.

One Marriage Not a "Failure."

Paul Laurence Dunbar's amusing story in *The Lippincott* is about a man with a

" 'What's the matter?'

" 'Why, there's several things. First off, I ain't never told the widder that she was a mortification, an' next, she ain't. I look around at that old house o' mine that ain't been a home sence mother used to scour the hearth, an' it makes me feel like singin' fur joy. An' I hear them children playin' around me—they're the beatnest children; that youngest one called me daddy yistiddy—well I see them playin' around an' my eyes are opened, an' I see that the widder's jest another blessin' added to the rest. It looks to me like I had tried to cheat the Almighty.' "

Correspondence.

All contributions to our Correspondence and Technical columns must be in not later than the 10th of the month to insure insertion.

Articles must be written on one side of the paper only. Noms de plume may be used, but every article must be signed with full name and address of the writer to insure insertion.

We shall be glad to receive articles on any subject of general interest to the fraternity.

All communications are subject to revision or rejection, as the Editor may deem proper.

The Editor does not assume responsibility for the opinions expressed by contributors in this department. C. H. SALMONS, Editor and Manager.

The Day We Celebrate.

'Twas a glorious sight to witness all the stalwart
sons of toil
Keeping step to martial music, and unstained by
labor's moul,
Side by side, in big battalions, heads erect, a
mighty throng,
Pledged to plead or fight for justice, and redress
each grievous wrong.
There enfranchised, limbs all chainless, in a great
fraternal crowd,
Marched our city's brawn and sinew, while each
heart was pulsing proud;
Proud to know that day was dawning for the
masses o'er the earth,
And our townsmen, always loyal, marched to cele-
brate its birth.

Out of workshops, from the forges, and from every
mart of trade,
Came the crowds, our friends and neighbors, in
their richest garbs arrayed;
Some were gray-beards, all were stalwarts, there
were smooth-faced lads as well,
We saluted as they passed us with a great frater-
nal yell
Every throat was full of cheering when we saw
that grand array,
Keeping step with step—God bless them—o'er our
streets on Labor Day.
And we thrilled enthusiastic, and we sent our
shouts on high,
As we saw that greatest gathering ever 'neath
Oswego's sky.

Oh, my boys, past times remember, when the dol-
lars marked the days,
When expostulation failed us such starvation pay
to raise,
We were helpless, disunited, while our manhood's
strength we gave,
Weary from long hours of labor, not a hope,
save for the grave;
On the Sabbath, men would tell us how God loved
the starving poor,
And choice bills of fare would greet us, once St.
Peter oped his door,
That while rich men ne'er could face him, we'd be
sure of harps and wings,
And through never-ending ages could wear crowns
like earthly kings.

Education made us doubtful of sky-pilot pulp-
iters,
And their pleasing joys post mortem, which they
fed us on for years,
As substantial as wind pudding to our craving
breasts they were,
We just longed for food more solid than moon-
made celestial air.
Then we reasoned all together, we debated much
at length,
And resolved to be united, and for justice wield
our strength;
Many sighs to smiles were altered, grief we
changed to spells of mirth,
And we've pie and cake and beefsteak very often
now on earth.

Well, I know what toil is, Brothers, take the hand
this pencil guides,
It was calloused oft and blistered, caused by work-
ing double tides;
I'm no stranger to the workshops, nor the mer-
cantile marine,
Nor the railroads, nor the forges, where the men
of brawn are seen,
And I crave a moment's patience, while I say a
word or two,
Couched in garb of sincere friendship, in your
glorious prime, to you.
While you pulse with strength gigantic, and no
mortal foe you fear,
Bear with patience what I'm saying, for I love the
cause most dear.

"Give and take, be that your motto, let no dema-
gogues be found,
Those pernicious agitators that are spread the
country 'round,
Who enthrone themselves our leaders, walking
delegates, and those,
Who with fluent tongues keep blating 'mongst
employers, making foes,
Sort them out, you do not need them while you've
reason on her throne,
Or they'll give you trouble plenty that will surely
make you groan;
Thirty years' experience teaches in the ranks
where I have stood
That such mouth-almighty workers are the bane
of brotherhood."

But away with every phantom that around me
seems to rise,
And all hail ye sons of labor, whom we've wit-
nessed with our eyes;
How the brazen trumpets sounded thrilling notes
of martial glee!
And the measured tread denoted men determined
to be free!
Not a thing to mar the pleasure of the day we
dearly love!
E'en the sun sent down his greeting from his dis-
tant heights above,
And from hearts of exultation, as we saw the
grand display,
Poured sincere congratulations for Oswego's Labor
Day.

SHANDY MAGUIRE.

Can There Be Harm in Kissing?

The waters kiss the pebbly shore,
The winds kiss the hills;
The sunbeams kiss the tulip buds
For the odor it distills.

The moon-beams kiss the clouds at night,
The star gems kiss the sea;
While shadows, dreamy, soft,
Are kissing on the lea.

And the zephyrs kiss the budding pink,
The blooms and beauty's lips,
And ruder blasts, though cold and chill'd
Its ruddy nectar sips.

The winds, the waves, the budding flowers,
The laughing merry rills:
Are kissing all from morn till eve
And clouds still kiss the hills.

Even Heaven and earth do meet the kiss,
Through tears of sparkling dew;
In kissing your girl, can there be harm,—
I don't think so—do you?

ETHEL.

Could Write if They Would.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Since the home on Meadow Lawn Farm is an affair of the past, there does not seem to be so much interest taken in the Correspondence columns of the JOURNAL; why, I cannot understand, for certainly there is much information that we would be glad to receive from those who could give it if they would only write. Perhaps I may say something that will be the means of getting someone else started.

To begin, this year is noted for strikes in many different trades—the miners, the steel workers, etc. Have we any interest in these strikes as railroad men? It seems that they are striking against a power that is gradually drawing the yoke around and about them. I do not care to enter into the merits or demerits of their cause, but I want to ask a question. Are not the railroads in general being drawn into the same condition, and possibly when too late will we not have to confess that all these other strikes were against a policy that, if undisturbed, will sooner or later crush us all?

Someone else can take that thought up where I have left off, for right here I want to make an assertion, and that is that the

worst enemy the workingman has in this country is *rum*. If you do not believe it, go out and watch the saloons on pay days, then watch the back alleys on Saturday when the Sunday supply is put in. There cannot be an excursion or picnic, a wedding or a funeral, unless there are several kegs on tap. In all trades this habit prevails to an alarming degree, and if the money thus spent was saved for a rainy day there would be more happiness, less discontent and fewer strikes. I presume someone will take me to task for the above assertion, but I have been around a little, and without much trouble could conduct you to country towns where the receipts taken in several saloons are so large that to keep the people from knowing how much they are they go to cities to deposit their money, and the most of it is received from iron and steel workers and railroaders, I am sorry to say.

Now, another thought crowds itself upon me, and the question arises, Have they gone up to the highest limit? I mean the large locomotives and cars our systems have adopted. Is there any more money for those employed in handling them, and in return what tonnage do they haul over the road for the wages received? Have you ever thought of it? Are your trips any longer or harder to make? To be rightly understood, I want to say that while I believe your responsibilities have been increased, I am not ready to admit that the increased locomotive and length of train have made your burden any worse than it used to be, providing you get over the road inside of your eleven hours or less, for in my day, I remember you having to double each hill with your train, and when you reached the terminal, the yard facilities were so small that many and many a time you were compelled to stand on a siding from six to eight hours before you got rid of your train, and that was all considered in the trip. When I look backwards to that time, it certainly seems impossible that in a few short years so many improvements could be made. At that time every engineer had his own engine, and if she could not pull your train you doubled with it. With increased business came larger

engines, heavier bridges, larger rails, and as business further increased, more tracks, heavier cars; and now, they own all the engines, everybody runs them, and you are expected to get there, hills or no hills. But someone says they are making piles of money and ought to pay more. Certainly they are, and who wants them not to? Who cares to work for a poor company, and for your check receive an I. O. U.? True, there are some things that their attention should be called to before they get too bad, but at this time let us all remember that railroads should be run to earn big money, for when you consider all the expenses of running the road, and to pay the 90,000 employes and insure their welfare and happiness, the question assumes large proportions, too large to think and worry about for an

OLD MAN.

Andrew Carnegie.

I am going to try to advise Andrew Carnegie how to distribute his enormous wealth to the best advantage, that is, from a purely charitable standpoint. Of course I don't expect the canny Scotchman will follow my advice. But I wish to do as much as possible for him by way of appeasing the wrath of the Almighty. Carnegie's idea of seeing his enormous wealth used for good purposes before his demise is an exalted one. Holy Scripture exalts it. "Leave all and follow me"; and "blessed be the poor in spirit for they shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." I am going to begin by saying that I don't want a farthing of it for myself. Andrew could not "shove" any of it on me, because I am so grateful to the Omnipotent for giving me health and strength to carve out my own livelihood. Now, he has recently remarked to a member of the New York Chamber of Commerce at Slibo Castle, that he has £56,000,000 or upwards of \$280,000,000 to give away in public benefactions. What an enormous amount of good this vast amount of money could do if directed in truly charitable streams; but the word charity hardly ever appears in its true Christian sense in any of his acts. In most cases when he does make an offer to some

city or town to establish a library he makes the terms so severe that they from sheer inability cannot accept it, which makes it appear evident that he don't want to part with his wealth in spite of his protestations to the contrary. It is said that he is undecided in what manner to dispose of his wealth for the public good. He wishes the public to obtain the best results from his benefactions. Now, this does not lie in the direction of art galleries, scientific museums, libraries or other similar institutions, not because these institutions are not worthy, but there are other institutions and objects where the need of charity is more crying.

Whoever heard of Andrew giving alms to the needy poor, to some struggling church or hospital in need, or some industrial school where poor boys and girls are taught trades and kept out of vicious paths? Andrew could take a trip through parts of London or the big cities of any country and see with his own eyes the fact that young girls are often forced to adopt a life of shame merely because of poverty's sting. The alleviation of poverty, that is, taking away poverty's sting, will ascend to heaven as sweet incense and help Andrew's camel through the needle's eye quicker than his present course. Feed the hungry and clothe the naked first; let the institutions come after.

Remember, dear Andrew, that a coffin and shroud made of asbestos will not preserve the immortal soul, and a poor man will have a better chance of being one of the elect, although he does not now belong to the elite. LOUGHREA, Div. 104.

Raise a Fund for Indigent Brothers.

HAMILTON, ONT., Sept. —, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL—Having appropriated a day from business, for the purpose of enabling me to attend the recent union meeting at Bellville, Canada, while there I made use of the opportunity to make inquiries concerning the welfare of many of the old guard, with whom I had been connected for many years, fighting the battles of Brotherhood. It was with feelings of the deepest sorrow that I learned of so many

of them having run their last trip, and left their troubles and their good works for all time. It was not for the purpose of referring at any length to our departed and revered brothers that induced me to address these few lines to you, but for the express purpose of appealing to and arousing the manly and healthy sympathy of our young and strong brothers, on behalf of the old and helpless living. On making inquiries from a brother about that grand and sturdy brother, David Neilson, of St. Thomas Division, I was grieved to learn that the savings of a lifetime had been lost in an unfortunate business undertaking with some of his relatives. I was also informed that Brother Neilson is at present located in Alabama on a few acres of land; he is racked with rheumatism, and consequently unable to make a living with any degree of comfort.

I had the pleasure of acting on the General Grievance Committee, of which Brother Neilson was for many years the able and much respected secretary. Now he is old, poor in health and in pocket, from no fault of his. His family, I believe—who he educated and cared for until able to do for themselves—have no claim superior to his on the amount of his insurance policy. Would it not be more just, more humane and more brotherly, for our insurance association to pass and perfect measures to enable our unfortunate and afflicted brothers, as in Brother Neilson's and similar cases, to have at least, if not the whole amount of their policies, a part paid to them to pass their remaining days in comparative comfort.

If not practical to do as above suggested, I respectfully suggest that a fund be formed, by annual assessment of \$5 each on all members of the Brotherhood in active service, for the purpose of relieving and assisting our old and infirm brothers in poor circumstances. Such a fund could be controlled by the Grand Office, and disbursed in accordance with proper vouchers from the officers of the respective Divisions having such unfortunate brothers on the records of their Division.

I would like, if space and time would admit, to make an urgent appeal to the

young and strong members of our Brotherhood, to do all possible to perfect some measure for the benefit of that class of brothers above referred to. We only pass through this world once, there is no return when our earthly destination is reached, therefore we should not let an opportunity pass to do a good and kindly action, without doing it to the best of our ability and means, by so doing securing another mark on our record for admittance to the world above.

Though not in active service as an engineer, my mite is ready for any measure decided on for the purpose of helping those of our brothers unable to help themselves.

Fraternally yours,

E. FINSLEY, Division 133.

Transportation For Employees.

EDITOR JOURNAL: At the next meeting of the G. I. D. action should be taken in regard to transportation over foreign lines for engineers. Some lines give passes over foreign lines to their engineers. Some other lines will not, but will give half rate permits. Some of the lines granting half rates would give passes just as readily if request was made for them.

We should try to arrange a better and more favorable system of transportation, as none of us desire to put up when going to see our friends. Perhaps it would be a good plan for each Brother to apply to his own Division for passes and the Division to apply to Chairman of Committee of Adjustment, and Chairman make application to the Chairman of the system over which the Brother would desire to go. It would then become the duty of the engineers of each system to see that the request of their Chairman was complied with.

Should a plan of this kind be approved of, it should not be abused. No Subdivision should make request more than once in a given time. No doubt if such a plan was presented to the managers, they would approve of it. Brothers, take this matter up and try to do something with it. It would be equivalent to an increase in pay without increasing pay rolls.

YRHOOT.

Thoroughbred Jerseys.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., Sept. 11, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I was amused at the article in the September issue of the JOURNAL of the honest milkman, who, after his cows were killed, did not want the railroad to pay for Jerseys, and it reminded me of a friend who was appointed claim agent on a Southern road a few years ago. In a letter, a short time after his appointment, he stated that he noticed a remarkable thing in the South: a Southerner would take a common milk cow and cross her with a freight train, and she would be a thoroughbred Jersey. Yours,

THOMAS E. ALFERDS.

Discipline of Railroad Employees Without Suspension.

MACON, GA., Aug. 30, 1901.

Mr. P. M. Arthur, G. C. E., Cleveland, O.

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: Enclosed please find copy of correspondence between Gen'l Mgr. Gannon, Southern Railroad, and myself relative to discipline. If you think it worthy I would be pleased to have it published in the JOURNAL.

Yours very truly,

J. I. WHIDDON,
General Chairman.*Mr. D. S. Gannon, Third V. P. and Gen'l Mgr., Southern Railway Co., Washington, D. C.:*

DEAR SIR: Doubtless you have not forgotten a conversation between yourself and the writer on March 12 last, relative to "Discipline of Railroad employees without suspension." For want of time the conversation was not completed and may not have impressed you as, in my opinion, the importance of the subject demands.

With the highest regard for you personally and officially, I beg to direct your attention to a few conclusions at which I have arrived as to the relative rights of employer and employee and the best method for each to secure their rights. In doing so, I do not write in a spirit of egotism; neither do I wish to be understood as championing a cause antagonistic to your administration of the affairs of the Southern Railway Co.

On the contrary, I write from the standpoint of a loyal employee of the company for a period covering many years, whose interest for the success thereof has always been co-equal with his individual interests.

In a little book entitled "A Railway Book for Railway Men", Mr. G. R. Brown, the author, under the heading, "Discipline without Suspension," says: "Penalties are imposed for two purposes: First, to uphold the law and prevent its further violation; and second, to reform the violator." "Punishment inflicted indirectly benefits thousands who do not violate the law as well as the one who does."

"Officers of railroads differ from judges of the law, in that they make the law and enforce it, while the judicial magistrate administers the law as he finds it. If the people are dissatisfied with the laws they change them, but there is no appeal from the decision of the railway official who performs the functions of judge, jury, and executioner."

With the foregoing as a basis for discipline and rules governing employees, you will agree that a code of laws could be formulated that would, if adhered to, be as effective in the successful operation of a railroad as the certainty of victory to a well-drilled and well-equipped army in combat with another of inferior mind, practice, and equipment.

The successful general would not think of risking battle at the head of a column of his fellow men who he thought were his inferiors morally and socially. He, of course, wears his epaulets by reason of his especial training and superior skill. While that is true, when the time for action comes he does not, nor dare not, draw the lash like one would over "dumb driven cattle," and by harsh and cruel means attempt to drive them to the performance of duty. Such a course could only be expected to result in rebellion and mutiny, especially in a country where the Caucasian freed the land, and in a country where the blood which flows through the veins of the Anglo-Saxon of today is the same as that which gave life and courage to those of long ago who declared that "all men are born free and equal." Knowing this, where he

draws his sword for action the command is: "Charge; Follow me, my countrymen!"

"My countrymen." This is the sentence and these the words best calculated to inspire men to full performance of duty.

Pardon me for suggesting, Mr. Gannon, that the relation of railway employer and employe, instead of being that of master and slave, should be as that of teacher and pupil. The teacher should be a judge of human nature. So should the railway employer. When a man or boy (pupil) presents himself for employment, it should be an easy matter for the employer (teacher) to judge of his qualifications. Into these should enter intelligence, a proper amount of education for the branch of service in which he seeks employment, and above all, pride of character, which is the inheritance of those only who are law-abiding and the descendants of those who upheld and respected laws before them. Water cannot rise above its source, and in order to have the commerce of the world handled by a great army of men as above described, the officers themselves should not only possess these qualities, but be enabled to judge in a great measure whether they exist in others. With such men as this in your army of over 30,000 men, the system known in railroad parlance as "raw-hiding" would cease to exist.

I confess that my ideal of railroad discipline can only be attained through the lapse of time and by the hearty co-operation of employer and employe. I grant you rigid discipline is necessary in the operation of a railroad, and it would be worse than folly to attempt to operate one without enforcing it. However, I believe you will agree with me that if young men are brought into the service with the qualifications heretofore mentioned, as in your own case, these will become the official heads of the future, and there will be a reciprocal feeling between employer and employe, and the "black list" will be a thing of the past. Thus officered and manned, employes would do their utmost at all times, both with the hope of securing advancement and to merit the commendation of their employers; while on the other hand, employers knowing the character of

the men with whom they dealt, would only find it necessary to issue a command in order to have every assurance it would be executed. The necessity for "raw-hiding," now so prevalent, would not exist.

With such a foundation and groundwork on which to plant the great army of railway workers, your circular to employes under date of April 23, 1897, could be made operative without friction. It would be easy to balance the debit and credit pages of the record. Merit as well as demerit marks would find a place for entry and be productive for good. An employe would then be disciplined for cause, but not disgraced, and expulsion for minor offenses, as now sometimes practiced, would not occur to bring sorrow and suffering to the women and children dependent upon those in the ranks of the labor army.

In order to make clear my meaning, I offer one illustration which will go to show the embarrassment under which some employes labor. I have in mind employes who are now considered, and justly so, as good men as are in the service—highly respected, both personally and on account of their work, by their superior officers, yet who have more than 200 demerits placed against them by former officials. With this cloud over them, they labor night and day to maintain their positions without any chance apparently to expunge from the record the charges against them, and nothing to inspire a laudable ambition to gain promotion. I would be pleased to see an order issued giving every man a chance to clear his record within a given time.

Other matters of like character might be brought to your attention, but this letter has already grown too lengthy, and I desist.

Yours very truly,

J. I. WHIDDON,
General Chairman.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 8, 1901.

*Mr. J. I. Whiddon, General Chairman,
824 Curd Street, Macon, Ga.:*

DEAR SIR: I have delayed acknowledging receipt of your 16th ultimo in relation to the question of discipline, thinking I might find time to write you as fully as your letter and the subject deserves. I am yet crowded to the verge, but believe it

will be better to not delay writing any longer.

You doubtless appreciate the high value I place upon any system that will induce and develop a mutual feeling of confidence and respect between employer and employe, and the effort I would make to have each employe and every member of his family in a contented state of mind.

I do not like what you call "raw-hiding," and shall certainly do what I can to prevent it. When I find a worthy man in trouble, I am prompted to take his side of the case as far as possible, and secure for him benefits of all extenuating circumstances. On the other hand, where I find a man disposed to be what we call "tricky" or inclined to disregard to any extent proper authority and wilfully or carelessly neglect his duty, I feel that the interest of the employer demands his removal.

Under our system of discipline, we frequently credit the deserving ones with merit marks. As to demerits, I think your suggestion to clear the records under certain conditions well worthy of consideration and we will give it serious thought. I would say in this connection, however, that a man is usually measured in the light of his general record; due allowance is always made where his record for the last year of his service is good or fairly so; for instance, the man who was charged, say, with sixty demerits last year and goes through this year with a comparatively clear or favorable record, the charges of the previous year are rarely, if ever, considered in the disposition of his case. Where we find men disposed to be honest and faithful in the discharge of their duties, we make an effort to find an excuse for them in time of trouble, provided the trouble is of a character to admit of leniency.

We hope to encourage in the men a strong desire to become life employes with us, and are disposed at all times to encourage them in this ambition. You will recall my several attempts in meetings to have it understood that we want the confidence of our men, and are always willing and glad to do what we consistently can for their welfare. This, of course, is only possible when

undesirable men are kept out of the service, and those not properly disposed who are already in the service have been removed.

I feel sure that our record of dismissals for the past three years will compare very favorably with those of any other large railroad in this country, and sincerely trust that we can in the future look back and find that the number of dismissals has been reduced to a minimum, and that the result of our efforts will be shown by a very long list of old employes in every capacity.

Yours very truly,

F. S. GANNON.

What Ought to Be Done.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., Sept. 3, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In less than six months the Brotherhood will meet in biennial session. Such a gathering at this time, in these days of great combinations, must necessarily be of great importance, not only to us as individuals, but also collectively as an organization, as well as all other organized labor factors who are obliged to subsist on the fruits of their labor.

It is, therefore, well that we cast our eyes on the work of the Milwaukee Convention, analyze the same, express our satisfaction at the good work performed, and point out the errors that may have been made.

We do not desire to pose as a critic, or to find fault with the work performed as a whole, well knowing that none of us are perfect or infallible, and that mistakes will creep in when least expected. We are simply one of the many thousands who desire the welfare and prosperity of the Brotherhood, and that it may be placed upon a permanent basis as firm as the rocks of Gibraltar. We desire to see it so well intrenched and fortified that it may be able to extend its protecting arm at all times over its members whenever necessity requires it, and placed in position to meet all emergencies as they arise; to successfully defend the principles which underlie the foundation of our order, and be able to repulse the enemy whenever assailed.

Criticism is healthy for all concerned.

The secret therein lies in the fact that we are all born critics—from infancy up, from the time the tongue expresses our thoughts into words. We criticise and comment upon the action of others, and it is well that such is the fact. In the mad rush to reach the goal of our ambitions, we often injure the feelings of others and trample upon the rights of our fellow-men. Criticism by the public press and by the people brings us back to a proper realization of things as they are and makes us see ourselves as others see us. Any organization or institution that cannot stand honest criticism is in an unhealthy state. The laws of our land by which we are governed, the eloquence of the attorney in his address to the jury, the charge of the trial judge, are all more or less criticism upon the action of the parties involved; therefore, we stand in the same light in passing our opinion upon the action of a convention or individual members of the Brotherhood.

The reports of the Grand Officers prove to us most conclusively that we are fortunate in having the right men in the right places; that good management is the rule, not the exception. The work of the delegates assembled at Milwaukee, as a whole, deserves praise and commendation. The resolution disposing of the Meadow Lawn Farm was a stroke of wisdom and common sense, and does away with a very annoying question. The adoption of resolutions 6, 7, 9, 11, 14, 20, 46, 49, 59, 136, 147, 148, 165, 168, 172, 200 and 218 is an indication that common sense prevailed in the convention. Resolution 14 is especially to be commended.

While the interests of locomotive engineers and firemen lie along the same lines, it is no secret that there has been in the past, and it is possible there may be in the future, a clash; therefore, members of the B. of L. E. should not be allowed to hold membership in the B. of L. F., for "no man can serve two masters" honestly, sincerely and successfully at the same time. The change of the law is wise in every sense of the word, and no doubt approved by all well wishers of the order.

Now, let us look at the other side and see what change in the law could have

been made and what policy pursued more beneficial to the Brotherhood. It is an axiomatic truth that even those who hold the most optimistic views will not deny that we have been careless and indifferent in our efforts to reach the objective point in view so dearly hoped for by the founders of our order—namely, to make it an ideal and protective Brotherhood in every sense these words imply. In consequence, we have lost prestige and influence in many localities, privileges have been taken away and burdens foisted upon us such as the eye test, and many others too numerous to mention, which, had we been vigilant, alert and alive to our interests, could not have happened. The cause is easily discerned—selfishness,—and consequent inability to get thoroughly organized, is all that is necessary to say. Yet, in many of our gatherings where eloquence and witty remarks are the order of the day, the old story is told in flattering terms and rosy colors. The situation upon the different roads is a picture beautiful to behold. All are seemingly living in Paradise, supplied in abundance with the good things that the gods provide,—not a ripple upon the sea, the ship of state gliding smoothly along. The fact remains that scarcely anything is ever done at such gatherings for the unemployed. The unfortunates, the men fallen by the wayside and the shipwrecked, are left struggling in the sea. We are today an organization of opposition rather than protection. We may, and sometimes do, successfully oppose any disagreeable rules and burdens placed upon us, but we are not prepared to protect when such opposition fails to have its effect. This is the great drawback in all labor organizations, and this is one of the reasons why so few battles are won. We must strike at our opponents through law, money and politics. It is the business of wage earners to select honest and capable men for public office—men who will champion the cause of labor with such intelligence that the tricksters who represent capital will find that they have met their match. Workingmen should vote for none but men who will enact laws that will give justice equally to all alike. Every work-

man ought to say to himself, "I'll never cast my vote for any man unless he has proved himself honest and a friend of labor;" he ought to live up to that on election day. The members of organized labor can run this country if they will—they can be the rulers—it is all in their own hands. Let them show faith in their own class, unite on issues, and the complexion of the country will soon be changed, and we will have laws on the statute books that will mete out justice to all alike.

The greatest mistake of the Milwaukee Convention was its failure to enact a law creating an emergency fund to be used in buying the floating element in the hour of trouble, and to supply the wants of our own members if necessary. If each member would give two per cent of his earnings, one, two, or even three million dollars could be easily raised in a few years. It would be a peacemaker and arbitrator and build up the Brotherhood more than anything else can possibly do. It would give more confidence in the power to adjust grievances and put stiffening in the backs of both men and leaders. Let us hope a question of so much importance will not be overlooked at the next convention.

The law discriminating against members not in active service should be eliminated from the constitution and by-laws. There is no good reason why members not in active service should be debarred from holding any office within the gift of the Brotherhood, with the possible exception of serving as a member of the General Board of Adjustment, and that for policy's sake only; but it should not apply to the chairman or secretary any more than to any Grand Officer who is the real head when called upon to act in conjunction with such committee, your most trusted men of today. The chairmen of your boards and committees and other recognized leaders may be dismissed from the service of the company by whom they are employed tomorrow. Are they less honest and trustworthy than they were yesterday because they have been so unfortunate as to lose their positions? He is dismissed from the service of the company for cause

or no cause, as the case may be. You put the stamp of approval on such discharge by kicking him still further down hill and saying he is not to be trusted, thereby aiding indirectly in flooding the country with a surplus of locomotive engineers. My brethren, put on your thinking caps and ask yourselves this one question: Can we afford to gain the ill-will and enmity of the men not in active service? Remember, there is quite an army of them—more than enough to supply any one of the great trunk lines in the country, and the army is growing day by day and you are standing by without lifting a finger to stop it. This obnoxious law should be wiped out of existence because it is a reflection on the integrity, honesty and trustworthiness of a large portion of the Brotherhood. All should have equal rights and privileges. The members of each Subdivision ought to be the best judges of the qualifications and fitness of its members. They know best who takes an interest in Brotherhood affairs and who does not. They know best whom to send as delegate upon any important mission. They need not elect anybody not in active service and they certainly will not unless they are positive that he is greatly interested in the affairs of the Brotherhood and will best serve their interests.

In connection with this I desire to say that I had the pleasure of attending a meeting of a Legislative Board in a certain state some time ago, when one of its members made the following remarks: "I do not wish to have any stationary engineer or any engineer not in active service vote away my bread and butter." A few weeks later this conscientious Brother appeared as a "lobbyist" in the legislative halls of the state and before the governor in favor of an "Employer's Liability Bill," supported by all the corporations in the state and opposed by all organized labor and the people in general. One particular feature of the bill was that it only gave people in accidents or otherwise sixty days to apply to the courts for redress and damages. After a lapse of sixty days it outlawed any claims. There being great opposition on the part of the people and the press in general the governor finally

vetoed it. Such actions show the consistency of men who are selfish in the extreme and who are never satisfied with anything that puts men on equal footing. Let me say then in all cases, "consistency is a jewel."

HENRY HOPPMAN, Div. 172.

Results of the Grand Ball.

CHICAGO, Aug. 9, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Enclosed please find a photo of the check that was turned over to the Home on Sunday, Aug. 25, 1901, by the joint committee of the B. of L. F., of Cook Co. This money was raised by the Grand Charity Ball given in Chicago on Feb. 28, 1901, in behalf of the Home, and as the check will show, \$2,015.06 was the amount turned over. We wish to thank all

Railroad Employees' Home.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., Sept. 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Following is the statement of receipts for the Home for the month of August, 1901.

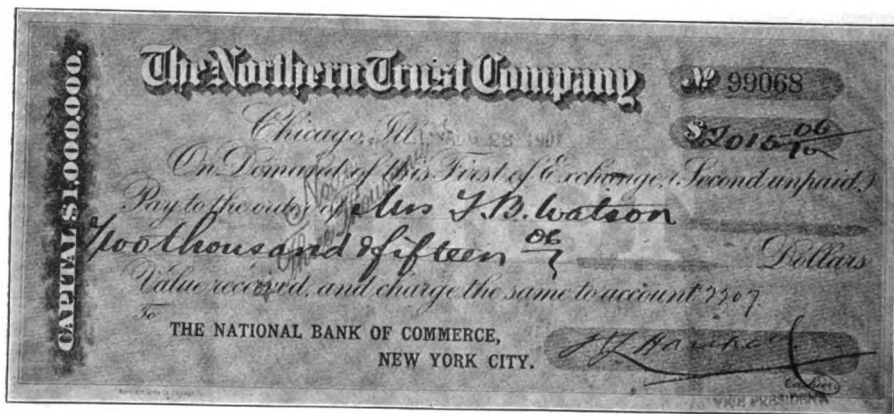
No.	FROM B. OF L. E. DIVISIONS.	Amt.
81.....		\$ 24 00
187.....		6 00
404.....		3 00
430.....		5 00
465.....		12 00

Total.....\$ 50 00

O. of R. C. Divisions.....	27 00
B. of R. T. Lodges.....	35 90
L. A. to O. R. C. Divisions.....	12 00
L. A. to B. of R. T. Lodges.....	7 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Contribution of proceeds of grand ball given under the auspices and united efforts of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of Cook county, Ill., Feb. 28, 1901, presented to Mrs. T. B. Watson, S. & T. Railroad



the Brothers and Sisters of the B. of L. E. for their generous support in this, our first effort in giving a Grand Charity Ball. We intend to call again very soon, as we have under way another ball for the same purpose, and if you can publish this photo in your valuable JOURNAL, it would assist us greatly. Again thanking all the Brothers and Sisters of the B. of L. E. for their support, and you, Brother Salmons, for your kind assistance, I am,

Yours fraternally,

GEORGE GODING.

Room 500 City Hall, Chicago, Ill.

Employees' Home, by George Goding, Chairman of the Committee.....2,015 06
Contribution of \$7 from picnic party of L. A. to B. of R. T., Lodge 18, which was ordered credited to them as above.....
Sold two rides from home ticket..... 52
Proceeds from picnic given by G. I. A., Aug. 29th..... 36 15
Box of books from Anna Nethercot, Austin, Ill.....
Refunded coal bill, invoice 364..... 5 00

PERSONAL.

E. S. Lowther, contribution of..... 3 00

Grand total.....\$2,191 63

Respectfully submitted,

Mrs. T. B. Watson, Sec. & Treas.



Ladies' Department.

Communications for publication must be written on one side of the paper. Noms de plume are always permissible, but to receive consideration must be signed by the full name and address of the author, and addressed to the Editress, Mrs. M. E. CASSELL, 922 Dennison Av., Columbus, Ohio, not later than the 8th of the month.

The Editress reserves the right to revise, reject or use matter sent in, governed entirely on its merits.

October.

BY ANGELINA W. WRAY.

The pink wild rose has vanished now,
The daisies' reign is over;
In sunny meadows, wide and green,
No longer blooms the clover.
Still gently blows the fragrant breeze
Where yellow leaves are drifting,
And purple asters by the road
Their royal heads are lifting.

In every wood that crimson burns
The birds are softly calling;
And through the misty autumn haze
The ripe brown nuts are falling.
The long vacation days are past
With all their mirth and leisure,
But in the woods the children find
October's hidden treasure.

With eager eyes they watch the gold
The graceful elms are showing,
And see the maple's ruddy robes
With brilliant rubies glowing.
They hear the round, red apples drop
Among the tangled grasses,
And see the yellow stubble gleam
In every wind that passes.

Too soon above the quiet fields
The snowflakes will be flying,
Too soon above the distant hills
The winter winds be sighing.
But now all golden are the days
And sunny is the weather,
And children through the woodland ways
Trip merrily together.

Ideas.

The true value of an idea is beyond the power of computation. The world is not governed by gold, but by ideas. The man who works without ideas becomes a mere machine, stupid and void of either mental or physical growth. The man whose mind is kept in a condition of healthy activity becomes an intellectual power. He is constantly evolving ideas which are of value to himself and the world.

James Watt little realized the value of an idea as he was experimenting with his mother's teakettle. Had the power of steam never been developed, we should doubtless still be traveling by the old stage-coach and on horseback. What a blessing has come to our homes, and to the world, through the idea of the sewing-machine, conceived by Elias Howe! Although he became almost swamped in the mire of difficulties and discouragements, he was possessed of a wonderful tenacity of purpose; every obstacle was trampled under the ponderous foot of determination, and the result is known to the civilized world.

Every person thinks, but every person does not have ideas; for ideas are the *combined* products of thought, not the sprigs and vapors of mental activity. There must be a combination, a marriage, so to say, before there can be a true and legitimate idea. Take good literature, and what is it but the story of ideas. News articles in the papers, an insurance policy or a tax receipt are not literature. The prime object of literature is story-telling, and the subject is always an idea. The "John" and "Martha," the "Lord Chesterfield" and "Lady Cloverdale" and "Ike" in literature are all "ideas." They may or may not have actual persons to correspond. Literature is story of the adventures of ideas occurring in the mind of the writer. It is entirely psychological. The first consider-

ation is to get ideas, then describe them so as to show them as living things. Ideas deserve to be nicely dressed, for they are the children of the mind, the darlings of the soul. In a sense, ideas, like children, differ. Some are tender buds of thought, possessing much beauty without vigor, while others are active and sturdy. We are disposed to congratulate an idea that is well born and sturdy, because, like a prophecy, it seems to reach out into the future, where powers and principalities and perfection abide. On the other hand, the tender-born idea fascinates us with its beauty and delicacy. It has a different mission, but no less useful than its sturdy brother.

Good literature is such delineation as will make the ideas appear vivid (having life). In order to do this the writer must endow them with somewhat of his own life. It is not enough to pull a string and make the ideas jump about hither and thither—that is only mechanical action. He must give them life from his own fund of life, only a generous mind can do that; this is why we have so much "Punch and Judy" literature, so much "wooden" literature; the writers are stingy of their life, they spend only enough to pull the string and set the machine going, the machine then writes the book.

It is only life that produces life!

The assembling of ideas requires tact and a fine sense of appropriateness; if the writer is deficient in these faculties he will set the ideas indiscriminately or formally in a long straight line like a row of telegraph poles along a street. The toning of ideas to fit the character they represent is a delicate operation. This comes through the emotional, artistic and æsthetic feelings of the writer, as in voice modulation and what we call "expression" in music. The worth of an idea in any occupation should be apprehended by every man and woman, as an appreciation of its value will exert a strongly beneficial influence upon the choice of occupation, companions and books. Seek to gain ideas from others and to develop them from your own resources. Their possession and use will make you wise to know and to do.

M. E. CASSELL.

Be Strong.

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle—face it, 'tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil, (who's to blame?)
And fold the hands and acquiesce—oh, shame!
Stand up! Speak out! And bravely, in God's
name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep intrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long,
Faint not, fight on! tomorrow comes the song.

Girls In Other Lands.

A somewhat extravagant speaker once declared that he considered it the duty of every American-born citizen to thank God night and morning that he had been born in this country. If he had said every woman, he would have been nearer the truth. There is no country in the world where women have an easier time or are treated with more respect. In Great Britain women and girls work in the coal mines. In all continental countries they are little better than beasts of burden, while in Asia and Africa they are simply slaves. Even in the republic of Switzerland, no sooner are girls large enough to possess the requisite physical strength than they are set to the most servile work the land affords.

The child has a panier basket fitted to her shoulders at the earliest possible moment, and she drops it only when old age, premature but merciful, robs her of power to carry it longer. Sweet little girls of 12 to 14 can be seen staggering down a mountain side or along a rough pathway under the weight of bundles of fagots as large as their bodies, which they have no sooner dropped than they are hurried back for others. Girls of 15 or 16 can be seen barefooted and bare-headed in the blistering rays of an August sun breaking up the ground by swinging mattocks heavy enough to tax the strength of an able-bodied man, and it is not unusual for a girl of sixteen to be employed as a porter for carrying the baggage of travelers up and

down the steepest mountain path in all the region round about.

The able-bodied, stout-limbed guides are protected by the law, so that they cannot be compelled to carry above twenty-five pounds, but the law does not concern itself with the girls. The only limit to their burdens is their ability to stand up under them. And the burden increases with their age and strength, until there is no sort of menial toil in which they are not engaged. Are not these things enough to make every American girl give thanks that she was born and raised in this blessed country?

How Our Sisters Earned Their Dollars.

BY REQUEST.

I am going to try to tell you in rhyme
How our President told us she thought it was time
To be earning some money to put in our bank,
As our treasury was getting somewhat lean and lank.

Many ways were proposed in which money to make,
But we decided our President's suggestion we'd take.

She proposed with the new year a leaf we should turn,

And each Sister should try a dollar to earn.
So all began thinking as to their ability,
And surprised they were at their wondrous facility
To actually *earn* the small sum she named,
And found that in some ways they really were famed.

So each went to work as if it were play
To bring in the dollar; and this is the way
That some of us earned it—it is every word true;
They told it to me and I'll tell it to you.
Dear Sisters, forgive if your secrets I tell,
Because I really believe it is well
For these husbands of ours, who only pull trains,
To know that their wives really have enough brains

To turn to account their own handiwork,
And from a new duty they never will shirk.
Now, I will begin at the head of the line.
Our President's reputation for cooking is fine,
So Sister McConathy made a lot of fruit cake,
And sold it that she her dollar might make.
Sister Haynes, our Vice-President, is always on time,

And now I must tell you about her in rhyme.
She made a shirt waist, and the dollar she won
By adding two pair of pants for her little grandson.

Now, there's Sister Kline,—you never would guess
That she would think of making a little girl's dress;

But that's just what she did,—this woman so small,—

She was quite large enough to respond to the call.

There's good Sister Johnson. She brought in the dimes

By washing the overalls one or more times.

Sister Cranford sold rags, also mince meat and bread;

She's a mighty good member, and has a good head.

Our young Sister Brobst did her very best
By sewing a button on her good husband's vest.

He said for a year that button he'd missed,
And for being so patient he deserved to be kissed.
You all know Tom Humphrey, well, the girl of his choice

Happens to have a very fine voice;

She joined us soon after the bells quit their ringing

And earned the money to help us by singing.

Sister Lutman told me that George did not *holler*
When she offered to wash his neck three times for a dollar.

For some engineers do get awful black

In making their trip the one way and back.

Sister Beynon had a stove that she said was no good,

It smoked and it smoked with coal or with wood.

Out it went in the shed; a man came that day,
Paid for it a dollar and took it away.

She gave us the money and we afterwards learned
She thought that her share was easily earned.

Sister Leopold, she's proud, and please don't you tell her,

She earned hers on the piano brought up from the cellar.

And Sister Owens also played rubbie, rub, rub,
That beautiful tune with the washboard and tub.

Sister Gordon sold stuff the best ever seen
To take out the grease and make dirty gloves clean.

And Sister Fisher was not slow in proving
That she could earn hers at the time they were moving.

Sister Austin's money makes us think of green bowers,

As 'twas earned by making some fine paper flowers.

Sister McCormack said her sum was easy to make
By selling her good, wholesome sweet coffee cake.
Sister Hanning brings cookies to put in my rhyme
She made them and sold them twelve for a dime;
She thus earned her dollar, we know they were good,

She knows how to make them as all women should.

Sister Wolff, whose name sounds so wild,

Is just as lovely and meek as a child,

She gave us the dollar as a sort of a fine,

For missing our meetings so much of the time.

Sister Ginbey never was much good at walking

But none of us ever could beat her at talking,

She didn't work for her dollar, but I've heard it said

She earned it thrice over by talking to Ted.

And now you will ask me how I have made mine,
To get out and hustle, I haven't had time,

But I'll put in my mite in the shape of ten dimes
And consider I earned it by making these rhymes.

We wish all our Sisters had taken a part
 And helped in this way to gladden the heart
 Of our good President whose suggestion it was
 And then we all know it is in a good cause.
 I am sure we all of us found it a pleasure
 To earn our own money, even in a small measure.
 If all had responded our funds would o'erflow
 And when called on for charity we need not say
 "No."
 Columbus, O. Div. 52.

Marquette Union Meeting.

MMR. EDITRESS: The union meeting of the G. I. A. to the B. of L. E. which was held at Marquette on the 24th and 25th of July, was attended by a delegation of fifteen ladies from Div. 227, of Escanaba, Mich. On the morning of the 24th fifteen bright, clean, fresh and gay ladies boarded the train at 6 o'clock bound for Marquette. They reached their destination at 8 o'clock and awaiting their arrival at the depot was Grand Inspector Mrs. C. A. Anderson. After hurried greetings were exchanged we marched to the Anderson cottage, where a bounteous table proclaimed to our hungry selves that breakfast was ready. After satisfying the "inner wo(man)" we parted each one to enjoy Marquette to her own liking and promising to be at Fraternity Hall at 2 o'clock sharp to attend the regular meeting of the Marquette Division where Grand President, Mrs. Murdock, instructed and praised the work done. The meeting was dismissed at 7 o'clock, when the Marquette ladies again proclaimed their intention to eat. And behold! a banquet fit for the gods met our gaze. Needless to say hungry human beings did justice to the feast. Then followed a literary entertainment and flower contest, where Mrs. Anderson, by her wonderful skill and knowledge of botany, won the first prize. Adieus and good-nights were then exchanged and the 24th of July had passed away.

On the morning of the 25th the heavens opened and poured down their wrath, thus doing away with the out of door entertaining which the Marquette Sisters had planned for. Another meeting was held in the morning and dinner was served in the hall. The Sisters had then planned another entertainment and contest, whose

first prize was won by Mrs. Murdock. Needless to say we enjoyed ourselves. I said fifteen bright, clean, fresh and gay adies boarded the train at Escanaba for Marquette, but I must change it a little when I say the same ladies boarded the train at Marquette for Escanaba. Alas! for the freshness and cleanliness, for we were literally poured down upon by an unmerciful rain. Of course, our brightness and gayety and happy memories of Marquette Sisters and their entertaining cannot be washed away.

W. H. Y., Div. 229.

Study Club Program for October.

Subject: "American Literature."—Continued.
 Quotations from Alcott, Theodore Parker, Margaret Fuller, Thoreau and Sims.

1. Give a history of Knickerbocker's and Graham's Magazines, and read short articles from these periodicals and from Godey's Lady's Book and Southern Messenger.
2. In what year were the Atlantic Monthly and Harper's Weekly first issued?
3. Give character sketches of Margaret Fuller and Thoreau.
4. What was the object of the Brook Farm movement? Give its history.
5. Give history of New York Tribune and a character sketch of Horace Greeley.
6. Biographical sketches of Alexander Stephens and William Gilmore Sims.
7. Who was the author of "Little Giffin"?
8. Compare Thoreau with Emerson. Which is the more precise and artistically beautiful in his utterances?

REFERENCES.

- A Literary History of America. Barrett Wendell.
 Tyler's History of America.
 Atlantic Index, 1867-88.
 Men of Letters. By Thos. Wentworth Higginson.
 Brook Farm; its Members, Scholars and Visitors.
 Prof. Trent's Life of Sims.

Division News.

Div. 77 has been having one continual round of pleasure since last we told our sisters and brothers about our doings through the columns of the JOURNAL, and I hardly know where to begin, but will add right here that we are no small "speck" any more, but a full-fledged, active auxiliary. I will have to begin our routine of social functions with the wedding anniver-

sary of Sister and Brother Strong, to which we were invited in a body, and on the evening of June 1st we all went to the home of Sister and Brother S. H. Ballou, where with many other friends we helped to celebrate the first anniversary of the marriage of their daughter Kitty to Mr. G. H. Strong. The evening was spent most pleasantly with cards and social entertainment. Dainty refreshments were served and while Sister Strong was seated at the table one of our worthy brothers in a neat little speech presented her with the many little and useful presents brought her by one and all, after which we bid them God-speed and good-night.

Our next was the initiation of a new member in our hall, after which we served dainty refreshments, and a social good time was had with our members and what few brothers we could see on the street; it being entirely an impromptu affair, no invitations were issued.

Next was our surprise on Sister and Brother Hayes on their 20th anniversary, which was complete. For a while they could neither of them understand why we did not tell them we were coming, but we knew it being their china wedding anniversary, we would present them with a beautiful piece of china, and after the surprise was all over settled down to a good time socially and later were served with ice cream and cake, after which good wishes were extended, and after bidding good-night to all we departed for our homes to dream of our picnic.

Well, this was the day of all days. We wrote an invitation and sent it to our brother chief to be read in the Division room, inviting all the brothers with their families to join us in our sport. We took this method of inviting, that no one would be missed, and when our day came it dawned clear and bright and as the picnic "van" drove up in front of our different homes and called "all aboard" we were not long scrambling in and soon on the road. Those who preferred, followed in their own carriages. A jollier crowd never graced the Kansas hills than ours, and when our wagon arrived, loaded with baskets, hammocks, comforts, pillows (and everything

to make us comfortable), the good brothers helped us to unload them, while others started a fire and soon our dinner was spread and the air was laden with the odor of good coffee. After all had dined to their hearts' content, the hammocks were sought for comfort; but the heat was so intense we all gathered as near the cake of ice as possible. Upon investigation we found that the heat was caused by our worthy brother keeping up his fire to make coffee for supper; he being let off with a reprimand, and a promise to "draw" the fire, we were cool and comfortable the rest of the afternoon. One of our handy sisters had a fine kodak with her and we had to be very careful how we looked lest she "snap" us unawares; however, she secured several good pictures of the crowd; then supper time came and packing up, and when our wagons came for us to go home we all felt we had enjoyed a happy day and were glad to get home again.

Then at our next meeting we were all surprised by the resignation of our secretary, Mrs. Frey. Brother Frey having been transferred to Guthrie made their removal from the city necessary, and in losing Sister Frey we lost a good member and a faithful officer, and in appreciation of her services for so many years, we went down in a body, with the few brothers that were in, and surprised her and Brother Frey. So complete was the surprise that our good sister declared she was speechless and could hardly recover it during the evening. As Sister Frey was seated at the table to partake of the refreshments being served one of our jolly brothers in a few well chosen words presented her with a solid gold brooch, set with her birthstone. Sister Frey found her speech and thanked the brother and Kate Shelly Division very gracefully, after which all extended good wishes for luck and prosperity in their new home.

Next was our social, held in our lovely school yard, which was a success socially and financially, having sold everything we had by ten o'clock and ready to go home.

Then came our social on Brother Mac's lawn, which was a success in every sense of the word. Sister Mac being appointed chairman of the committee, issued a bul-

letin, which she caused to be posted on the board in the roundhouse, and one on the board in the trainmaster's office, of which I will give you a copy below and tell you, if you want to use it, it is not copyrighted:

BULLETIN NO. 1.

Going into effect on the night of Aug. 28, 1901, at 8 p. m., all "specials" leaving their homes from 8 to 9 p. m. will take siding in Carl Mac's south yard for the purpose of witnessing a children's cake-walk, songs, recitations, dancing and pitching bean bag contest. All "specials" will leave said south yard, running on main line (flagging flower beds and other obstacles), to north yard, where they will be served with ice cream and cake; round trip costing 15 cents per individual. All employees on the Oklahoma Division will govern themselves accordingly. Counter-signed by the G. I. A. to the B. L. E.

These bulletins seemed to please the railroad boys and they took advantage of the "special." The same bulletin was printed in our daily paper and a larger and more appreciative crowd never gathered in our town for a social. We also furnished dancing for our young people. All gave us lots of praise and want us to have another soon. The lawn was as bright as day, with gasoline lamps, and our last function was a grand success. I will close and try and come oftener and not so long.

Yours in prosperity,
KATE SHELLY.

On the evening of July 13th the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers of Div. 302 were completely surprised by the ladies of Lake Div., 165, G. I. A. There were several visiting engineers. Mr. Clark Ruthersford, of Ft. Worth, Texas, Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Manning, from South Chicago Division; J. Allen, of Div. 33, Battle Creek, Mich., and other Divisions of the city being represented. It was a happy occasion as it was a reunion of old Brotherhood men that had not met in years. Mrs. R. McNeil, President of the Auxiliary, in a few well-chosen remarks invited them to the banquet hall, where another surprise awaited them. The tables were abundantly laden with toothsome goodies and

decorated with flowers. The feast was thoroughly enjoyed by all, as no class of men appreciate the good things of life better than the engineers. Mrs. McNeil called for a speech from the Chief of Div. 302, Mr. D. B. Annan. He responded in a very happy manner. Bro. William G. Allen, of Div. 10, at Burnsides, also responded. He is a pioneer, having been in the employ of the Chicago & Grand Trunk Railroad for forty-seven years. He is also the father of Mrs. R. McNeil and James Allen, of Battle Creek, Mich. He was well represented, as there were three generations of his family present. His remarks were very much enjoyed by all. The chief then called on Mr. Horton, another pioneer, and a member of Div. 302. He being a man of 82 years, said he would rather hear from the younger men. Several visiting members spoke for the good of the order. The ladies, not forgetful of their part, spoke in behalf of the Auxiliary. Then all returned to the lodge room where they were entertained with cards, music, singing and recitations; vocal selections by Mrs. J. Allen; instrumental music by Miss Lottie Annan and little Miss Murphy, and a recitation by little Miss Lucelle Allen, a tot of four years. Having spent a very enjoyable evening all departed for their homes hoping soon to meet on a similar occasion. Much credit is due Mrs. D. B. Annan and her committee for their fine arrangements. A MEMBER.

ONE of the most delightful events in the history of M. E. Bedell Div. 9 was their trip to West Bay City to visit Valley City Div. 63, which Division had extended to them an invitation to visit them on the 10th of July.

Ten Sisters and three of the Brothers of Div. 2, left Jackson on the morning of the 10th, arriving at West Bay City about noon. We were met at the train by a delegation of Brothers and Sisters, who escorted us to the Hotel Arlington where a sumptuous dinner was awaiting us. After doing full justice to the good things placed before us, we returned to the parlors of the hotel where we visited awhile and became better acquainted.

Bro. Potts then took the visiting Brothers in charge, and what they did will always remain a mystery to the Sisters.

The Sisters improved their time by going to the Division room. There they met a large number of Sisters from Unity Div. 13. After visiting with these Sisters awhile the Division was called to order by the President, Mrs. Brinkman, and ritual work was observed. After a very pleasant meeting the Division was closed, and we were taken care of by the different Sisters of the Division.

In the evening we attended a reception given by Sister Rae in honor of the visitors.

The house was beautifully decorated with ferns and flowers, and a very pleasant evening was spent in listening to a programme of music, recitations and last, but not least, the phonograph. Ice cream and cake were served, and at a late hour the Sisters took their departure for the homes of the Sisters where they were to remain over night.

The Sisters of Div. 63 were not satisfied in entertaining us for one day alone, but had planned a picnic to Wenoa Beach and had furnished us with tickets for the minstrel show at the Casino there. At 10 o'clock the next day we all met again and took the trolley car to the Beach. The ride was delightful and very much enjoyed by all. We were served with dinner at the dining room, and the way the good things disappeared left no doubt in any one's mind but that we were hungry. There is one thing I would like to say to the Sisters of other Divisions, if you should ever visit Div. 63, you will never be hungry, for they are the best of providers, both in quality and quantity. The only disappointment we had was not being able to go in bathing in Saginaw Bay, but the wind was so strong there was not one of us brave enough to tackle it.

The minstrel show was the next thing of interest, which we very much enjoyed, it being very entertaining. In fact I do not think there was any one of the Sisters but what enjoyed herself. If she did not, there was no one to blame but herself, as the Sisters of Div. 63 did everything in their power for our comfort and enjoyment; they neither spared expense nor trouble in

making the event a perfect success and one long to be remembered by all those who were fortunate enough to be present. The committee in charge of arrangements deserve a great deal of credit.

At 6 o'clock we took the cars back to the city. Some of the visiting Sisters stayed with friends until the next day, but the others took the evening train for Jackson and Saginaw. These visits among the Sisters, I think, are very beneficial, as they promote a friendly feeling and you become acquainted with Sisters that you would not otherwise meet.

"SAWDUST," OF DIV. 9.

GENEROSITY DIV., 37, Little Rock, Ark., has not been heard from for some time. I was instructed by our President to give a little account of our social events for the past few months.

On March 28 and 29 our Division was inspected by Sister C. W. Goodwin, of Sedalia, Mo., who arrived on the evening of March 27 and was met at the depot by three of the Sisters and escorted to the home of our President, Sister Seymour. We were somewhat backward in our ritual work, but Sister Goodwin was very kind and patient with us and gave us good advice and encouragement, which we appreciated very much. A reception was given in her honor on Friday evening, March 29, at the home of Sister Deguire. Music and recitations were rendered by the young folks. Refreshments were served. All expressed themselves as having spent a pleasant evening. We enjoyed Sister Goodwin's visit with us very much and hope she will come again.

In February and April socials were held at the Kirk and Stansberry homes, assisted by Sisters Cronin and Schimelpfenig. The occasions were largely attended and a most enjoyable time was had by all those present. A neat little sum was netted for our treasury.

On June 27 we gave our second annual moonlight boat excursion, which was a grand success, both socially and financially, and was enjoyed by one of the largest crowds of the season. A moon of unclouded splendor lent enchantment to the scene,

which the older ones fully enjoyed by sitting on the decks, while the younger portion danced to the strains of lovely music. After gliding down the Arkansas River for three or four hours we arrived at Little Rock, after one of the jolliest evenings ever spent on the river, all wishing that the G. I. A. would soon have another boat excursion. When all expenses were paid, we found we had the neat little sum of \$115 left for our treasury.

On looking over the pages of the Sept. JOURNAL, which arrived this A. M., my attention was drawn to the well-directed remarks of Sister McNeil, in regard to the prosperity of Div. 177, located at New Haven, Conn.

I, too, am proud to say that we have been very successful in all of our undertakings, for we have had many very pleasant times which have failed to appear in the JOURNAL. Our latest social affair was when we accepted an invitation from Brother and Sister Marley to spend the day with them at their summer cottage, which is situated at Woodmont, on the Sound. Aug. 22 was the day named; the morning was dark and cloudy and many of our sisters were undecided about going and I can assure you that Sister Marley's countenance was quite as heavy as the weather when the appointed party rolled into beautiful Woodmont with only ten of our members on board. But as the day wore on her expression grew clearer decidedly faster than the weather and by 2:30 p. m. her face was the picture of delight and perfect satisfaction. As she served the chowder, along with many other delicate and substantial dishes, such as baked beans, sandwiches, salads, cakes, etc., all too numerous to mention. Many of our sisters having arrived from Danbury and Bridgeport, as well as from New Haven, our number was increased to fifty-seven. The afternoon was spent with a great deal of pleasure, as the strong sea breeze was thoroughly enjoyed by all, especially so by those who indulged in the bathing, as old Neptune rolled his breakers and dashed them against the rocks most furiously. Some of our sisters were obliged to return home, while others remained for the evening; but before their departure, Sister Marley had laid the covers again—by this time many of our brothers had arrived, making a total of sixty-five, and I can assure you, readers of the JOURNAL, that

every brother and sister who participated in the good fellowship of our President and her better half on that day will long be remembered.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

On August 1st, Fall Brook Div. 23, of Corning, N. Y., to the number of 84, including the children, departed in a special car, attached to train No. 1, for the purpose of spending the day at the home of Mrs. R. E. Everts, at Toga, Pa. On the arrival of the train the guests were conveyed to the residence, which is one of the most picturesque in the town. The house and grounds were tastily decorated with potted plants, ferns and colors of the G. I. A. After a most bountiful dinner, which was served on the lawn, the President, Sister Lawrence, in behalf of Div. 23, presented Sister Everts with a beautiful gold watch and chain as tokens of appreciation for the kindness extended. It was a complete surprise to the hostess and, after a few well chosen remarks, lunch was served. All voted Mr. and Mrs. Everts royal entertainers.

MRS. P. B. READY, Sec. 23.

G. I. A. Voluntary Relief Association.

TOLEDO, O., Oct. 1, 1901.

To Division Insurance Secretaries, V. R. A.:

You are hereby notified of the death of the following members of the Association, and for the payment of these claims you are ordered to collect 75 cents from each member holding one policy, and \$1.50 from each member holding two policies, providing, however, that no one be assessed on a policy if the application for said policy was dated later than August 31, 1901:

ASSESSMENT NO. 44.

Died Aug. 8, 1901. Sister Mary E. Yerger, aged 53, of Div. 11, Rochester, N. Y. Cause of death, cerebral hemorrhage. Admitted March 28, 1896. Held two policies, Nos. 3348 and 3643, payable to John Yerger, husband.

ASSESSMENT NO. 45.

Died Aug. 29, 1901. Sister C. S. Blackmar, aged 45, of Div. 75, Sedalia, Mo. Cause of death, hemiplegia and embolus, resulting from organic disease of the heart. Admitted July 6, 1895. Held two policies, Nos. 2993 and 4420, payable to C. S. Blackmar, husband.

ASSESSMENT NO. 46.

Died Sept. 5, 1901. Sister Mary E. Unlaub, aged 49, of Div. 110, Baltimore, Md. Cause of death, cerebral apoplexy. Admitted March 31, 1900. Held two policies, Nos. 6153 and 6156, payable to Phillip Unlaub, husband.

Members will pay their Insurance Secretaries on or before October 31, 1901, or pay a fine of 10 cents on each policy. Insurance Secretaries must remit to the General Secretary and Treasurer on or before November 10, 1901, or forfeit membership.

Members in good standing Sept. 1, 1901, two thousand and three carrying one policy, and thirteen hundred and seventy-eight carrying two. All claims are paid in full—\$300 on each policy.

Mrs. Geo. Wilson, Pres. V. R. A.
MARY L. ROBERTSON, Gen'l Sec'y and Treas.

Technical

Time Lost in Making Stops, Etc.

BY ROBERT H. BLACKALL.

A question that frequently comes up for discussion among railroad men, and one upon which a diversity of opinion exists, is relative to the amount of time lost in making station stops with passenger trains; that is, the time that is lost from the time the speed of the train is first checked as it approaches a station until the train has again attained maximum speed after having left it. This would also include that time during which passengers, baggage and express were being unloaded and loaded.

This question arose recently while the writer was enjoying a trip upon a high-speed train on one of our northern roads. The schedule time of the train necessitated a speed averaging sixty miles an hour between stations, and the conductor bemoaned the fact that it would be necessary to make an extra stop, as he wished to catch a rival train on another road in order to give us the excitement of a railroad race. He remarked that he figured a stop as meaning a loss of twelve miles in distance.

Being railroaders, this remark naturally furnished the necessary bait, and was productive of the following somewhat meager though I trust interesting data.

The time was taken as we passed the last mile-post before reaching the station, and was again taken after leaving the station at the mile-post at the end of the first mile the train ran in one minute. Subtracting the number of miles from the total time elapsed since passing the mile-post on the other side of the station, we found that the actual loss of time was four minutes and fifteen seconds; or, had the stop not been made, we would have been four and one-quarter miles farther on our way.

The train consisted of four moderately-heavy coaches and a baggage car, and was pulled by a large passenger engine of the Atlantic type. The road was about level.

The above, being the result of but one trial, would not carry any considerable weight, but was sufficient to puncture the conductor's twelve-mile-balloon idea under the existing conditions.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Q. J. W. H. I have had some trouble with brakes creeping on, especially when pulling a large number of air cars. I have noticed this trouble not only in pulling out of yards but also just after releasing. I always use full release and try to live up to good practice in air-brake matters as far as possible, but something is wrong with me on the brakes. For the benefit of any who are up against the same thing, won't you be kind enough to answer me through the columns of the B. of L. E. JOURNAL.

A. The usual cause of brakes dragging in pulling out of yards, providing the brakes work all right at other points, is that in starting out, before the oil in the car boxes is warm, and before the engine gets down to good work, it is natural perhaps if a train pulls hard for the engineer to think that a brake is dragging. He throws the brake-valve handle to full release and is quite prone to allow it to remain in that position for some time, especially if the rail is bad and he is busy "keeping the engine down." As a result, the train-pipe and reservoir pressures become charged above that at which the feed valve is adjusted. When the valve is returned to running position, the train-pipe pressure being above the standard amount, the feed valve is closed and will not supply the leaks, which gradually reduce train-pipe pressure and apply some of the brakes. In such a case, the usual cure is to make a service reduction, being careful in releasing not to overcharge before again bringing the brake-valve handle to running position.

On long air trains a frequent cause of brakes creeping on on the head end of the train is the method of handling the brake valve in releasing. The head reservoirs on a long train always charge faster than those on the rear, as in releasing on a train of say sixty cars the train-pipe pressure is approximately ten pounds higher during

the first few seconds of the release; this is due to the frictional resistance of the passage of the air through the pipes. When the brake-valve handle is brought to running position, and air is feeding into the reservoirs faster than it feeds through the brake valve, the train pipe and reservoirs at the head end quickly equalize, and the rear reservoirs still being fed make a reduction of train-pipe pressure that has a tendency to cause the head brakes, or a few of them, to apply.

The ill effects of such action can be avoided by always making a practice of the following in freight service: Release by putting the brake valve in full release position, leaving the handle there until the train pipe has charged to the standard pressure, at which time move the valve handle to running position, where it should be permitted to remain for eight or ten seconds; then again place the handle in full release for not longer than one or two seconds, when it should again be placed in running position, where no trouble will be experienced. The second movement to full release was simply to release any head brakes that might have crept on; by this time the pressure throughout the train would be equalized.

Q. F. D. We have had considerable disagreement lately discussing the comparative strength of the air brake as compared with the hand brake, and the hand brake as compared with the power developed by the air held in a cylinder by a pressure retaining valve. There seems to be a considerable difference of opinion on the subject, and we would like to have your opinion in regard to same.

A. This is a subject upon which a diversity of opinion might well exist, and with good reason, as it is appalling in some cases to see cars equipped with brakes that are very wide of the mark of what is considered good practice.

As a rule, the air brake fully applied—that is, with a sixty-pound cylinder pressure in an emergency application—is more powerful than the hand brake, though the latter when properly constructed should, and does, produce the same braking power.

A pressure-retaining valve retains a pressure of fifteen pounds in the brake cylinder. This amount of pressure is one-fourth of that developed in an emergency application, hence the holding power developed by a retaining valve would be about one-fourth of that developed by an air brake using the emergency application, or by a properly constructed hand brake.

The retaining valve as compared with the full-service application would be about as three-tenths to one.

While occasionally a hand brake is found to be more powerful than the air brake on a car, the opposite is the rule.

Suggestions for Fuel Saving.

WABASH, IND., Sept. 10, 1901.

As most railway companies require a rigid economy in the use of fuel and post bulletin after bulletin to obtain that end, it would seem that more could be done on their part to make this economy possible. I believe that all firemen and engineers will admit that great improvement might be made in ash pans, dampers, and the way the air pump exhaust is usually placed.

If there were no time used in switching or waiting at side-tracks or terminals, these objections would not apply, but one of the first things to be done while getting ready for a trip is to start the air pump and if the exhaust is placed directly in the stack a draft is started through the flues and the fire must be spread to cover the entire grate surface or this draft will be cold, causing flues to leak. The fireman might succeed in disentangling the damper rods from brake or grate rigging and finally get them closed, but he remembers that when they were accidentally closed in times past he did not notice any difference in the way the engine steamed, so they are left open.

After a while the engine is coupled to a train of from twenty to a hundred air cars, the pump begins to work at full speed, causing a small cyclone at the exhaust and has the same effect on the fire as does a good blower. The fireman must now throw in a few scoops of coal every few minutes till the train is started. The pop begins to roar and the inspector starts to look for air

leaks—which he will probably find if they should happen to blow his hat off. If the train is delayed long before starting a great deal of coal is burned and water lost, which goes to create a nuisance.

Freight engines are usually rated at their full capacity and it is impossible to do entirely away with the pop nuisance, but I think it might be greatly reduced if ash-pans were made tight and fitted closely to mud ring, using asbestos to make a good joint and then put the pump exhaust where it would produce absolutely no draft through the fire. Is it a wonder that, with an ash-pan that fits about as close as a pair of Turkish trousers, dampers that depress nothing but the ambition of the person trying to use them and a big pump exhaust pounding at the fire, on most engines that instructions as to the economical use of fuel are invariably ignored or treated as a joke? In justice to a few (including our own master mechanic), it may be said that the last named nuisance is receiving some attention. To tap the pump exhaust into the side of the nozzle or to the exhaust cavity in such a manner as to break its force before it passes to the stack is the best practice that I have seen.

C. SEAVEY.

Answer to Bro. McDougal's Question.

CHESTER, PA., Sept. 14, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In answer to Brother McDougal's question on page 566, September JOURNAL, I would say, when he says "his brakes go on and come off O.K." that he must be wrong, for if such is the case I do not see how he can have trouble with them. But if his brakes go on in running position he must certainly have had train-line leaks which the feed valve will not overcome, and hence the most sensitive triples will allow the brakes to apply. If he had put his brake valve in first position he would have overcome the difficulty while running; but when he made an application I would not promise a sure release. Knowing as he does that it takes a reduction in train-line to apply brakes, he should have tested them, when he would

have had the answer to his question.

Faternally yours,
H. VOORHEES, Div. 157.

The Boiler in the Treetop on the Plateau.

ANGELS' CAMP, CAL., Aug. 6, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—From a letter received from an old mountaineer friend who has a timber claim in the Sierra Nevada on which he has been operating a small portable sawmill driven by a prehistoric threshing engine which he had bought for a song from a retired farmer on the San Joaquin, I am sorry to learn that he believes steam power to be wasteful, unreliable and highly dangerous unless it is handled and controlled by a high-priced expert. After inquiring into the cause of my friend's dissatisfaction with his motive power department, I find that it is due to his French cook's success in checking one of the wastes so often complained of by the advocates of other power than steam. It seems that the engineer and sawyer at the mill arose with a tired feeling one morning and told his employer he was going to quit; that the pay was too low, the engine was no good, the boiler was unsound, and he was weary of the mountains anyway; that he had a few dollars coming to him and he did not give a snap of his finger whether school kept or not.

"All right, you can't quit too quick to suit me," said the owner of the mill, wrathfully. "That engine and boiler is as good as anybody's engine and boiler, and if you don't want to run such machinery any longer, I'll run it myself—I and old Alphonse, the cook, will run it. Alphonse! Oh, Alphonse!"

"Vat ees eet?" said Alphonse, coming from the kitchen in response to the call.

"Alphonse, I wish you'd hurry over to the mill on the table land yonder and get up steam in the boiler for me."

"You vish me to rise ze steam, eh?"

"Yes, build a hot fire under the boiler, raise plenty steam and come back and report, and after breakfast we'll go to that mill and saw a thousand feet of lumber quicker'n you can say Jack Robinson."

"Oui M' sieu."

Forthwith Alphonse took his coal oil can, also a shotgun with which to slay any fool-hardy grouse that might dare to cross his path, and struck out for the saw mill a mile away, gaily humming the *Marsillaise* as he trudged along. Within an hour or so after his departure the mill whistle blew a cheery note, and a minute later a stunning report broke the silence of the solitude in that part of the high Sierra. The report startled my friend, the lumberman, out of a brown study into which he had fallen on a camp stool in the sunny doorway of his mountain abode and caused him to spring up and walk lively in the direction of the mill.

"Jiminy! that was a rattling noise," he exclaimed. "I'll bet both barrels of that Frenchman's gun went off at once. I hope he ain't hurt."

As he rounded a bend in the trail about half way from camp he met Alphonse returning, and Alphonse was gesticulating nervously and shaking his head and talking to himself in French.

"Hullo, Alphonse, what's the matter?" asked the lumberman. "Did your gun bust? Are you hurt or only scared?"

"*Parbleu!* no, ze gun ees not bust; eet ees not dat, no."

"Well, did you get up steam in that boiler in the mill?"

"Ze boilaire ees not in ze mill, sair; eet ees in ze treetop on ze *plateau*," answered Alphonse, pointing millward.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I donpo, sair, but I tink eet ees explode. I mak' big fire in ze stove underneath ze boilaire wis shavin's, peetch pine an' ze oil kerosene, an' open dampaire. Ze wataire ees boil soon an' steam rise queek. I mak' more fire, an' bimeby one leak brak' out on boilaire top, an' I stop ze leak *tres bien* an' mak' more fire; zen I blow ze veestle in ze *triomphe* an' go a leetle yay on ze trail home to gif' you my report, ven I hear someting go poff! — bom! — an' I jomp in surprise an' look back an' weetness ze tarn boilaire near all fly up an' dr-r-rop cr-r-rash in ze tree top on ze *plateau!*"

FRED W. CLOUGH.

Why Steel Rails Break.

In 1895 a steel rail on the Great Northern Railway in England broke into seventeen pieces, causing a serious accident. A committee of the Board of Trade appointed to investigate the cause of the breakage has only recently made its report, after four years of work on the subject. The committee ascertained that the particular rail which broke on the occasion described possessed certain abnormal features, the precise origin of which remains undetermined, but the investigation led to several discoveries of scientific and practical importance. Among these is the surprising effect of cracks in the upper surfaces of rails. It was found by experiment that a rail nicked with a chisel to a depth of a sixty-fourth of an inch broke under a weight of 600 pounds falling from a height of twelve feet, while the same rail not nicked resisted the fall of a ton weight from a height of twenty feet.

The Suction of Trains.

The theory that a moving train carries along an envelope of air is very interesting, said an engineer, reports the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, "and I believe there is a good deal of truth in it. I first had my attention attracted to the subject by a curious incident that happened several years ago at a crossing near Birmingham, Ala., where trains pass twice a day at a speed of about 40 miles an hour. The tracks are seven feet apart, and there would seem to be ample room to stand between them in perfect safety. One afternoon a small fox terrier dog belonging to a section boss was asleep in the middle space and woke up just as the trains closed in from each side. There was a barrel on the ground near by, and the dog in his fright jumped on top of it. That possibly brought him into one of the rushing envelopes of air; at any rate, he was whirled on his feet and thrown clear to the roof of the opposite car, where he was subsequently found, jammed against a ventilator chimney with no injury except a broken leg. How in the world he ever made such a

journey, and escaped alive is a mystery, unless his fall was deadened by a cushion of air.

"Apropos of atmospheric pressure, it is a well-known fact that there is a 'vortex space' or 'zone of suction' directly behind any rapidly-moving train, and its presence accounts for a grotesque happening that took place some time ago on the Southern Pacific. While the California-bound express was going through western Arizona at a clipping gait a passenger who was on the verge of the jimjams rushed out to the rear platform, climbed on the rail and jumped off. He was wearing a very long linen duster, and a muscular tourist who happened to be on the platform at the time grabbed it by the tails as it sailed by and yelled for help. When some of the others ran to his assistance they found the lunatic stretched straight out in the air behind the platform, howling like a Comanche, but safely anchored by his duster, which had turned inside out and caught him at the shoulders. The muscular gentleman was hanging on for dear life, but had it not been for the fact that the would-be suicide was virtually suspended and carried along by the suction of the vortex space something would certainly have given way. They reeled the man in and he promised to be good.

"We have very little exact knowledge at present of the atmospheric conditions that surround a moving train. A full knowledge of them may lead to the solution of some baffling problems in traction."

The Pickring Telescopic Sander.

PATENTED BY BRO. C. PICKRING, MEMBER OF DIV. 89, RICHMOND, QUE.

The following description indicates simplicity:

"It has nothing to mar or get out of order; it has little or no friction; it works as easy when sand box is full as when empty; all pipes are open at both ends; it will work successfully if small stones as large as peas should accidentally get into the box; it can be easily regulated to supply the sand as required.

A—Sand box with device shown shut.

B—Device shown open.

C—Cross shaft and levers for working device.

D—Outside or pressure relieving pipes clipped to side of sand box by counter-sunk bolts. This pipe keeps the pressure of sand off the sliding pipe and connecting rod, thus insuring the sander working with a minimum friction and absolute certainty.

E—Sliding pipe. The bottom of it is sharpened or beveled off on the outside. This allows it to cut its way down easily into the sand when shutting off the supply from the feed holes, G.

F—Bottom or delivery pipe screwed into base of sand box.

G—Diagonal feed holes in delivery pipe, F.

H—Steel disturbing pin secured by two thin nuts to the bottom of sliding pipe E. and works up and down through the diagonal feed holes in delivery pipe F, when sliding pipe E is moved. This gives the pin a slightly rotary motion, and breaks up the sand if cemented.

Brother Pickring is proprietor of his patent. Richmond, Que.

The Air Brake Man and His Girl.

He called on her one evening and she smilingly ushered him into the parlor and he sat down in a *Service Position* which was soon changed to *On Lap*. The girl's father unexpectedly came in the door and the positions were suddenly changed to *Emergency Full Release*, then *Running Position*.

W. H. DAVIS

Watt's expansion engine brought to perfection in 1778.

Falck, 1779, proposed scheme for double action engines.

Hornblower, in 1781, also solved the problem of double action.

Watt, in 1781, built the first complete double action engine.

Comte de Jouffroy built steamboat on Saone in 1783.

THE JOURNAL.

Published monthly, 307 Society for Savings Bldg.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CHARLES H. SALMONS, - Editor and Manager.

Address matter for publication—Correspondence, Technical and Link Departments; name and address of Outside Subscribers; name and address of Initiated and Reinstated Members, Transfers, Withdrawals, Expulsions, Suspensions, Special Notices, Obituaries, and changes in Division Addresses—to C. H. SALMONS, S. G. E., Editor JOURNAL.

No reading space will be sold for advertising purposes under any circumstances.

All money matters should be addressed to T. S. INGRAHAM, F. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg. Send New York or Chicago draft, Express money order or Postal order but never send personal check, it is useless.

Changes in Address of the JOURNAL subscribers and orders for Division supplies should be addressed to D. EVERETT, T. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg.

Advertising Department matter and all correspondence relating thereto should be addressed to W. N. GATES, 409 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.



OCTOBER, 1901.

The Assassination of the President.

It is an appalling record for the most democratic country in the wide world, when we can say that in the past 36 years three out of seven who have been elected President have been sent to an untimely grave by the hand of an assassin. Abraham Lincoln was assassinated on April 15, 1865, to be succeeded by Vice President Johnson. Then followed the election of U. S. Grant, two terms. Rutherford B. Hayes was inaugurated in 1877. James A. Garfield in 1881, and on June 2nd of the same year was assassinated and died on September 19th, 1881; Chester A. Arthur filling out the term. Grover Cleveland, 1885; Benjamin Harrison, 1889; Grover Cleveland again in 1893, followed by Wm. McKinley, stricken down at the threshold of his second term. As the news flashed over the wire on the evening of September 6th that the President had been shot at the Buffalo Exposition by Czolgosz, a Cleveland, Ohio, Anarchist, the shock to the public was beyond description. It was hard to realize that this country harbored a single individual so void of human instincts that he should attempt to kill one whose every act in life ought to insure him against harm

by the vilest human character. When warned against these reptiles, that others believed endangered his life, conscious of having done right by every human being as near as God gave him light to see his duty, his answer was: "I have done no man a wrong, and I believe no man will do me one." And when the foul deed was done, the magnanimous spirit of the man shines forth in his appeal as he sinks into his chair: "Let no one hurt him." Not only the people of the United States, but of the whole world, were amazed at the assassination of the President, who had provoked fewer enmities and had a greater multitude of friends than any President that had preceded him, and expressions of horror and grief came pouring in from all the nations of the world. At home, political, religious and state lines were obliterated, and the common fellowship of the whole people was expressed in prayer for his recovery, then in grief for the country's loss. Having lived a life that was blameless, full of love and reverence for his family, and peace, law and order,—a life of energy, earnestness, study and application, worthy of emulation by the wisest, and an inspiration to the youths of this country, it is difficult to understand what excuse the most rabid Anarchist or even Nihilist can make for so dastardly a deed.

Czolgosz, when being examined, gave as his reason for killing the President, "I am an Anarchist;" that he had been associated with them for five years; that he first read books on Socialism; then studied Anarchy, and finally heard Emma Goldman lecture, which set him on fire, and he concluded he must do some heroic deed for the cause of Anarchy. So it seems his great desire was to kill the chosen ruler of the people. His bullet was aimed at the head of popular government, and not at the kind, loving personality—William McKinley. What an absurd proposition!—one that can only come from the vilest associations and teachings.

They claim a desire to abolish despotism; but how do they go about it? They murdered Alexander II., the emancipator of 24,000,000 serfs, which resulted in putting their necks under the heel of a worse mas-

ter, the cruel and gloomy bigot—Alexander III.; and czar succeeded czar, and not only the form, but the same spirit of government remained unchanged. They assassinated President Carnot of France, but it had no effect on the form of the French government. They murdered the Italian King, who was a real benefactor to the common people, to have one less desirable take his place, with no change in the form or nature of the government. Even womanhood is not respected by these red-handed knaves, and the Empress Elizabeth of Austria was murdered on Sept. 10, 1898, said to have been one of the most sympathetic and philanthropic women of all the crowned families of Europe, shunning politics, always doing good, and loved by all her people, who were bowed down with grief over their great loss. And what did the Anarchists profit? They only succeeded in reminding the world that there are a few human vipers, that the great majority have been too humane and too loyal to law and order to crush to earth the hoard of traitors and murderers, any one of whom can, by putting their nefarious theories into practice, put a whole nation into mourning.

In discussing this subject under the heading of "Anarchy" in the September (1900) JOURNAL, we said:

Whatever we may think of the tenets of anarchism, so long as it leads to violence and murder, whether from a lack of sanity or an over-abundance of villainy, the preservation of social order demands that steps be taken for the suppression of all such who are now in this country; and our immigration laws should be so amended that these dangerous elements can be excluded. Our ports should be effectually closed against all criminals, and those who teach doctrines of criminality against law and order should not only be kept from coming in, but those already here should be suppressed. Our ports are at present being flooded with thousands of the most undesirable classes, who care nothing for country, who break down and destroy remunerative conditions for those already here; and if the country must be defended, not one would be found in the ranks fighting for the preservation of the liberties they came here to enjoy.

Is it not time we made some radical move for the preservation of the social and moral liberties of the best country under the sun?

Now, after the loss of our beloved President at the hand of one of these vipers

who had imbibed the venomous teachings of this vile element which has been permitted to land on our shores without question or hindrance, we presume something will be done to head them off and to close the avenues of publicity for the propagation of such monstrous doctrines. As our thoughts again turn to our loss of the Christian gentleman and President, we are reminded of what he himself said in an oration on the life of U. S. Grant: "Mighty events and mightier achievements were never crowded into a single life before, and he lived to place them in enduring form, to be read by the millions yet unborn. Then laying down his pen he bowed resignedly before the Angel of Death, saying, 'if it is God's providence that I shall go now, I am ready to obey His will without a murmur.' Great in life, majestic in death." Little did he think of the tragic end of his own life, and how fittingly his own words apply, *Great in life, majestic in death*. His last salute to those about him and to all mankind, "Good-bye all, good-bye. It's God's way; His will be done." Then every loyal citizen, every lover of the true, Christian statesman, gentleman and citizen, joins his neighbor in honoring the beloved dead chieftain, actuated by sentiments similar to those so beautifully expressed by W. R. Rose in the following verse:

Our Father, with Thy boundless love and power
Make clear the lesson of this heavy hour.
Give us the light to see and understand
Why sorrow shadows all the mourning land;
And teach us through this noble clay
To bow submissive to Thy way.

Did we forget that pride is but a breath?
In wealth and power have we forgotten Death?
Oh, comfort now the Nation's chastened breast
That prostrate mourns her dearest and her best;
And give us grace to humbly say,
As he hath said, "It is Thy way!"

Editorial Paragraphs.

Div. 18, Rochester, N. Y., are making a very commendable move in organizing a weekly benefit association among the Brothers on the New York Central Road. They have adopted a Constitution and By-Laws, evidently taken from the results of past experiences on other roads, which in-

sure its success. It starts out with a preamble, which gives sufficient reason in itself why every engineer should become a member of the association. It says:

"In view of the fact that the vocation of a locomotive engineer is fraught with extraordinary hazard and danger, and to provide immediate aid for brothers suffering from disease or injury, the members of Div. 18, believing that more good may be accomplished by this action, have formed this new association, having for its aim and object the furnishing of financial aid to the sick and disabled members.

The association extends over the western division of the New York Central and they start out with *seventy-two* members, from Buffalo, Rochester and Syracuse. The fee for each policy is \$2.00, monthly dues \$1.00. This policy carries with it a weekly benefit of \$10.00 and a death benefit of \$75.00. The object of the association is decidedly commendable. The cost is nominal, and the benefits derived ought to appeal to the personal interests of every member. If he remains in good health he will have helped a brother less fortunate, and if misfortune overtakes him, the help is very material. We have been favored with a copy of the Constitution and By-Laws by Bro. H. P. Warner, F. A. E., of Div. 18, and we predict a large membership for the association. They have done great good wherever they have been organized under wise law, administered by Brothers who take proper interest in seeing that the law is strictly adhered to.

Deserted His Family.

Bro. S. D. Pope was expelled from Div. No. 436, Birmingham, Ala., on Sept. 1, for deserting his family. He was initiated on July 7, 1901, which indicates how deceptive some men can be, for his reputation was good both with his associates and the company by whom he was employed.

He asked for a traveling card, stating that he wanted to take a short trip. He then asked for his time from the company, gave his wife a little money and left, it is said, with another woman, leaving his wife to care for herself and his four children.

He worked on the Chattanooga Belt road about three years and in the yard at Birmingham about the same length of time. He was heard of in Denver, Col., where it is said the woman's family lives, and we are informed that he goes by the name of J. S. Johnson. J. L. Haver, F. A. E., Div. 436.

Every member of our organization ought to make it his business to see that this man gets no favors from either members of the order or companies for whom they serve until he has reformed, begged the forgiveness of his deserted wife and family, and has assumed the responsibility of their care and maintenance. Such conduct deserves more drastic measures than the law provides, but the membership of this organization can make him feel that the law governing our institution, to which he obligated himself in July, has been outraged by the grossest violation and that the moral sense of all alike not only condemns, but ostracizes every man guilty of such an offence against our constitutional law as well as moral law.

Bro. W. J. Smith, F. A. E., of Div. 512, East St. Louis, Mo., reports that Bro. Blackmore, described as about 5 feet 100 inches in height, weight about 250 lbs., with a middle finger on right hand gone, represented himself as a member in good standing in Div. 44, and waiting for a card from his division and had no money. Div. 512 voted five dollars to him and then did what the law says they shall do before help is given. (See page 34, sec. 5, Constitution.) When too late, they found he had been expelled on January 25th, 1901. It is now to see that no further loans are made to Blackmore, and to do that, it is only necessary to do as the law directs. We know that our Brothers of Div. 512 did what the goodness of their hearts dictated, help whom they supposed to be a worthy Brother. But we have said many times that no honest Brother, in good standing, who desires such favor, will object to a strict compliance with the law which was placed in the Constitution because all men are not honest, and to guard against impositions by the few who are undeserving,

and who not only impose upon one Division, but are likely to do so on many, if the law is not followed.

During the G. A. R. Encampment, held in Cleveland, we had the pleasure of meeting a number of Missouri friends of long standing, among whom we find G. W. Martin, editor and proprietor of the Brookfield, Mo., *Gazette*; C. Martin, postmaster at Brookfield; Judge Eli Torrance, elected Commander in Chief, formerly a resident of Brookfield, Mo., now Minneapolis; Bros. Cotty and McCloskey, of Div. 78, Sedalia, Mo., and a number of others from that section where we resided for a number of years. We hope the meeting gave them as much pleasure as it did the Editor.

Quite a number of members of the B. of L. E., some accompanied by their wives, were in attendance at the G. A. R. Encampment and gave the Grand Office the pleasure of a call. They were from several different states and we regret that we did not keep a record so we could have mentioned each one. Come again, brothers; we shall be glad to see you at any time.

Owing to there being three holidays for Cleveland in the month of September—Labor Day, Grand Army Day (out of deference to that organization, which met in Cleveland, 9th to 14th), and McKinley Day, in harmony with both public feeling and the President's proclamation, together with the general feeling of regret at the calamity brought upon the country by a rabid Anarchist, which tended toward retarding accomplishment, the October number will be late in reaching its subscribers. May we hope that it will never again be late from such a cause.

Union Meeting at Belleville, Ont.

The annual union meeting of the Canadian Division of the B. of L. E., under the auspices of Division 189, was held at Belleville, Ont., on Wednesday and Thursday, August 21 and 22, and proved to be a grand success.

The brothers attended a meeting for the purpose of discussing matters pertaining to

the good of the order on Wednesday afternoon. Brother Homer Lovoie, C. E. of Div. 189, presiding. A. G. C. Bro. A. B. Youngson addressed the meeting, and many other brothers took part in the discussion that followed. That the meeting did not adjourn until 6 o'clock is sufficient evidence of more than ordinary interest.

The members of the Ladies' Auxiliary put in a very busy afternoon, holding a meeting in Odd Fellows' hall at an early hour, which was well attended. Mrs. Dubre, wife of Bro. T. Dubre, of Div. 189, chairman of the ladies' reception committee, read an address of welcome. The reproduction from the kodak shows the chairmau while reading. The response was made by the Grand President of the G. I. A., Mrs. W. A. Murdock, who delivered an able and instructive address, setting forth what had been accomplished by this organization since its inception. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered the speaker. Mrs. Baker, of Ottawa, and Mrs. Hornsby, of Stratford, also responded.

After the transaction of some routine business, they adjourned and went in a body to attend a lawn fete, held on the spacious lawn at the home of Bro. and Sister T. Collins, Station road. There was a large attendance of the ladies and a thoroughly enjoyable time was spent from 3:30 to 5:30. The lawn was most tastefully decorated for the occasion, flags, bunting and flowers being used for the purpose. The Chalaupka orchestra was in attendance.

Many little tables were scattered about and a bevy of young ladies waited with eagerness on every wish of the guests and were most assiduous in their efforts to make all at home.

Mr. Collins and his wife had their hands some residence thrown wide open and after due justice had been done to the good things the ladies met in the parlors to discuss the advisability of organizing an Auxiliary here.

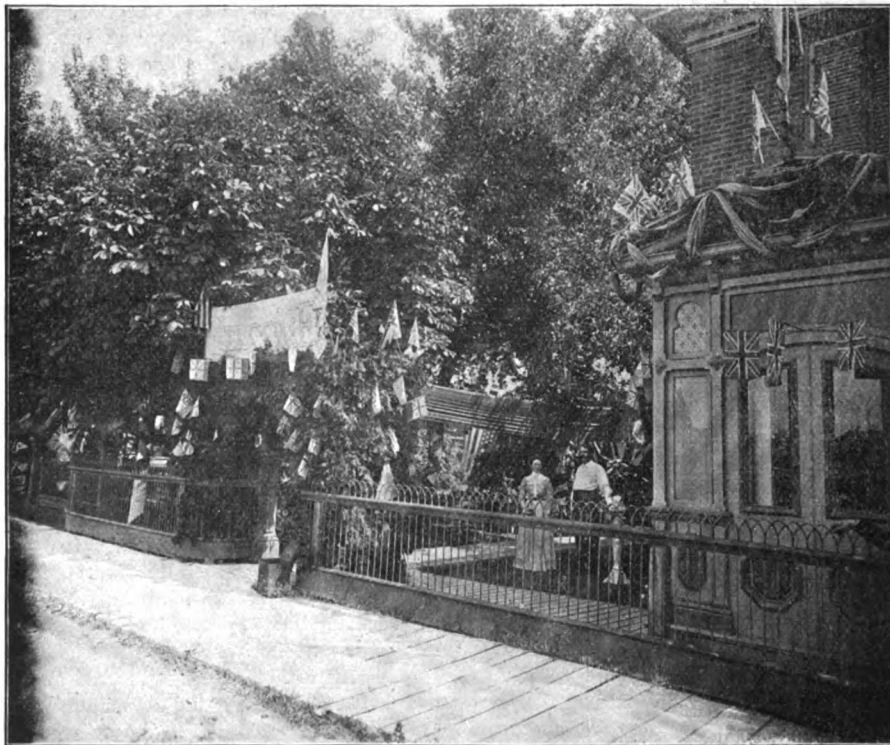
In the evening a public reception was held in the Carman opera house. The stage was tastefully decorated with flowers, and ferns and the house was packed to the doors by the members, their families and interested citizens of Belleville.

Bro. W. W. Mair presided and demonstrated superior ability as a presiding officer. He opened the program with a short, fitting address, in which he expressed the pleasure it afforded him to welcome so many to Belleville and to the reception, and on behalf of Div. 189 extended a hearty welcome to all. He said he had heard many expressions made by visiting brothers which were very complimentary, which fully repaid the committee for any

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers:

GENTLEMEN: The Council of the city of Belleville, on behalf of the citizens, give you a hearty welcome on this your first visit to our beautiful little city.

We esteem it as a great compliment that this year you should have selected Belleville as the place of your annual gathering, and we hope that you will not have any occasion to regret your choice. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is an organization composed of men whom we all respect and esteem, whose faithfulness in the discharge of their very responsible duties is



RESIDENCE OF BROTHER AND SISTER T. COLLINS, WHERE LAWN FETE WAS HELD.

trouble they had gone to, and if the brothers were to carry away such good opinions of our people and our city, much good must come from it. The badges worn by the members present, he felt sure were a guarantee of good morals and intelligence of the wearer whom we delight to honor.

In the absence of Mayor Graham, the chairman introduced Alderman Bogart, who read the following address of welcome in behalf of the city:

known to us all, and who on many occasions have faced and found death in their efforts to save life and the property of others. We feel deeply sensible of the important trusts committed to your care, and which are so nobly discharged by you. You are the mariners of the land, and the dangers which you have to face and overcome are quite as great as those who go down to the sea in ships. While we have often heard sung the praises of the captain sticking to his post and going down with his ship, yet we should not and do not forget the man equally as self-sacrificing, equally as noble and brave, our friend of the lever and throttle, the locomotive engineer. Tonight we not only wel-

come those coming from different parts of our own fair Canada, but we are also glad indeed to welcome those coming from the republic to the south of us. To them we hold out the right hand of fellowship and assure them of a cordial welcome to the land of the maple leaf and to our own city of the bay. We regret the unavoidable absence of His Worship the Mayor, but in his place we extend to you one and all, including the ladies, the freedom of the city. We hope that your stay among us will be both pleasant and profitable and that at no distant day we may again have the pleasure of receiving you among us.

On behalf of the corporation,

ALLEN MCFEE,
CURTIS BOGART
JOHN DOYLE,
Reception Committee.

The chairman replied on behalf of the visitors in a few appropriate words, thanking the members of the city council on behalf of the Brotherhood, and then introduced Miss May Duboe, who sang a solo, "The Swallows." It was her first appearance in public and she made a most favorable impression. She has a sweet voice and she took her high notes with wonderful ease. She was encored and was presented with a beautiful bouquet of flowers.

Lieutenant Col. Ponton was next introduced and gave an excellent address. The soldiers and engineers were men who were ever ready to do their duty fearlessly. Theirs were great responsibilities. They were men of motion and emotion. He was pleased to have this opportunity of addressing the members of a great Brotherhood. It was the renewal of the good old times in Belleville. The old G. A. R. brigade of this city, in times passed, when trouble was in the land, had done their duty manfully and fearlessly. A pleasing feature was that the Brotherhood has a great helpmate in the Sisterhood. He prophesied that they would go on and prosper and accomplish much good.

Mr. C. J. Meakins, of Hamilton, an old favorite with Belleville audiences, then sang a solo, "The Outlaw Song," from Prince Ananias. He was in splendid form and sang with great power and expression. He was obliged to respond to an encore.

The chairman then introduced the Assistant Grand Chief, Bro. A. B. Youngson, who made a very interesting and instructive address. After expressing the pleasure it afforded him to be present at such a large

representative gathering, he said in part: The vast accumulation of capital and discriminations led to the formation of the Brotherhood. They saw way back in the sixties that they would be unable to cope with the evils that accrued to them unless they were organized and the Brotherhood was started. Now there are many labor societies, all working for the same end, betterments, but he thought that the Brother-



MRS. T. DUBRE.

hood of Locomotive Engineers, as a labor organization, ranked first among them all.

Through all the conflicts of labor they have kept every contract and endeavored to keep in touch with their employers and they have won their way. The members of the Brotherhood have seen their wages increase from the \$40 and \$50 a month that they were getting before the Brotherhood was formed to \$150 and sometimes \$200 per month.—(Applause.)—This was done, too, without the loss of the respect of their employers.

He said, "In unity there is strength, in division weakness and strife." The Brotherhood has had its conflicts, but it was to-day firm, with a membership of 35,000, ready to a man to resist any encroachments upon its rights. Their object was the greatest good to the greatest number, which was a divine principle. We have the same rights as the capitalists and will endeavor to maintain these rights. He appealed to all members to be true to their principles, and their efforts would be crowned with success.

A song, "Sing On," was then given by Miss Hungerford, which was exceedingly well rendered, and she received a hearty encore. When she responded with "The Rose," she was presented with a beautiful bouquet of flowers.

Bro. W. B. Prenter, secretary of insurance, was then introduced, and spoke on the pecuniary advantages of the Brotherhood. He said it was a great pleasure for him to be present and address his Canadian brothers, especially as the place was Belleville. In the early days of his railroad career, from 1873 to 1882, he considered that Belleville was his home. While residing in Toronto his run was to Belleville and three and four times a week he spent many a pleasant hour in this city. (Applause.) — He said he was pleased at the welcome given the members by the Council and the citizens generally. In speaking of organizations, he said this was a day of organization. They should be organized for the benefit of humanity. Since 1866 the Brotherhood of Engineers had given out in insurance benefits \$10,000,000. Last year there was paid out monthly \$65,000 for benefits, which must have done much good. In the Belleville Division, since 1888, \$16,500 had been distributed to the widows and to one disabled brother. He wished success to the local Brotherhood.

The address was followed by a song from Mr. J. N. Doyle, who rendered the "Toreador Song," from Carmen. Mr. Doyle was in fine form and sang with his usual earnestness. A hearty encore was responded to.

Mr. E. Guss Porter was then called upon and spoke briefly, but to the point. He

was pleased to be present to assist in welcoming the members of the Brotherhood. Theirs were positions of great responsibility. When an engineer placed his hand upon the throttle of his engine, he was aware of the fact that the safety of many lives were intrusted to his care. They were entitled to and should receive the thanks of the community for the care and thoughtfulness they exercise. All who travel owed them a deep debt of gratitude. He wished the Brotherhood every success in the future.

Mrs. James Grant was called upon and gave the "Spring Song." Her voice was heard to much advantage in this selection. In response to an encore she sang "The Old Maid Shawl." Mrs. G. W. Murdock was the next speaker, and demonstrated that she was perfectly at home in addressing an audience. She referred to the work which was being done by the Ladies' Auxiliary, which was truly a helpmate to the Brotherhood. It was organized 14 years ago, purely for benevolence and sociability. Women can make a success of organization if they so desire. The Ladies' Auxiliary, she claimed, had accomplished much good, and many of the sisters had been relieved. Unity of action is what we want. Progressive action was also desired and that was what the Ladies' Auxiliary were trying to obtain. She was pleased at the welcome which had been extended to the lady visitors.

After another song from Mr. Meakins, Mr. J. J. B. Flint was introduced and gave a capital address from the labor standpoint. There was at the present time going on a conflict between the steel men, which was being watched. Labor was up in arms to stand for its rights and win in the conflict. All that labor demands is justice, which is right. The men have been stung into action and he hoped that right would prevail. To the Brotherhood and the Ladies' Auxiliary, which he thought a grand helpmate to the Brotherhood, he extended a hearty welcome and wished them every success.

Miss Hungerford was again called upon and sang sweetly "Leave Me Not," which brought the program to a close. "God

"Save the King" was sung with much fervor by the audience.

Mrs. James Grant was musical director and Mrs. Col. Campbell and Mr. Leo Riggs accompanist, all performing their duties most satisfactorily.

Each speaker, and also the singers, were at the conclusion of their addresses and songs presented with handsome bouquets by a number of little girls, who were appropriately dressed in white for the occasion.

On Thursday there was a delightful excursion, the local and visiting brothers and their families boarding the steamer *Alerta* at 9 o'clock a. m. to spend the day at Glenora. Music was furnished by the F. O. F. band. The scenery along the shores of the Bay of Quinte is exceedingly fine, making the trip a most enjoyable one. The lake on the mountain was a real surprise to the visitors and a most fitting place to partake of the bountiful supply of good things the Belleville contingent had supplied. Every visitor at least will be sure to retain pleasant memories of this delightful trip.

A fitting close to this most profitable and enjoying gathering was the banquet given at Hotel Quinto on Thursday evening, when two hundred and twenty-five guests sat down to a tempting repast. Bro. W. W. Mair presided in a masterly manner.

After the good things provided by mine host Jenkins were disposed of, the usual toast list was proposed and responded to by the various speakers present.

"The King, Dominion and Local Parliament" was responded to by W. B. Northrup, M. P., and Mr. J. J. Flint, after which Mr. J. Nevin Doyle sang a solo. The next toast was "The President of the United States," responded to by Col. M. J. Hendrick, U. S. Consul; this was followed by a very pleasing song by a quintette. Then came the toast "City of Belleville," responded to by acting Mayor Bogart.

Mr. F. Brenton then sang a song, when came the toast, "The Ladies," which was responded to by Mr. G. T. Minish, and after a song by Mr. C. J. Meakins, "Our

Guests" was responded to by Mrs. W. A. Murdock, A. G. C.; Bro. A. B. Youngson, Bro. W. B. Prenter, Sec'y and Treas. of the Insurance Dept., and Bro. G. C. Cobb.

A song by the quintette, *Auld Lang Syne*, and *God Save the King*, brought to a close this series of pleasant and profitable entertainments by the brothers, their families and the people of Belleville who joined so heartily in the effort to please their visitors, and each and every one who assisted in the necessary work on such an occasion may feel assured that their efforts were eminently successful, and that each



BRO. W. J. LOGUE, P. A. E. DIV. 189.

visitor carried away pleasant memories of Belleville and the social touch they felt while guests of its people.

* Gleanings from the Belleville Daily Ontarior and Intelligencer.

NEVER put your signature to a letter attacking the business integrity of a competitor or other person. Remember that he may be struggling for existence and is honest and trustworthy as well as yourself. Never strike in the dark.—*Ex.*

LINKS.

ANNUAL REPORTS.—It hardly seems necessary to call attention to the fact that the end of the year is near at hand and that it is necessary for the F. A. E. of each Division to make a report to this office, showing the number of members January 1, 1901; the number initiated, reinstated and admitted by transfer; also the number of deaths, expulsions, transfers, withdrawals and suspensions. This is essential, as without it we are unable to determine the standing of a Division or to ascertain what has been done during the year. It is also necessary that every Division should see to it that its account is square December 31, 1901. The law touching that question is a mandatory one (see Section II, page 11 of the Constitution and be governed accordingly), for not only is the charter of such delinquent Division liable to suspension, but we are directly forbidden to send credentials for delegate's use until such arrearage is paid. We shall strictly enforce the law and if in our power to prevent, there will be no necessity for wasting the time of the delegates, who are square in settling up, with those who, through negligence and carelessness, are in arrears. We have sent two copies of blank reports to the F. A. E. of each Division, one to be filled out and sent to the F. G. E., with a complete list of members attached, so that it may be verified by checking our books of record, and the other to be filed with the private papers of the Division for future comparison and guidance. If any F. A. E. has failed to receive these blank reports, if he will notify this office of the fact, duplicates will be sent at once. We are asked a great many times in the course of a year what members a Division is required to pay grand dues for, and the great number of errors in the amounts remitted leads us to believe that it is not generally understood. It is a simple proposition and the law is very explicit. A Division is liable for grand dues for all of the members that they report in good standing December 31, 1900, and there is no deduction to be made for those who die, who are expelled, withdrawals or are suspended during the year.

If any are reinstated who were expelled or suspended before December 31, 1900, they are to be added and the full amount of grand dues collected for the year and remitted to this office; those initiated during the year will pay grand dues according to the month in which they are initiated, as per table on the back of annual report blank, or we have the table printed on a separate sheet, which we will forward to any F. A. E. who so requests. The only exception that can be made on the collection and payment of grand dues is those who are excused by the G. C. E. in accordance with Article III, Section 12 of the Constitution. If any Division has members for whom they claim exemption under that law, written applications must be made to the G. C. E., under seal of the Division and over the signatures of the C. E. and F. A. E., stating the nature of the case and the ground upon which the claim is made. The fact that such member or members were excused last year has nothing to do with the case. Application must be made in each instance for each and every year in order that it may be entered on the books and a record of it kept, as we have no means of knowing what the conditions may be this year as compared with that of last year.

There is and can be no valid reason why a Division should wait until after a year has closed before making its report. Every F. A. E. should take pride in having its account square when the year closes, so that it may appear on the Annual Financial Report, issued from this office, but if the amount remitted is not here December 31, it cannot be so entered. The books must close promptly on that date, and even though the remittance is received prior to the meeting of the convention, the Division must be entered in the report as delinquent, because it was not received in time. It is true that the year was changed because there was not time in between the closing of the books and the meeting of the Convention to adjust the accounts and prepare the necessary reports, but this purpose will be defeated if the Divisions fail to report promptly. Our family has assumed such proportions, now five hundred and seventy-

nine Divisions, that it is a task of no small magnitude to get that number of reports in, tabulate the accounts, send out the necessary statements, and make the settlements, and it can only be done by the hearty co-operation of the F. A. E.'s. If a thing is worth the doing, it is worth doing right. We are anxious to make an equitable and just settlement with each and every Division and will not have any other, if we can avoid it. If there are any who do not understand, as not all are experienced, ask for the information you desire, and no pains will be spared by this Office to give it. It is your business and your interests that we are looking after and not our own.

BRO. J. J. WHITAKER, a member of Div. 309, Jacksonville, Fla., has been appointed Master Mechanic for the Jacksonville & Southwestern Railway, with headquarters at Jacksonville. And in consequence of his appointment to an official position Brother Whitaker resigned as Chief Engineer of his Division.

J. F. THOMPSON, F. A. E., Div. 309.

ON August 18th, **BRO. T. H. DICKSON**, a member of Div. 298, Erie, Pa., was promoted to the position of Road Foreman of Engines for the Bessemer and Lake Erie Railway, with headquarters at Greenville, Pa. The Brothers of Div. 298 wish him the best of good luck in his new position, and we think the company has made a wise selection in choosing him for the position.

Fraternally yours,

W. E. RAYNOR, C. E., 298.

BRO. C. H. BURN, F. A. E. Jennings Div., 340, Charleston, S. C., has been made Roundhouse Foreman at Charleston, on the Southern Railway. Brother Burn is an old engineer who has seen much service. He has always had the esteem of the officials during the several administrations under which he has served. The members of this Division have always had the highest regard and affection for him, and are in consequence greatly pleased at his promotion.

At a regular meeting of Div. 238, Tacoma, Wash., the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It is with feelings of regret that we are compelled to accept the resignation of our esteemed Brother, **J. H. Salley**, as Chairman of our local Board of Adjustment and Representative to the General Committee of Adjustment, to accept a position as Traveling Engineer on the Mountain Division of the Northern Pacific Railway, Brother Salley having long been an active member and faithful worker in our midst; therefore,

Resolved, That we much regret his departure, but congratulate him on his promotion to an official position, feeling that a wise selection has been made by the officials, and we wish him success in his new field of labor.

C. F. HUBBARD, C. E.

Div. No. 420 raps at your sanctum door and begs leave to send abroad the good tidings that our Brotherhood has again been recognized. This time by the great state of Minnesota. **Bro. Charles Watson**, Past Chief of Div. 420, has been appointed to the position of State License Inspector. The appointment of Brother Watson to this responsible position is highly gratifying to the Brotherhood in general, and to the members of Div. 420 in particular, and comes in part recognition of the services of Brother Watson and other railroad men that they gave toward the election of Railroad Commissioner Miller, the railroad boys' candidate.

Brother Watson is well deserving of the place, having been pulling an engine throttle for nearly a quarter of a century, and has long been one of the Brotherhood's most earnest and able supporters. Div. 420 feels justly proud of Brother Watson and also of its own achievements, as prosperity has also struck it in the last two years, its membership having increased nearly 100 per cent. and more to come.

Yours fraternally,

W. R. PARKER, F. A. E.

At the regular meeting of Div. 73, Madison, Wis., held Sunday, September 1, **Bro John Lewis**, on account of being appointed Foreman of Madison Roundhouse, handed in his resignation as Chairman of the Grievance Committee of Div. 73, said resignation to be acted on at the regular meeting of the Division in October.

A motion was made and unanimously adopted that the Chief Engineer appoint a committee of three to draw up a vote of thanks to Brother Lewis for his valuable and efficient services while chairman of said committee; a copy of such thanks to be placed on the records of Div. 73, a copy to be presented to Brother Lewis, and a copy sent to the B. of L. E. JOURNAL for publication, therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is with keen regret that the Brothers are obliged to accept his resignation as chairman of said committee.

For sixteen years he has faithfully performed all the complicated and trying duties of this office, and under his wise and generous administration he has in many cases succeeded in adjusting grievances for the Brothers when all others thought that he must fail.

We recognize in the acceptance of Brother Lewis's resignation that our Division has lost an unusually able, considerate and conscientious chairman of its grievance committee. No task was too great for him to perform; no detail too minute to neglect. He has labored faithfully for the welfare and accomplishment of the objects for which he set out, sacrificing time and money for the benefit of the Brothers.

His clear and accurate judgment, his unselfish devotion to duty, together with his noble character, are among the factors that account for what he did.

With a disposition distinguished for its unassumed gentleness, and manners modest and retiring, he has unconsciously won a place of love in the hearts of the Brothers.

At no time has he ever shirked the delicate problems committed to his charge for solution, and in the solution of the same success crowned his efforts.

Honesty and integrity have characterized his acts, and in the trials and tribulations of the duties of his office no act nor deed of his has ever caused a reflection to be cast upon the order, or assailed the rights and privileges of his fellow-men.

Resolved further, That the members of Madison Div. 73, B. of L. E., congratulate Brother Lewis upon his most deserved promotion, and wish him God-speed, not only in this, but in all his undertakings through life.

F. H. LAMPHERE,
C. S. WILBER,
FRANK S. RODGER,
Committee.

HAVING occasion to travel east over the Erie Railroad, from Chicago to Wellsville, N. Y., in charge of an engine, I left Wellsville over the Buffalo & Susquehanna Railroad to Galetton, Pa. To a man that has not seen a hilly country and a rocky road it would pay him to visit that country and see it. You are first up one side and down another, around curves that will take your breath away. I arrived at Galetton Pa., in due time, and after putting up engine in running condition I took a trip up the mountains and hills. Through the kindness of Brother Ailsworth, of Div. 429, I rode on the engine to Keating Summit, and I think that Brother Ailsworth must have exceeded the limit in regard to speed, for I think he dropped her down a notch and I had to hold on to the window casing to keep my seat. However, we got there all right, but I rode back to Galetton in the coach. I was very well pleased with my trip all through. I must say that the members of Div. 429 are a fine, jolly lot of men. They do not seem to be able to do enough for a visiting Brother, and I can say that they treated me right royally while I was amongst them. Of course, I did not meet them all during my short stay there. I had the pleasure of meeting Brother Lacey, the Chief Engineer of the Division, and Brother Davis, F. A. E., also Brothers Kelly, Paige, Apgar and Doyle, all of whom I wish through the columns of the JOURNAL to thank for kindnesses and favors received. Should any of them come to Chicago, I will be pleased to entertain them. Again thanking them, I remain,

Fraternally yours,

JOHN E. DAVIS, F. A. E. Div. 519.

SIBERIA is the birthplace of a new religious sect, the members of which style themselves "Slaves of Christ." They teach that the earth is flat and stands on three whales and that in the middle of the ocean there is a gigantic chanticleer which crows at sunrise. Railways, telegraphs and telephones are attributed to anti-Christ.

To be neighborly, says a contemporary, is one of the highest and grandest princi-

ples on earth. Our duty begins when we let his chickens scratch up our garden, his children ride our gate, and his dog chase our cat without complaint. Our duty ends, however, when we have loaned him our hoe, shovel, spade, ice-tongs, ax, sugar, tea, coffee, milk and butter, and he has forgotten that he owes anything beyond a request that we come over and turn the grindstone for him to sharpen his crowbar.

PRESIDENT JOHN MITCHELL, of the United Mine Workers of America, has issued a statement in which he says: "The agreement reached between the men and the operators in 1900 amounted to an increase of \$25,000,000 annually for 200,000 men, secured at an expenditure of \$300,000, which is a bigger dividend than the Standard Oil Company or the Morgan Banking Company ever paid. At the April convention, at an expenditure of \$5,000, concessions were granted amounting to an increase of \$7,000,000 annually."

A PROMINENT railroad official informs a reporter in New York for the *Plain Dealer* that common track laborers are very scarce and much in demand in all sections of the country. Some western lines, he says, are meeting with difficulty in securing men enough to carry forward necessary work, although they pay from \$1.50 to \$1.75 per day, with board and box car sleeping bunks.

THE union man, says *Organized Labor*, of San Francisco, Cal., who lives closely up to the laws of his organization will also live closely up to the laws of the nation, state and community of which he is a member. Many men of that kind make a good union, and many unions composed of such men banded together for mutual protection are a bulwark against all kinds of anarchy.

THE Trades Unions are exactly what the wage workers are, and can be made exactly what they please to make them—active or sluggish, keen or dull, broad-gauged or narrow, useful or useless. Fellow-workers, it's up to you! What will you make it?—*Tobacco Worker*.

AN enthusiastic public meeting was held at Atlanta, Ga., on the 20th of September for the purpose of raising a fund for the erection of a monument to William McKinley. He was pronounced "The greatest friend the South ever had." In a very short time \$2,500 was raised.

THE American public always has a deal of sympathy for the workingman—especially for the one who keeps his contracts

and sticks to his job so long as wages are fair and no fault is to be found with the treatment he receives from the boss.—*Ex.*

THE Kansas woman who wants a divorce because her husband refused to kiss her any more, may have some trouble in convincing the judge that this neglect constitutes a reasonable ground for a legal separation. Then, again, as soon as he sees the lady he may hand her the decree without a word of comment, or a thought of precedents. In short, it will be a case of looks rather than of books.—*Plain Dealer.*

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Traveling card of Bro. John Halvey, of Div. 487, has been lost. If presented please take it up and forward to the F. A. E. of Div. 487.

Wanted—To know the whereabouts of Wm. Stancliff, an engineer; when last heard of was running an engine out of Kansas City on the northern connections of the P. & G. R. R. Any information regarding him will be gratefully received by his wife, Mrs. Wm. Stancliff, 623 E. Ashland St., Nevada, Mo.

Bro. Wm. Chambers, a member of Div. 39, has lost his traveling card good to October 31. If presented it should be taken up and forwarded to Bro. A. B. Mix, F. A. E. Div. 39.

Members of the following Divisions will correspond with the F. A. E. of their Divisions immediately:

Division—

- 192—E. J. Sexton, W. D. Miner.
- 94—A. F. Jordan.
- 446—Thos. Combs, Seth Stone.
- 534—J. F. Zeigler.

OBITUARIES.

[In accordance with the action of the Ottawa Convention, no resolutions of condolence, obituary letters or poems will be published in the JOURNAL. All deaths will be listed under obituary heading only, with cause and date of death.]

Port Huron, Mich., July 19, of typhoid fever, Bro. M. J. Hobin, member of Div. 122.

Erie, Pa., Aug. 11, of appendicitis, Bro. B. J. Hannon, member of Div. 298.

Albany, N. Y., Aug. 12, of dropsy, Bro. Wm. Markart, member of Div. 46.

Champaign, Ill., Aug. 22, of tuberculosis, Bro. C. H. North, member of Div. 24.

Boston, Mass., Aug. 20, of abscess, Bro. A. T. Bishop, member of Div. 439.

St. Louis, Mo., Aug. 20, of cancer, Mrs. Elizabeth Halvey, wife of Bro. John Halvey, member of Div. 487.

Bluefield, W. Va., Aug. 27, killed, Bro. Robert Lemmon, member of Div. 448.

Port Jervis, N. Y., Aug. 25, by being run over by the cars, Bro. H. J. Van Gilder, member of Div. 54.

Corning, N. Y., Aug. 29, of typhoid fever, Bro. Philo J. Krull, member of Div. 244.

Sodus Point, N. Y., Aug. 29, killed by engine jumping the track, Bro. Wm. H. Meagher, member of Div. 41.

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 1, Bro. John E. Darling, member of Div. 64.

Newark, O., Aug. 25, killed by engine leaving track, Bro. Milo Francia, member of Div. 36.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 16, from injuries received by falling from his engine, Bro. Myron Cook, member of Div. 328.

Altoona, Pa., Sept. 2, Bro. James W. Ickes, member of Div. 287.

Russell, Ky., Sept. 1, from effects of sunstroke, Bro. Q. M. Ward, member of Div. 271.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 1, of scarlet fever, Bro. W. J. Fritz, member of Div. 325.

Pittsburg, Pa., Aug. 30, killed in wreck, Bro. W. C. Alexander, member of Div. 370.

Baltimore, Md., Sept. 5, of cerebral apoplexy, Mrs. Mary E. Unglaub, wife of Bro. Phillip Unglaub, F. A. E. of Div. 52.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Sept. 3, of typhoid fever, Bro. Edward McKune, member of Div. 263.

Troy, N. Y., Aug. 23, of Bright's disease, Bro. Emmett S. Luther, member of Div. 87.

Cape Vincent, N. Y., Aug. 27, of tuberculosis, Bro. Joseph Snodgrass, member of Div. 227.

Anderson, Ind., Sept. —, of cancer, Wm. Radabaugh, son of Bro. E. S. Radabaugh, member of Div. 461.

Fond du Lac, Wis., Sept. 4, of tuberculosis, Miss Iselle Race, daughter of Bro. Abner H. Race, member of Div. 372.

Smith Falls, Ont., Aug. 14, of heart disease, Bro. T. Moriarity, F. A. E. of Div. 381.

West Bay City, Mich., Aug. 20, of paralysis, Bro. J. W. Garretson, member of Div. 338.

Old Mexico, Sept. 1, of smallpox, Bro. Samuel J. Montgomery, member of Div. 546.

Cairo, Ill., Sept. 10, of appendicitis, Bro. Wm. M. Hazen, member of Div. 24.

Bisbee, Ariz., Sept. —, of typhoid fever, Bro. W. E. Blackman, member of Div. 553.

Carbondale, Pa., Sept. 5, from injuries received by falling from train, Bro. E. H. Williams, member of Div. 166.

Paducah, Ky., Aug. 25, killed in wreck, Bro. T. G. Eubank, member of Div. 225.

Columbus, O., Sept. —, of typhoid fever, John R. O'Connor, engineer, H. Ry., son of Bro. P. W. O'Connor, member of Div. 34.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 10, of arteritis sclerosis, Bro. Anthony Brick, member of Div. 15.

"Frisbee" Siding engine being derailed and turning over on him, killed Bro. W. A. Holbrook, member of Div. 478, Sept. 6.

Chillicothe, O., Aug. 31, from heart trouble, Bro. R. M. Davidson, member of Div. 65.

Lindsay, Ont., Sept. 8, from drowning, Bro. John Hagerman, member of Div. 174.

Jackson, Tenn., Sept. 14, Bro. Con. Coughlin, member of Div. 93.

The Dalles, Ore., Sept. 13, from wreck, Bro. Thos. Haslam, member of Div. 236.

Jackson, Mich., Sept. 17, from cancer of the stomach, Bro. C. D. Paddock, member of Div. 2.

Pittsburg, Kas., Sept. 15, from neuralgia of heart, Bro. George R. Stacy, member of Div. 527.

Basalt, Col., Sept. 5, from cholera infantum, baby Helen, daughter of Bro. R. Hollingsworth, member of Div. 515.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 9, of paralysis of the heart, Bro. James E. Kelley, F. A. E. of Div. 31. Brother Kelley's membership in the B. of L. E. reached back to the primitive age of the order, and we believe he was a member at the time of the consolidation of Divs. 31 and 32 in 1864, when both were located in Cleveland, O. He had been F. A. E. of Div. 31 for the past 25 years, and was always an earnest worker and faithful attendant. He had seen the inception and whole life of the B. of L. E., and had borne a part of it, meeting all its demands in prosperity and adversity, and always loyal to its principles. He was imbued with that true Christian spirit that makes a good husband, a kind father, and a good Brother and citizen. His was a life worthy of emulation. We regret exceedingly the necessity of recording the passing of another faithful Brother who helped to lay the foundation stones and build our great institution,

to which he gave unqualified allegiance during life.

ADMITTED BY TRANSFER CARD.

Into Division—

- 553—Wm. H. Wise, from Div. 254.
 250—Harry Miner, Howard Edmond, from Div. 257.
 578—J. L. Dickson, E. W. Keatley, from Div. 428.
 Logan Wells, from Div. 366.
 111—Geo. C. Morris, from Div. 417.
 F. H. Whitsel, from Div. 556.
 82—Wm. Germer, from Div. 304.
 553—Chas. York, from Div. 492.
 134—A. E. Smith, from Div. 286.
 446—W. C. Sanders, R. Lenmon, from Div. 401.
 179—E. A. Wallen, from Div. 475.
 172—Wm. H. Robinson, from Div. 145.
 343—C. A. Sittason, from Div. 455.
 304—E. W. Scrafford, from Div. 100.
 197—R. P. Kline, J. B. McLaughlin, T. Hainsworth, G. W. Chare, J. M. Chare, J. Wallace, W. B. Glover, R. T. Taper, J. A. Hainsworth, J. E. Davis, J. J. Maid, W. W. Therbald, Wm. St. John, E. Pascoe, Wm. Smith, W. F. Boone, Louis Baloune, C. G. Chamberlin, M. Phillips, W. E. Cochrane, W. P. Brackenboro, A. Rodgers, E. Sweeney, S. E. Manning, E. G. Manning, E. L. Boehm, from def. Div. 112.
 481—Thos. Quinn, Bryan O'Connor, from Div. 72.
 36—H. W. Dailey, from Div. 455.
 165—H. Muir, from Div. 455.
 570—D. W. Sharpton, J. H. Garrett, from Div. 453.
 366—Benj. Millard, from Div. 123.
 368—R. A. Battle, from Div. 210.
 114—Edw. F. Clermont, from Div. 27.
 458—E. T. King, from Div. 213.
 326—C. S. Mallett, from Div. 527.
 O. J. Bordwell, from Div. 333.
 49—Mark J. Lawlis, from Div. 371.
 364—C. D. Daymude, from Div. 192.
 360—F. E. Swihart, from Div. 153.
 105—Sebastian Meyer, from def. Div. 131.
 428—H. R. Hillhouse, from Div. 485.
 538—Wm. Woodrow, from Div. 313.
 576—Oliver C. Comforth, Henry Buckley, from Div. 540.
 115—O. J. Cotton, from Div. 318.
 548—H. A. Belding, C. A. Wilcox, from Div. 273.
 222—W. C. Trout, from Div. 499.
 Paul Schaffter, from Div. 530.
 155—F. W. Kauffman, from Div. 460.
 W. B. Geming, from Div. 17.
 F. M. Donnelly, from Div. 326.
 430—James Glynn, from Div. 336.
 P. D. Mercer, from Div. 212.
 424—P. P. Murphy, from Div. 77.
 A. F. Hinckley, from Div. 250.
 537—J. J. Meade, from Div. 223.
 579—W. H. Crock, W. J. Tool, R. C. Best, from Div. 310.
 J. M. McInnis, F. R. Dalbey, A. J. Barclay, H. M. Carues, Jas. E. Hill, W. H. Kuhns, W. K. Walker, Jacob Thomas, from Div. 454.
 R. M. Laughry, Jesse Gilchrist, M. R. Turney, Lewis Henry, J. G. Gray, M. H. Gray, W. H. Pool, J. C. Speigle, E. W. Hart, Theo. E. Holtzer, Adam Ewert, from Div. 323.
 523—E. P. Madden, from Div. 539.
 J. B. Reed, from Div. 115.
 John Devine, from Div. 60.
 R. T. Smith, from Div. 431.
 368—Robert A. Battle, from Div. 210.
 Chas. C. Blackman, J. H. Rogers from Div. 207.
 580—Ed. Darby, W. G. Monahan, James Sidley, H. Ross, Thos. Garland, J. Scott, Wm. H. Green, T. J. Reinert, from Div. 302.
 John J. Haverly, from Div. 294.
 501—Frank H. FAVOR, from Div. 7.
 192—A. Fitzpatrick, from Div. 566.
 231—Clarence W. McNab, from Div. 23.

WITHDRAWALS.

From Division—

- 496—S. M. Dumaway.
 182—F. M. Morton.
 533—Louis H. Sulzbach.

From Division—

- 134—W. W. Perkins.
 12—Ed. S. Jones.

RE-INSTATED.

Into Division—

- 377—A. H. Murrey.
 12—S. B. Kleber.
 250—J. H. McElwee.
 210—Chris. Farmer.
 395—J. M. Clark.
 11—S. L. Ensey.
 Henry Bloom.
 315—Wm. F. Kelley.
 476—D. McCarthy.
 333—Geo. Gregory.
 343—Gus. Langal.
 481—Thos. A. Richardson.
 498—J. S. Sossamon.
 36—Joseph W. Harris.
 434—M. J. Keane.
 19—John Jones.
 207—Chas. C. Blackmon.

Into Division—

- 215—John Coagrove.
 326—C. W. Kennedy.
 F. M. Donnelly.
 103—W. J. Davies.
 254—Wm. Murray.
 182—J. T. McCorkel.
 453—G. W. Starklin.
 483—H. O. Eccleston.
 312—Oscar A. Symmes.
 208—Arthur L. Dick.
 96—P. H. Ryan.
 434—M. J. Keane.
 Edward Donnelly.

Bro. Wm. McFaul was listed in September JOURNAL as being expelled from Div. 482. It should have been re-instated into Div. 482.

SUSPENDED.

From Division—

- 352—R. L. Harrison, ten months for unbecoming conduct.
 49—Hart H. Webb, ten months for violation of obligation.

EXPELLED.

FOR NON-PAYMENT OF DUES.

From Division—

- 12—L. J. Jourdan.
 427—S. Connell.
 458—Geo. N. McNolty.
 186—Martin Munroe, Jas. B. Clark, W. P. Crowley, Frank Mawby, Robt. J. West.
 133—Wm. Beattie.
 342—Jas. T. Morgan, Wm. P. Morgan.
 302—G. Gronso, E. A. Flynn.
 433—John Maroney, H. L. Coppers.
 527—Geo. Frazier.
 251—A. T. Le Barron, W. E. Le Barron, Thomas Gatfield.
 6—George Elliott, James Malone.
 157—F. Wilkerson, P. Metggar.

FOR OTHER CAUSES.

- 206—Frank Morgan, for violation of obligation.
 12—H. G. Stonder, for forfeiting insurance.
 458—Frank A. Cutler, for forfeiting insurance and non-payment of dues.
 30—John W. Flynn, for keeping saloon and non-payment of dues.
 409—G. A. Duval, for unbecoming conduct.
 95—J. C. Young, for violation of obligation and non-payment of dues.
 436—James Ormsby, for intoxication.
 S. D. Pope, for deserting his family.
 534—A. T. Railsback, for non-payment of dues and forfeiting insurance.
 302—James Kerwin, for non-payment of dues and forfeiting insurance.
 353—John I. Way, Walter Gosnel, for forfeiting insurance.
 30—Joseph Wood, for forfeiting insurance.
 552—C. D. Smith, for defrauding his creditors, unbecoming conduct and deserting his family.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS' MUTUAL LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Official Notice of Assessments 56-59.

SERIES E.

OFFICE OF ASSOCIATION, ROOM 803, SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING, }
CLEVELAND, OHIO, Oct. 1, 1901.

To the Division Secretaries L. E. M. L. and A. I. A.:

DEAR SIRS AND BROS.:—You are hereby notified of the death or disability of the following members of the Association:

Four Assessments for payment of these claims are hereby levied and Secretaries ordered to collect one dollar from all who are insured for \$750, two dollars from all who are insured for \$1,500, four dollars from all who are insured for \$3,000, and six dollars from all members insured for \$4,500, and forward same to the General Secretary and Treasurer.

Members of the Insurance Association are required to remit to Division Secretaries within thirty days from date of this notice, and the Division Secretaries to the General Secretary and Treasurer within ten days thereafter, on penalty of forfeiting their membership. (See Article XI. of By-Laws.)

Secretaries in sending remittances will send same to and make all drafts, express money orders or postoffice money orders payable to WM. B. PRENTER, General Secretary and Treasurer. Secretaries located in Canada will please remit by draft or express money order. We will not accept packages of money sent by express, unless charges have been prepaid. The JOURNAL closes on the 18th of each month. Claims received after that day will lie over until the succeeding month.

No. of Ass't.	Name.	Age.	No. of Div.	Date of Admission.	Date of Death or Disability.	Cause of Death or Disability.	Amt. of Ins.	To Whom Payable.
25	Geo. Masters.....	42	413	Feb. 11, 1891.	Aug. 10, 1901.	Abscess.....	\$1500	Mrs. M. J. Masters, w.
26	P. Danenhauer.....	51	531	Apr. 1, 1895.	Aug. 11, 1901.	Pernicious malaria	4500	Mrs. B. Danenhauer, w.
27	L. H. Woods.....	32	29	Jan. 14, 1901.	Aug. 12, 1901.	Killed.....	750	Mary A. Woods, w.
28	T. Moriarty.....	36	381	Nov. 13, 1891.	Aug. 14, 1901.	Heart disease.....	1500	His lawful Heirs..
29	A. J. Sharpe.....	48	138	May 26, 1884.	Aug. 16, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. A. J. Sharpe, w.
30	J. E. Stephens.....	30	368	Mch. 24, 1900.	Aug. 18, 1901.	Consumption.....	750	Bessie Stephens, s.
31	I. E. Velsir.....	49	379	June 25, 1899.	Aug. 21, 1901.	Consumption.....	1500	Maggie Velsir, w.
32	C. H. North.....	45	24	Apr. 19, 1892.	Aug. 21, 1901.	Tuberculosis.....	1500	Mrs. Laura North, w.
33	Con Sheehan.....	43	19	Oct. 8, 1888.	Aug. 21, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	His lawful Heirs.
34	E. S. Luther.....	52	87	Mch. 4, 1887.	Aug. 22, 1901.	Nephritis.....	1500	Mary A. Luther, w.
35	Robt. Parks.....	38	297	Aug. 5, 1900.	Aug. 23, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. J. W. Parks w.
36	T. G. Eubank.....	34	225	Jan. 7, 1901.	Aug. 25, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. M. A. Eubank, w.
37	H. J. Van Gilder.....	54	54	Feb. 4, 1880.	Aug. 25, 1901.	Killed.....	4500	D. E. Van Gilder, w.
38	M. Francis.....	40	39	Apr. 9, 1890.	Aug. 26, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Clara Francis, w.
39	J. Snodgrass.....	38	227	May 25, 1895.	Aug. 27, 1901.	Tuberculosis.....	1500	Mrs. J. Snodgrass, w.
40	Ben Smith.....	24	547	Sept. 17, 1899.	Aug. 27, 1901.	Killed.....	750	Nancy J. Smith, m.
41	P. M. Bratton.....	48	254	Oct. 20, 1888.	Aug. 28, 1901.	Rt. leg amputated.	1500	P. M. Bratton.
42	F. Philbrook.....	47	312	July 15, 1890.	Aug. 29, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. F. Philbrook, w.
43	P. J. Krull.....	42	244	Jan. 9, 1901.	Aug. 29, 1901.	Typhoid fever.....	1500	Mrs. M. M. Krull, w.
44	W. H. Meagher.....	43	41	Mch. 1, 1893.	Aug. 29, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. W. H. Meagher, w.
45	H. P. Bradley.....	51	161	Oct. 20, 1896.	Aug. 30, 1901.	Meningitis.....	4500	Mrs. M. Bradley, w.
46	W. C. Alexander.....	42	370	Nov. 2, 1891.	Aug. 30, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. W. C. Alexander, w.
47	R. M. Davison.....	44	65	July 30, 1892.	Aug. 31, 1901.	Heart disease.....	3000	Mrs. R. M. Davison, w.
48	Lewis Elder.....	73	156	Aug. 8, 1869.	Sept. 1, 1901.	Tumors.....	3000	As per last will.
49	J. Darling.....	53	64	July 21, 1890.	Sept. 1, 1901.	Heart disease.....	3000	Viola M. Darling, w.
50	Wm. J. Fritz.....	36	325	Aug. 4, 1901.	Sept. 1, 1901.	Scarlet fever.....	1500	Mrs. B. E. Fritz, w.
51	Edw. McKune.....	29	263	Mch. 10, 1901.	Sept. 2, 1901.	Typhoid fever.....	1500	Mary McKune, m.
52	E. H. Williams.....	53	166	June 28, 1890.	Sept. 6, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. E. H. Williams, w.
53	W. A. Holbrook.....	37	408	Feb. 9, 1890.	Sept. 6, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. O. Holbrook, w.
54	J. W. Grant.....	52	351	Mch. 11, 1887.	Sept. 8, 1901.	Coma.....	1500	His lawful Heirs.
55	Jas. E. Kelley.....	69	31	Dec. 3, 1886.	Sept. 9, 1901.	Heart disease.....	1500	Mrs. J. E. Kelley, w.
56	M. B. Stover.....	54	477	Nov. 26, 1883.	Sept. 9, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. M. B. Stover, w.
57	A. Brick.....	72	15	Jan. 1, 1869.	Sept. 10, 1901.	Orteris sclerosis.....	3000	Mrs. Mary Brick, w.
58	R. R. McCrory.....	43	473	May 16, 1900.	Sept. 12, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. J. McCrory, w.
59	Guss Ayers.....	198	198	Apr. 18, 1892.	Sept. 16, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. Guss Ayers, w.

Total number of claims, 35.

Total amount of claims, \$77,250.

Acknowledgments.

Acknowledgments have been received from the following Beneficiaries for amounts stated in settlement of claims paid:

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
July 8, 1901.	E. L. Dunkle.....	880	J. F. Wills.....	370	\$1500
Aug. 5, "	Barney McDevitt.....	901	Geo. W. De Forest.....	103	4500
" 29, "	Hugh Bradley.....	902	John Calder.....	540	1500
" 17, "	Mrs. W. H. Bair.....	911	P. H. Kaub.....	186	3000
" 22, "	His Children.....	934	E. F. Heidelbaugh.....	353	1500
Sept. 6, "	T. M. Coffey.....	935	J. R. Chalkley.....	26	3000
" 4, "	Mary E. Forrestel.....	937	T. Williamson.....	15	3000
" 7, "	Mrs. A. Martin.....	939	Geo. Mills.....	70	750
" 9, "	Jennie Berkstresser.....	940	J. J. Conrad.....	509	1500
" 12, "	Mrs. Jos. Forgues.....	941	N. Gadbois.....	168	1500
" 12, "	Mrs. Kate M. Harwell.....	942	D. L. Anderson.....	216	1500
" 6, "	Mrs. Nellie Young.....	944	J. K. Hawes.....	176	3000
" 12, "	Mrs. S. Stoddard.....	946	T. Williamson.....	15	4500

Acknowledgments—Continued.

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
Sept. 6, 1901.	Mrs. Teresa Keas.....	947	Wm. M. Blythe.....	11	\$3000
" 10, "	Mrs. Laura Nelson.....	948	Jas. E. Shortle.....	107	1500
" 7, "	John Fridgin.....	949	J. C. Baynes.....	119	4500
" 12, "	Mrs. Minnie Monty.....	951	A. H. Wilson.....	87	4500
" 4, "	Anna J. Pease.....	953	R. G. Shepard.....	3	3000
" 10, "	Mrs. Elizabeth O'Donnell.....	954	B. D. Willoughby.....	421	1500
" 7, "	Oliver Springer.....	955	T. Hinchcliff.....	315	4500
" 10, "	Mrs. E. M. Vernold.....	956	S. Pierce.....	137	3000
" 5, "	Mrs. W. H. Rhodes.....	957	Wm. M. Blythe.....	11	3000
" 12, "	Mary L. Hammond.....	958	E. F. Colbath.....	419	750
" 11, "	{ Mrs. A. Hough..... }	959	J. E. Campbell.....	147	3000
" 11, "	{ Chas. H. Hough..... }		B. D. Willoughby.....	421	1500
" 16, "	Mrs. E. Walsh.....	960	H. M. Garnett.....	336	1500
" 16, "	Mrs. M. Bumgarner.....	964	J. C. Baynes.....	119	1500
" 7, "	Mary E. Hanlon.....	966	E. W. Killey.....	109	3000
" 12, "	Lawful heirs.....	969	J. W. Searls.....	96	1500
" 7, "	Thos. F. Moran.....	970	E. T. Adams.....	267	1500
" 7, "	Jennie L. Shuman.....	971			

Financial Statement.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Sept. 1, 1901.

MORTUARY FUND FOR AUGUST.

Balance on hand July 31, 1901,	\$ 92,693 68
Paid in settlement of Claims,	87,750 00
Balance on hand Aug. 1, 1901,	\$ 4,943 68
Received by Assessments 967-971, and Back Assessments,	86,696 59
Received from members whose insurance was carried by Association,	507 00
Received by Assessments 1,000-1,004,	666 09
Total in Bank Aug. 31, 1901,	\$ 92,813 36

EXPENSE FUND FOR AUGUST.

Balance on hand Aug. 1, 1901,	\$ 5,858 82
Received by Admission Fees and Arrears,	212 40
Total,	\$ 6,071 22
Expenses during month of August,	1,024 05
Balance in Bank Aug. 31, 1901,	\$ 5,047 17

Statement of Membership.

FOR AUGUST, 1901.

<i>Classified Represents:</i>	\$750 00	\$1,500	\$3,000	\$4,500
Members who paid Assessments 967-971	2,462	14,169	7,486	1,370
Members from whom Assessments 967-971				
were not collected,	271	1,236	343	50
Members carried by the Association,	1	119	276	17
Applications and reinstatements received				
during month	75	183	44	13
Totals,	2,809	15,707	8,149	1,450
From which deduct Policies terminated by				
death, accident or otherwise,	26	96	13	6
Total Membership Aug. 31, 1901,	2,783	15,611	8,136	1,444
Grand Total,				27,974
W. E. FUTCH, President.				
W. B. PRENTER, Gen'l Sec'y & Treas.				

NATHAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

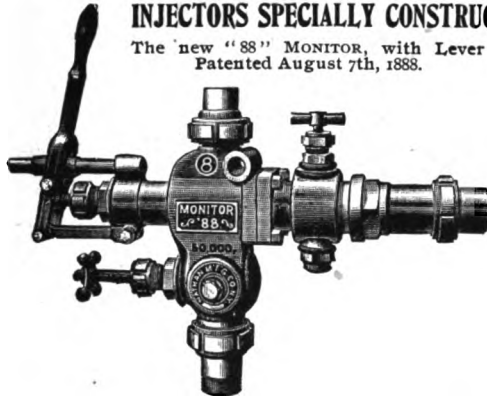
92 and 94 Liberty Street, New York,
and 180 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

MANUFACTURERS OF

The "Monitor" and other Locomotive Injectors.

INJECTORS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR HIGH PRESSURE.

The 'new "88" MONITOR, with Lever
Patented August 7th, 1888.



**"NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED
LUBRICATORS,
Ejectors or Water Elevators,
New Sanding Apparatus,
New Steam Fire Extinguishers,
Boiler Washers,
Rod and Guide Cups,
Etc., Etc.**

For instructions, see Engineer's
Card, which is furnished with each
Injector.

NOTE.—The "88" Monitor is also made with a quick motion Screw Starting Attachment.

THE "NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED CYLINDER LUBRICATOR FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

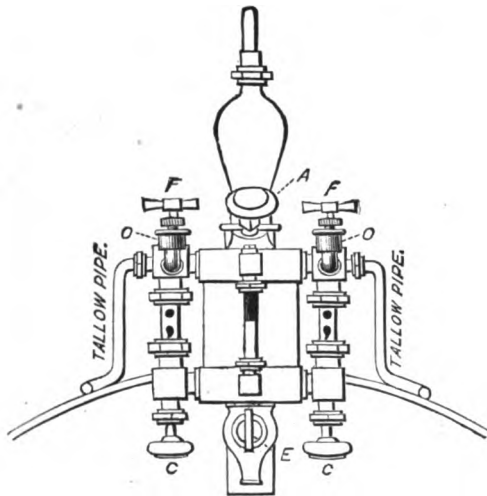
Oils both Cylinders.

*No possibility of feeding over
in one cylinder or
into boiler.*

ALSO,
AIR BRAKE,

SIGHT-FEED

LUBRICATORS.



NATHAN MANUFACTURING CO., New York.

CATALOGUES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.



STAR BRASS MANUFACTURING CO.,
Manufacturers of **Extra Heavy Locomotive Pop Safety Valves,**
MUFFLED AND OPEN.

Also Exclusive and Original Makers of "Non-Corrosive Steam
Gages," Locomotive Lubricators, Chime Whistles, Etc.

Main Office and Works: **BOSTON, MASS.**
New York, 38 Cortlandt St. Chicago, 334 Monadnock Bldg.



When writing to advertisers, mention this Journal.

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA



"KNOWN THE WORLD OVER"
HAS RECEIVED THE HIGHEST ENDORSEMENTS
FROM THE MEDICAL PRACTITIONER, THE NURSE
AND THE INTELLIGENT HOUSEKEEPER AND CATERER

WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited
ESTABLISHED 1750 DORCHESTER, MASS.
• GOLD MEDAL, PARIS 1900 •

Vose PIANOS

are receiving more favorable comments to-
day from an artistic standpoint than all
other makes combined.

WE Challenge Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan, every family
in moderate circumstances can own a fine
piano. We allow a liberal price for old in-
struments in exchange, and deliver the piano
in your house free of expense. You can
deal with us at a distant point the same as
in Boston. Send for catalogue and full
information.

VOSC & SONS PIANO CO.

161 Boylston Street, - - - Boston.

FUN FOR LODGE ROOMS of RAILROAD MEN *also Home Amusements.*



NO AMUSEMENT OF MODERN TIMES EQUALS

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Nine Styles, from \$10.00 to \$100.00

None
Genuine
without

Thomas A. Edison

this
Trade
Mark

Catalogues at all Dealers

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY

New York Office, 135 Fifth Avenue
Chicago Office, 114 Wabash Avenue
Foreign Dept., 15 Cedar Street, New York

Piso's For Consumption CURE

We always keep Piso's Cure
for Consumption in the house for
coughs and colds. The children
beg for it. We have recommended
it to our neighbors.

MRS. J. T. BALES,
Box 43, Augusta, Okla., Sept. 5, 1900.

Piso's Cure for Consumption cured my
daughter of an awful cough which the
whooping cough had left her with. I
can say it is the best remedy for coughs I
ever used.

ADELBERT C. PANGBORN,
Conway, Mich., Sept. 17, 1900.

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS JOURNAL

PRICE, \$1.00 BY MAIL



THEODORE ROOSEVELT, TWENTY-SIXTH PRESIDENT OF THE U. S.

ENTERED AT THE CLEVELAND, OHIO, POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Westinghouse Air Brakes

Control the Railway Traffic of the World.

**Endorsed
by all the leading
railway authorities.**

**The Westinghouse Air Brake Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.**

BA2

When writing to advertisers, mention this Journal.

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS

MONTHLY JOURNAL

C.H. SALMONS, EDITOR AND MANAGER
307 SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING CLEVELAND, O.

Vol. XXXV.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

No. 11.



THE ROADMASTER—COLORADO CENTRAL RY., CAL.

Hard On the Nerves.

"One of the greatest difficulties of the real mountain roads, like the Colorado Midland, the Rio Grande Western and the Denver & Rio Grande, is in getting engineers," said the city passenger agent of the Rio Grande Western road. This gentleman is familiar with all the intermountain roads, where the trains have to all but fly to reach some of their destinations.

"One might suppose that all roads would look alike to the experienced engineer, but they don't. Along some of the prairie roads an engineer can take a run on any new track almost as well as on one he has traveled for years and knows with his eyes shut. But here in the West it is different. Down in Colorado, where are some of the greatest monuments to the railroad builder that have ever been erected, an engineer has to travel over the roads sometimes for weeks with old, experienced engineers who know the track before he

will be trusted with a train. It isn't a question of engineering ability; merely one of experience.

"It is enough to take a fellow's nerve to sweep around some of those mountain curves and passes for the first time. Some good men never take more than their first ride. I have seen engineers come from the East, men of gilt-edge character and ability, who lost their nerve with the first trip and took the first train for a flatter country. Dizzy reverse curves, trestles that seem to totter in the wind, precipices that seem to yawn for a fellow's life, and grades that are a revelation of horror to the newcomer crowd in bewildering confusion on the view, and unless a fellow is as stolid as an ox or nervy as the mischief he is apt to lose his head.

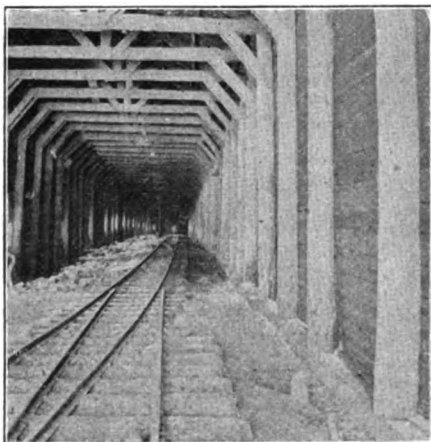
"You would be surprised at the number of young engineers who are on the mountain roads. For one thing, a man does not last there as he does on a less picturesque, more prosaic run. It takes youth and



SCENE ON THE DENVER & SOUTH PARK RY.

strength and courage of a rare order to stand it all. The companies are the most appreciative in the world, for they realize how hard it is to get a good man, and they treat a good man right royally. But even this does not attract a surplus of the right sort.

"The principal dangers are in the heavy grades and in the sharp curves, though landslides are far from unknown. One must know his train and his road like a book to get through with his life on the Marshall Pass, for instance, where you seem to plunge headlong down the mighty hill. A rock on the track, a broken wheel, a runaway car or a failure of the brakes to work would end in a smashup that would startle the whole country. The hill might be a glare of ice or frost, it might be wet or snowy, and if you set the air brake too hard so as to start the wheels to sliding



INTERIOR OF SNOWSHED, MARSHALL PASS,
D. & R. G. RY.

down the hill you go like a gigantic toboggan, with death and destruction at the end of the ride. The management of the air brake and knowing where the curves and dangerous places are is the greatest part of an engineer's education in the mountains.

"For my own part, knowing the dangers as I do, I feel nervous after riding one hundred miles over the wildest parts of the roads even as a passenger. I rode through the Royal Gorge on the engine a few weeks ago, and was glad when the ride was over. It makes a fellow feel trembly-like to think what might be, though the worst rarely happens. Such is the care taken in equipment and in getting the best men that the mountain roads have as small a proportion of losses as the dead-level roads of the plains. But it takes a man of nerve to pilot a train through some of the wilder regions.

"A freight train is the worst, in that it is much heavier than a passenger, and is expected to make almost the same time. All the heavy stock trains going east, 25 to 30 cars, make passenger schedule. A freight is so loosely coupled as to be very unmanageable at critical points. The stock trains are the terror of the engine drivers and all the trainmen.

"A fellow isn't necessarily a coward when he throws up his job as engineer over the mountain roads, after seeing what the dangers are. Not one passenger in ten thousand would assume the same danger. The position calls for absolutely steady nerve, and one who feels that he is likely to get rattled is dangerous to himself, to the company, and to all who ride behind him. A man must think and act like lightning in the face of so many dangers that he must be sure of his ability to stand the strain. No one stays any great number of years. It is beyond one's power to do so and be safe. A man may be brave and willing and all that, but these are not enough. He must be sure and proof against stampede. Such a man is worth everything to the companies, and they treat him like a prince."—*Butte Inter-Mountain*.

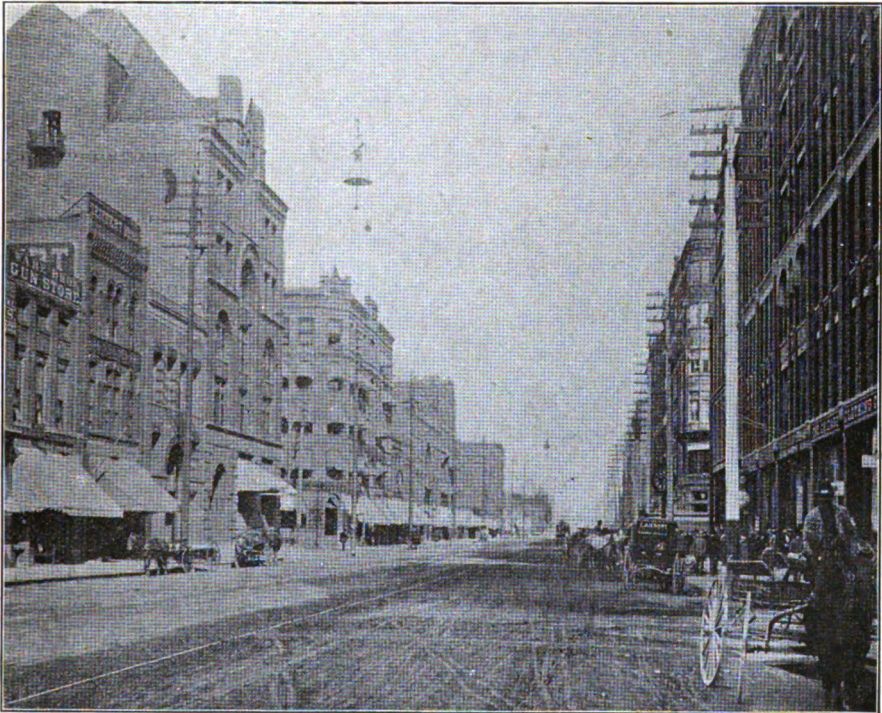
Private Tiernan's Pledge.

The roll of the reveille drums and the trumpet's brazen falsetto did not serve in the least to disturb the morose meditations of Private Patrick Francis Tiernan, Seventh United States Cavalry, who was walking post at old Fort Runyon, Mont., in the gray of that Thanksgiving Day morning in the year 1890. The officer of the day had just rounded K troop's quarters, and his military figure was making rapidly for the guardhouse. There was a surliness in the tone of the sentry, as, in accordance with regulations, he turned out the guard for the approaching officer. Private Tiernan, with a face that was but a mirror of the state of his mind, came from a "port" to a "carry" and to a "present" with a violence that did damage to the palm of his left hand, and looked straight at the passing captain with an air of dogged determination that was mentally intended to be an expression of the utmost indifference. The officer of the day returned the salute with more military precision than was usual in such a perfunctory interchange of courtesies, and as his eyes met those of the stalwart Irish sentinel a look of profound sympathy stole into his face—but Private Tiernan would not see it that way.

Private Patrick Francis Tiernan, Troop K, until day before yesterday a sergeant of twenty-seven years' standing, was now walking post like the veriest "rookie" in

the Fort Runyon outfit. On his dress coat hanging yonder in the barracks were six service stripes, and yet here he was No. 1, second relief, pacing a beat for the first time since he had stood guard outside Grant's tent before Vicksburg. Twenty-seven years a sergeant, and now—. Oh, the thought of it chilled his veteran heart as the morning mountain wind chilled his veteran bones. He heard the men going "to stables" at "route step," discussing the great spread that was to be given in the mess hall in honor of Thanksgiving Day. Thanksgiving Day—what was that to a man who, though twenty-seven years

After the new guard had been mounted that morning, Private Tiernan made his way to his quarters, and, without a word to his fellows, who looked at the veteran a bit curiously, slipped into a blouse on whose sleeves two wide streaks of blue darker than the surrounding cloth marked like a brand, so it seemed to Tiernan's thoughts, the places from which his chevrons had been cut. He left the barracks and headed for the stables. As he passed the door of the commissary the colonel came out and met him face to face. Tiernan's hand went to his cap in rigid salute. "Good morning, sergeant," said Colonel



RIVERSIDE AVE., SPOKANE, WASH.—The Home of Div. No. 147, B. of L. E., where Union Meeting was held on Sept. 16, 17 and 18, an account of which is given on another page in this issue.

a non-commissioned officer, was now a private, reduced to the ranks by the finding of a court-martial for drunkenness, and that court-martial convened by the order of his colonel?

And the colonel, the man with whom Tiernan had soldiered all through the years that the officer was rising, step by step, from the rank of a subaltern of horse to that of the command of the crack cavalry regiment of the service. At the thought of him, Private Tiernan's teeth clicked like the lock of his carbine when brought to a "ready."

Blake. The old title slipped out naturally.

"Private Tiernan, sir, now," was the answer, in a tone that implied it would be a pleasure to add, "Thanks to you."

"As you will, Tiernan; where are you going?"

"I'm on old guard post; I've walked post all night, and I'm going to ride over to Miles City, sir."

"Are you going to drink today, sergeant?"—the title again.

"Private, sir. I don't know; there's not many that care."

"Tiernan, we've soldiered in the same

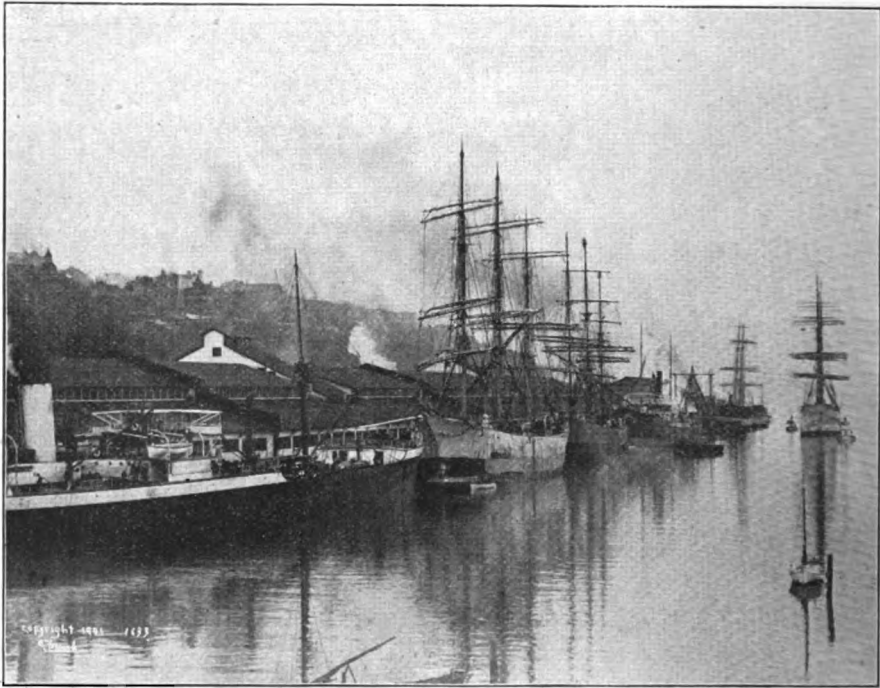
command for nearly thirty years. Yours was a growing fault. A deep interest and a liking sometimes move a man to do a disagreeable duty. Enough of this, however. I want you to promise me that you won't drink today. Get out of the mud, Tiernan, get out of the mud. Promise me you'll not drink."

"What's my word worth? I'm not an officer and a gentleman."

"It does not always need a strap on the shoulder to make a gentleman, Tiernan. I've known the chevron and the plain sleeve to do the trick as well. Promise me."

his eyes flashed angrily. He threw a saddle onto "Joe Hooker," and, with a more vicious dig of the spur than the horse had ever before felt from that heel, set out at a "charge" pace across the prairie. Oh, the meanness and the degradation of it all. His only thought now was of drink that would bring forgetfulness. The promise—what was the promise of a private worth? He tried to toss the thought of it to the sharp blowing wind, but it clung tenaciously.

Miles City came in sight. Tiernan rode past the scattered outlying shacks, and reaching the heart of the place made



TACOMA, WASH.—From Photograph by A. French, the home of Div. 238, B. of L. E., where Union Meeting was held on Sept. 23. See account on another page in this issue.

The answer came half sulkily: "Well, if you want me to promise I will." Then the trooper turned and strode away to the stables, taking no notice of the hand which he knew instinctively was held out to grasp his.

At the stables some of the officers' children were harnessing a pony to a cart. They had long held the veteran Tiernan in a sort of awe. They knew of his fallen estate, and one of them mischievously called out: "Here comes a 'rookie.'" Tiernan heard the loud laugh with which the recruits on stable guard answered the youngster's sally. He set his teeth and

straight for the bar of the "Jolly Trooper." He called for brandy, filled the glass, raised it, and then as if mirrored in its contents he read the words: "I've known the chevron and the plain sleeve to do the trick as well." Tiernan put the liquor back on the bar, paid for it, and turned for the door. Then the thought of the gibes of the recruits came into his mind like a knife. He turned to the bar again, touched the glass, dropped it, and then said, sharply: "Give me a bottle of brandy." He took the flask outside and put it in his saddle-bag. Thus far he had kept the letter of his word.

Tiernan headed Joe Hooker for the railroad station. He was conscious of a change in the atmosphere as he galloped through the streets. The wind was souging along in a way which the experienced trooper knew presaged a blizzard. The scurrying clouds were already shaking out a light burden of snow. He rode into a shed near the station, took out the bottle from the saddle-bag, drew the cork, put the mouth to his lips, and then again he found himself mentally repeating: "I've known the chevron and the plain sleeve to do the trick as well." The cork was pressed home almost viciously, and the bottle with its untasted contents went back into the bag.

them. It's too late now for me to put back, however, and I'm going to stay here."

Tiernan looked at the sky. The clouds had banked up thickly and the snow was coming faster and faster, blown by a constantly rising wind. "The last time young Carruthers was at the post," he thought, "the old road was in use. He does not know of the short new one. If he takes the old trail round the bluff they're lost." Then he thought of Molly, whom ten years ago in the far-off Apache country he had taught to ride. Molly, for whom he had been bodyguard all through her childhood. Some storm-blown snow buntings whirled past the station platform and sought shelter



THE HARBOR, TACOMA, WASH., LOOKING DOWN THE WHARF.—From Photo by A. French.

At the station platform Tiernan found the post ambulance. The driver said that he had been sent over to meet Colonel Blake's sister, Mrs. Carruthers, her son and the colonel's daughter, Miss Molly Blake.

"They arrived," said the driver in response to Tiernan's question, "on an earlier train than was expected and left for the post in an open wagon before I arrived. Mrs. Carruthers' son, who came with her, hired the team, said he knew the way and would drive the party over. They've had half an hour the start, and if they keep to the new road they can make the post before this blizzard is strong enough to hurt

under the lee of a bank. Tiernan's eye followed them. When those birds of the frozen north seek shelter he knew what was to be expected of the elements. Without a word to a soul he mounted and struck off into the very teeth of the storm. "Don't fail me this day, Joe Hooker," he said.

The horse, as if in answer, galloped steadily forward. The air seemed turned to ice, yet the wind kept ever rising. They came at last to the parting of the old and the new roads. Tiernan slipped from his horse, and at a part of the now disused trail, sheltered slightly by an embank-

ment, he found the fresh mark of a wheel. Carruthers had taken the old roundabout road. The blizzard was at its height. Tiernan blinded his horse and bending low over the saddle kept him to his task with encouraging words. For an hour they kept steadily on in the face of that awful tempest. To any others than that plains-tried soldier and steed the blizzard would have meant death. He had hoped to overtake those whom he sought in time to take them back to the new path. That hope was given over long since. Suddenly Joe Hooker stopped. There was an obstruction on the trail. Tiernan slid from the

bankment shut out some of the fury of the wind and the driving needle-like snow ceased for a moment to blind his vision. Before him in a hollow in the bank he saw three forms. Two were prostrate, the other was kneeling, and the soldier realized that the white face of young Carruthers was turned toward him, while from the lips came the smothered cry, "Sergeant Tiernan."

Tiernan stumbled forward and sank down beside the motionless figures, half covered with snow.

"Save them," came in anguished tone from the boy. Tiernan raised the nearest



MOUNT TACOMA, WASHINGTON, AS SEEN FROM OCEAN DOCK.

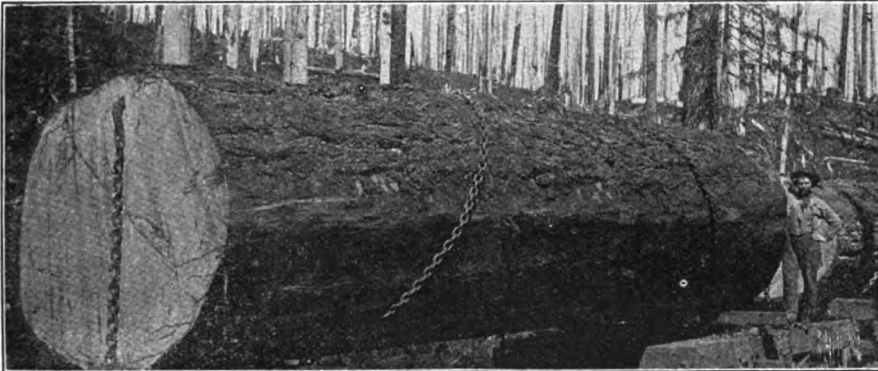
saddle, his limbs already stiffened with the cold, and with one hand on his steed's bridle he led the way gropingly forward for a few steps. There he found an open carriage empty and with two horses overcome in the trail. Tiernan's heart nearly failed him. He knew he was almost at the point where the trail rounded the bluff. Perhaps the carriage occupants had sought shelter under the lee of the embankment. Toward it he made his painful way. A cry came faintly to his ear above the howling storm. He stumbled on with his left hand still grasping tightly Joe Hooker's bridle. In another moment the steep em-

bank and looked into the face of Molly Blake. Exposure had well-nigh done its work. Then a thought flashed into his mind, and with an action as quick as the thought he sprang to the side of his horse and thrust his hand into the saddle-bag. There was a bottle of brandy intact. In a trice a quantity of the stimulant was forced between the lips of the storm's victims and signs of returning consciousness were almost immediate. Tiernan used his saddle blanket and overcoat as a further protection and soon succeeded in getting the three into a still more sheltered nook. Then he climbed painfully to the top of the

embankment and looked off westward. A streak of light far away in the direction of Helena gladdened his eye. The storm was passing as suddenly as it had risen. The bowling mountain breeze was driving the storm clouds before it, while in its wake the blue sky was appearing like a benediction. He made his way back to the little party grouped below with his glad tidings. Hardly had he returned when from beyond the embankment clearly borne down by the wind came the thumping of hoof falls. A minute later a troop of cavalry, led by Colonel Blake, broke round the edge of the bluff. The colonel slipped from his horse and took his daughter into his arms. The troopers started a fire, and when its genial warmth had made itself felt the story was told in a few words.

"Sergeant Tiernan," said Colonel Blake, "that bottle of brandy saved three lives."

"Maybe," returned Tiernan, "but you may thank what you said this morning for there being a drop in it."



IN THE LOGGING CAMP, WASHINGTON.

Patrick Francis Tiernan, retired first sergeant "K" Troop, Seventh Cavalry, wears a massive gold watch. Inscribed on the inside of one case are these words: "From Molly Blake to Sergeant Tiernan, Non-Commissioned Officer and Gentleman." Within the back case Sergeant Tiernan has had engraved these words: "I've known the chevron or the plain sleeve to do the trick as well. Thanksgiving Day, 1890."

EDWARD B. CLARK.

Be a Man First of All.

Quite beneath all discussion of electives and vocations, as to whether I will be an engineer or a clergyman, is the certainty, for every youth who would be truly successful that he must be a man; that he ought to be a "full grown man," as the old version read squarely and none too strongly; to be a "perfect man."—*Success*.

As Long's the Old Nest Stands.

Ya-a-s, they're comin' home Thanksgivin'
An' the gobbler's gittin' fat,
An' the Hubbard squash's a ripenin'
Fer the pies an' sich as that;
So we'll send the double waggin
Tew the deepo fer all hands,
An' we'll bring 'em home Thanksgivin'
As long's the old nest stands.

The robins in the maples
Hatched thar leetle brood this spring,
An' before the leeves got yaller
They was big enough to sing;
But they left us in October
Fer tew sing in other lands,
But the spring'll bring 'em homewards
As long's the old nest stands.

Ah! thar's other nests as lonesome
In the winter-time of life,
Whar the little brood is scattered
In the great world's noisy strife;
An' I s'pose the busy singers
An' the workers fold thar hands
As they dream of glad home-comin'
As long's the old nest stands.

Human nests uv boards an' shingles,
Batten doors an' ceilin's low,
Clabberds warped an' weather-beaten,
Homely harths where homefires glow;
An' the ole folks, gray an' stoopin',
Reachin' out weth lovin' hands
In all airth the truest welcome,
As long's the old nest stands.

Lemme tell ye when it crumbles,
Or the roof-tree falls weth age,
Then, b'gosh in all yure readin'
Yew will turn the saddest page;
Fer thar's somethin' fame nor money
Nor success nor power commands,
It's the love ye git fer nothin'
As long's the old nest stands.

What's that, mother? Got a letter?
"They'll be down on Wednesday noon"—
Say! we better air the chumbers,
'Cause we can't begin too soon.
Fix the cradle fer the baby,
Darn these tears an' tremblin' hands!
Mottar's singin', I'm a-whislin',
An' right here the old nest stands.

—*Exchange*.

Mrs. Eskridge's Awakening.

Up against the bleak hillside a little low-browed house nestled like a frightened rabbit. Stunted oaks grew on the rocks behind it; a road ran close in front, then wound its ribbon-like length over the stony hills in both directions as far as the eye could reach.

Here and there about the house, where it was flat enough to accommodate them, were patches of ground that earlier had evidently produced a handful of corn, wheat and potatoes. An occasional flake of snow, blown grudgingly from the gray sky, was dropping here and there.

An old man came to the door of the house and stood looking out. He was gnarled and bent from his living fight with the ungracious soil.

"There's going to be snow for Thanksgiving, mother," he called back. "It's beginning to spit now."

She came to the door in answer to his call; a little fragile old woman, a small checked shawl folded primly over her shoulders, her face sad and uncomplaining, weather-beaten like the man's.

She stood a moment looking out with keen interest. For thirty years the passers by on that winding road had been her principal dissipation.

"It wouldn't be much Thanksgiving if it didn't snow, would it, father? It makes me feel more like fixing up some pies and doughnuts. I guess you better kill a chicken, too. I wouldn't feel right if we didn't put on a little extra. I wish we could have someone to eat with us, but everybody else has got folks of their own."

She turned back in the kitchen.

"You better come in; it's real raw, an' you'll take cold in your throat 'thout a comforter. I s'pose Mary will have some of her husband's folks," she continued, "We wouldn't expect her to come up here 'way from New York the first Thanksgiving she's married. They'll look to her of course to invite them. I expect she'll be real fidgety about the dinner, too. Mary never especially did like cooking. I wish I could be there and help her. If you'll step out now, father, an' kill the chicken I'll go right to work."

"Here's a box for you, Uncle James," a voice called.

"Guess it's from Mary; it's marked 'New York.'"

"That's Hi Combe's voice," Mrs. Burleigh murmured, as she hurried to the door. "That's real foresighted of him to bring it up."

"It's from Mary, sure enough!" she exclaimed. "Hurry up, father; maybe there's a letter in it, too."

Mrs. Burleigh opened it with careful de-

liberation. She commenced unpacking it with trembling fingers.

She suddenly dropped everything and her face began to work pitifully.

"What will we do with all these things, an' Mary not here to eat them? Wouldn't she have been tickled with them, father? I can see her a-standin' around now, her long braids down her back an' her pretty brown eyes dancing."

"Well, don't you think she's got them, mother? You don't s'pose she stunted herself to send them to us, do you? They must have cost a considerable lot. The young man she married looked pretty well to do, though."

He got up and walked heavily to the window. Outside in the dim white whirl he, too, saw a fair, flushed girlish face, and slow, hard tears came to his eyes. Back in the dim room the little mother sat, her face bent in her thin arms, the Thanksgiving plenty all about her.

* * *

Mrs. Jack Eskridge sat at Mrs. Vanderwert's dinner table Thanksgiving eve, toying with her dainty menu—a vision of white and gold. A smile curled her red lips and dimpled her flushed cheeks. Her husband looked across at her and a thrill of delight ran through him. She caught her husband's look and flung him a gay smile.

"Mrs. Eskridge," her partner questioned, "can you look extremely admiring? Because if you can, now is your time. The heiress of the house of Vanderwert will be on exhibition shortly. She has been requested."

A moment later a nurse came in with a dainty wide-eyed baby in her arms. Mrs. Eskridge glanced at her hostess and saw a new look spring from her face, a look of intense mother love. It startled her, some way she had not expected it, and as she looked wondering, there came before her another, a very different face, worn and tired, but the same look was there; she had seen it all her child-life, seen but not comprehended. She sat like one in a dream. The soft laughter and low music hurt her. Through it she heard her father's deep, tender voice, with the sad little note in it—"father's little girl."

"Oh," she thought passionately, "you poor darlings. You poor darlings." She half arose, then came to herself with a start. She motioned a servant.

"Tell Mr. Eskridge I wish to speak with him immediately after dinner. It is very important."

Her husband hurried to her as soon as they were released.

"What is it?" he exclaimed. "You look as though you had seen a ghost."

"Jack!" she cried, unheeding his ques-

tion, "we must spend Thanksgiving at Hilton with father and mother. We can get there by nine in the morning."

"Why, Mary, are you crazy? We would have to leave here in twenty-five minutes and drive hard to make that train. What are you thinking of? Look at your dress, child."

"Yes, I know; I can't tell you now; but, Jack, please do it."

He looked at her an instant, then went obediently.

* * *

"Father, those sleigh bells stopped right in front of the house." Mrs. Burleigh went to the window. "Sure as you are alive, it is a hack from Hilton. Father, it's them!"

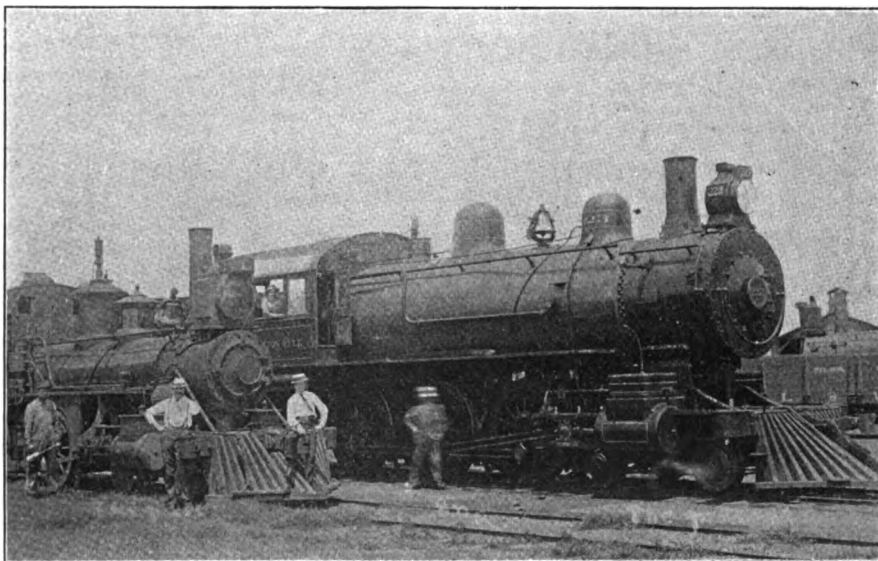
gers loosened the clasps; it fell back and she gasped, speechless.

The girl shook the cloak off and stood there laughing, her magnificent young shoulders rising from the glittering dress, diamonds in her hair and on her round, bare arms.

"What's the matter, Mary? What has happened?" Mrs. Burleigh whispered, apprehensively.

Mrs. Eskridge threw back her head in an abandonment of delightful laughter.

"It is a rather remarkable traveling dress, isn't it, mother? But, you see, Jack and I were out at dinner last night, and it suddenly came to me that I simply had to see you. We had barely time to make the train, so I was obliged to come as I was."



THE FIRST AND LAST ENGINE OWNED BY THE ST. LOUIS & SOUTHWESTERN RAILWAY.—Courtesy of Bro. D. Hope, member of Div. 216.

Mrs. Eskridge stood in the doorway, sparkles of snow on her dark cloak, the red gold of her hair and her long lashes, her eyes shining out like stars, but they dimmed as she saw the look in the two old faces before her.

She stretched out her hands almost entreatingly.

"Oh, you dears!" she cried. "You dears! You did want to see me, didn't you?"

A few moments later her mother cried distressfully:

"Why, child, here you are standing with your cloak on yet. Mother's pretty near lost her head, I guess."

She reached up and with trembling fin-

gers loosened the clasps; it fell back and she gasped, speechless.

"Did you wear that before people?" her mother questioned, fearfully.

"Why, yes; don't you think it's pretty?" she questioned, mischievously; then she gathered the cloak about her and fled up the narrow stairs to her little loft room.

Twenty minutes later a rosy girl in a little blue merino came demurely into the kitchen, her long braids hanging down her back.

Her father's face fairly shone.

"Now, mother, you're seeing just the sight you were wishing for," his deep voice rang out with delight.

"Mother's fidgeted a good deal about your cooking," Mr. Burleigh added. She was afraid it would be considerable of a

burden to you. I guess it wasn't called for, though." He looked at his son-in-law with a dry little smile.

"I think we will take you and mother back with us and let you judge for yourselves," Jack responded laughingly.

His wife looked at him with suspiciously bright eyes.

"Jack, you are a prince," she said, softly.

That night up in the loft room Mrs. Eskridge sat gazing thoughtfully into the little Franklin stove.

"Jack, dear, what did you think of me last night, going off in that wild way?" she asked. "I simply couldn't help it, though. I saw them so plainly."

"It pleased me more than anything you ever did," he answered, gently.—*Ledger Monthly.*

Thanksgiving Invitation.

Got a letter from my mother,
And it just went on to say,
That she'd celebrate Thanksgiving
In the good old-fashioned way.

As I sat and read it over,
Oh! thought I, it wouldn't pay
To go off on such a journey
Just to spend Thanksgiving Day.

Then I sort of fell to musing
As to what it really meant,
For it brought up recollections,
And in this wise my thoughts went:

Dear old mother, I remember
When she was both young and fair,
But, like others, she has faded
With the years of toil and care.

I could see her set the table,
With cloth so snowy white;
See the piles of gold-band dishes,
And the silver polished bright.

See potatoes, squash, and turnips,
Pickles, cheese, all kinds of fruit,
Jams and jellies, nuts and candies,
For she wants all tastes to suit.

See the cherry pie and pumpkin,
And at least three kinds of cake,
Light as cork and frosted over—
None can beat my mother's bake.

As she finds the places for them,
She will just go on to tell
That they're not so good as common,
For they rose, then sort of fell.

Now I see the turkey coming,
And some other kind of meat
Smoking hot, and garnished over,
And I know 'tis time to eat.

Now I read my invitation
From a different point of view,
Did you ask me if I'm going?
I should say so—wouldn't you?

—*Alla M. Hatch.*

The Major's Dinner.

"Don't talk to me about Thanksgiving dinners!" said the major. "Don't say a word about turkeys stuffed with chestnuts, or ducks with apple dressing, or even about mince-meat with all the syrup from the pickled peaches, and a little something stronger poured in on the sly to make it good. Oh, yes, I know the kind mother used to make; but even that doesn't count. I'll tell you about a dinner that was a dinner. Thirty-five years ago I ate it, and my mouth waters yet to think of it."

"I was taken prisoner on May 21, 1864. Lieutenant Damrell of the 13th Massachusetts and about sixty others, including myself, were gobbled up by the rebels while we were on the picket line. A few minutes after we were taken our forces began to throw shells, and the provost guard ran us off about a mile to a place of shelter in the woods. It wasn't half an hour before we were rushed on to another spot. These rapid movements were a sign that Grant was giving our enemy plenty of attention, so we didn't mind. Finally they hurried us several miles farther and placed us in an open spot in the woods, where we were told that we should stay until next morning. Other prisoners had been taken, so there were about 150 of us altogether. Six of us were commissioned officers, and we were put in the center for safe keeping, with the rest of the men huddled all around us. While we were sitting there on the ground that night it came out that Lieutenant Damrell had about \$200 of United States money, and a few of us put our heads together trying to make that safe. We ripped up one end of his shoulder strap, tucked the money under and sewed it down; he had a needle and thread by good luck. Then we tore off bits of the gold braid, rubbed dirt on his coat and roughed it up generally to make it look as disreputable as we could, in the hope that no one would want it."

"Next morning we were packed off to Libby prison. You know what it was—an old four-story tobacco house, with bars put on the windows. We were dumped in the third story, climbing up ladders, and when the trap door that let us in was opened we were greeted with a howl of 'Fresh fish!' It was the regular welcome to newcomers, we found afterward."

* * *

"Yes, I'm coming to the dinner; but this has a good deal to do with it, I tell you. It was nine months later, in February, 1865, and we had been moving from one wretched prison to another and going through all sorts of hardships all that time. At last, on account of Sherman's starting for the north, we were taken out of a place in

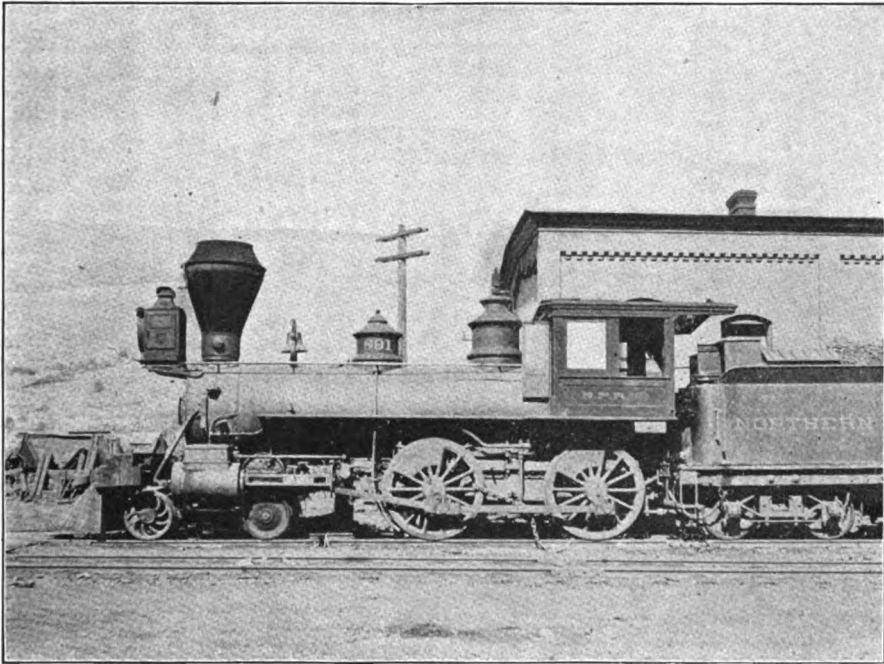
the city of Columbus, N. C., where we had been shut in by a wall twenty feet high, and started on the railroad for Charlotte. I wasn't able to march, so they put me, with several other invalids, on an open car. We were carried as far as Harrisburg, when the engine broke down, and we were told to make ourselves as comfortable as we could. There weren't any skillful machinists lying around loose, so we were kept there several days without rations.

"And now comes the dinner; the rest of this was just saying grace. Damrell got a \$10 bill out from under his shoulder strap and asked me to skirmish around for something to eat. About a block west of the

"She said I might come in, but when I stepped inside she locked the door. Then she led me through two rooms into the store proper. The shutters were all closed and it was dark except for the light of a candle that was flaring away on a little table in the middle of the room. An old man with a long white beard was sitting there by the table.

" 'Pa,' said the woman, 'this Yank says he's got some United States money.'

"He asked me what sized bill I had, and I told him \$10. He said he wanted to look at it, and after examining it a long time he reckoned it was a 'genuine bill.' I told him I had confederate money, too, but he



ONE OF THE OLD NORTHERN PACIFIC ENGINES (THE PORTLAND).—J. F. Anderson, Photographer, Missoula, Mont.

station I found a building with wooden shutters on it, and iron bars across them, with a padlock on each bar. There were some children playing back of the place, and I asked them if it was a store. They said it was. Then I asked if they had anything to sell, and the little girl called her mother. The woman who opened the door was a tall, lank, hollow-eyed, wolfish-looking creature.

"You want to buy something?" she asked, eyeing me suspiciously.

"Yes," I said.

"What kind of money have you got?"

"Both kinds—Uncle Sam's and confederate."

said he had plenty of that. Then I asked him what he would allow me for the bill, and he said: 'A hundred to one.'

"All right," I told him; 'I'll take that.'

"Jennie," said the old fellow, 'bring that barrel of money over here and count out a thousand dollars.'

"She brought the barrel, and there it was, filled with money, thrown in like so much waste paper, and out of it she counted a thousand dollars. Then the old man asked me what I wanted. I told him I wanted some eggs, and asked how much they were.

"Five dollars apiece—\$60 a dozen,' he said.

"Give me a dozen. How much is bacon?"

"Thirty dollars a pound."

"I took two pounds, and asked if he had any bread. The woman said she had a corn pone that I could have for \$20. I took it gladly. Next I inquired for pepper. They had a little; they said I might have a teaspoonful for \$10. It was a bargain. Then I got two tablespoonfuls of salt for \$5, and started back with my pockets full of money.

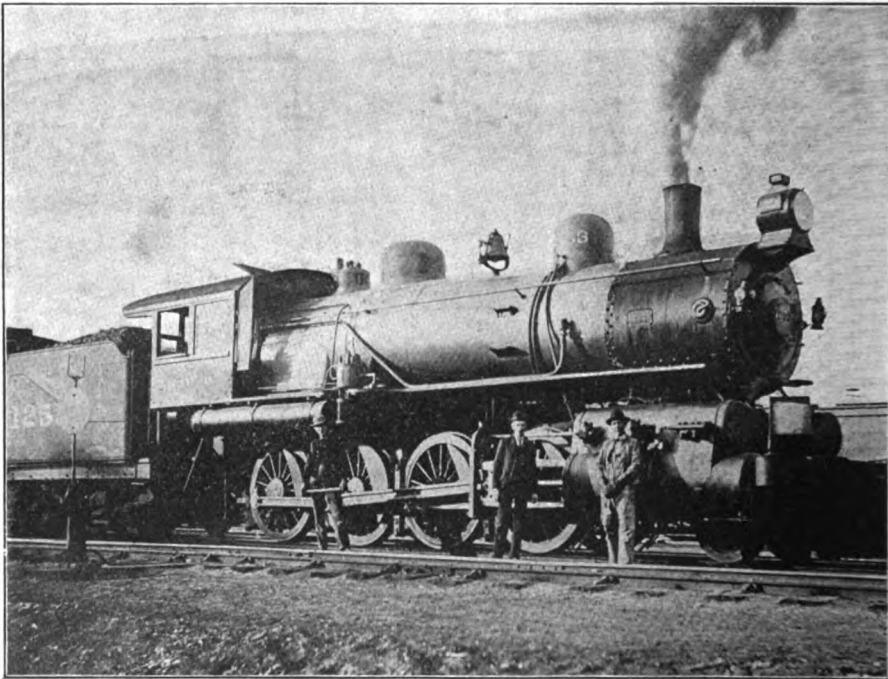
* * *

"Lieutenant Damrell was delighted. We held a solemn consultation as to how to cook the eggs, and finally decided to fry

big turbans came around among the boys with baskets of peach turnovers for sale. They were \$20 apiece, and we paid it without a murmur. That part of North Carolina is a noted peach belt, you know, and the pies were mostly peach, with a thin crust that would melt in your mouth. Oh, my!" The major smacked his lips. "Say, are you going to have anything as good as that this Thanksgiving?" — *Chicago Record*.

A Stolen Kiss.

"My dear Leslie," said Sir Henry Seymour to his ward, I do wish you would try



THE NEW N. P. CONSOLIDATION NO. 1253.—J. F. Anderson, Photographer, Missoula, Mont.

six, North Carolina style, and boil the other six hard to carry in our pockets. But the next question was what to fry them in; we hadn't a pan, skillet or dish of any kind. We found a negro who owned a frying pan, and he said we could have the use of it and of his little fire on the ground. It cost us \$25 for one hour, and it was cheap at the price.

"Ah, but that was a dinner! But hold on—dessert hasn't been served yet.

"Next day we were started on, and when we got to Greensboro we were unloaded for several days, and there a lot of old black mammies in white aprons and

to be a little less fast. Everyone is talking about you, and it is very painful to me."

"My dear guardy," said the young lady he addressed, a very pretty girl about 18, "what have I done? Just mention some of my sins and I will try to reform."

"Well," said Sir Henry, "to begin with, you are much too fond of using slang expressions; I am sure you do not mean any harm, dear, but it does not sound well. I wish you would adopt a more ladylike manner, like those nice, quiet girls, Colonel Bond's daughters. I assure you, Leslie, men do not care for fast girls, however much they may flirt with them, and I

confess I should like to see you well married."

"Now, my dear Sir Henry," said Leslie, coaxingly, "tell me, did you ever hear me say anything the least weeny bit improper?"

"Certainly not, my dear child."

"Then let me tell you those nice, quiet, ladylike girls you admire so much say things that would make your hair stand on end. If you could only hear how they go on when we are by ourselves! I should be quite ashamed," she added, with energy, "even to think of the things they discuss freely—indeed, I cut them whenever I can. As for marrying—really, all the young men I know are such muffs or prigs I detest the whole lot. What is my next crime?"

"You smoke cigarettes, Leslie," said her guardian, sternly. "I was told you were actually seen with one between your lips out of doors the other night."

Leslie hung down her head a little, and then said, with a slight blush:

"I cannot deny I tried one once, and, indeed, it was so nasty and made me feel so ill that I assure you I am not likely to do it again."

"I am glad to hear it. So you think all young men muffs or prigs? I hope to introduce you to one who answers neither description. You have, of course, heard of Captain Murray?"

"Do you mean the Captain Murray who gained the Victoria cross for defending that fort so gallantly in the last campaign? Of course, I remember all about him. Why?"

"He is coming home, and being the son of an old friend he has promised to pay me a visit, and I expect him shortly."

"How delightful! I shall like to meet a real hero. I hope he is handsome."

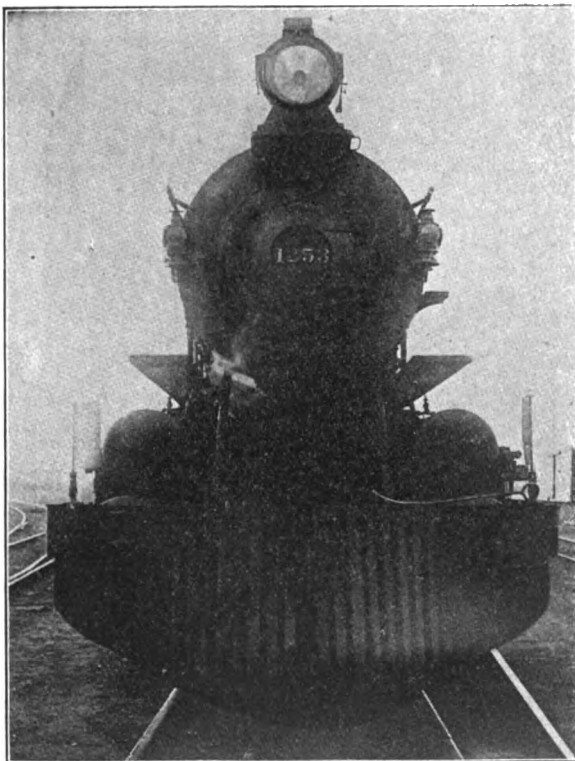
"Douglas Murray was a very good-looking lad, but you will not suit him, young lady. He abhors 'fast' girls and is very fastidious."

"Well, I shall survive his disapprobation, I dare say. Amy will suit him to a T, she is such a demure little mouse." And Miss Lindsay took herself off.

In due time Captain Murray arrived. Leslie Lindsay was disappointed. She could hardly believe that quiet, unassuming young man could be the hero who had

startled the whole civilized world into admiration. To her guardian's great annoyance, she seemed to make a point of showing herself in her worst colors, and when Sir Henry asked her whether she thought Captain Murray a prig or a muff, she declared he was both.

One very hot day in July Leslie and Sir Henry's daughter, Amy Seymour, were returning from making a call. The drawing-room windows opened on the veranda, which was covered with luxuriant creepers. It looked very cool and pleasant inside on



FRONT VIEW OF THE 1253 READY FOR SNOW.—J. F. Anderson, Photographer, Missoula, Mont.

such a sultry day. The two girls were about to enter the room when Leslie, who was in advance, suddenly drew back and pointed inside. Amy peeped in. There was Captain Murray fast asleep in an arm-chair near the window.

"What a chance, Amy, for me to win a pair of gloves!"

"For shame, Leslie! You surely would not think of such a thing."

"Who's afraid?" said Leslie. "Besides, he is really fast asleep and will never know, and the temptation is too much for me. Consider, the hero the whole world

raves about," and with a mischievous look at Amy she stepped lightly in and dropped a kiss as light as a puff of thistledown upon the sleeper's forehead.

As the sound of the girl's retreating footsteps died away, Douglas Murray opened his eyes and, smiling to himself, said:

"I suppose that is considered a fast girl. I must confess I like her, and believe she is really true and womanly. That fast manner is all humbug. I must not forget to pay my debt, however," and he laughed. "She thinks me a muff, I know. Never mind, that kiss was very nice—I forgive her."

A day or two afterward as they were all at breakfast, Sir Henry said:

"I forgot, Leslie, here is something for you," handing her a small packet, marked "Parcel Post."

"What can it be, I wonder?" she said, as she cut the string, "the handwriting is quite strange to me," and she was about to open it quite unconcernedly, when Amy remarked:

"It is just the shape of a glove box."

Leslie started and looked guiltily across the table at Captain Murray, who was, however, going on with his breakfast.

She took off the paper wrapper and discovered a white box—it did look horribly like a glove box, Leslie thought, as she lifted the cover—and, yes, inside lay several pairs of dainty kid gloves of different shades.

Hoping nobody noticed her confusion, and not daring to look across the table, she was replacing the cover of the box, when Captain Murray said very coolly:

"I always pay my debts, Miss Lindsay; I do not like to feel under an obligation."

Hastily seizing her parcel, Leslie rose, and, murmuring something to Sir Henry about not feeling very well, she flew up stairs and locked herself into her room, where she had a good cry.

After a little time she took a look at the gloves.

"Just my size. I wonder how he knew. And six buttons! And how pretty they are! He is not quite such a 'prig,' after all, but it makes no difference to me now. He dislikes me, I know, and I wish he was gone." And then she had another good cry.

Sir Henry Seymour had no reason to complain of his ward's conduct for the next few days; but she avoided Captain Murray, who tried in vain to get a chance of speaking to her.

One morning, however, fortune favored him. He was in the garden, and Leslie was walking toward him. She was quite unconscious of his proximity, and they must meet in a moment more. When she saw him standing near, she lifted her sweet blue eyes to his with a wistful half beseeching glance.

"Miss Lindsay," said Douglas, "shake hands with me, please. I am afraid I took a most unfair advantage of you. Pray forgive me, and let us be friends."

"Oh, Captain Murray, I do feel so awfully ashamed of myself! What must you think of me?"

"Shall I tell you what I think of you, darling?" as he gently drew her toward him. "I think you a dear, sweet, lovable girl, and if you can put up with such a muff as I am as a husband"—

"Oh, please, don't!" said Leslie, interrupting him. "Do not remind me of my impertinence. You are much too good for me; but, indeed," with great earnestness, "I will never do it again!"

"I call that positively unkind, I assure you," said he laughing. "I do not care how many times you repeat the operation"—

Leslie has been Mrs. Murray now for some years, but her husband has never regretted he married a fast girl, while she declares she has found from experience "all men are not either prigs or muffs."—*London News*.

Six to One.

Six great, strapping boys and never a girl among 'em?" says old Martha Gray, with a look full of exclamation points and a half-smothered sigh of what tried to be resignation.

For my own part I have no objection to boys. On the contrary, I rather like them. But I must say I like them diluted. A family of unmitigated boys is, I think, with Martha Gray, rather formidable.

"Must make a lot of work, Patty," says Martha's crony.

"Sight! Laws me, from morning till night it's tops, and kites, and marbles a-rollin' on the floor and a-trippin' of me up, and strings a-snarlin' and looking-glasses a-breakin', with balls and boxin' gloves and—laws me, I'd rather have the care of twenty girls than them six boys!"

"What on airth, then, makes you stay here? Why don't you go somewhere else? There's places enough would be glad to get you, and we all know Martha Gray ain't beholdin' to nobody, neither."

"Leave? Leave Miss London with them ar six boys to her own destruction—ain't no more fit to take care on 'em than your Georgie."

"No reason why you should slave yourself out for 'em. Why didn't she bring 'em up better?"

"Lud a massy!" fired up old Martha, "what be you a-talkin' about, Nancy Smith? There ain't no better behaved family in the world, I don't care where they be. Miss London ain't never had no

health, and can't do for 'em, but she manages 'em like waxwork. Th' ain't one of 'em but what minds her just as quick as she speaks—same as they do their father. And they're just, the most affectionate creatures you ever see. And Mr. Fred has took the first salutory at college and Dave expects to get the medal, an' th' ain't none but what's bright as a button. Sure, they's noisy and they's boisterous and sights of trouble, but I should like to know what boys ain't that's wuth the name of boys. I wouldn't have such white-livered things as Miss Jameses boys, and I don't leave Miss London's till I'm turned out door neck and heels."

That is the way good old Martha Gray stood up for her darlings.

Now, it so happened that very nearly at the same moment a pleasant room in Mr. London's house was chattering full of these very boys that Martha was talking about. I was going to call it the parlor, but it was not the parlor—it was "ma's room." "Ma," being an invalid, sat the greater part of the time in her room, and, in consequence, everybody else sat in her room when any sitting was going on.

"Do you think girls are gooder than boys, papa?" asked Basil, seriously.

"Softer and lighter than boys and easier to handle," answered papa, quite as seriously.

"There ought to be one girl in a family," interposed Fred, who, having just taken a "salutory," was supposed to be capable of pronouncing a final decision on any subject whatever. "All boys and no girls is a bore."

"I guess we've got a girl now," spoke up young Roderic. "I guess mamma is as good as a girl."

"Now, ma, say," said Dave, "don't you wish one of us was a girl?"

"Which one could I spare, I wonder?"

"Oh, well, Moore is 16. He'd be just the right age for me," exclaimed Fred.

"Catch me!" cried Moore. "Basil, now, might be a girl. He likes to sit in people's laps and be babied. That's what girls like. We will make him up into a girl."

"No. I wouldn't be a girl," shouted Basil. "Hen Dumley's a girl."

Basil had very limited views of womanhood. Hen Dumley stood for the sex. He knew that he hated Hen Dumley, and he did not mean to be put into any class to which she belonged.

"Yes, you will be a girl," said Fred, who loved to tease him. "You wear dresses now and it will come all right."

"Well, I ain't going to be a girl, and I'm going to wear a jacket next spring, ain't I, ma?"

"But don't you want to be a girl and have a doll to play with and a beau to come and see you?"

"I'd rather go a-courtin'," said Basil, dubiously. A gay laugh followed this remark, and—

About six weeks afterward there came to Mrs. London's ears a tale of sorrow—of shipwreck and suffering and death. Beauty and hope and life went down into the angry waters. Father and mother, brother and sister, friend and acquaintance—the sea spared them not—the wrathful, ravenous sea. But one little human blossom, one tiny, frail life, one 2-year-old baby, found her ark in the arms of a broad-shouldered negro sailor, was borne "through the jaws of death" and smiled from her blue eyes straight out into the sunshine, just as happily as if father and mother were not torn from her forever.

It was known that Mrs. London was fond of little girls and had none of her own. Would she mother this poor waif? The child's family were not yet discovered, but great efforts were making. It was evident that she was gentle born, but months might elapse before she could be restored to friends. Meanwhile she ought to be tenderly cared for, and in case her family should not be found it was desirable that she should be with those who would cherish her as their own. She could not be given up to public charity. The pity which her sad fate excited was too great for that. So the little stranger was laid in Mrs. London's lap, and the father and the six boys came and looked upon her. What did they see that stirred their hearts so, hushed their ringing voices into silence, and brought a dampness to their eyes? Only a shy, sturdy face, half afraid, half repellent—only little fat and dimpled arms—only a baby girl, swept away from father's arms and mother's bosom—swept up by a pitiless sea upon the bleak shores of a stranger world, an orphan and alone. But when Mrs. London said in a low voice, "Well, papa, what do you say?" Roderic answered quickly:

"I say, let's have her."

"Is it a vote?" asked papa.

"She's too young to be of any use to me," said Fred, appearing indifferent to gloss over the fact that he had been very near crying, "but it's too bad to send her tossing around the world again. She'll be a good plaything. I'd keep her."

"What says Basil? Will you have your nose put out of joint?"

"She can't hurt my nose," said Basil.

And by a unanimous verdict "she" was admitted to the family circle.

"She" turned everything topsy-turvier than it had ever been before. Very timid and silent at first, the tenderness that waited on her footsteps soon soothed away her shyness, and she unfolded like a June rosebud. No queen was ever more loyally served, and it must be confessed that she

repaid every service with baby gratitude. She walked into Fred's writing desk, threw his papers all about the room, and adored him. She set down her foot in the middle of Arthur's best kite and crowed loudly to make him look up. She took a crayon and flashed streaks of black lightning in Rod-eric's just completed prize drawing and cooed lovingly in his ear. She pulled both wheels off Basil's tin wheelbarrow, and threw his soft ball into the coffeepot, and was so sweet and cunning that they laughed at her mischief as if it was the nicest thing in the world to be done, and loved her with all their hearts. To these boys who had never known a sister, this tiny girl's nature was a revelation. They never thought of standing up for their rights against her encroachments. They

"Yes, dear, we mean to have her."

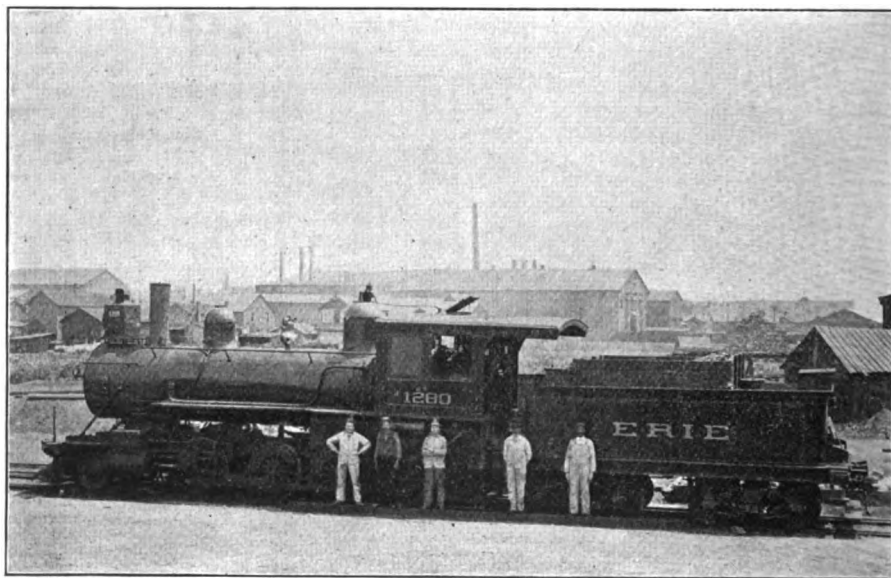
"And her name will be London some-thing—no, something London?"

"Just so."

"And she'll be our very own sister—just the same as if she was borned so?"

"Not exactly the same, but just as dear, won't she? She will not be our own blood, but she will be our own heart."

But one day when the little girl had been with them about eight months there came a letter announcing that the search had been successful; that the child's grand father had been found; that he was an English clergyman and had already started to visit America and bring the baby home. The news fell upon the ears of the London family like a thunderbolt. They had grad-ually grown into thinking her their own,



ERIE RAILWAY ENGINE No. 1280, NEW CASTLE, PA.—E. E. Seavy, Photographer; C. L. Dimplo, Brakeman, J. L. Douglass, Conductor, F. W. Dosh Lodge 222, B. of R. T.; F. H. Harrison, Lodge 10, B. of L. F.; C. P. Jones, Div. 329, B. of L. E.

battled with each other famously and ex-acted the very utmost farthing, but she walked over all their necks and was not afraid. Old Martha softened to her mar-velously, and those meddlesome fingers worked restlessly in among Martha's caps and collars as London fingers had never dared to do. Meanwhile the little one had no name.

"What do you suppose her name is?" Basil asked a dozen times a day. "How soon will we name her if we don't find out her name?"

"And, mamma, if you don't find out anybody who owns her she'll be christened just as we were, won't she?"

and shrank from giving her up. The letter had been delayed on its way, and the day after its reception the grandfather ar-rived. There was a long conference in the parlor, to which the children were not ad-mitted. They gathered in the library, however, and compensated themselves by abusing their guest.

But when they were called into the par-lor and presented severally to Mr. Talbot their anger was turned away. Even their young eyes could see the lines which grief had traced on that thin face, and not only in the thin, worn, aged face, but in the bent and feeble frame, they saw the marks of sorrow—the signs of a broken heart—

which touched theirs to the tenderest pity and sympathy. They felt, but did not know how deeply they felt. The little girl, contrary to their expectation, was not afraid, but sat quiet and trustful in her grandfather's arms. Some blind mother instinct controlled her wayward little heart.

"So these are my Barbara's brothers," he said, with a pleasant smile.

We hope you will let her be," answered Moore.

"I am sure she can find no better," he responded, his smile dying like a sigh.

"You don't mean to take her away, please, sir?" asked Arthur, eagerly.

"Not tonight, my boy," said his father. "Mr. Talbot is ill and exhausted from his journey, so we will let that rest and talk about it tomorrow."

"But just tell me, papa," said Basil, softly, "is that her name?"

"Yes. Barbara Postlethwaite Talbot is her name."

"There's lot's of it," whispered Dave. "And tomorrow we shall know who's going to have her."

"Yes, my child. Probably tomorrow Mr. Talbot will decide."

But tomorrow brought a decision from a higher power than Mr. Talbot. His health had been feeble for years. The anxiety of suspense which he had endured regarding the fate of his only child, Barbara's father, had been too much for him. The news of Barbara's rescue had aroused and renewed him once more, but it was only for a moment, and in the night God sent his angel. Delaying yet a little while to the prayer of love, the angel stood by him, clasping close in his hand the hand of the weary wanderer, and little Barbara's happy face shone in his longing eyes. In those last hours he made a final disposition of his affairs, and the child was consigned to the care of the new friends who loved her so well.

"I have outlived my family," he said. "There is no other to whom I wish to commit her. You will cherish her tenderly." But he needed no assurance. He had seen himself how dear she had grown to them.

It had been her father's wish that the seal of baptism should be set upon her brow by his father's hands. It was decided that she should wear her own name, but that the name of London should be inserted. The children had gathered in the room where the old man lay bolstered up in bed. Mr. London held the little girl in his arms, and in a few words asked for her the blessings of God. Then the dying man touched her forehead with the water of baptism and pronounced with a clear voice:

"Barbara Postlethwaite London, I bap-

tize thee in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Then the angel gently pressed his hand and the two went away together through the gates of pearl into the beautiful city.

But Barbara stayed behind. Her patterning feet made music still in the home that would be lonely without her. No spring violet is more lovely than she. No June rose exhales a sweeter fragrance than she. All the summer birds sing in her joyous voice, and when the summer is gone and the winter seals up the melody and covers away the beauty she brings the perfume of flowers, the ripple of brooks and the hum of bees around the household hearth.—*The Queen.*

The Red Flag.

The red button and the red flag have been the emblem of labor and revolution for more than 3,000 years. In the ancient world the favorite colors of the aristocracy were white and azure blue, while red was plebeian. Minerva and Ceres, the goddesses of labor and agriculture, were always represented as dressed in flaming red, and the banners of the Greek and Roman trade unions were of the same color. The red flag nowhere in antiquity meant ferocity and slaughter, but rather typified the fact that all men, whether slaves or masters, had in their veins the same blood and in their nature the same humanity.

But in the frequent servile wars of Italy and Greece the red flag gradually became the emblem not of labor, but of revolt. At one time when the rebellious slaves and gladiators under Spartacus defeated three Roman armies the red flag was on the point of supplanting the eagle in the imperial city itself. It is related that the labor soldiers were so fanatically devoted to their flag that it was the custom of their generals when in battle to hurl it far into the enemy's ranks and so compel its devotees to rush forward and recover it.—*New York Post.*

Grease Used at Launchings.

"The mere act of getting a war vessel into the water costs a lot of money, time and trouble," said an engineer, speaking of the recent launching of several new torpedo boats. "I spent a year and a half in the designing room of the Cramps' yards," he continued, "and happen to know what I am talking about. Of course, the launching of a little torpedo boat is comparatively easy and the cost is not over a few hundred dollars, including flowers and souvenirs, and even the bottle of champagne used in the christening. But when it comes to a

big armored cruiser or a first-class battleship it is a horse of a different color, and the actual expense seldom falls below \$4,000 or \$5,000. I've known it to go as high as \$8,000.

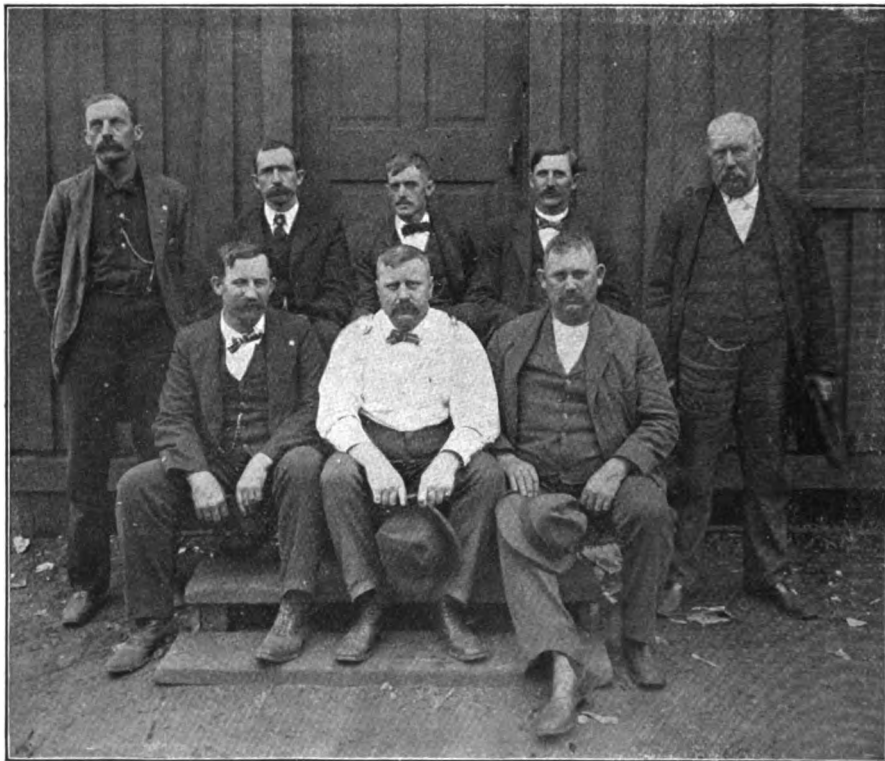
"The building of the ways for the ship to slide down over is the main item, and then comes the greasing. Every inch of timber over which the vessel slides must be covered with a lubricant. Different firms use different substances, but soap and tallow form the main ingredients of them all. At the Cramps' we used a layer of beef tallow and a layer of soft soap, and taken

ing on air. If it sticks, as has happened in a few cases, it is likely to spring some of its plates, and accidents of that kind are so costly that nothing is spared to avert them.

—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Steel Wool.

Steel wool is an interesting product, the subject of a recent German patent, and is intended for use in all cases where sandpaper, emery paper, pumice stone and materials of a kindred nature are employed.



GROUP OF ENGINEERS, JONESBORO, ARK.

J. D. VARNER, Div. 500. J. HENDERSON, D. CASKEY, B. L. GLADLEY, Div. 442. G. H. CANFIELD, Div. 23.
H. NICHOLS. W. M. LOUDER, Roundhouse Foreman. N. D. VANSOIT, Div. 153.
—C. F. Cline, Lodge 414, B. of R. T., Photographer.

altogether between one and one and a half tons of the stuff was required to put a move on the average battleship. The tallow is spread on first, to the depth of about three fingers, and the workmen use big flat trowels to make the surface as smooth as possible. Then they pour over the soft soap, which is just thick enough to run, or about the consistency of tar.

"As a general thing the double coating answers the purpose admirably, and the ship glides into the water as if it was sail-

In bulk it resembles, both in appearance and to the touch, the hair commonly used for stuffing mattresses and chairs. The ordinary by-product known as steel shavings has for many years been used for rough work, in which the coarser grades of sandpaper are used; but the objections to the use of these shavings for the finer work of rubbing down varnish or paint on woods and of polishing metals were the harshness of, and the lack of uniformity in, the threads, and the edges of the shav-

ings being very sharp, thereby cutting instead of polishing; and, being of many different sizes and shapes, would leave an uneven surface. The idea of making a machine to overcome these difficulties originated years ago in Switzerland with an observing German, who noticed painters gathering the refuse derived from the manufacture of reed for looms, and the picking therefrom of the finer grades for use in rubbing down wood and metal work generally. Upon examination, he found that this residue consisted of flat ribbons of steel, the borders of which were planed off, and before being assorted was an admixture of fine and coarse grades. He discovered two defects in the material. First, it was impossible to obtain any appreciable quantity of a uniform grade; and, secondly, the temper and quality of the steel were such that only indifferent results could be obtained. Eventually he built a machine for the manufacture of shredded steel or steel threads uniformly fine in quality, but still retaining sufficient cutting propensities, and so delicate in texture that instead of steel shavings he called it steel wool. Then by carefully studying the temper and quality of steel best adapted to his needs, he was enabled to perfect the product. The advantages claimed for steel wool are that it cuts more quickly and uniformly than sandpaper, does not clog or gum, and being both flexible and perfectly homogeneous, adapts itself readily to the shapes of carvings and moldings.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Mr. Armour on Wealth.

"What good does your money do you, Mr. Armour?" a friend once asked P. D. Armour, according to the *Washington Star*. "That is a question," Mr. Armour replied, "I often ask myself. I was raised a butcher boy. I learned to love work for work's sake. I must get up early now, as I have done all my life, and when 9 o'clock comes, no matter what is going on at home, I must go to bed. And here I am. Yes, I have large means, as you say; but I can't eat as much as yonder clerk; I can't sleep as much, and I can hardly wear any more clothes than he. The only real pleasure I can get out of life that yonder clerk with his limited means cannot get, is the giving, now and then, to some deserving fellow, without a soul knowing it, \$500 or \$1,000—giving him a fresh start upward without making the gift a hurt to him. That's the only real pleasure I get out of life. And as to possessions, the only thing I sometimes feel I really own are my two boys and my good name. Take everything else from me, leave me them, and I would yet be rich. I wouldn't care a snap

for the rest. We would soon together make enough to keep the wolf a long way from our door!"

My First Months in Chicago.

Said the stenographer to the man who is curious about things: "I don't believe that I will go with you to lunch, and I really can't take you with me—followers are not allowed. I go to a lunch room under the management of a club of women. Four of us lunch there together and talk over the topics of the time. Shop talk is prohibited, but the other day it began by the Designer speaking of a tired-looking girl who passed our table.

"Poor girl, she looks as though she were holding, or trying to hold, her first position. I shall never forget my first three months in Chicago. My first thought in the morning was, 'Oh, I wish it were night, so I could go to bed again,' and my last thought at night was a regret that morning would be here so soon. Mondays I began counting the hours until Saturday afternoon, and Sunday I began feeling blue as I thought of the next day's work before me. At night I was actually too tired to go out and sit on the front steps.

"We had four steps for eight families, averaging five a family, to say nothing of the dogs," continued the Designer. "At that time I thought that when I got rich I'd build a large building filled with bright sunny bedrooms, away from the noise of the cars and small boys and invite all the business girls I knew to come out and sleep over Sunday. Occasionally I'd write blue letters, then tear them up and send letters telling of the things to be seen at the Art Institute, and the lovely free concerts at the parks."

"You exchange experiences over the doughnuts and the milk," commented the man. "What were yours? How can a girl get on?"

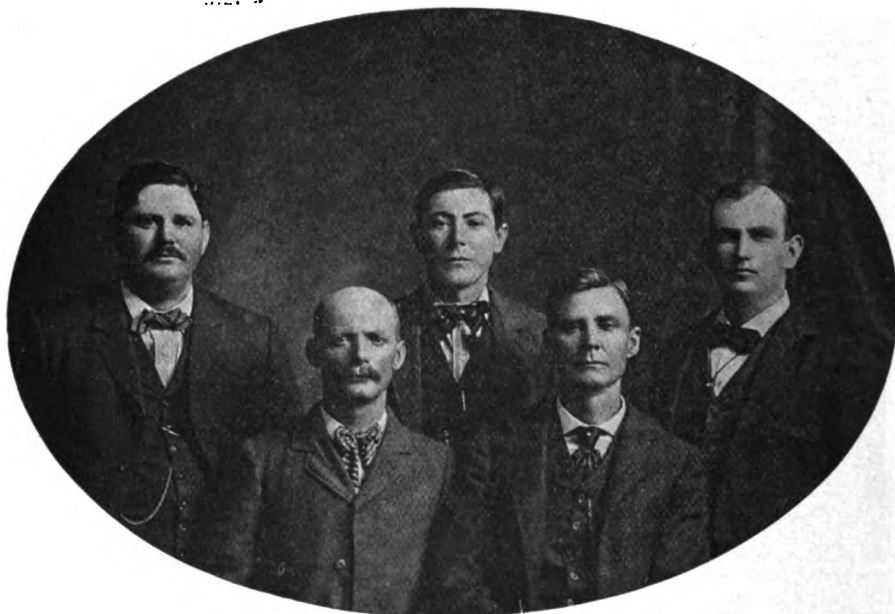
"When I first came to Chicago," said the stenographer, "I talked very enthusiastically about the broader opportunities of city life and the advantages of the theater. An experienced business woman with a good salary suggested that it took money to go around the city very much, but I replied very grandly that money was no consideration to me when it came to enjoying anything in the educational line. She smiled, but said nothing. 'There are times when the wisest words are folly.' The next week I found a position. Hours, 8 to 6; salary, \$6 to \$8. After much thought the firm decided to give me the latter sum, though assured me they expected only the most expert work for that price. Out of my salary I spent \$5 for board, 60 cents for car fare, 60 cents for

lunches, 40 for laundry, and had the surplus for clothes and 'enjoying the advantages of city life.' I know the old theory that man is the oak and woman the ivy is fast dying out, but as I look back upon those days I think I should have been quite willing to do the clinging act; I shouldn't have been particular about an oak either—a stick of almost any kind would have done."

The man coughed.

"We girls all agree that a girl in a kitchen at \$4 a week is better off financially than a girl in an office at \$10, but we all confessed that we would rather work at a smaller salary for a man than we would for a woman."

to the square inch. This is but a small fraction of the fluid in the tree, yet it does not burst a woody pipe asunder anywhere. Nor does any of the freight, designed to build bark or bud, wood into greater height, or root into greater reach, miss its true destination in the dark channels where it is carried. It enlarges the trunk, moves the tegumental bark outward a dozen feet, but it does not split. It makes wood here, leaf there, bud elsewhere, and concentrates such energy and essence of life in a seed that it will keep for ages and not die, and then go on to produce another mighty tree like that from which it came. Where is the head of life that keeps these living fountains of



G. B. OF A., CHOCTAW, OKLAHOMA & GULF RAILWAY.

F. HASLER, Div. 539.

W. R. JOHNSON, Div. 554.

J. B. HENRY, Div. 554.

M. LUND, Div. 539.

M. M. LANSDOWN, Div. 539.

"I wonder why that is?" said the man, but the stenographer was silent.—*Chicago Record*.

Growth of a Sequoia.

If one turns from feeling to thought, one is in equal amazement. How is the crude sap lifted to these great heights, elaborated in the leaves into form suited to nourish and build up the tree in all its parts? A square foot of water of this height weighs over a ton, and would have a pressure at the bottom of one hundred and forty pounds

vegetable life springing upward by the hundred years?

In regard to the divine discernment of the thought and intents of the heart the Psalmist said: "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me. It is high. I cannot attain to it." He might have said it of the lowliest or loftiest thing that grows.—*From "How the Sequoias Grow," by Henry W. Warren, in The Chautauquan.*

One principal reason why men are so often useless is that they divide and shift their attention among a multiplicity of objects and pursuits.—*Emmons.*

Correspondence.

All contributions to our Correspondence and Technical columns must be in not later than the 10th of the month to insure insertion.

Articles must be written on one side of the paper only. Noms de plume may be used, but every article must be signed with full name and address of the writer to insure insertion.

We shall be glad to receive articles on any subject of general interest to the fraternity.

All communications are subject to revision or rejection, as the Editor may deem proper.

The Editor does not assume responsibility for the opinions expressed by contributors in this department. C. H. SALMONS, Editor and Manager.

To His Honor, the Mayor of Dover, N. J.

Dear Harry, no doubt you're in clover
Right up to the top of your nose,
Since chosen the mayor of Dover,
You maker of good union clothes.
Old friend, we were glad you succeeded
In winning both honor and fame,
Although such a proof wasn't needed
To laurel your good honest name.

You smiled early and often
At every old sport whom you met,
And wishing each one in his coffin
Was laid, to pay nature's last debt;
'Tis a price one must pay for his whistle,
When won, you may blow your bazoo;
Your flesh how they'll chew into gristle,
The first thing displeasing you'll do!

A chap who can handle the throttle,
The slash-bar, the hook, and the hoe,
And gives a wide berth to the bottle,
And never heard tell of a foe,
And pays his help liberal wages,
And steadfastly sticks to what's right,
Needn't care how a partisan rages,
He's certain to win in the fight.

A generous heart you have thumping
Inside the vest which you wear,
And that's why the voters went jumping
To seat you in Dover's chief chair;
Besides, you have ne'er been a rover
From lodge or Division rooms, lad;
That's why you are Mayor of Dover,
And all of your Brothers are glad.

At all of our mammoth conventions
Your souvenirs blazed on our breasts,
You showed your fraternal intentions
When pinning them onto our vests.
We fell under great obligations,
And vowed we your gifts would repay,
When needing your clothes in three nations,
Wherein our dear order holds sway.

Here's luck to you, Harry, my laddie;
May wisdom be ever your guide;
You're now a municipal daddy,
Whose name we all mention with pride.

If ever we railroaders gather
Inside of your gates for a day,
For a little sweet sociable blather,
You'll treat us like dukes while we stay.

SHANDY MAGUIRE.

Blunders of A Fireman.

COCORIT, Mex., Oct. 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: It is more than a quarter of a century since I entered a railroad shop to equip myself with a knowledge of locomotive engineering, in hopes of advancing from there to the position of fireman which was the height of my ambition at that time.

My shop experience was short. Winter had set in in good earnest, business picked up, and I was marked up as extra fireman. I stood some time repeating over and over again, "Extra fireman," as though I could hardly believe my good fortune. I was about to begin a new experience in life, one above all others most pleasing to me, one that had been my daily thought for months; and many trips I made in my dreams, sitting on the left side and pulling away on the bell cord as the engine bounded off over prairie, across meadows, through forests, along streams, and around curves, — a continuous panoramic scene, — breathing in the cool fresh air, filled with the sweet odor of new mown hay.

How sweet were these thoughts and dreams, until I experienced the bitter reality. I watched with much interest and excitement every fireman that came in that day to see if he went near the office. In case he did he might lay off, and I would get to polish the brass on his engine and draw the supplies for the next trip, which I would make, being the only extra fireman on the board.

But I was disappointed. Everything went on as usual. No one seemed to notice there had been a "great" change made in one of the departments. The firemen went off to their different places of pleasure. Still I waited, even until all hands were gone and the night crews were preparing for duty. I felt very much alone, and eventually left in my own company.

The girls in the boarding house scolded me for being late. I did not care, neither was I hungry, therefore ate but little; and as I had been elevated above my old associates, and not as yet been recognized by the "400," there was nothing for me to do but to go to my room to bed and to sleep, only to be awakened soon after by someone standing over my bed shaking me and saying: "Come, come, come! I've been half an hour trying to wake you. You will have to hurry or I will call someone else. Here! sign this book." Then he placed an open book before me and put a

pencil in my hand. I took the pencil and began to write at the top of the opened page, when he pushed my hand down and said:

"There's the place," and pressed his finger on the line. As soon as I signed my name, or whatever I may have written, for I was half asleep, he jerked the book out of my hand and rushed out of the room as though the house was on fire, and saying something about extra and that I would be late.

The word "extra" had the desired effect to cause me to realize the true situation that I was a fireman and had been called for an extra. Instantly I jumped out of bed, dressed myself, and went down stairs three steps at a time, jerked open the door and rushed out into the darkness.

It was bitterly cold. The wind whistled around the corners of the house and through the limbs of the great skeleton trees in a frightful manner and whipping the snow into great drifts. This cold, raw wind chilled me through, and caused me to pull my coat close around me and I wished they had called someone else this cold night and left me another day in the shop. I had not yet learned that it took just such nights and undesirable runs to make it possible for an extra man to have a change of shirts.

There was an engine standing at the water tank which I was just passing when someone called out from the cab.

"Dixy, is that you?"

"Yep," I replied, and hurried on.

"Where are you going?" he said.

"To the roundhouse to get warm," I replied.

"Warm!" he said. "If you are going out on this engine you haven't got time to get warm. Come," he continued, "get on here; I want to back up for orders and get out."

I went back and got on the engine, but with some difficulty, however. My feet were so cold there seemed to be no sense of feeling in them, and my boots cracked on the deck like brickbats. I was about to remark that I was about frozen, when he said:

"Ring that bell!" then started for the yard.

I reached for the bell cord, wishing I had not asked for a job of firing until spring. My hand was so numb I could not hold, so I tried the other, and had just got a good grip on it when he almost yelled:

"Ring that bell! ring that bell!"

It's surprising how it warms a fellow up when he is spoken to in that manner, but it does; and I soon had the bell swinging in good shape, and kept it ringing until we stopped at the office, when he told me I needn't wear it out. I had just let go

the cord and the bell was carrying out the slack, when I grabbed it, intending to stop it, but instead, the weight of the bell so suddenly stopped broke the cord.

"That's right," he said, "I suppose you will have her all broken to pieces before we get back. Now, go out and tie that," he continued, "then fill the oil cans, and have a good fire in when I come back." Then he jumped off and disappeared into the office.

I had just repaired the bell cord and entered the cab when he appeared in the gangway, and inquired if I had filled the oil cans.

"No; I haven't had time," I said, as I reached for a can intending to do so.

"Oh! you haven't got time to do that now," he said, so I put it back in its place just as we started off, and then he inquired if I had in a good fire.

"No," I said, as I reached for a shovelful of coal, and had just opened the firebox door to receive it when again he sang out:

"Ring that bell!" I dropped the scoop, shut the door, and took hold of the bell cord just in time to have him jerk it out of my hand and suggest, in a much milder tone, that I put in some coal. So again I ducked under the buck board and got right down to business, and I would have emptied the tank of coal no doubt if the firebox had been large enough to have held it, and the engineer had not stopped me by advising me to save some for farther up the road, and that I might sweep off the deck while I was resting. In fact, I had dropped about one-third of the coal on the deck.

I was about half warm by this time; that is, my left half. My half on the right side was being frozen by the cold wind and snow coming up between the tank and engine. Once I stepped up to the boilerhead and turned my right side to it, intending to stew it just a little; but it was no use, for the engineer told me I had better go out and break up some coal so the engine would steam better.

This request, or order I should say, froze all those beautiful dreams into great square blocks; and as I ducked down under the buck boards to my duty I was thinking how impossible it was to enjoy anything, let alone those beautiful scenes, through frost-covered glass and blinded eyes from staring into a flaring firebox to see where all the coal was going to.

By and by I had learned the greater part of my business. All I had to do was to shovel coal, break up the lumps, sweep off the deck, and ring the bell at road crossings. Of course, I knew nothing about where the road crossings were, but when the engineer whistled for them I must ring the bell. All I knew about the crossings

was a rumbling noise and an extra gust of wind and snow up my pants legs.

My experience up to this time put me in mind of a monkey in an iron cage as I would swing from the bell rope to the coal pick, from pick to shovel, from shovel to broom, then back to the bell cord, a regular merry-go-round; but, oh Lord, I was cold.

Those parts of my body that were not too cold to feel pain of any other nature ached. Great lumps of coal rolled down in the darkness on my toes, I nearly broke my back against the buck boards, my head was bruised from being bumped against the tank, the back of one hand was all peeled off from coming in contact with the coal gates, and the other was burned from taking hold of a heated pipe to balance myself, and both were so cramped I could hardly take hold of the shovel, and when I did it was difficult to let go again.

When half way over the road my estimation of the beauties and comforts of a locomotive fireman had gone down considerably below zero; for to all the pain from bumps, burns, and bruises, hunger was being added. Yes, I was hungry, so hungry that I felt as though if I did not get something to eat soon I would collapse like a mud-bound flue; therefore, when we came to a restaurant and the engineer told me to take water, oil up and fill the cans while he was getting something to eat, my very thoughts would have frozen quick-silver.

Can it be possible that this is Thomas Bixby? I thought. The gayest, kindest and most generous man on the road, as I had so often heard. No matter, I thought, I must do my duty; and I did.

I had just finished wiping off the oil cans when he came upon the engine and threw a bundle on my seat box, at the same time saying there was something to eat then pulled out.

I swung from the bell cord to the coal pick, then to the shovel, then back to the bell cord with one hand in the lunch box. I filled my mouth every time I came to the bell cord, and when I had finished he offered me a cigar, then slapped me on the back so hard he nearly knocked me down, at the same time saying:

"You're all right, Dixy, you've got the grit, and I am going to speak for you for the next regular engine."

And so he did. But I never could understand how that blow knocked all the cold out of me, but it did; and my heart was filled with gratitude for his kind and encouraging words. And from that hour on through all the years of my experience as locomotive fireman and engineer I enjoyed it, though there was much bitter to be taken with the sweet.

RAM ROD.

When Age Comes On.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO SHANDY MAGUIRE.

When age comes on, and sight begins to fail;
And when our eyes seem "dusty" as we read;
When visions blur, and brilliant lights grow pale,
And when we turn to glasses in our need;
When print that once seemed large grows small,
and when
We feel we've just the least bit less of brawn;
It vexes us, we know, a little then,
When age comes on.

When age comes on, and crows-feet round the eyes
Begin to come, and furrowed wrinkles show
Across the brows; and when the memory flies,
And lingers o'er the scenes of long ago;
When in the past we live, and love to dream
Of joys we one time knew, that now are gone—
We hold this life in scarce so high esteem
When age comes on.

When age comes on, and threads of silver tinge
The locks of auburn, brown or black or gold;
When pains of gout or rheumatism twinge
The joints—when we first *feel* we're growing old;
When we look forward to the future years,
Straining the eyes of hope toward the dawn
Of life eternal, how it calms our fears
When age comes on.

When age comes on, and sense of weariness
Steals over us, and seems to know no end;
When bones are crazed by many a sore distress;
When feebleness afflicts and will not mend;
When footsteps falter, as we onward fare
O'er life's rough road, we're glad will soon be gone
This earthly toil, and all this grief and care
When age comes on.

JOSEPH ROLAND PIATT.

Railroad Men's Home, Highland Park, Ill.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Wednesday, August 29, by invitation of Mrs. W. A. Murdock, founder and Grand President of the G. I. A. to the B. of L. E., I was one of her guests at a picnic of the Ladies' Auxiliary and B. of L. E. Divisions of Chicago, held annually at the grove of the Railroad Men's Home at Highland Park. This being the railroads' busy time of the year it is hard for engineers to get leave of absence, hence there were not many present. The majority were composed of those that have been "laid on the shelf," awaiting, as it were, the call of the Grim Reaper.

We left Wells Street Depot on the C. & N. W. R. R. at 10:40 A. M. and arrived at the Home at 11:20 A. M. For the convenience of the picnic party, the train was stopped opposite the grove at the Home to allow six coach loads of picnickers, with

their many well-filled baskets, to disembark. A number of tables had been erected in the grove, which were quickly covered with tablecloths and the good things the ladies had prepared for the occasion, and all the inmates of the Home sat up to the table as guests of the ladies.

I am under obligations to Mrs. Murdock for a very pleasant day's outing. The weather was ideal, and I enjoyed every minute from start to return. I enjoyed the time spent with the inmates, and I believe they enjoyed the swapping of reminiscences with their visitors. These visits and gatherings at the Home are to them an oasis in their helplessness and inevitably monotonous life. Volney, a gifted humanitarian, once said: "I will cherish in remembrance the love of man. I will employ myself on the means of effecting good for him, and build my own happiness on the promotion of his." The truth of this grand sentiment never presented itself to me more forcibly than on this occasion, and we all returned to our homes feeling happier for having, in a humble way, contributed a little to the enjoyment of our less fortunate Brothers.

On the train, I met a Brother whom I had met as a delegate to the convention at New Orleans in 1885—Bro. John Wendel, of Chicago; also Bro. George Daniels, now of Chicago, formerly of Hamilton, Ont., where we were employees of the Great Western (now a division of the Grand Trunk Railway) thirty years ago. It was a pleasure to meet them again and talk over the changes that had occurred within the sphere of our "ken" in the years that are gone.

Bro. Henry J. Ryan, of Div. 122, Fort Gratiot, Mich., is an inmate of the Home. He is a native of Toronto, and was an employee of the Grand Trunk at Toronto, Chicago and Port Huron, and was well known to all the old-time engineers on the road (many of whom have joined the silent majority) and many living employees on both sides of the river. This poor Brother was the victim of a serious and painful accident, which nearly caused his death and left him a helpless cripple for life. His left arm was burnt off at the elbow, his right hand burnt to a stump, and his face, eyes and ears fearfully scarred, caused, I understand, by the collapsing of a so-called "patent tobogging" firebox. All the others of the same type in use on engines were remodeled and strengthened, and the further construction of this style of firebox was discontinued by the company after the accident to Brother Ryan.

While conversing with the Brother of his old home, Toronto, and his friends there (the writer is an employee of the Grand Trunk Railway and knew many of them), his scarred features and handless

arms were painful illustrations of that oft-quoted truth that "corporations are soulless." This Brother has a record of a continuous service of thirty years without a mark against him, and is in possession of a beautiful medal presented to him by the passengers on his train for heroic conduct and fidelity to duty in saving his passengers at the risk of his own life in a previous casualty. This is evidence that the Brother possessed the qualifications in a high degree necessary to the discharge of the duties of an engineer and faithful employee. Yet, the Brother is abandoned in his utter helplessness by the company he served so long and well! The official, or officials, that could and did acquiesce in the action (under the circumstances) that deprives the Brother of a due compensation for his injuries, and leaves him to depend upon the voluntary contributions of his Brother engineers for his maintenance, have the hearts and brains of hyenas.

As I looked upon the inmates of this home in their various degrees of helplessness, and thought of the hundreds of other railway men in like condition throughout our fair land, I was more than ever convinced that it could not help but be a benefit to all railway men if the railways were owned and operated by our government. These men have served railway companies from a few years to nearly half a century, and I fail to discern in their features, or conversation, the faintest trace that their present dependent condition is due to either an immoral or dissipated life. On the contrary, they have the stamp of being honest, moral men, possessed of a fair average of intelligence, and are, morally, as deserving of support by adequate pension when incapacitated from service, whether by accident or old age, as any employee of "Uncle Sam"; and were the railroads owned and operated by the government, they, instead of being wards of charity, would be the recipients (by a pension commensurate with their needs and helplessness) of a part of that wealth their labor helped to create.

Some of the inmates of the Home that have the use of their hands employ their time doing embroidery and other needlework, under the instruction of the Matron and visiting ladies, who supply them with the materials, in which employment they have attained to a surprising degree of proficiency, all things considered, and it serves to relieve the monotony of their lives. After refreshments and a little social intercourse with the inmates and friends, a number of articles of their handiwork were raffled by the ladies, and all were asked to purchase chances in the drawing at 5 cents a chance, which realized for their benefit \$32.15.

The "heavy-weight" of the Home is

Mr. J. Stark, an ex-conductor, a native of New York State. He is about 55 years of age, weighs 264 pounds, and is paralyzed from the neck down; can move neither hands nor feet, but is otherwise bright, intelligent and cheerful for one in such a condition.

The "light-weight" Mr. Mathias, is also an ex-conductor. Thirty years ago he was a conductor on the Harrisburg branch of the Great Western, Ontario. He plied me with numerous inquiries concerning those he knew on the road at that time. He said it made him feel young again to converse with one who knew so much about the friends he left there and the road on which he was an employee for years, and recalled the happiest years of his life. His complaint is old age and general debility, and he must weigh less than 100 pounds.

Another inmate, who is a paralytic, and who was an engineer for about half a century, can only move one hand a little. A stroke he had since coming to the Home is causing him to lose the power of speech. His vacant stare makes it evident to all that his mind is gradually becoming clouded.

I have noted the cases that impressed me most in my short visit, and it would occupy too much space to speak of each individual case. They are all worthy, and deserving of our sympathy, and they highly appreciate the visits of friends or any kindness done them. Though before I close this letter there is one more inmate I desire to speak of, Mr. J. Belaire, a member of Alpha Lodge, 26, B. of L. F., Baraboo, Wis., known all over the United States among railroad men as the one-fingered fireman. He has seventeen toy steam engines, which are constructed so they can be propelled by windmills. There are several in the grove on posts, run by means of sails. He has only one finger on a part of one hand; the other arm was amputated. He made all these himself. They are horizontal, upright, revolving, cylinder, oscillating and compound engines. They not only display considerable mechanical ingenuity, but are remarkable for being the handiwork of a man with only one finger, and prove that Mr. Belaire is possessed of great patience and perseverance to accomplish so much, and so well, when so heavily handicapped as he unfortunately is.

It is not necessary for me to say anything of the financial condition and pleasant situation of the Home. They are well known to all readers of the JOURNAL. Suffice it to say, that all the inmates I spoke to have nothing but kind words for the Home under its present management, proving that Mr. and Mrs. Watson are the right persons in the right places. They strive to make it a home indeed to their

heavily afflicted guests. The food is good and varied, and well cooked; the dining-room is clean, and the bedrooms and bedding are clean and sweet. This Home is doing a noble work, and its work for such afflicted is limited by its accommodation, and that limited only by its financial support.
D. NEILSON.

Brake Valve Position.

The air brake man, in coming to town,
Put the young engineers in a whirl.

'Twas decreed as their fate

They should pass at least eight,
So they had to play short with their girl.

A young engineer—we'll call him Jim—

Had a sweetheart, both pretty and fair.

She told him one day

To not stay away,

But come down and they'd both study air.

He started one evening to call on her,

The brake valve impressed on his mind.

It seemed hardest for him

Just where to begin

Its five positions to find.

He started in service position,

With Jennie so fair at his side.

He asked, in his way,

That she name the day

When he could call her his bride.

She blushed, and he placed her on lap.

Her father said: "Jim, that's unfair."

He had opened the door,

Swiftly crossing the floor—

The emergency position was there.

When finally he got into full release,

And over the threshold had passed,

He said: "Jennie, dear,

I have learned something here,

Save your running position for last."

C. I. S., Div. 154.

The Correspondence Department.

HUNTINGDON, PA., Oct. 8, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In opening my article I will take for my theme, "Comments Favorable and Unfavorable," but I do not intend to criticize anyone for giving their views. I do not wish to be classed as a critic, but before I open my letter I must say I am pleased to notice in the October JOURNAL the great amount of interest that is now taken in the Correspondence Department, which I am convinced has been brought about by the article appearing on page 552 of the September JOURNAL from the pen of our worthy Editor; and I trust this interest may not cease, so let us try to keep it up.

I will now start by calling attention to Brother Loughrea's letter, in which he refers to Mr. Carnegie as being undecided how to dispose of his millions for the public good ere he is called before the great Judge. Since reading Brother Loughrea's letter, I have set myself to thinking if it wouldn't be a wise plan if Andrew would give say one thousand dollars to each of the 579 Divisions of the B. of L. E. as a token of respect for the railroad men, as the railroad is where our Scotch friend got the start of his vast fortune. I hope Andrew may yet come to some such conclusion, and if such a thing should come to pass, I think it would be as "Shandy Maguire" said in his poem in the October JOURNAL of 1897: "What a shaft from this spot would arise glorifying your worth and the prayers for your soul would ascend from our hearts to the skies." But, as Brother Loughrea says, of course I don't expect the Scotchman is likely to take my advice either, and I will add that the B. of L. E. is not in need of any of his charity, and not likely to expect any of it.

Now, I will give my opinion on Brother Finsley's letter. No fair-minded man could object to the proposition of Brother F. But, Brother Finsley, let us stop a moment and reflect on the word assessment, especially an extra assessment. While I am of the same opinion of the whole matter as yourself, I cannot but call your attention to the importance of suggesting some other plan of raising a fund for such members. Let us look back to the short space of two years, when we were arguing the question of a home for our old and disabled Brothers. How many Brothers were in favor of an annual assessment? Let me say that there are too many, yes twice, even thrice too many of the selfish take-care-of-myself class of people in our ranks—too many of them who are unwilling to pay the assessments that are levied now. I hope I may live to see the day when there will be in our great order some plan adopted whereby we can assist such worthy Brothers as Brother Neilson without talking of an annual assessment.

Now let me say a word relative to Brother Hoppman's letter. Surely I cannot find anything in it for any unfavorable comments. It is, to my mind, one of the best letters I ever read on the subject in the JOURNAL. It is a fact that selfishness and inability to get thoroughly organized is the great drawback in our order today, but I cannot attribute it to the B. of L. E. As a rule, we are working as diligently to get into our Brotherhood all good, reliable engineers as we ever were, but to my mind there is a large number of engineers who are possessed with the belief that to join the B. of L. E. is to keep them back in the way of promotion to higher positions; at

least some have ventured to say as much in my presence. If such is the case all over the country, then it is no wonder we are not more thoroughly organized. In another sentence of his letter he voices my sentiments when he says the law discriminating against members not in active service should be eliminated from the constitution and bylaws. It is true that there is quite an army of them today, and I earnestly trust this law may be wiped out at our coming convention. Every word this Brother writes in this connection is solid truth, and no one knows it better than the writer of this article. You may ask why should he know better than some others. I will answer simply in three words, "He is one." While my Subdivision has treated me with all the respect that can be bestowed on a member, I am deprived of the privilege afforded a member in active service. Then, according to the last sentence of his letter, I would not be allowed or expected to vote away the bread and butter of such gentlemen as he has referred to. I am a stationary engineer, and I would have no vote. Am I any the less worthy now to fill an office than I was when I ran a locomotive? I think not; yet I cannot do it under the law now existing. I am as loyal and as enthusiastic today to the B. of L. E. as ever I was. I hope every Division will have a delegate at the convention that will use every effort to have this law eliminated from our constitution. Brother Hoppman's thoughts are at work in the proper direction, and I will close with the sentence he uses, "Consistency is a jewel."

Fraternally, JACK JAY.

Rambling Thoughts.

EDITOR JOURNAL: So much is being said about the prosperity of our country, that I have been trying to keep tab upon my end of it. True I have work, for which I am thankful, but my wages are about the same as they have been for ten years; and I certainly love to pick up the paper and read that coal has increased 75 cents per ton in the last three months, that beef will retail at 3 cents a pound more than it has for ten years, that flour has boomed up \$1.50 a barrel more than a year ago, and that everything we have to eat is very high, and most all of it controlled by trusts. Is it necessary to go any further to see where the prosperity is?

We have work, but what surprises me most, is to see how much work railroad companies want done for nothing. That they are very poor, we are led to believe by certain officials who should never have had their names enrolled within the pages of the company's Blue Book. The little fellows push and

push to make a big record for themselves at the men's expense, until often the men go to the general manager for relief, and he grants certain concessions; but no sooner is the committee back than these little fellows, bit by bit, commence to steal them away from the men. Do they ever imagine that there might be an end put to this?

No one believes that the general officers of any road are parties to many of the abuses that are practiced, too numerous to mention. Take one item—oil. The amount has been cut down until it isn't half enough; and then for a hot driving-box a man is suspended four days. Some engines burn more coal than others, and some require more oil than others; but no, they have ciphered it out in the office, and a certain quantity must do. Economy is a good thing, and should be practiced with common sense, but there are too many of these little abuses that lead to dissatisfaction.

All over our country in railroad service there are Y. M. C. A.'s which give men a chance to educate themselves, and these officers are good supporters of them. That these associations do valuable work no one will question, but none of them can teach you how to keep a train from running away down a hill, or how to clean a big hard-coal fire in July weather; how to be patient when told you are not to have time to eat; to not take water when you know you need it; to believe that all-day Sunday work is good for your soul; that you must be humble and believe everything is done for the best, and that long hours at work are conducive to long life. These are a few of the things they cannot teach you; at least I cannot believe it. And while they may have an interest in you, you can never attend them because of these long hours.

Fraternally yours, OLD Man.

Memorial Day Observance.

CONCORD, N. H., Sept. 8, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Div. 335, B. of L. E., and its Auxiliary Division, 49, located at Concord, N. H., observed Memorial Day by placing plants and memorial banners on the graves of the following deceased members of their respective Divisions: James Williams, Harry George, Frank Clark, John Swaine, — Webber, Henry Wright, F. G. Stevens, G. H. Smith, G. R. Woodward, Patrick Lennon, W. A. Frizzell, J. E. Stuart, A. L. Brown, John Leary, Amos Jones, John Quimby and J. D. Blaisdell, members of the original Div. 13, and Sisters Clark, Shattuck, Haynes, Batchelder, Bailey, Lake and Darling, making all who have died since their organization,

except Sisters Paige and Shattuck, whose graves could not be reached.

It may be a pleasure to their friends and the Divisions of which they were members to know that the graves of the following deceased Brothers were also remembered: Alfred Drake, Div. 61, interred at Lakeport, N. H.; Edwin Green, Div. 312, Concord, N. H.; John Morgan, Div. 159, Bow, N. H., and Frank Moores, Div. 483, Nashua, N. H.

Some of these graves are never visited only by the above organizations, and some, I am sorry to say, have no mark by which to find them except the little rod which held the banner. We have in mind several of these banners, which are "tattered and torn and hanging in rags"; yet they remain, bearing witness to the grateful appreciation of those who are left behind for the thoughtfulness which prompted this act of love to dear ones gone home. Think of it, Brothers and Sisters, and let another day on which we honor our dead be characterized by more of these silent tokens in memory of those gone before.

A very commendable act of Div. 335, B. of L. E., the present year, and one greatly appreciated by the recipients, is the donation of the JOURNAL to the widows of its deceased members, eight in number; also to the widows of old Div. 13 who are members of Div. 49, G. I. A.

If the Brothers realized how much the JOURNAL is missed by those deprived of it, and how much such an action as that of the above Division is appreciated, we are sure no Division which is financially able would neglect this attention to a Brother's widow. Better give to two unworthy ones than deprive one to whom it is of so much value.

MRS. M. L. COOK.

"No Deference Apoud de Gramer."

MISHTER EDIDER SHURNELL: Afder I vait guide a vile, und see so meny ledders in our SHURNELL, I dot I vould dry und ride anudder von. Vat makes me dink de mosht apoud riding dish von vash he led-der vat I see in September SHURNELL vare de goot Edider say it dond make sum de-ference apoud de gramer or dickshun, dot he dend to dot; so I dink of he dend to dot, vy I youst mite as vell dry und ride ash sumpody else. Of I doand make him guide as blain as sum beeples, maypeen it youst mite meen as mutch goot. Dar is more dutchmans as mineself vat vill youst know ash vell vat mine ledder means as sumpody vat can ride goot und shpell ped-der as mineself. Ash ve doant haf to ride some more apoud de solgers' home, I mean de enshineers' home, vy of course ve must ride apoud sumding else. I vash a leedle afraid to ride some more, pecause some

beeples mite say dot dutchman pedder dry to dalk a leedle pedder of he vants to ride for de SHURNELL, but I sees sum beeples, moshtly vimens from doun sout, vot say dot dutchman vas not so pad, und ven I hear dot I youst got so bleased dot I makes up mine mind dot I ride a ledder rite away. Dare vash some mity goot ledders in our last SHURNELL, eshpeshally dot olt man vosh got his hamer on de heat of de rite nail; und I only vish I could make mine ledder so blain like dot olt man, den I would not haf so much to pe afraid apoud ash vat I has mit mine own ledders. Dot olt man he speak dot dere vas so many sthrikes, und dot ve should ride apoud vot pig cars und vat pig enshines vash coms in blase of dosh leedle vones, und dot ve doant vant to vork for a gompany vat pay I. O. U. for our sheck; dot is so too. Und den I sees in de next blase vare dot man from dev. 104, he say dot oult man vash drying to studdy out apoud hish moneys vot he got; dot is so too. But, shentle-mans, I speak vot is de reason dot so meny of our mians doant cum to Lodge some more. Von man he say mine vife she doant vaken me in dime, und he say it vash all mine vife's fault, put ven I fint out de trut dot she vaken him in dime to go to de Roundhouse und dalk und dells vat goot runs he make und vat pat enshines he got all veek, und den come dot prutther vat ride a pig ledder on page 613 und say ve vant an indijint for de benefit of dose olt pruthers vat cants vork some more, but I vash afraid he vont make oud so goot ven he come to golect dish exdra ashessmend vat he speak. Of he vill remember ven it vas de dalk apoud a hoam for our olt pruthers how us mans vat vash in vavor of dot hoam speak apoud a leedle ashessmend, vat a gick com from so many mans vat say ve hash moar ashessmends now ash vat ve can bay und doand vant any moar; doand you dink dot dis same mans would be in dosh same shuim apoud ashessmends to bay for dish fund? Ve musht rememper some mans doant get olt, dot ish in deir own mints, und ve would vind dot oud too ven ve underdake dosh blain. I vash in vavor of somtings dot would be of penefid to de olt mempers mine self, put you fint dot dare ish not many dot would vavor de blain of ashessmends. Vy, I dells you, mine frients, dare ish lots of our own mans vot gomblain apoud dish insururance, und say it peets all how dish insururance geeups ub. Any mans vat gomblain now apoud dot vy he doand know sumding, he youst oud to had a shance to geeup ub his bolicy apoud 15 or 20 years ago. Dish mans vot is alway gomblain I dink he vill forgit to die for veat it will cost him somding, or dot it mide make von more leedle ashessmend. Vy I sees some of our own mans vot vork

for four dollar und ten cents a day mit 40c hour for over dime und de same mans has 4 und 5 shilders, und he youst geeup ub a leedle insururance, apoud seven hundred und fifty dollar. Vat you dink apoud dot. Do you dink such mans would make goot bay at dis special ashessmend? I dink not.

Vell, I sees a hole lot more ledders vot I would like to menshun in my ledder, put it would dake ub too much dime. I vont say somding dish ledder, und if anybody doant say somtings vat vill make me guid riten vy I vill cum back und say a leedle mor, put I vill say, like de dutchman vat I say, "Jake, you got some mor dot goot sider?" und he say, "No, Bill, but ven I get sum, you shal hev any." So if dot beeples vat read the SHURNELL like dish ledder, vy ven I gets some mor vy dey shal hev any.

Goot pye,

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN.

Railroad Employees' Home.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., Oct. 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Following is the statement of receipts for the Home for the month of September, 1901:

FROM G. I. A. DIVISIONS.

Div.	Amt.	Div.	Amt.
17.....	\$ 2 00	99.....	\$ 2 00
24.....	5 00	117.....	5 00
29.....	2 00	142.....	5 00
39.....	5 00	172.....	5 00
49.....	2 00	179.....	5 00
62.....	2 00	199.....	5 00
74.....	5 00	215.....	5 00
77.....	1 00	238.....	3 00
79.....	5 00	243.....	2 00
85.....	5 00	244.....	5 00
89.....	5 00		
Total.....			\$ 81 00

FROM B. OF L. E. DIVISIONS.

6.....	\$12 00
90.....	5 00
406.....	12 00—
O. of R. C. Divisions.....	29 00
B. of R. T. Lodges.....	41 00
B. of L. F. Lodges.....	36 05
L. A. to O. R. C. Divisions.....	10 00
L. S. to B. of L. F. Lodges.....	72 00
L. A. to B. of R. T. Lodges.....	43 00
	53 30

PERSONAL.

Mrs. Slagel, two cans of pineapples.....	
Mrs. Wm. Golden, Conemaugh, Pa.....	25
R. A. Pontow proprietor of hotel at Libertyville, Ill., and a member of Div. 86, O. R. C.....	5 00

MISCELLANEOUS.

Sold old fruit jars.....	1 25
Sold veal calf.....	7 02
Sister Cruch, of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, presented Div. 134, L. A. to O. R. C., a set of Mexican drawn-work dollies, which they raffled and sent the amount to the Home.....	12 50

Grand total.....\$391 37
The item of \$36.15, proceeds of picnic given by the G. I. A. on August 29, should have been credited to G. I. A. Div. No. 1.

Respectfully submitted,
MRS. T. B. WATSON, Sec. & Treas.



Ladies' Department.

Communications for publication must be written on one side of the paper. Noms de plume are always permissible, but to receive consideration must be signed by the full name and address of the author, and addressed to the Editress, Mrs. M. E. CASSELL, 922 Dennison Av., Columbus, Ohio, not later than the 8th of the month.

The Editress reserves the right to revise, reject or use matter sent in, governed entirely on its merits.

Pumpkin Pies.

BY M. E. SANFORD.

How dear to my heart are the pies I remember—
 Those rich pumpkin pies, with their flavor so
 fine,
 That my mother would make in the frosty No-
 vember
 For us children to eat at the Thanksgiving time.

Those bright yellow pumpkins, those pumpkins
 so golden,
 There's no other pie that I so can enjoy
 As those of my mother's in days that are olden—
 Those Thanksgiving pies that I ate when a boy.

So when it comes round to our Thanksgiving din-
 ner,
 Let others choose custard, or apple, or mince,
 But I'll take the pumpkin—the rich, mellow
 pumpkin—
 Of all the pie-kingdom, the chief and the prince.

Thanksgiving Day.

Three thousand years ago, Moses in-
 structed the Israelites to keep a feast after
 they were established in the Holy Land.
 They called it the Feast of the Tabernacles,
 and for eight days following the close of
 the harvest they dwelt in booths made
 chiefly of green boughs, and feasted on

corn, wine, oil and fruits. The Greeks had
 a nine days' feast of similar character, and
 the Romans also had one in honor of
 Ceres, goddess of grain. The Saxons had
 a harvest home, and after them the Eng-
 lish. Our Thanksgiving comes from the
 Puritans, and it will be noted that, like all
 its predecessors, the observance bore
 special reference to the harvest, and—if
 the harvest failed there was no thanksgiv-
 ing. We have outgrown that narrow view
 of the day, and it is safe to say that
 Thanksgiving Day will never be omitted
 again, no matter what calamity falls on
 the country. We have discovered that
 there is always something to be thankful
 for. Sorrow and disappointment come to
 all, but there is no life so dark that it is
 not without one ray of sunlight. If you
 have nothing else, you are to be thankful
 for life itself. Did you ever think what it
 is not to have a single friend in the world?
 There may be such persons somewhere,
 and can you not be thankful that you have
 friends and relatives? Life is mostly
 struggle and strife, and that is why we
 should look on the bright side as often as
 possible. Thanksgiving Day is the period
 when we should put out of sight every-
 thing that is not bright and joyful. It is
 the day when, if any of your friends or
 relatives are estranged from you, it is your
 duty to hunt them up and effect a recon-
 ciliation. Bid them to your Thanksgiving
 feast, forgive and be forgiven. True
 philosophy means to make the best of
 everything. Give thanks for what you
 have and forget what you have not. For
 one day look only on the bright side of
 life and give thanks with all your heart
 and soul, and you will have your reward in
 a feeling of happiness that will remain with
 you for many a day.

Dedicated to Mrs. William McKinley, Oct. 4, 1901.

BY JULIA LOUIS PETERS.

Weak are words, too well I know that,
 When the heart is sick with grief;
 Only in oblivion's slumber
 Is there found a respite brief.
 Words which friendship fain would offer,
 Words to soothe, to cheer, to heal,
 Only stab the heart but deeper,
 Only sympathy reveal.

Comfort! No, there is no comfort
 On the earth, dear one, for thee;
 Thicker, thicker grow the shadows,
 From which thy sickening heart would flee.
 There's discord in the sweetest sounds;
 The flowers have no perfume;
 The sunshine stealing in the room
 But mocks thy heart's deep gloom.

A withering blight is over all.
 Alone! alone you stand,
 And ceaselessly mourn, and sigh and yearn
 To clasp that "vanished hand"—
 The hand that made life sweet for thee
 So many trusting years.
 'Twas held between thee and all harm,
 Safe refuge from thy fears.

Ah! how you miss the tender love,
 The kind and thoughtful care,
 So needed to a woman's life—
 That makes her skies so fair!
 When love is gone, what is there left
 To which the heart can cling?
 Each weary day, and dreary night,
 But desolation bring.

Bereaved! bereaved! oh, stricken one!
 Can none thy sorrow share?
 No, no, you turn from all away,
 To lose yourself in prayer.
 In thy deep grief but One alone
 Can troubled waters calm,
 Yet on thy heart let friendship lay
 Its soothing hand of balm.

Where Does Evil Begin?

In the great fight of good against evil in this world, experience has established the fact that training for the right is the surest foundation on which to build character, and that forming habits is a far easier process than reforming them. Thus it becomes the supreme duty of parents, teachers, churches, all good citizens, to be interested in the best methods for giving the good all the advantage possible in the rather unequal battle with evil for dominance in human life and human affairs.

The earliest beginnings of life are most impressionable. Even pre-natal tendencies are a factor in the great conflict of good and evil. So training comes first in the list of methods for building character. No one outside criminal ranks consciously trains for evil. But neglect of righteous training is perhaps the most prolific factor in wavering character, which yields easily to temptation, and adds to the ranks of the irreligious, immoral and vicious. To let the young "just grow" like a Topsy is criminal neglect of God-given opportunity and responsibility.

Precept and example are the forces used in this training, the most powerful of the two being example. Too many charged with the care, training and education of young people do not realize the responsibility imposed or the sacrifice involved in being true to the trust. Or they are unwilling themselves to forego pleasure for the sake of others.

The social dance, the game of cards for a prize in the home, seem simple amusements to those who engage in them for

whiling away an evening. To children and young people who look on and hear the laughter and merry-making, aye even the congratulations for the prize winners, it seems the acme of social attainment, to be envied, striven for, and attained as a much-desired good. Their immature judgment, untrained in the relative values of life's great problems, seizes upon the light and trifling as great and good, and the bent of their lives is toward selfish gratification in ephemeral amusements, and we have a large class given up to frivolity. It is only a step from frivolity to viciousness.

It is only a step from the progressive euchre party in the elegant home to the viciousness of the gambling den. Who would take the responsibility of sponsor for the former, with full knowledge of the possibilities of evil of the latter? Surely it is thoughtless inattention to the gravity of results that may and do come from the example of these so-called innocent amusements that opens the doors of so many homes to them. Many beginnings of gambling, and all attendant evils, are in these things fostered in good society.

It is in the hope of helping to inaugurate an arrest of thought along these lines that we pen this article. If we can but see that we must sacrifice our own pleasure, if that pleasure is even a questionable example to the children and young people about us, we will have gained one important point. If we can but realize that the training and education of those to be ushered into the arena of life's conflict imposes the duty to implant the highest ideals, practice in our own lives the noblest living, and arm them with a character "rooted and grounded" in righteousness, I am sure we would discard all these questionable amusements and expend our best energies in building foundations of right thinking and right living, which will give to the country men and women to be depended upon in any stress of life's experiences.

Not that we would discard recreation, but that we would not make relaxation, amusement and recreation the main purpose in life after work for actual living is over, but that this time and effort should be given to the training and education in nobler, better things.

MRS. S. E. CLUEN, Div. 216.

From Needles, Cal., to Spokane, Wash.

SPOKANE, WASH., Sept. 22, 1901.

On leaving The Needles, August 22, I promised a few of the Sisters of Div. 171 that I would write about my trip to Spokane. On August 23, arriving at Rich-

mond at 6 P. M., I was met at the depot by Sister Hopkins, who escorted me to Mrs. J. B. McCabe's, who until recently was a member of our Division. When we got to the house I was agreeably surprised, first, by finding Mrs. W. J. Skinner, also one of our Division's members who has recently withdrawn, and whom I have not seen for some three years, and second, a nice dinner waiting for us. If there is anything I like better than another it is hot biscuit, not such as "mother used to make," but such as Anna McCabe makes. I was very much astonished when I came to Richmond to find such a large place, considering it is only a year old. The houses are all two-story and modern improved. From the top of the hills back of the town a general view of San Francisco, San Quinten, Tamalpais, Oakland, Berkley and San Pablo Bay can be seen.

Although tired and much fatigued from my trip, nothing would do but I must attend a minstrel concert to be given that night by Sister Whitcomb, a member of Div. 170, assisted by her sister, Mrs. Wise, which I thoroughly enjoyed, and from accounts was appreciated by all.

It would take too much time as well as space in the JOURNAL to go into details of everything, but let me tell you, Sisters, if you want to be treated royally go to Richmond, and I am sure Sisters McCabe, Hopkins, Wing and McCetchion will invite you to dinner at the Chritchett Hotel, as they did me.

The morning I left Richmond Mrs. McCabe gave a breakfast in my honor, and ah my, how those biscuits did go. Well, I guess yes. Sisters Wing, Hopkins and McCetchion took me to the depot. By the way, it is a mile from the town there. Sister Hopkins accompanied me to San Francisco, and she says I was so frightened on the ferryboat that when we got half way across the bay I wanted to know if I couldn't walk the rest of the way. Now, she says that, remember.

Words cannot express what I think of 'Frisco. With Sister Hopkins for my guide, I missed but very little. The City Hall's interior is grand; St. Ignatius Church the handsomest church I ever saw in my life. Then the court of the Palace Hotel is something grand, but the Diamond Palace staggered me. Grand is out of the question—it is magnificent. We went to the matinee at the Grand Opera House, but had to leave after the close of the second act. We wound up the day by taking in the chutes. I went out there with the full intention of shooting the chutes. After watching a boat load come down I came to the conclusion that the good Sisters of Div. 171 would like to see me once again, and I thought I had better wait until I had a couple of dollars more on my life, so I

postponed shooting the chutes until some future date.

The following morning we went out to Sutro Heights. I must say I was dazed with the grand grounds and statuary; from there to the Cliff House the great ocean breakers dashing upon the rocks, covered with sea lions.

The eve of September 3 I took the train for Spokane. At Ashland, Ore., we had thirty minutes. Here I was met by Sister Hunter, also a member of Div. 171, who was much disappointed to learn I could not stop off, but I got away by promising her I would visit her on my return trip home.

Arrived in Spokane September 6. After resting until the 10th, which was the commencing of the great Interstate Fair and Elks' Carnival, we took in the fair and races, which were quite up-to-date, and in general made a fine showing both of the state's products and mineral exhibits. The Elks' Carnival was a great success. On the 14th was the dedication of the Elks' Temple. Thousands of the order were in the city. In the afternoon of the 14th the general public were admitted. The Temple is a beautiful building and cost about \$80,000, and the Elks' Hall on the second floor is simply a dream of loveliness. The Elks' Carnival had a continued wonderful attendance. Their band, before known as the Italian Band, and now the Royal Purple of B. P. O. E., 228, Spokane, is the grand band of the present time. Having two brothers belonging to the order of the Elks, and being their guest, I had a splendid time.

And last but not least, I visited Div. 154, and had the great pleasure of meeting Sister Bowley, our Grand Chaplain, of San Francisco, and Sister Leightner, Grand Organizer, of Sacramento. And will say for Div. 254, if they will persevere in their good work there is no reason why their Division should not be one of the best. Fearing this will find the waste-basket I must come to a close.

Wishing Div. 171 the best of success I am
Yours in F., L. & P.,

MRS. CHAS. IRELAND.

Our Visitor.

We had a sudden visitor—

He came at dead of night,
And over all the clover fields
He spread a garb of white.

He stole into our cellar,
In his underhanded way,
And bit the pumpkins we had stored
For pies Thanksgiving Day.

He tasted all the apples
And potatoes in the bin,
And the way he went for cabbages
Was nothing but a sin.

Then he slipped into the pantry
To look for something nice,
And a pitcher full of water
He shivered in a trice.

He tasted all the pans of milk,
And everything he chose;
Then hastened to the hen-house
And bit the chickens' toes.

But with the rising sunbeams
His magic power was lost,
And stealthily he slipped away—
Our visitor, Jack Frost.

For the Woman Who Wants Work.

If you must go from the hearthstone into the business world—Go. But if not compelled to, for gracious sake stay at home.

The world, the great big place, has so many who *must* make the bitter fight alone for bread, butter and a little jam, that it is unkind to them to go into any line of work because of social disappointment or for a divertisement.

There ought not to be any necessity for a screed on this subject; but there is. One may love the work they are engaged in, but a woman that will get out of a warm, comfortable bed, hurry her toilet, bolt a mouthful of food in order to get down town at a set hour, and work (few have positions for merely being an ornament to an office), is in the minority. Work is all spelled—every letter—with capitals, and great big ones at that—if you please, upon heart and mind when it is a matter of necessity. When one realizes that dozens, equally as capable, are waiting for your position if you are not on time, there is no time to stay home for heat or cold. No stopping to mend clothes to make them "last." Then, too, it takes more clothes when one wears a good gown from six-thirty to six-thirty. Things wear out in climbing into and out of cars. It takes much more to keep dressed up in an office than at home.

I always say when anyone seeks a position, "Is there actual necessity for your leaving home? Are you not more needed there?"

Don't leave the home. It is the place for women. To be out rubbing against the sharp edges of the world has its advantages—and disadvantages. It may be there is compensation in all things. If there is, better stay at home and have less, and have and retain that womanly innocence of the world that is only found in the woman whose horizon is not broadened by this contact with the world. It is indefinable, subtle, and only the woman feels the change within her after she has learned by experience.

She may be all womanly, and all that. She may really make a better wife, in one way, for she learns of business hours, rules and unexpected exactions and uncertain length of hours, and may not nag her husband into fits of untruthfulness, to say the very least. But don't hunt employment outside the home if not absolutely necessary.

Stay at home, be the daughter of the house, learn to cook and bake, run a house and study all you want to, and at the end of the year's time you will have more peace of mind, better health and looks, more education and culture—yes, culture, too, for the outside robs and polishes, both.

As for the matter of money, a woman who wanted particularly to save up money all this summer, found when she had her bank book balanced up the first of the month, that since the 22nd of April she had to show just \$2.25 for all those hot months' work!

She had no new clothes, but had fractured nerves, and an empty pocketbook.

Experience? Oh, yes, she had that. It was all she did have, and taught her to be content at home.—*Columbus Dispatch*.

Schools of Instruction.

MME. EDITRESS: Loraine Div., 179, East St. Louis, Ill., was hostess to a school of instruction on September 24, conducted by our Grand President, Sister Murdock. Our visitors were represented by Div. 50 with eight members, Div. 84 with six, Div. 160 with four, Div. 47 with eight, and Div. 91 with ten. Two sessions were held, morning and afternoon, the former opening at 10 o'clock and the latter at 2, our President, Sister Horstman, presiding. Our ritualistic work was beautifully exemplified in a pleasing manner to all, Sister Murdock kindly correcting all errors and answering and explaining all questions. The Sisters were very much interested in the instructions received from Sister Murdock, her teachings fully demonstrating to us how thoroughly qualified she is for the exalted position to which she has been elected. At high noon we repaired to the Hotel Diel for dinner, where forty of us sat down to one table, with Sisters Murdock and Horstman at either end. And to tell you we did ample justice to all the delicacies of the season would feebly express it.

During the afternoon session, the beautiful burial form and the form of installation of officers were exemplified, with Sister Murdock as Installing Officer and Sister Naylor, of Div. 160, as Marshal. Sister Murdock gave us an interesting discourse, taking for her subject, "Our Division In-

surance," which was both instructive and entertaining to all. We then gave our Division drill, which was pronounced by our Grand President and visiting Sisters to be "lovely," "perfectly lovely," "beautiful," etc. All seemed to enjoy it, at least; and it is nice, being somewhat of a diversion from our regular routine of work. Sister Hartman, of Div. 91, and Sister Flynn, of Div. 47, visiting Presidents, each made a few encouraging and complimentary remarks on the work done and pleasures of the day spent. Sister Mays, the good President of Div. 50, kindly extended an invitation to us all to attend their regular meeting the next afternoon. We had fifty-two ladies present in the afternoon, all interested and eager to grasp and reap the rewards of such an instructive meeting, which closed at 5 o'clock, P. M.

In the evening we, with a number of the visiting Sisters and a goodly number of the Brothers (who had actually been invited on the promise of good behavior), repaired to the beautiful home of Brother and Sister Supuernowski at 813 Market avenue, where a reception was held in honor of our Grand President. As we crossed the threshold a beautiful card of welcome met our gaze, which was suspended from the ceiling of the reception hall and draped with that most beautiful of all banners, the American flag. A delightful evening was spent in social intercourse and music. An elegant luncheon was served, which had been prepared by the ladies. After all had partaken of this very important and enjoyable part of the program, Sister Murdock was called on for a speech. She quickly and kindly responded in her usual gentle and entertaining manner, briefly outlining and explaining the extent and workings of our noble order. A good crowd was in attendance, each one vying with the other in trying to have a good time and making everyone happy. After regrets for the flight of time and good nights were said we returned to our homes, all voting Brother and Sister Supuernowski royal entertainers, and feeling that it was good to be there. And when thinking over the pleasures of the day and evening, this pretty thought of the poet (Mary D. Brine) came to me:

"We are living each day in the sunshine we make.
God keep us and guide us for love's dear sake."

On the afternoon of September 25 several of our members, together with Sister Murdock, crossed "The Father of Waters" to attend the regular meeting of Div. 50 in St. Louis, the writer regretfully being compelled to remain at home. A number of visiting Sisters besides those of our own Division were in attendance. They report a very pleasant afternoon spent and a good meeting, Sister Murdock giving instruc-

tion in the ritual work. At the close of the meeting they were served with cream and cake by the good Sisters of Div. 50, for they know too well Loraine Division's propensity to cream and cake.

Early on the morning of September 26 five of our members, including our President, Sister Hortsman, accompanied by Sister Murdock, went to the Union Station, St. Louis, arriving there an hour before train time. But that is Loraine's time for making trains, and like she is in everything else; she "never gets left." There we met about fifteen of the Sisters of Star Div., 50, and two of Div. 84, when we all boarded an Iron Mountain train at 8 o'clock for De Soto, Mo., where we went to attend the school of instruction, conducted by Sister Murdock. Arriving there we were conducted to the hall by the delegation that met us, where we met a bevy of good Sisters, including three from Div. 37, of Little Rock, Ark. Well say, Sisters, did you ever visit Rose Division, of De Soto, Mo.? If not, and you want to have a good time, and be feted and feasted, just do so at your earliest opportunity, for you will not know how to appreciate their hospitality until you have tested it. There they had two sessions, the ritual work being pleasingly demonstrated, Sister Murdock instructing in her usual kind manner. After the morning session we were invited to the hall below, where two long tables were spread upon the stage, actually groaning under their burden of good things. Such a dinner! The way those G. I. A. ladies performed on that stage would do justice to a "Bernhardt" or a "Patti" (when it comes to eating), and all to the strains of good piano music, furnished by the lovely daughters of Rose Division.

We of Div. 179 left on the early train for home very much regretting that we could not remain with the rest for the reception in the evening. You know we regretted missing the cream and cake. But, dear Sisters, we returned home with pleasant memories of the time spent, the new acquaintances made, and the benefits derived from the three days spent together, and with hearts bound closer together by ties of Sisterhood, and a new interest revived in our hearts for the noble cause in which we are working, and wishing our Grand President could be with us more often. If we escape the dreaded waste-basket we will try and come again soon, and as one Sister said, "not so long."

MRS. S. H. McLAUGHLIN,
Sec. Div. 179.

New Divisions Organized.

Casco Bay Div., 259, was organized at Portland, Me., with 19 charter members.

September 24, in B. of L. E. Hall. The day following, in a large hall with music, the work was further exemplified. The following officers were duly elected and installed by Second Assistant Grand Vice-President McNeil, with Sister Barton, of Div. 233, as Marshal: President, Mrs. Geo. Thompson; Vice-President, Mrs. J. V. N. Cheney; Secretary, Mrs. W. H. Jordan; Treasurer, Mrs. Waterman; Insurance Secretary, Mrs. Frank M. Huff; Chaplain, Mrs. Geo. Cobb; Guide, Mrs. Stinchfield; Sentinel, Mrs. F. H. Watson; Pillars, Mrs. J. E. Cook, Mrs. Haines, Mrs. O'Neill, Mrs. Lowell; Marshals, Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Lenglois. These new Sisters are very enthusiastic and gave all time for work, holding four sessions. A very homelike lunch was served at the close of the afternoon session, September 25. Div. 40, B. of L. E., donated the charter and supplies, and Div. 259 may congratulate itself that it has the support of the B. of L. E. Division, which is as it should be. Brothers Thompson, C. E., and Williamson honored the Sisters with their presence. The organizer and assistants are indebted to Bro. J. E. Cook, who worked up this new Division and at whose home they were entertained.

MARY L. COOK.

Study Club Program for November.

Subject: "Recent American Literature."

1. What is national literature? Are there purely American novels, dramas and lyrics?
2. Discuss the relative merits of these writers as introduced by the following decades: Seventies—Charles Dudley Warner, E. P. Roe, Gen. Lew Wallace, Henry James, Constance Woolson, Mrs. Frances H. Burnett, Mr. Cable. Eighties—Marion Crawford, Miss Mary Murfree, Miss Mary E. Wilkins, Thomas Nelson Page, Joel Chandler Harris, F. Hopkinson Smith.
3. Then among the newer stars we find James Allen, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Glasgow and Edith Wharton.
4. Show by sketches of the work of these artists of the eighties that all humor is not akin, also that true humor is not vulgar: Thomas Nelson Page, J. C. Harris, Eugene Field, Octave Thanet, Ruth Stuart, Richard Malcolm Johnson, James Whitcomb Riley, M. E. Wilkins, H. C. Bunner, Kate D. Wiggin, Robert Grant.
5. Humor of the more recent writers: Oliver Herford, Gelett Burgess, Carolyn Wells, Hayden Carruth, Charles Loomis.
6. Three Chicago products who may be classed as brilliant humorists: William Bell, Geo. Ade and Mr. Dunne.
7. Complete this list with favorite authors of members.

SUGGESTED READING.

Samana. By H. H. Jackson.
Mavia Harum—Westcott.
Richard Carvel—Winston Churchill.
Nights with Uncle Remus—Harris.

Division News.

THE regular meeting of Div. 84, Springfield, Mo., on September 26, will long be remembered by the Sisters present. When the Division was nearing the closing ceremony, an alarm at the outer door was heard. On investigating, one poor, lone Brother engineer was found waiting without. He was admitted and given a seat by the President. Brother Martin explained why he came alone. He said the other boys had gone to see the elephant, as it was show day. He made a few remarks, and said he had brought his laundry with him, and was looking for a laundry woman. He carried a package under his arm, but while the mysterious package was being unrolled, the Sisters knew something different from laundry was in it, as Brother Martin was very careful with it. He finally unfolded and held up a handsome altar cloth before the Sisters. It is a "dream," made of white silk velvet, royal purple satin, three-inch double-faced yellow silk ribbon, and each side richly embroidered in fancy colors of silk, and painted, with a large silk and gold tassel on each of the four corners. It was made by the wife of Brother Carroll, of Joplin, Mo., who presented it to Div. 83; and the Brothers not always having time and opportunity to use it, on consent of Mrs. Carroll, presented it to Div. 84. I believe the Sisters can use it to better advantage. Brother Martin, on behalf of Div. 83, presented it to the Sisters in a very pleasing manner. Our President, Sister Noleman, responded in her truly modest way and accepted the cloth. We Sisters hope soon to have Mrs. Carroll cast her lot with us, as we are always seeking for good material to help build up and strengthen our Division.

On September 30, Div. 84 gave a dime social at the residence of Sister George Dillard, which was the Division's anniversary. It was one of the pleasantest socials our Division has ever held, Sister Dillard making a most agreeable hostess. She spared no pains to make it such, and her efforts were crowned with success, both socially and financially. The afternoon was spent with vocal and instrumental music, games and social chat. Mrs. Hastings and Mrs. Moore were the guests of honor. We also had a little fun in raffling a quilt, made by the Sisters. Sister Noleman unrolled the quilt and said: "Sisters, little Miss Wanda White, aged five months, holds the lucky number, 229." Mr. White put the pencil in little Wanda's hand and wrote her name opposite No. 229, not thinking it would be the lucky one. Div. 84 wishes little Wanda much good luck in the coming years of her life. The Division realized a neat sum of money from the

quilt for our treasury. An elegant lunch was served to thirty persons by the committee in charge, and all did justice to it. Each guest went away voting it a pleasant afternoon and Sister Dillard a royal entertainer.

Div. 84 is prospering and doing good work, with a full attendance at each meeting. Wishing all sister Divisions success,
I am, Yours fraternally, OZARK.

UNION OF 1900, Div. 249, Syracuse, N. Y., again begs space in the JOURNAL to tell of its success and the pleasant gatherings the Division and its friends have enjoyed since we were last heard from.

Our Division is being increased in numbers rapidly, and all members work with willing hearts and hands.

We decided on August 16 to hold a lawn social, so Brother and Sister Horning tendered the use of their beautiful lawn, and best of all their valuable services, which rendered it a most successful social gathering. The yard and house were beautifully decorated with Japanese lanterns, headlights, and the red and white lanterns that are so familiar to all of the B. of L. E. men. During the evening our four hundred and eighty-five guests were entertained by a string orchestra, which donated its services to help the good work of Union of 1900 along. Everyone did themselves justice to ice-cream, cake, and bonbons, and voted a most pleasant evening spent. Through the pages of the JOURNAL, I wish to tender thanks to Brothers Horning, Watson, Frazer and Heiser for their arduous work in connection with our social, and we gently whisper in their ear, we shall call upon you again.

We, as a young Division, have much to be thankful for. Our Division is a large and a charitable one, and as the days go by into weeks, and the weeks go into months, we are striving not only to be a comfort to ourselves but a blessing to those about us.

Our social entertainments during the past year, to which all the B. of L. E. Brothers and their families were bidden, served to bring the gentlemen of the three Divisions of our city together, and there sprang up a friendship of affection and good-will very gratifying to see.

We kindly extend a cordial invitation to all Sisters who may visit the salt city to call upon our Division, which meets the first and third Thursday in each month, at the corner of Seymour and Oswego St.

MRS. GRO. F. HAZARD.

Div. 238, Madison, Wis., think it would be well to let Sister Divisions know that we still exist. We are a small Division, but have many good times. We labor at some

disadvantage, as six of our twenty members live out of town. But do not infer from our long silence that we are not very much alive and as interested in the work as ever we were. On March 21st we had our Inspector, Sister Reigart, who spoke very kindly of our work. Then we had a visit from four Sisters from Milwaukee to cheer us. We have a willing President who never leaves anything undone for the good of the order. We have our annual balls, picnics and parties, which are always successful.

Our President planned a surprise on the Secretary, Sister Gregory, who is about to make Janesville her future home. At a recent meeting, after the closing ceremony, Sister Mills, the President, requested the members to keep their places, when, in beautiful words of commendation for the good work done by Sister Gregory, and expressions of regret because of her removal to another town, she presented her with three ornamental and useful presents. The Secretary was completely surprised but managed to stammer her thanks, saying that she had only tried to do her duty. After the Sisters had viewed the presents another surprise was sprung. We were escorted to the ante-room, where a table met our gaze, spread with good things. After partaking of the refreshments we went to Capital Park, where Sister Mills "took" our faces, all wreathed in happy smiles, after which we parted with good wishes for each other.

On August 20, we took the steamer across the lake to Esther Beach and held our annual picnic. We had with us Mr. Rodgers, of Waukesha, and Sister Lynn, of Milwaukee, who seemed to enjoy the outing. After doing justice to well-filled baskets we wended our way to the dance hall, where the young folks were tripping the "light fantastic toe." We were pleased to have with us Bro. J. Dunn, his wife and family, and wish more of the good-natured engineers would turn out to our picnics. When the sun was sinking we started homeward, all voting the day a success and hoping to enjoy another such next year.

J. G. G.

ON Friday evening, September 20, Div. 239, Louisville, Ky., gave a progressive euchre at Liederkranz Hall, from which we realized quite a neat sum for our treasury. Each member donated a prize, so that we only had to buy a few. The game was from 8:30 until 11 o'clock, and then began the selection of prizes for the lucky ones. Sister Hoffman won a basket of fruit, which she generously divided with us before she left the hall. The sincere thanks of the Division are due Bro Phil Soden, who not only gave us a handsome

prize, but lent us valuable assistance. In fact, we always know whom to call on for help when we are trying to get up any kind of an entertainment. He is always ready to assist us in every way he can. Our euchre being successful, it will encourage us to give something else to put some more money in our treasury, so that if we should ever receive a call for charity we can meet it. We are a small band, but hope to increase. We initiated two members on September 12. With good wishes for all, I will close to come again. SEC.

KENERSON Div. 224, Worcester, Mass., is having such grand good times that we must let the Sisters of the other Divisions know how we enjoy ourselves. Sister Sparks invited our Division to spend a day at her home in Webster; consequently, on September 20, all the members that could go started on the 9:20 A. M. electric car for Webster. It was a most delightful ride of one hour and forty minutes. Upon arriving at Sister Sparks' house we found it profusely decorated with her choicest flowers; also that she had already prepared one of her most excellent chowders, for which she is famous. If the Sisters of other Divisions could just taste her chowder, I am confident they would have a desire to join our Division so as to be near her. The day was pleasantly spent in conversation, transplanting of slips and picking flowers, and passed all too quickly, as the Sisters stated on their homeward journey. We had a cordial invitation to come again, and then every member will be sure to go.

Then, on the 26th of September, we had a supper in Castle Hall, directly after our regular meeting, for Sister Cheney, who is soon to move away. We thought we would like to show our love for her in some way, and that seemed the most fitting way to the Sisters. After supper she was presented with a recognition pin, the presentation being made by Sister Goodwill in a most excellent manner. Sister Cheney was greatly surprised, and thanked the Division in a grand, good and noble way. Sister Cheney is one who will be greatly missed from our Division, and I may truly say that we love her dearly, and she may truly feel that we are her Sisters in F. L. & P.

MRS. D. M. WEATHERBE.

ONCE more Div. 130 asks for a small space in the dear old JOURNAL to tell about our lawn fete given Friday, September 13, at Ludlow, Ky. Friday and the 13th do not sound like we would have good luck; but I want to say that if any of our good Sisters were inclined to be the least bit superstitious our success on the 13th has cured them. The night was perfect, and

the lawn, with its many colored lanterns and bright Queen and Crescent headlights and snow-white tables, made a beautiful sight; and our cream and cake was fine. We cleared \$25 on our cream and cake, and we had a beautiful embroidered piano cover given our Division by Sister Belden (now of Gulfport, Miss.) which we advertised would be given to the one holding the lucky number, who proved to be a conductor's wife, Mrs. M. McCarty, of Ludlow, Ky. We made \$21.50 on the piano cover, and the Sisters of Div. 130 extend a vote of thanks to Sister Belden, and all agree that our lawn fete given on Friday and the 13th was a grand success, both socially and financially.

A MEMBER.

AFTER reading in the JOURNAL of the happy events of the other Divisions, I thought they might care to know that there was such a Division as The Belle, 151, at Belle Plaine, Ia. We are small in numbers, but great in the good work. Our Division was organized in July, 1900, and in that time we have had a number of social events. One of the most delightful events in the history of our Division was a reception to the members of the B. of L. E. and the wives who are not members of the Auxiliary at the beautiful home of our President, Mrs. Thos. F. Murray, September 24. After the guests all arrived a lunch in two courses was served on small tables, in the parlor, library and dining-room. The guests secured their partners for supper by means of questions and answers, which caused a good deal of merriment. During supper, piano solos were given by the Misses Elliott, Tidball, Miller and Dodd. After supper we spent the time visiting and telling stories and riddles, and had a general good time. At a late hour good-nights were said, and all thanked Mr. and Mrs. Murray for an evening's entertainment.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

ON September 5, Manila Div., 244, Brooklyn, N. Y., was permitted to celebrate its third anniversary with a dinner at North Beach. A goodly number of the Sisters responded, and about forty sat down to dinner. We were delighted to have one Brother with us; and, strange to say, he did not appear at all bashful among so many ladies. All enjoyed the day, and if we did get separated on our way home, all reached there safely, well pleased with the day spent with the Sisters. When we realize that our circle is still unbroken, our hearts go out in thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for His watchful care over us.

INS. SEC., Div. 244.

Div. 59, Glenwood, Pa., held socials on July 23 and 24 at Versailles. The first night it was held in the Council Hall, and the second night on the lawn at the home of Sister Griffiths. The lawn was beautifully decorated with Japanese lanterns, and all was bright and pleasant. We have three Sisters living at Versailles,—Sisters Griffiths, Leonard and Shurtz,—and they certainly did all in their power to make the social a success. The Sisters from Glenwood did good work at the fancy-work table, and the young folks of Versailles materially assisted by waiting on the tables. The councilmen kindly donated the use of the hall, and from the proceeds about \$33 were added to our treasury. All enjoyed the two nights of social pleasure, and we hope soon to have more of the same kind. A MEMBER OF DIV. 59.

ON August 29, the Sisters of Div. 144, Cheyenne, Wyo., gave a surprise party on their Past-President, Sister Ellis, it being her 37th birthday; and it was a genuine surprise they gave her—a beautiful center table. The evening was passed with music and games, and a dainty lunch was served to about thirty guests. Everyone wished her many more birthdays. We had with us as visitors Sister Cotton, of Div. 65, Cleveland, O., and her husband.

MRS. F. W. DUDLEY, Sec., Div. 144.

Div. 219, Pitcairne, Pa., had a jolly time on the 14th of August, and although I am tardy in reporting it, I hope I am "better late than never." One bright afternoon, a crowd of Brothers of Div. 325 and their wives boarded the train for Radebaugh, the home of Brother and Sister Loughrey, and were received by herself and charming daughters, who greeted us with bright and happy faces. Sister Loughrey suggested, that owing to the heat of the day our time might be spent more pleasantly in the orchard, near the house. We all consented, and our surprise was complete at the beautiful grounds. All too soon we were summoned to lunch, and the table fairly groaned with good things; and I think Brothers Chalmers and Hood groaned afterwards. Don't you think so, Brothers? Ha! ha! After supper we repaired to the house, where Miss Loughrey entertained us with some fine music, and the Brothers did some fine singing. Then it was time to take our departure on our homeward trip. All united in voting our little outing a grand success and Brother and Sister Loughrey the best of entertainers.

SEC., Div. 219.

THE President of New Century Div., 253, Philadelphia, Pa., writes that she has every reason to be proud of the work of this new Division; that the members are interested

in the welfare of the B. of L. E., and desire to succeed in every way that they may be an honor and a credit to the Brothers belonging to the Division to which they are auxiliary.

G. I. A. Voluntary Relief Association.

TOLEDO, O., Nov. 1, 1901.

To Division Insurance Secretaries, V. R. A.:

You are hereby notified of the death of the following members of the Association, and for the payment of these claims you are ordered to collect \$1.00 from each member holding one policy, and \$2.00 from each member holding two policies, providing, however, that no one be assessed on a policy if the application for said policy was dated later than September 30, 1901:

ASSESSMENT No. 47.

Died Sept. 6, 1901. Sister Bessie E. Furtney, aged 39, of Div. 187, Austin, Minn. Cause of death, epileptic convulsions. Admitted March 11, 1895. Held two policies, Nos. 2771 and 2772, payable to Henry Furtney, husband.

ASSESSMENT No. 48.

Died Sept. 18, 1901. Sister Mary E. La Rue, aged 59, of Div. 120, Carbondale, Pa. Cause of death, chronic nephritis. Admitted Feb. 24, 1896. Held two policies, Nos. 3126 and 6870, payable to Daniel La Rue, husband.

ASSESSMENT No. 49.

Died Sept. 19, 1901. Sister Nellie E. Hammond, aged 40, of Div. 235, Bangor, Me. Cause of death, uræmia. Admitted Dec. 27, 1897. Held two policies, No. 4346, payable to husband, Fred C. Hammond, No. 4894, payable to Ruth M. and Hugh H. Hammond, children.

ASSESSMENT No. 50.

Died Sept. 20, 1901. Sister Elizabeth Harris, aged 46, of Div. 11, Rochester, N. Y. Cause of death, carcinoma of stomach. Admitted Nov. 16, 1896. Held two policies, No. 3642 payable to John K. Harris, husband, No. 6637 payable to Mary, Martha, and Grace, children.

ASSESSMENT No. 51.

Died Sept. 10, 1901. Sister Mary L. Henderson, aged 43, of Div. 22, Grand Rapids, Mich. Cause of death, embolism. Admitted March 21, 1900. Held one policy, No. 6015, payable to Geo. R. Henderson, husband.

ASSESSMENT No. 52.

Died Sept. 14, 1901. Sister Stella V. Farnsworth, aged 46, of Boston, Mass. Cause of death, fractured skull caused by fall. Admitted Jan. 3, 1900. Held one policy, No. 5768, payable to Edward E. Farnsworth, son.

ASSESSMENT No. 53.

Died Sept. 22, 1901. Sister Annie L. Fogg, aged 36, of Div. 96, Chicago, Ill. Cause of death, sacro iliac tuberculosis. Admitted May 1, 1894. Held one policy, No. 2491, payable to John W. Fogg, husband.

Members will pay their Insurance Secretaries on or before November 30, 1901, or pay a fine of 10 cents on each policy. Insurance Secretaries must remit to the General Secretary and Treasurer on or before December 10, 1901, or forfeit membership.

Assessments 51, 52 and 53 will be paid from the Death Assessment Fund.

Members in good standing Oct. 1, 1901, two thousand and eight carrying one policy, and thirteen hundred and sixty-eight carrying two.

All claims are paid in full—\$500 on each policy. N. B. Your good standing at the close of the fiscal year will depend upon the prompt payment of these Assessments. It is desired that no name be found on the delinquent list.

MRS. GEO. WILSON, Pres. V. R. A.
MARY L. ROBERTSON, Gen'l Sec'y and Treas.

Technical.

Question and Answer Column.

BY ROBERT H. BLACKALL.

Q. F. A. R. If an engine is in the lead and the pusher is immediately behind, what would be the result if the lead engineer tried to use the emergency when the valve on the pusher engine was cut out; what would be the result if the brake valve on the pusher engine was cut in?

Will you kindly answer these questions, and also give us your idea of the practice of handling the brakes from the pusher engine in double-heading?

A. With the valve on the pusher engine cut out, the lead engineer cannot get the quick-action back of the pusher engine unless the piping on the engines is very crooked and contains a considerable number of elbows, in which case the frictional effect would destroy the suddenness of the reduction and a service application of the brakes would be the result. This condition of the piping, however, is the exception rather than the rule.

If the brake valve on the pusher engine were not cut out, or the brake-valve handle placed in lap position, the engineer on the lead engine could not get quick-action back of the pusher engine, neither could he apply the brakes by using the service position of the brake valve; but by leaving his valve handle in emergency position he could apply the brakes in service, regardless of whether the pusher brake valve were cut out, in running or even in full release position.

The brakes should always be handled by the lead engineer as he is the one who can see the track ahead, the train can be handled more smoothly, and signals seen by the lead man do not have to be conveyed to the pusher man by whistle before the brakes are used.

Q. J. G. Will you tell me what could be the matter with a brake on a car, if the brake applies every time the car is cut out, that is, when the cut-out in the crossover is turned?

A. Dirt on the emergency or rubber-seated valve is almost always responsible

for this action of the brake. If such be the case the air leaking by the valve passes to the brake cylinder and through the cylinder leakage groove to the atmosphere, or out through the exhaust port of the slide valve to the atmosphere. The air leaking past the emergency valve comes from the chamber above the check valve, and the pressure above the check being reduced permits the greater train-line pressure beneath it to force it from its seat, thus permitting a direct flow of air from the train pipe past the emergency valve to the atmosphere. The reduction of train pipe pressure permits the greater auxiliary reservoir pressure to force the triple piston out, thus applying the brakes. The cut-out cock being closed, the leakage described is not supplied from the main train pipe.

Q. W. E. R. How many strokes of the air pump are necessary to supply the leakage caused by the governor relief port after full main reservoir has been obtained?

A. That depends entirely upon the kind of pump, the condition of same, and the condition of the governor relief port. With a nine and one-half inch pump in good condition, an average of about twelve strokes per minute is required to overcome the leakage through this port.

Q. G. I. R. Will you please answer the following questions for me: *a*, what are the proper sizes of main reservoirs used on passenger and freight engines; *b*, what special difference does the size of a main reservoir have to do with the satisfactory operation of a pump; and *c*, what excess pressure should be carried in the main reservoir of engines in passenger and freight service?

A. The main reservoir capacity for passenger engines should not be less than 20,000 cubic inches; this capacity should be increased on long passenger trains that are run down heavy grades, and a large reservoir is especially necessary if the cars are not equipped with pressure retaining valves. Main reservoir capacity on freight engines should not be less than 40,000 cubic inches; where long air trains and heavy grades are encountered a capacity of 60,000 cubic inches, or even larger if space permits, will produce best results.

b. The larger the main reservoir, the slower a pump may be run, since a large main reservoir holds sufficient air to practically recharge a train after a release, even if the pump should stop. If such be the case the speed of the pump will have to be such that the maximum main reservoir pressure will be obtained within a reasonable time before it is desired to make another release and recharge. Run at a moderate speed, a pump is less liable to heat and will have a much longer life.

c. The amount of excess is usually determined by the character of the country and the length of the trains; the size of the main reservoir is also a controlling factor. The usual excess pressure carried in the main reservoirs of passenger engines is twenty pounds while in freight service the excess is usually thirty pounds; twenty pounds excess pressure is quite commonly used, and as high as fifty pounds is used in a mountainous country.

Why Some of the Brakes Set---Leaky Rotary.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Sept. 6, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Bro. J. A. McDougal, of Div. 409, asks why brakes work O.K. in release, but in running position a number of the brakes will set. If it is the head brakes it may be due to going to running position before train-line and auxiliary pressures equalized. If the brakes that set are scattered throughout the train the feed valve is dirty and does not feed air fast enough to overcome the leaks and the most sensitive triples go to service position. This will occur with dirty valve with excess pressure of 20 pounds and maximum in train line pressure, as full pressure is shut off from train line before valve is seated, and valve unseats slowly and on account of dirt it gives only a small opening to feed train line. This is a common defect on local trains where trains are long and many cars picked up and set out. I believe the new feed valve was made to overcome this defect. You can test for this defect by placing valve in running position before maximum in train line is reached. Red hand will raise faster than black hand if passage under feed valve is dirty. It is such an easy matter to close cut-out cock, put valve in service position, bring black hand to zero, lap valve, take out feed valve, clean valve and seat; before putting valve back, place handle in running position a few seconds to blow out all

dirt, lap valve, replace feed valve,—that there is little excuse to run a valve in this condition.

Brother Burns, of Div. 257, asks how to tell the difference between a leaky rotary valve or leak by gasket 32 D 5 or E 6 valves. Place handle in running position until you have full reservoir pressure, close cut-out cock under brake valve, go to service position until all pressure is drawn from chamber D, lap valve. If rotary leaks it will feed into space between cut-out cock and under side of equalizing piston and escape at train line exhaust, as there was no pressure left in chamber D, valve being on lap, none can feed in, and there is no pressure in chamber D to force down equalizing piston, its valve is not seated. If gasket 32 leaks air and feeds into the space between the upper side of equalizing piston and rotary valve, tapping body of brake valve with hammer will cause equalizing piston valve to seat and the air from leak in gasket 32 being above equalizing piston will hold it down no matter how bad packing rings leak. Remember that with valve on lap leaky rotary feeds under equalizing piston and leaky gasket 32 above piston.

Fraternally,

R. N. KELLY, Div. 398.

Air Brake Question---Answer to Brother McDougal's.

EL PASO, TEX., Sept. 30, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I ask Brothers to answer the following question through the JOURNAL:

I was running first engine on double-header. I handled air with engines and two cars, after cutting loose from train of thirty cars while taking coal. When we coupled to train, brakes stuck on second engine and second car, and could not be released until auxiliaries were bled. What caused brakes to stick on second engine and car and not on first engine and car?

Brother McDougal's question is not made very plain, as he does not state at what place in train cars on which brakes do not operate are placed. However, I will give the following answer, as one of several defects which will cause brakes to act in this way:

With D 5 valve he had charged train line to a much greater pressure than train-line governor was set by allowing valve to remain in release position too long. Leaks in train line set brakes on fifteen cars, and failed to do so on ten cars on account of leaky auxiliaries.

J. P. HOOVER, Div. 192.

THE JOURNAL.

Published monthly, 307 Society for Savings Bldg.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CHARLES H. SALMONS, - Editor and Manager.

Address matter for publication — Correspondence, Technical and Link Departments; name and address of Outside Subscribers; name and address of Initiated and Reinstated Members, Transfers, Withdrawals, Expulsions, Suspensions, Special Notices, Obituaries, and changes in Division Addresses — to C. H. SALMONS, S. G. E., Editor JOURNAL.

No reading space will be sold for advertising purposes under any circumstances.

All money matters should be addressed to T. S. INGRAHAM, F. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg. Send New York or Chicago draft, Express money order or Postal order, but never send personal check, it is useless.

Changes in Address of the JOURNAL subscribers and orders for Division supplies should be addressed to D. EVERETT, T. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg.

Advertising Department matter and all correspondence relating thereto should be addressed to W. N. GATES, 409 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.



NOVEMBER, 1901.

President Roosevelt.

We present on the cover of this issue a half-tone picture of the successor to our late lamented President, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, the twenty-sixth President of the United States. He was born at No. 28 E. Twentieth street, New York City, Oct. 27, 1858, and is the youngest President that has ever occupied the White House. The record of the Roosevelt family goes back more than three hundred years, and eight generations of his father's family have lived in New York, while members of the family have taken active parts in all the wars of the country from the Revolution to the Spanish War, and a rugged probity of character has marked the line from Nicholas Roosevelt, who was an alderman in New York City in 1700, through all the generations.

The President is of mingled Dutch, Scotch-Irish and French Huguenot ancestry. When a boy he was quite delicate, though strong in mind and will power, and by careful exercise and following healthful dietetic rules he eventually became robust, and entered Harvard College abundantly able to withstand the rough side of college life, graduating from this institution in

1880, when he began the study of law. In 1881 when but 23 years of age he was elected to the Assembly from the Twenty-first District of New York, serving through 1883 and 1884, and made a good record as an energetic, honest legislator. He was chairman of the Committee on Cities, and introduced many reform measures, and as a member of the Assembly did much to further the passage of the State Civil Service Reform Law.

From 1884 to 1886 he was a ranchman in Dakota, and was as enthusiastic in that as he was in politics.

He was the Republican candidate for Mayor of New York in 1886, his opponents being Abram S. Hewitt, United Democracy, and Henry George, United Labor, Mr. Hewitt being elected by about 22,000 plurality. Subsequently, he was appointed a Republican member of the United States Civil Service Commission by President Cleveland in his first administration, and served with commendable distinction. He held this office until May 1, 1895, when he resigned to accept the office of Police Commissioner of New York, tendered him by Mayor Strong, and his record as President of the Police Board of New York will be of lasting memory, especially with many then in official place. He believed the way to get rid of a bad law was to vigorously enforce it, which resulted in many reforms. He put forth every effort to take politics out of the police department, and succeeded in bringing the department to a high degree of efficiency.

Being tendered the position of Assistant Secretary of the Navy by President McKinley, he resigned as Police Commissioner and became Assistant Secretary on April 6, 1897; but when war was declared with Spain, the family distinction of a Roosevelt in every American war must be kept up, and he resigned to organize and go to the front with a regiment, the nucleus of which were the sturdy men he had met while a ranchman in the West. These were joined by scores of young men, many of prominent families. The regiment became known as Roosevelt's Rough Riders, though the regiment was commanded by Colonel Wood, of the regular

army, with Mr. Roosevelt as Lieutenant Colonel until promoted. His record in war was as vigorous as elsewhere. When the war was over he returned to New York City and accepted the nomination for Governor, and was elected to that responsible office on Nov. 8, 1898.

His popularity became national in scope and against his wishes he was nominated for Vice-President and elected on November 6, 1900.

A record to be exceedingly proud of. A grand example of what may be accomplished under our flag of liberty and equality when men are actuated by such principles as enunciated by Roosevelt himself in the following terse paragraph:

I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life; the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who, out of these, wins the splendid, ultimate triumph.

It would seem almost providential that we should have one of such sturdy character and honesty of purpose ready for the unlooked for emergency that came to put our country and the world in mourning, when it seemed almost as though the wheels of government had stopped. But when the last honors had been paid to the beloved dead and he was at rest, there was no lack of confidence manifest as Theodore Roosevelt stepped into the pilot house and assumed the duties of the great office of President of the United States; President McKinley's official family became his official family, and the ship of state moved on with no political tidal wave, nor evidence of personal ambition other than that which created the confidence the people entertain in the new President. A confidence evidently based upon a belief that his rules of life are in harmony with the following public declaration of his own:

No nation, no matter how glorious its history, can exist unless it practices—practices, mind you, not merely preaches—civic honesty, civic decency, civic righteousness. No nation can permanently prosper unless the decalogue and the golden rule are its guides in public as in private life.

Anarchy.

Herr Most, the rabid anarchist who has been allowed to voice his treason through

his paper, which should have been suppressed long ago, has been sent to prison for a year for his villainous utterances relative to the murder of the President; and *Die Freiheit*, the German edition of his paper issued at Stuttgart, Germany, has been suppressed, and the publisher, a brush manufacturer named Kling, imprisoned.

The law of New York under which Most was imprisoned reads as follows:

A person who willfully and wrongfully commits any act which seriously injures the person or property of another, or which seriously disturbs or endangers the public peace or health, or which openly outrages public decency, for which no other punishment is expressly prescribed by this code, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

We heartily approve of the sentence of this rabid un-American advocate of violence and treason towards a country under whose benign influence he desires to live that he may speculate on the credulity of his dupes whom he attempts to convert into criminals and incites them to criminal acts. But the law of New York is entirely too ambiguous. There should be no question as to its meaning nor its application. The person or persons guilty of vicious treasonable utterances, and those who are responsible for the publication of vicious treasonable doctrines tending toward treason and murder, should be named as amenable to a special code.

Such a law as above quoted, under which Most was sent to prison, if the decision was left to the legal prejudice of some judges, such for instance as judges who have enjoin members of organized labor from paying dues or contributing to the support of men on a strike, would endanger the liberty of one who quit the service of another, because it might be said that it injured the property rights of another.

Members of organized labor generally abhor such doctrines as anarchy, and there is no factor in society that can do more in helping mould both public opinion and law to fit the emergency made necessary for the suppression of this treasonable lot. But we do not want revolution. We want to evolve something that will cure the disease complained of—a law that denies no reasonable liberty, yet protects the individual and the national and state laws, the creation of the voice of the majority.

Emigration restrictions and specific laws made to fit specific conditions are needed; and the interest of no class is more involved in the various proposed remedies than laboring men. While they do not ask any special privileges, no law should be created that can be perverted and used at will against them, while it would be a dead letter applied to others who disturb property rights and the public equally as much.

We want to impress upon the mind of all organized labor the necessity of taking part in both the upbuilding of moral obligations to right law and loyalty to government, and have no mean share in helping to mould the law for the suppression of evil, and anarchy in particular.

Our Advertising Department.

Owing to the Special Historic, Personal and Business Items, relative to New York City and its enterprising business men this number of the JOURNAL contains 160 pages, 48 pages being added to accommodate the New York department. It is well written, profusely illustrated with half-tone cuts of buildings and prominent men, and well worthy of a perusal. It represents pride in a great city to a considerable extent, tells of successful business men and great business enterprises. There is a legitimate field for this class of special work, but feeling that there was danger of the solicitor overstepping the rigid instructions necessary to protect the good name of the order, we called the work off early in July and no more of this will appear in the JOURNAL. But we have a large number of regular advertisers that deserve our patronage whenever their wares are desired. They patronize the JOURNAL, believing of course that it is a good medium through which to reach its large number of readers. We feel that it is a good medium, but also feel that many patrons of these advertisers fail to call their attention to the fact that they got their information from the JOURNAL, and we ask all those who do patronize them to either state that in sending their order, or better still, cut out the page containing the ad. and send it with the order. It should

be remembered that the value of our advertising space is based upon the number of customers or inquiries that come from the JOURNAL's readers. Our Advertising Agent, W. N. Gates, 409 Garfield Building, will cheerfully answer any questions as to the reliability of any or all advertisers.

The Label An Organizer.

The International Typographical Union, one of the first organizations to adopt the Union Label, is entering into a new campaign against unfair publishing houses by endeavoring to create a demand for Union label books, and the first subscription book to bear the Union label so far as we know has but recently been placed upon the market. This book is entitled "With the World's Great Travellers" and is published by the Union Book Company, of Chicago. International Unions of the printing trade have endorsed the Union Book Company, whose ad. appears on another page. There can be no better practice by members of organized labor than to demand the label when purchasing books or anything else. They cost no more and bear their own evidence that those who create what you buy are well treated.

A Trip to the Pacific Coast.

Agreeable to a promise made to Bro. G. O. Barnhart, we left Cleveland Wednesday evening, September 11, for Spokane, to attend a union meeting and visit a few of the Divisions on the north Pacific Coast, arriving at Spokane Saturday at midnight, the 14th. We were met by Brother Barnhart and committee and driven to the Hotel Spokane. By special request, we attended services at the First M. E. Church Sunday evening, the 15th, Rev. P. A. Cool having extended an invitation to the railroad men to be present.

Monday forenoon of the 16th we were driven around the city by Brother Hotchkiss and introduced to a number of prominent citizens. The city is located at the falls of the Spokane River, which is a very picturesque setting. The business portion is built about the falls, with broad streets

running north and south and east and west, and some of the residence districts are on higher ground. The streets are lighted by electricity, and the view from the hills south of the city is at night particularly striking. Spokane has several public buildings of importance. The City Hall is an attractive building, of brick and granite; the Opera House has a beautiful interior, and a capacity of 1,500; the County Court House is of cream-colored pressed brick, on a slight eminence, and cost \$250,000; and the *Review* newspaper building is noticeable for its symmetrical proportions and beautiful design. The city has an excellent system of drainage, and a very good system of water works.

The following account of the public meeting, held at 2 P. M. in the Auditorium, is taken from the *Spokane Review* and the *Chronicle*:

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers of the Pacific Northwest assembled at the Auditorium at 2 o'clock, P. M., and with several hundred friends listened to an excellent program of speeches and musical numbers. The feature was the address by Grand Chief P. M. Arthur.

The stage was handsomely decorated for the occasion. The Grand Chief of the order occupied the place of honor on the stage, while to his right sat Mrs. Bowley, Grand Chaplain of the G. I. A., and other officers of the order and the speakers for the occasion.

Mr. G. O. Barnhart presided, and introduced Judge Wm. F. Townsend, who gave the opening address in the absence of W. H. Dunphy, who was unable to be present. Judge Townsend said in part:

"I came down here to extend to you my hand with my heart in it, for there is no organization to my mind, that stands higher in the estimation of the people of this country than yours.

"There are enough railroads now to go twice around the world, and the men who man those cruisers of inland commerce are as brave as any that ever lived beneath the sun. I never look at that great gigantic steam monster, with its coaches of human freight following it, but I feel like doffing my cap to the engineer, who, with his hand on the throttle, governs the destinies of so many that are dear to us. His duties are no less arduous nor less beset with danger than the soldier on the firing line. He never can promise that he will return from the trip on which he is starting. This world has been the better for your presence in it."

Prayer was then said by Rev. P. A. Cool.

"Legends" (Mohring) was beautifully sung by a ladies' quartet composed of Mrs. D. H. Stewart, Mrs. W. H. Lathrop, Mrs. W. H. Fry and Mrs. T. R. Carithers.

Mayor P. S. Byrne followed with an address of

welcome, wherein he paid a glowing tribute to the members of the order of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and to their Grand Chief.

"It takes a high grade of a man to be an engineer," he said; "he must be temperate, clear-headed and courageous, and anything that has a tendency to shorten the hours or to increase the wages of the engineer is to our direct advantage. For if the railroads do not pay good wages they cannot get a high grade of men, and if the working hours are too long the mental and physical strain on the engineer may be responsible for the loss of many lives. I am a great believer in organized labor, which has as much right to organize as capital. And no man is so entitled to a fair remuneration as the man who produces the capital."

Governor J. R. Rogers was unable to be present, and sent a letter of regret, an extract from which is:

"I deeply regret that unforeseen causes prevent me from being with you on this occasion. I had hoped when my promise was given that nothing would have prevented me from being with you, but the sudden death of President McKinley and the necessity of my presence at Olympia at present prevent my attending.

"I wish, however, to express my warm appreciation of the honor you so kindly extended to me, and to thank you for the prominent part taken by many of your body in honoring me on other occasions. I assure you of the high esteem in which I hold your organization, which has done so much good for your cause and the interests of all."

"Rejoice, O Daughter of Zion" (Messiah), was sung by Miss Arnetta Owen, and was warmly endorsed.

Senator George Turner followed with an able address, in which he said:

"One thought that I would present to you is one which I have been impressing upon the public on all occasions—it is the great obligation which all men and women owe to labor. When we analyze society and civilization we find that they are absolutely dependent on human labor. Governments, society, life itself, would perish from the earth but for the efforts of the men and women who work with their hands to keep this great world going. In such capacity as I have been able I have always taken sides with organized labor with the heartiest and most profound interest."

Congressman W. L. Jones said: "When I think of the dust begrimed men who stand to the back of the throttle and I realize that at any moment the specter of death may jump into the track and destroy not only the engineer, but his freight of human life, I realize the noble sacrificing characteristics that go to make up an engineer. I have the greatest regard for your organization, which has done so much through its conservatism to effect the betterment of all people."

"I Feel Thy Angel Spirit," sung by Mrs. Lee White Adams and Dr. R. A. Heritage, was a pleasing duet.

Mrs. F. S. Bowley, of San Francisco, Grand

Chaplain of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the B. of L. E., was then introduced and said among other things:

"Let me relate an incident that should make the late President dear to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. It was during the serious illness of Mrs. McKinley at San Francisco, when he was carried on a special train to her side. The good President was passing the cab, where stood the dust begrimed engineer, and turning, he raised his hat, and taking the boutonniere from the lapel of his coat, kissed it and passed it to the man who had piloted him to the bedside of the woman that was his first thought in life and his last in death."

The meeting was a splendid success in every particular.

On Tuesday, September 17, a regular meeting of Div. 147 was held at 2 P. M., which opened in due form and Mr. C. F. Hoofer and Mr. R. L. Domon having qualified were initiated into the order. This was followed by a short address by the Grand Chief giving a brief synopsis of the history and benefits of the order. Remarks on various subjects were made by Brothers C. F. Hubbard, of Div. 238, H. C. Allen, of Div. 262, J. E. Klein, Chairman G. B. of A., Great Northern, J. F. McQuade, and others, when the meeting adjourned to meet at 9:30 on the following morning.

While the Brothers were in session a special session of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the B. of L. E. was held at Oliver Hall in the morning, when the ritualistic work was conferred under the direction of Grand Chaplain Mrs. F. S. Bowley, of San Francisco.

In the evening a grand ball was held at the Elks' new hall. The programs were quite artistic and embellished with a half-tone picture of Spokane Falls. The program follows:

PART FIRST.

1. Grand march, "Stars and Stripes Forever."
2. Lancers, "Gaiety Girl."
3. Two-step, "Gallant Knights."
4. Waltz, "The Serenade."
5. Quadrille, "From Broadway to Tokio."
6. Schottische, "Sailing on the Lake."
7. Waltz, "Wedding of the Wind."
8. Quadrille, "Ladies' Choice."
9. French minuet, "Engineer's Own."
10. Waltz, "Symposium."
11. Polka, "Bel Dominico."
12. Two-step, "I Leave My Happy Home For You."

Intermission.

PART SECOND:

13. Lancers, "Little Trooper."
 14. Waltz, "Sweet Lucine."
 15. Two-step "Big Hit."
 16. Schottische, "The Track Is Clear."
 17. Quadrille, "Amoret."
 18. Rye waltz, "Coming Through the Rye."
 19. Polka, "The Headlight."
 20. Two-step, "Marie Girl."
 21. Extra.
 22. Extra.
 23. Extra.
 24. Extra.
- "Home, Sweet Home."

The function was a most enjoyable one. Over 300 tickets were sold for the event. It was the first ball held in the Elks' Temple, and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers had the honor of dedicating the dance hall. Excellent music was furnished by a full string orchestra and the program lasted until a late hour.

On Wednesday morning the special meeting of the Brothers for the good of the order convened at 9:30. After some routine business, Mr. Tousley, Secretary of the Mineral Hill Consolidated Mining Company, having rendered special service to the committee of arrangements which was highly appreciated, on motion a committee was appointed and the following presented and adopted:

WHEREAS, Eugene C. Tousley has done much and rendered us valuable service in making the visit of our Grand Chief and visiting Brothers pleasant and this union meeting a success, therefore be it

Resolved, That this union meeting recommend to the next Grand International Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, to be held at Norfolk, Va., that the said Eugene C. Tousley be made an honorary member of this organization; and

Resolved, That this union meeting express their thanks and appreciation for the services rendered, and extend to Eugene C. Tousley our best esteem for his efforts in our behalf; and further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mr. Tousley, and also published in our JOURNAL.

M. VETTER,
G. O. BARNHART.
F. B. CHILDS,
Committee.

The subject, "Good of the Order," was then proceeded with, the Grand Chief and many Brothers taking part, the subjects taking a wide range and were both entertaining and instructive. The meeting was adjourned for the dinner hour, and reconvened at 1:30 P. M., when the various

subjects were continued. Near the close of the session the following resolutions were adopted, which explain themselves:

Resolved, That the sense and pleasure of the Brothers here assembled in union meeting at Spokane, Washington, September 18, are that they extend to our Grand Chief, P. M. Arthur, their high appreciation of his compliance with our request and so honoring us with his presence at this meeting.

We are convinced that a large and lasting amount of good has been accomplished by his visit to this part of the Pacific Northwest.

Resolved, That we recommend that these resolutions be unanimously adopted.

C. F. HUBBARD,
G. F. EGBERS,
C. F. HOBART,
Committee.

A motion was made and seconded that a vote of thanks be extended to the several officials of the different roads who were so kind in furnishing transportation to the members attending this union meeting, namely, the Southern Pacific, O. R. & N. Co., Northern Pacific, Spokane Falls & Northern, Great Northern and Canadian Pacific. It was also especially desired that we extend to the O. R. & N. Co. officials our thanks for the many kind attentions extended to us. It was also sensed in the same motion that a vote of thanks be extended to all the speakers participating in the public meeting held September 16 at the Auditorium, to the members of the press, and to the various committees of Arrangements.

A committee appointed submitted the following:

Resolved, That the members of the several Divisions of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers of the Pacific Northwest assembled in union meeting at Spokane, Washington, September 16, 17 and 18, 1901, most heartily extend their thanks and appreciation to Bro. G. O. Barnhart, Bro. C. F. Hobart and Mr. Eugene C. Tousley for their untiring and highly satisfactory efforts in arranging and carrying out the several plans adopted, thus making our union meeting a success.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this meeting and a copy be presented to each of the above mentioned.

H. C. ALLEN,
F. B. CHILDS,
C. F. HUBBARD,
Committee.

The resolutions were unanimously adopted as read.

A communication was read by Bro. G. O.

Barnhart from Superintendent O'Brien, of the O. R. & N. Co., tendering his private car to the Grand Chief and party, with an invitation to him to take a trip over his system.

The meeting then adjourned, bringing to an end one of the best and most enlightening meetings ever held in the Northwest.

On Thursday morning, September 19, accompanied by Brothers Barnhart, Kline and Morrell, we left Spokane for La Grande. Mr. J. P. O'Brien, General Superintendent of the O. R. & N. road, had placed at the disposal of the committee his private car, with instructions to those in charge to provide for our convenience and comfort. We arrived at La Grande Thursday evening at 9 o'clock. The following forenoon was spent in visiting the sugar-beet plant, the second largest in the country. La Grande is situated in a rich mining, lumbering and agricultural region, in the western half of the Grande Ronde Valley, and ships large quantities of lumber, grain and live stock. It has water works, electric lights, machine shops, and three weekly newspapers.

At the close of the public meeting, at 2 P. M. in the Opera House, we met with the Brothers at the Division room and gave them a short talk; then adjourned to the Foley House, where a banquet was given in honor of our visit, after which we had the pleasure of meeting Superintendent O'Brien.

Leaving La Grande at 7:15 P. M., we stopped over at The Dalles to enable us to meet with as many of the Brothers as happened to be in, business being very brisk on the road. Having no Division at The Dalles, we proceeded at noon to Portland, arriving there Saturday evening, Sept. 21. Owing to a misunderstanding and a rush of business on the road we were unable to meet with the Division, but spent a pleasant evening in the hotel parlors with quite a number of the Brothers.

Sunday morning we took the train for Tacoma, accompanied by Brother Hubbard, Chief Engineer of Div. 238, together with the three Brothers who had accompanied me from Spokane. At Gate City, 53 miles

south of Tacoma, a committee of local officers of the Northern Pacific road boarded the train, composed of H. H. Warner, Master Mechanic; John Bruce, Traveling Engineer; Maurice Hickey, General Foreman of the Machinery Department at the South Tacoma Shops; W. B. Norton, General Foreman at the Head of the Bay Roundhouse, and Brothers Kayler, McReavy and Chapman. On reaching the city, we proceeded at once to the hall and had a very pleasant and interesting meeting with the Brothers. At the conclusion of the meeting we were escorted by Brother Hubbard to the Hotel Tacoma. In the evening a reception was given in the parlors, at which many prominent railway officials and citizens were present. Monday forenoon was spent in driving around the city.

Tacoma is on the western shore of Commencement Bay, on the east side and near the southern extremity of Puget Sound. The Puyallup River empties into the bay within the city limits, and aids in making a fine natural harbor, and the shipping facilities are excellent. The business and residence portions are on a bluff 80 feet above the water. The principal streets are 100 feet wide, and the others 80 feet. The surrounding waters, forests and snow-capped mountains are of unusual grandeur. Wright Park, containing 40 acres, and Point Defiance Park, 662 acres, are the principal parks. The city owns the water and electric light plants, on which have been expended about \$2,000,000. Notable buildings include the County Court House, City Hall, Tacoma Hotel, Offices of the Northern Pacific Railroad, Tacoma Theater, Union Club, Chamber of Commerce, and a number of modern office buildings.

Leaving at 1:39, we took the steamer for Seattle, arriving there at 3 P. M. We were met by a committee and went direct to the hall, where we found the Brothers in waiting. After an informal reception and a short talk to the Brothers, we adjourned to the hotel to get ready for the public meeting in the evening, at which Brother Benson, formerly of Fergus Falls, presided, an account of which we copy from the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, which begins by giving

its conception of the Grand Chief in the following description:

Mr. Arthur is a man of small stature, with bright blue eyes and snow-white beard and hair, in every line of whose countenance benevolence and good humor, tempered with shrewdness and determination, are written. He might be taken for a minister of the Gospel, and in his manner of speaking the resemblance is to a certain extent carried out. He talks slowly and deliberately, and, above all, convincingly. He was introduced to his audience by Mayor Humes.

"It is a pleasure for me to address such an audience in Seattle," said Mr. Arthur, in substance. "It is doubly a pleasure, because unexpected. I am always glad to tell people, especially those who are not acquainted with our history, what the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers has done during the thirty-eight years of its existence. I have told the story many times during the past quarter of a century, but, like the story of the Cross, it will bear telling over and over again.

"No one not familiar with the condition of railway employes 40 years ago can form any conception of what it was then. The moral elevation and the education of the locomotive engineers of the country was the object for which our Brotherhood was formed. Sobriety, truth, justice and morality were its foundations; those principles and the Golden Rule. It has grown until today it has a membership of 37,000, and has extended over the country from ocean to ocean and from the gulf to the lakes, with subdivisions in every part of the union.

"Its growth has not been without its struggles and discouragements. One of its great undertakings was the establishment of an insurance department, in 1867. Through that department we have since paid out more than \$9,000,000, and brought comfort to widows and orphans in thousands of homes throughout the land.

"But our greatest work has been to uplift the standard of railway men. We are not perfect, and we have made mistakes, but the man has never lived since the days of our Savior who could say truthfully that he had not made any. We have maintained a high standard for our members in temperance and morality, and we have on that account been charged with being selfish and aristocratic, but we have tried to make them men in the broadest sense of the word. We have taught them not to frequent saloons and gambling houses, and if these teachings have established an aristocracy of labor, I am proud of the title.

"The problems of labor and capital are the greatest of the present day. The great trouble, I believe, is that all working men, and we are all workers who are not sluggards or vagrants, do not attach to their work the dignity or importance it is entitled to. I am a firm believer in unionism, and in organization, but no organization can succeed which attempts to dictate how another shall conduct his business and denies to others rights and privileges that it demands for itself. It cannot throttle opposition and succeed.

"I would like to see the day when every branch of labor was so united that in case of a strike there would be no man to take another's place. Capital never defeats labor; it is labor that defeats itself. I have never advocated strikes and hope the day will soon come when they will be no more. In the meantime I am in full sympathy with those who combine to protect labor, provided they do so in an honorable way. We have always claimed the right to persuade or purchase, but violence or destruction of life or property can never succeed.

"To achieve success you must have organization, but you must above all be fair. My warning to you is to beware of sympathetic strikes. It has been our rule to attend to our own business, and we have been criticised for it, but I believe that it is quite a thing even to have an organization of men who are capable of attending to their own business. While I have sympathy, and will aid financially and otherwise all who are in trouble, I do not believe in deserting my position because some other man cannot agree with his employer."

Mr. Arthur closed by giving statistics showing the marvelous improvement of the railway man's condition since 1853, when the wages paid on the New York Central Road to engineers was \$60 a month, irrespective of hours, when firemen were paid \$30 a month, and other railroad employees were classed as "canalers" and found it difficult to obtain a boarding place or respectable lodgings.

On Tuesday, September 24, in spite of the prevailing bad weather, the Brothers did everything possible to make me long remember my visit to Seattle. An excursion around Lake Washington proved exceedingly agreeable, and on our return, when Madrona Park was reached, we found a special car awaiting the party, and right of way was given us on all the lines of the Seattle Electric Company's tracks. The trip about the city occupied the time until three o'clock, when the party assembled at the residence of Bro. C. L. Shute, who gave a banquet in honor of our visit. He has a beautiful home and an interesting family. Four years ago he gave up running a locomotive to start a barber shop, one of the very best in the city, which has proven to be a small gold mine for him. At the banquet Mr. Wm. Blackman, State Labor Commissioner, acted as toastmaster. Owing to the limited time we had the remarks made were short and to the point. Seattle lies on the east side of Admiralty Inlet, between Elliott Bay (salt water), and Lake Washington (fresh water). The contour of the city is hilly, with valleys running north and south. The snow-capped mountain ranges,

the Olympics on the west, and the Cascades on the southeast, and Mount Rainer, rising to a height of 14,444 feet in the south, makes a magnificent view. The city has seven parks, some of which afford scenery of rare natural beauty. The city is the center of trade for all the numerous small steamers plying to the ports of Puget Sound. An immense business in cedar shingles is done, together with large manufacturing interests of all kinds make this a very busy and prosperous city.

Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, we took the Great Northern train for St. Paul, accompanied by Brother Kline, arriving there Friday afternoon at 2:30, and found a committee waiting for us, when we proceeded to the Odd Fellows' Hall, where the Brothers were in waiting as I had promised to stop over on my return and meet with them. I had a very interesting meeting with them and spent a few hours in the evening very pleasantly at the hotel with a large number of the Brothers employed on the Great Northern Road.

Saturday morning I took the train for home, reaching Cleveland Sunday morning very much pleased with my trip to the Pacific Coast. While with the Brothers I urged upon them the necessity of arranging for holding union meetings on the off year at some central point on the Pacific Coast. I believe they will be of as much benefit to the Brothers in that section of the country as a convention. I leave it with the Brothers with whom I had the pleasure of meeting to decide whether or not my visit was of any benefit to them.

Well Pleased With His Visit.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Oct. 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Through the efforts of Bro. J. E. Kline, General Chairman of the Great Northern system, Brother Arthur was prevailed on to spend a day with the engineers of St. Paul and Minneapolis on his return from Spokane and the Pacific Coast. On account of the short notice and the inclemency of the weather, coupled with busy times, the meeting was not as large as it otherwise would have been. However, all those that were able to avail

themselves of the opportunity were well pleased and greatly impressed by the wise counsel and wholesome advice received from our Grand Chief. All were unanimous in expressing their pleasure at seeing Brother Arthur looking so well, and hoped that he might be spared to the B. of L. E. for many years to come.

J. F. MAHER, Sec., Div. 150.

The T. G. E. in Oswego, N. Y.

EDITOR JOURNAL: September 15 last, Bro. Deloss Everett delivered a very scholarly and entertaining address to the members of Div. 152 in their rooms. There was a very good attendance of Brothers to greet the old veteran of the Brotherhood, and the greetings he received from old friends, who had known him for a quarter of a century, together with those who shook his hand for the first time, were gratifying to him, as evinced by his delight. Through the kindness of the Grand Chief he was permitted to be with us. At the conclusion of his address the members gave him a rising vote of thanks. On the same date resolutions of sorrow on the death of President McKinley were tenderly passed and were published in the local papers.

The same evening the Division took care of its invited guests at the Bennett, among whom were Brother Watson, Chairman of the Board of Adjustment, N. Y. C. system, and Bro. Jas. G. Clark, occupying the same position on the Lackawanna. After the physical part of the banquet came "a feast of reason and flow of soul," which was participated in by all who had the pleasure of being present, Bro. W. A. Young, member of the Legislative Board, State of New York, acting as the master of ceremonies.

The meeting will be one of the memorable ones which Div. 152 has held since its organization. A resolution was also passed that, in the opinion of all assembled, if Brother Salmons could afford space to publish the address of Brother Everett in the JOURNAL, it would prove interesting reading for all.

ONE OF THEM.

NOTED EVENTS IN THE PROGRESS OF THE HUMAN RACE.

The march of the human race is a subject that,

to the thoughtful student, is a theme of such a profound and impressive character as to baffle all human comprehension. It involves history which can only be unfolded by the Divine Creator, who breathed the breath of life into the human soul and gave the order, "Forward, march!" to the first-born. And since that time the hills, the plains and valleys of earth have been listening to the tramp, tramp, tramp of the unlimited armies of humanity who have made the very spheres tremble in their march for conquest and power. To solve the problem or to paint a picture that would do justice to so grand a theme is beyond all human possibilities. God alone can tell why we live and have our being. Our creation meant the glory of God and the revelation of His power. It is evident that man was destined to be the instrument in carrying out His divine will in all that pertains to the elevation of humanity. The achievements and progress of every age have been prompted by that God-given inspiration to do better and grander things. The prophets, evidently, were inspired, and foretold of the rise and fall of nations, the downfall and destruction of kingdoms and empires. They were the guardians, under God, who in their day directed the great army of humanity into those paths of truth and progress that elevated the race and brought upon them the blessing of an all-wise Creator. They fulfilled their mission: Their prophecy of a brighter day was fully consummated in that hour when the midnight stars shone in all their transcendent grandeur o'er the plains of Bethlehem, as the shepherds were watching their flocks on that eventful night when they received the tidings from the angelic host that Christ the Redeemer was born and a new order of things had its inception—"Peace on earth, good will to men." A new birth, a new life was given to mankind. The army of humanity was to be reorganized; a new Commander had taken the place of the old prophets.

The ages of the past had only seen the vision of what was to be. Now the vision had faded and the long-promised light burst in upon them in all its brightness and majestic power—the beginning of a new thought and a higher and nobler conception of life that was to lead humanity to more exalted ideals and knit the race together in the bonds of one common brotherhood. It was the most wonderful transformation in the world's history, a revolution of ideas, a change of sentiment which sent its inspiring influence throughout the then known world. It was the forerunner of a grander destiny for man. It dethroned the powers of darkness and sent its rays of everlasting light to guide the minds of men into the purest and highest realms of thought. What was the real intent and purpose of Christ's mission? It was no other than to establish and maintain the principles of truth and justice that are found in the Golden Rule—to do unto others as you would have them to do unto you. This meant a common brotherhood and a mutual interest in one another, regardless of race or creed.

It would be impossible on an occasion like this

to follow up the historic evolution of civilization. We can only speak of a few of those events which have come to elevate and bless mankind and have given the civilized world the power and influence it wields today. Foremost is the art of printing. History informs us that the Chinese understood this art as early as A. D. 593. But to John Guttenburg, of Mayence, Germany, who invented movable type about 1444, was due not only the crowning art of the middle ages, leading on to the printing press, the making of books, and particularly the Bible, which before had required four years of constant labor to write. And this invention increased the power of man in this direction four thousandfold. All honor to the Chinese. All honor to John Guttenburg, and to all others who in any way contributed to this priceless legacy, this wonderful process for the interchange of thought and the means of enlightening the world.

The first practical success in the way of a printing press was achieved by a Mr. Konig, who, in 1814, set up for Mr. Walter, proprietor of the *London Times*, two machines, by which that newspaper was printed at the rate of eleven hundred impressions an hour, being the first printing press operated by steam power. What civilization owes to this branch of human endeavor can never be computed. The art of printing has been and is today the great beacon light of education, and its influence and power is felt throughout the world, elevating and refining millions and millions of the human race.

That was an inspiring event when, on August 3, 1492, Columbus set out upon that uncertain and ever-memorable voyage across the unknown and trackless Atlantic Ocean in search of a new world. Imagine, if you can, the value and importance of this stupendous undertaking, that resulted in the unfolding of a country that was entirely unknown to the civilized world of that time. Imagine, if you can, the hopes and fears of the heroic Columbus and his gallant crew, sailing on and on, day and night, ever watching, ever hoping to find an object that was supposed to exist somewhere on this side of the globe. Yet he knew not where he was sailing to, nor whether his mission would end in disaster and death or whether he would discover the cherished object of the long and anxious voyage. I apprehend that no tongue could tell the story of the joy that came to Columbus and his followers on that never-to-be-forgotten day in October, 1492, when they caught the first glimpse of the continent of North America. No wonder they fell upon their knees and kissed the earth and thanked God that the voyage was ended, and that the long-cherished dream of the matchless and daring navigator was realized at last. I ask in all sincerity of purpose, in view of this awe-inspiring, sublime, miraculous achievement, What does our present civilization owe to Columbus? We can only say that the name of Columbus stands upon the pages of the world's history in letters of living fire as one of the grandest and noblest captains of the seas.

But what a wonderful transformation in the maritime world since the days of Columbus. His-

tory tells us that in the year 1802, three hundred and ten years after the discovery of America, the first practical steamboat was constructed by a Mr. Symington, in England. Five years afterward the *Clermont*, built by the famous American, Robert Fulton, made its first trip on the Hudson August 11, 1807, making the journey of one hundred and fifty miles from New York City to Albany in thirty-two hours, an average of five miles an hour. At that time this performance was considered a miracle of the age. It may be of interest to know that Fulton's first attempt in the art of propelling boats by paddle-wheels was on a little fishing boat on Conestoga creek, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1779. The paddles were driven by a crank turned by hand power. What a march from hand to steam power! What an improvement from Symington and Fulton's fishing-boat and the *Clermont* to the ocean grey hounds of today which leap, so to speak, across the broad Atlantic from New York to Liverpool in five days! So we see that science, in developing the power of steam, has not only annihilated space on land, but has mastered the resistance of the white-crested billows of the ocean and almost annihilated space between Europe and America as well as the uttermost parts of the earth. Through this medium of intercourse New York and London are merely next-door neighbors; time and space are virtually obliterated. You bid a friend good-bye, he goes to London or to Paris. In a few days you greet him, on his return, and are surprised to think how quickly the time has passed and how little you missed his absence. Yet in the meantime he has traveled over six thousand miles on the sea in a visit to a distant part of the globe. This is one of the innumerable things that science has accomplished.

That the power of steam was the result of scientific investigation no intelligent mind will deny. Macaulay described the art of science as the means of lengthening life, the mitigation of pain, the extinguishing of disease, the accelerating of motion, and the annihilation of space. No doubt the story of the invention of the locomotive is a familiar tale. History says that the first locomotive came into practical use in 1804—ninety-seven years ago—which, figuratively speaking, is only a grain of sand in the hour-glass of time. But what a wonderful evolution has occurred since that memorable day, the 6th of October, 1829, which enabled the famous and immortal George Stephenson to win the prize for the best locomotive offered by the directors of the Liverpool & Manchester Railway. His engine, the *Rocket*, will ever command an honored and conspicuous place in the great battle of civilization. The names of Stephenson and Watt will ever be remembered as two of the greatest benefactors that have helped to make the nineteenth century one of the most remarkable periods in the annals of time. The locomotive—who can definitely describe this marvelous piece of machinery and its appalling achievements—a huge iron monster that moves like a thing of life? Guided and controlled by the hand of man it goes flying through space

like a thunderbolt, sixty miles an hour, with its train of living human beings destined for different parts of the globe whose happiness and welfare depend upon that stupendous agency of power. We have not time, in an address of this nature, to follow up the career of this mighty engine of progress and all that pertains to its inspiring and enchanting history, but simply to say that at its birth came a new era in the channels of trade and commerce, a revolution that started the great business marts of the world on a new career. It gave to humanity a medium of intercourse whereby untold millions and millions of money have been garnered and which have been distributed through every avenue of life. It has annihilated space and accelerated motion; it has reduced months to weeks, weeks to days, days to hours, hours to minutes. In 1849, upon the discovery of gold in California, San Francisco was, to us, a place in a very remote part of the earth which could only be reached by privation, sacrifice, toil, and hardship through weary months of sailing, or in a travel of life or death by oxen or mule teams across the trackless prairies of the west whose course was marked by the bleached bones of the victims who perished by the wayside in the race for gold. What an annihilation of space, what an acceleration of motion today as we see it in the swift and tireless locomotive! Mountains are no barrier to its flight, rivers no obstacle to its race; plains and valleys only add to its speed as it wings its way across the continent, from New York to San Francisco, in the almost incredible time of six days, instead of months and months of travel by the old-time ship or the weary foot-race across the plains. Today you receive a telegram that some loved one will leave a distant city, on such a day, at such an hour, on such a train, who asks you to meet him on his arrival in your city. The schedule time for the train to arrive is 10:40 A. M. You stand, watch in hand, counting the minutes as they fly. The minute hand denotes 10:37. Three more minutes. You cast your eyes in the distance and yonder you see the smoke curling in the air, and your heart leaps for joy as you exclaim: "There's the train!" And promptly at 10:40, schedule time, the iron messenger delivers to you your expected friend. So accurate and prompt is this mode of travel that represents the annihilation of space and acceleration of motion, that it makes the locomotive one of the most precious and indispensable inventions ever introduced into the civilized world.

An eminent writer has said that electricity is the moving power of the most remarkable and unique invention of the age in which we live, namely, the telegraph. If through the scientific discovery of the power of steam we have annihilated space and accelerated motion, it will be difficult to describe what science has really discovered as a medium of intercourse by the invention of telegraphy. If the flight of a locomotive or the passage of a steamship obliterates time and space, what shall we say of the telegraph, the unseen messenger that, like a flash of lightning, in the twinkling of an eye travels from pole to pole? This question no

one but Divinity itself can answer. More than two centuries ago a learned Italian Jesuit named Strada gave a fanciful account of a method by which he supposed two persons might communicate with each other, however distantly they might be separated. In 1820 Mr. Rolands of Hammersmith, England, operated an electrical experiment over a wire five hundred and twenty-five feet long, but the British Admiralty informed him that telegraphs of any kind were wholly unnecessary. If any of that company of gentlemen are living today, I wonder what they think of this invention. History tells us that the first practical character given to the electric telegraph was undoubtedly Professor Wheatstone's, who had been engaged for some years prior to 1837 in electrical researches. The first electric telegraph was constructed in England in 1838. History informs us that in October, 1832, six years before the erection of the first line in England, our own noted American, Professor Morse, who was sailing on the steamship *Sully* from France to the United States, suggested to Dr. Jackson, also an American professor, the possibility of transmitting a message by wire in the same manner in which Franklin drew the electricity from the clouds. And with the birth of this idea came a new era in the transmission of thought—electricity, wonderful, awful, incomprehensible. A secret power, strangely but universally concerned in all the operations of nature, it flashes from out the clouds and by its unseen agency the mightiest oak of the forest is rent in twain, the strongest building torn to atoms, and death and ruin follow in its mysterious course. Yet, through the spirit of inspiration which was surely transmitted from out the eternal throne on high into the hearts and minds of Strada, Wheatstone, Franklin, and Morse, who were the most conspicuous among the prophets and who not only predicted but revealed the plan of utilizing this marvelous instrumentality to aid humanity. Through the genius of invention Wheatstone and Morse have, scripturally speaking, brought the very ends of the earth together; they have compassed the globe on which we live; they have reduced its diameter and lessened its circumference. Today both the earth and sea are girdled with electric wires over which travels this unseen agency that, like a flash of lightning, in a moment, quick as thought carries its message of victory or defeat, of joy or sorrow to every part of the world. History says that in the year 1855 the practicability of an Atlantic cable was no longer doubted. This feat was finally accomplished in the year 1865. Time will not permit us to give its history but only to say that today twenty thousand miles of submerged wires are in constant use in various parts of the world, carrying their innumerable silent messages beneath the stormy ocean which in the transmission of thought certainly makes the nineteenth century one of the most remarkable eras in the onward march of civilization. Electricity has become so useful in the world's affairs as to be absolutely indispensable, not only as an interchange of communication but as a propelling force as well. Its advantages are becom-

ing so numerous that their name is legion. What a wonderful change it has produced in the affairs of life. A century ago a king or an emperor, with all his opulence and power, could not enjoy the advantages that electricity gives to the humblest citizen of the present time. Electricity has in a wonderful degree revolutionized what might be termed the social side of the world. Electricity makes it possible for the prince and peasant to ride on the same car, for the same fare, and both are on an equal footing which only a few years ago the prince, with his wealth, could not have purchased, and a privilege that was far beyond the peasant's wildest dream. An eminent writer has said that the introduction of the steam and electric railways into India has done more to do away with caste than any other thing that was ever introduced into that country. This simply means a broader and grander civilization. It would seem that electricity is destined to become the greatest factor in the world of force, and no one can tell what the future will reveal or what will yet be accomplished by its magic power.

The telephone was a wonderful discovery, and one of the most astounding inventions ever conceived. The Bell speaking telephone was first exhibited in the city of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in 1876, and was shown the same year to the British Association of Scientists by Sir William Thompson, who pronounced it the wonder of wonders. To use a common phrase, we might call it the great errand boy of the age. Swift as thought, it carries the sound of your own voice hundreds of miles, if needs be, to converse with a friend or to transact business in some distant city. Though separated by hundreds of miles, yet you are virtually standing face to face with each other as though conversing in the same room. If the other inventions we have mentioned are beyond our comprehension, what shall we say of this most remarkable discovery? The scientific scholar can explain the theory and principles which led to its discovery, but shall he attempt to give a definite description of its true value, what it represents? I imagine he would utterly fail. You find it in the home, the shop, the factory, the business office, the church, the theater, the hospital—almost everywhere you find this strange errand boy at your command. Wonderful discovery, and yet its use is within the reach of the rich and poor alike. As we have stated, it is so useful in the different avocations of life that what it means to civilization no one can tell.

But the men who have won immortal renown in the realms of scientific discovery are not the only ones who have been identified with the great work represented in the achievements of mankind. Every age has had its heroes in the common walks of life, who, as pioneers, went forth to blaze their way through the forests, and scaling the mountains, fording the rivers, crossing the trackless plain, and battling with the blinding sands of the desert, built the highways upon which humanity might travel to a grander destiny. And these pathways, over which the race has marched to its present civilization, is marked by toil, hardship,

sacrifice and blood where these pioneers struggled and died in building them.

As an organization, we may justly claim a place among the pioneers who have been conspicuous in the work of developing civilization on this great continent on which we live. Though it has been but a few years since the railway was introduced in this western part of the globe, yet what mighty progress has been made in this brief time by this invaluable factor. Our organization is the child of inspiration. It was conceived and born of a holy purpose, and that was to build a fraternity where the principles of equity and justice should be its guiding star, and where that spirit prevails which represents the true brotherhood of man. Our organization needs no eulogy at our hands; its achievements have been recorded on the page of history. You have but to compare the locomotive engineer of today with his brother of fifty or sixty years ago, and no doubt you will be impressed with the vast improvement that has taken place in this avocation. The pioneers have passed from this scene of action, but the Brotherhood which they founded has prospered far beyond their most sanguine expectation, and today stands as a living monument to adorn the highway of life in memory of what has been accomplished by the locomotive engineer in helping to aid the race to that plane of existence which represents the civilization we now enjoy.

From what we read, there never was a time in all human history where humanity had more freedom of thought, liberty of conscience and nobler opportunities than in the dawn of the twentieth century. And yet we are prone to forget that these attainments are solely the result of patience and suffering by the great benefactors of the race who have preceded us in the ages of the past. These benefactors have not been confined to any particular class of mankind; they have been represented in every branch of human endeavor, from the humblest toilers to the most noted and gifted workmen who have cultivated the farm, built towns, cities, canals, railroads, steamships, telegraphs, schools and colleges,—all of which have been instrumental in creating a more elevated and intelligent idea of the true mission of life and of the actual relation which we bear to one another embodied in the principle of the Golden Rule, and the fact that these things are all combined to carry out the great work of establishing a true brotherhood where the principle of peace on earth, good will to men will be maintained and practiced throughout the world.

That the spirit of universal brotherhood is abroad in the land no one will deny. It betokens a unity of the race, the blessings of which will only be unfolded as the years go rolling by, of the generations yet to come who will compose the great army of the unseen future. What it has in store for the race is closed in mystery, but there is not a shadow of doubt that the onward march of the race will be marked with a glory that will outshine all the achievements of the past, and will continue to elevate mankind until that time when its real mission has been fulfilled and the glory of

God has been made manifest in the final triumph of the race. Then, we are told, the angel, with one foot on land and the other on the sea, will declare by Him that liveth that there shall be time no longer.

Thirtieth Anniversary of Corn City Div., No. 4.

The anniversary of Div. 4, Toledo, O., held on October 9th, was one of the most pleasing social and historic events of the year. Every member and his family that could get to the meeting was there, and each and all evidenced the greatest interest in the thirtieth birthday of the Division and the pleasant social side of the gathering was such that it will long be remembered by everyone present. Of this splendid gathering we quote the following from the *Toledo Times*:

Owing to the limited capacity of the hall, only the members of the order and their families had been invited to attend the celebration, but some time before the orchestra began the overture the hall was filled.

At the conclusion of the overture, W. T. Coulter, Chief Engineer of the Division, in a neat speech, in which he spoke of the object of the gathering, introduced Past-Chief Engineer James Lathrop as the master of ceremonies for the evening. Mr. Lathrop at once introduced John H. Mack as the first speaker of the evening, and took that occasion to spring the surprise which the boys had in store for Mr. Mack, who has served the order as its First Assistant Engineer, upon whom falls the duties of Secretary, for thirty consecutive years. He paid a high compliment to Mr. Mack in presenting the picture, which is a splendid likeness of that gentleman. The latter could not express himself at that time and proceeded with the reading of a history of the Division, at the conclusion of which he thanked his Brethren for the showing of their esteem. His history of the order is as follows:

"The first that is on record of Division No. 4 was June 28, 1863, when a constitution and by-laws were written. We find by reading them that they were in favor of machinists and firemen belonging. It is supposed that the constitution and by-laws as prepared by Division No. 4 were presented at the time the Brotherhood of the Footboard was organized, on August 19, 1863, at Detroit, and as no further mention can be found that part was dropped. The last meeting on record of old No. 4 was July 29, 1867. Adrian Division, No. 4, was organized October 9, 1871, in Druid Hall on Washington street, and the following officers were elected: C. E., T. J. Hatswell; F. E., William Watson; S. E., J. Wynn; F. A. E., J. H. Mack; S. A. E., N. T. Arms; T. A. E., J. Teller; Guide, F. G. Gippert; Chaplain, J. Cainan. Members present, C.

Hoyt and E. B. Phelps. The above-named are the charter members. T. J. Hatswell held the office of Chief Engineer until Nov. 2, 1872, when William Watson was elected. In March, 1873, the Division was presented with a very nice Bible by Mrs. T. B. Lathrop. Grand Chief Engineer C. Wilson and Mr. G. Tier, Master Mechanic of the Toledo Division of the L. S. & M. S., were present. We had an enjoyable time. Sept. 14, 1873, F. A. Day was elected Chief Engineer. At the meeting Oct. 26, 1873, the Division was presented with a chair for the Chief Engineer by Mrs. R. Ely and other ladies. Sept. 14, 1874, William Watson was again elected Chief Engineer. Oct. 26, 1873, we moved from Druid Hall to the hall in Johnson Block, on S. St. Clair street. In April, 1875, we changed the name of the Division and adopted the name of Corn City Division. In August, 1875, Brother Day was again elected Chief Engineer, and served until Sept. 1, 1876, when J. Wynn was elected. He served till September, 1877, when Brother Day was again elected, and served till he died, March, 1881. March 1, 1881, we moved into the hall in Chamberlain Block, on Broadway. April 6, 1881, Brother Gillett was elected Chief Engineer to serve out the unexpired term of Brother Day. July 16, 1883, Mrs. Silliman, in behalf of the wives of the members, presented the Division with a beautiful water set. At the same time Mrs. Cheney presented an inkstand. Afterward ice-cream and cake was served. April 1, 1883, Bro. J. W. Watson was elected Chief Engineer, and served till Sept. 1, 1884, when Bro. E. C. Watson was elected. He served till Sept. 1, 1885, when Bro. Dan Watson was elected and served until Sept. 1, 1888. On the evening of Sept. 26, 1885, the Division held a social. At that time the First Assistant Engineer was presented with an elegant gold watch and chain by the members, after which ice-cream and cake was served. Sept. 1, 1888, Bro. J. A. Lathrop was elected Chief Engineer and served till April 1, 1891. April 7, 1890, the hall we now occupy was dedicated. The Grand Office was represented by Brother Everett. At that time the Division was presented with an elegant altar cloth by the Ladies' Auxiliary, Division 57; a clock by the Railroad Ladies' Aid Society, and two handsome pictures by Mrs. J. A. Lathrop, wife of the Chief Engineer, after which a lunch was served. April 1, 1896, Brother Polite was elected Chief Engineer. He served till April 1, 1897, when Brother Dougherty was elected, who served until April, 1898. He was succeeded by Bro. A. B. Chapman. He served till May, 1899, when he was succeeded by Bro. J. A. Lathrop, who was elected and served till April 1, 1901. Brother Colter was elected and is our present Chief. The Division has had numerous entertainments and picnics during the last eleven years, which have been beneficial both socially and financially. April 9, 1878, we received permission from the Grand Chief Engineer giving us authority to do business with three members. The reason for this was that the attendance was small; in fact, commencing April 9, 1878, until Dec. 21, 1880, there was not to exceed four members present at any meeting, but we did business just the same, kept square with the

Grand Office, and held our charter. We were compelled to move from the large hall we occupied, and moved downstairs into a room about eight by ten—formerly had been a bedroom. At our meeting April 27, 1880, Bro. A. Sawyer, member of Division 31, but now a member of Division 4, was present and acted as Chief Engineer. Mr. C. B. Spencer was initiated at that meeting. There were present besides Brother Sawyer, Bros. Dug. Atkins, McMillen and Mack. Division 4 has been interested in forming several new Divisions, namely: Div. 304, Saginaw; Div. 395, Owosso; Div. 234, Delphos; Div. 360, Norwalk, now in Massillon; Div. 125, Bucyrus, and Div. 457, at Air Line Junction. During these years we have initiated and taken in by card 435 members; we have lost by death 23, and now have 138 members. It was suggested a few years ago that the members have their photographs placed in the room, but up to the present time but four have done it, Bros. J. W. Watson, Wm. Sullivan, Town and O'Brien.

William Lennon, who has a splendid voice, sang a selection and was compelled to respond to an encore.

Grand Chief Engineer P. M. Arthur, of Cleveland, was then introduced. He was given an enthusiastic greeting, and in response made a splendid address. He spoke of his pleasure at being present on such an occasion, of the policy of the order and the good it had accomplished for the men of the rail and especially the engineers. He referred the audience to the history of Division No. 4, and said that it was also the history of the Brotherhood. The organization from the day of its birth has had its conflicts as well as its victories, but he was proud to state that through it all it had won the respect of the people of the country. The policy of the order has been a straightforward one. The Bible is always on its altar, the sessions of the Division are always opened and closed with prayer and it is the holding to the principles and precepts of this book that has given the order the success it has attained. He stated that the first Division was organized with 12 men, but that now the order has 580 subordinate Divisions and about 37,000 members. Mr. Arthur spoke of the insurance features of the order as well as its plans and policies in every department. The address was a splendid one and was listened to with great interest.

Following his address there was a selection by the orchestra and a violin solo with piano accompaniment by the Misses Gale.

Mrs. Robertson, the Secretary and Treasurer of the insurance fund of the G. I. A. to B. of L. E., was introduced and said that the Brotherhood had acted as do young men. When it became about the proper age it had taken unto itself a helpmate. When the Brotherhood was 24 years of age the Ladies' Auxiliary was organized. It is now 14 years of age and has about 7,000 members, is prosperous and has an insurance plan similar to the Brotherhood. Mrs. Robertson said the ladies had assisted the Brotherhood in a social way as well as in other manners. The way in which Mrs. Robertson's remarks were received was a splendid

testimonial as to her popularity with her Sisters of the Ladies' Auxiliary as well as with the members of the Brotherhood.

Miss Lillian Lennon gave a recitation and Joseph Von Seik was then introduced. To the surprise of the master of ceremonies, Mr. Von Seik produced a handsome enlarged picture of Mr. Lathrop and presented it to the Division as a mark of appreciation of the good work Mr. Lathrop has done for the order. Mr. Lathrop was greatly surprised, but accepted the honor gracefully.

Mrs. Mary Mead was then introduced. She is President of the Ladies' Auxiliary Division and made a splendid address, in which she congratulated the Division on its reaching another birthday and hoped for it many more.

Following Mrs. Mead's address was a piano solo by Clyde Campbell, a song by Charles Chapman, recitation by Helen Campbell, a piano duet by Misses Lorraine Lennon and May Keller, a recitation by Bessie Foley and a recitation by "Little Johnnie Gale."

This concluded the program and a lunch of sandwiches, pickles, olives, doughnuts, cake and coffee was served, after which there was some dancing and other amusements.

The music during the evening was furnished by the orchestra of Justice Council, National Union, which has gained quite a reputation on account of its very fine work.

Among those present from out of the city were Thomas Humphrey, of Columbus, A. Sawyer and wife, of Cleveland, Joe Cainan and family of Elkhart, and others from Cleveland and Detroit.

LINKS.

We desire to call special attention to the following letter, the subject of which was presented in the JOURNAL some months ago, but evidently did little good. This letter probably will. The letter reads as follows:

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Sept. 4, 1901.

Mr. P. M. Arthur, Grand Chief Engineer:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—It has been decided by the General Board of Adjustment that the Brothers on the lines west of Albuquerque will refuse to obtain transportation excepting for Brothers actually in search of employment after January 1, 1902. We also shall insist that Article 5, page 42, of the By-laws stating that a Brother shall have a letter from his Division stating how he lost his position in addition to his card be presented. We have an agreement with the company that they furnish free transportation for Brothers actually in search of employment. Brothers in active service must apply for transportation through the officers by whom they are employed. Please state through the JOURNAL the position we occupy. The favor will be taken from us if we get transportation for

Brothers who are traveling for pleasure.

Yours fraternally,

C. E. CRAMER,

Chairman Lines West of Albuquerque

We have the blank form of letter prescribed by the law mentioned in the above letter. (See page 42 By-laws). The form of letter was adopted by the San Francisco Convention, but has been remodeled in harmony with subsequent law enacted by succeeding conventions. These letters may be had by ordering from the Grand Office; they cost very little and should be kept on hand by all Divisions, and would be a good thing if issued with each traveling card. It contains a description of the holder and would assist greatly in guarding against fraud of which so many complaints have been made.—EDITOR.

DEERFIELD VALLEY Div., 112, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers was organized in Red Men's Hall, last Sunday, 25 members joining by transfer cards, and nine candidates were initiated. The Division was organized by C. C. Woodworth, Chief Engineer of Div. 191, of Fitchburg, assisted by T. R. Rich and A. R. Beavertock, also of Fitchburg. The ceremonies commenced at 10 o'clock A. M. At 2 o'clock dinner was served at the American House. On account of the large amount of business on the road, a large number who intended to be initiated were unable to be present, but will be at their next meeting. Meetings will be held for the present on the first and third Sundays of the month. This order tends to make good engineers and good citizens, and to give the railroads good, steady, reliable employees, men with good clear heads and steady nerves, so that the traveling public can feel a good deal safer when on the road. The order refuses its indorsement to incompetent men, who find it much more difficult on that account to get positions. Also there is an insurance connected with the order, whereby the families of the members are protected against want. There are four classes of insurance, ranging from \$750 to \$4,500. Under the present rules of the order, every member joining takes one or more policies in the insurance. It is not very costly, and is of great benefit to the families of the deceased members, and to a man who is so unfortunate as to lose an eye, a hand, or limb. In some places where these Divisions are located, there is an Auxiliary to the B. of L. E. attached, composed of the wives of engineers. There is a possibility of one such being organized here in the near future.—*Greenfield, Mass., Gazette and Courier.*

BRO. LAWRENCE C. ENGLER, formerly engineer on the H. V. Ry., and a member

of Div. 34 since the consolidation of the H. V., T. & O. C. and K. & M., has been promoted to the position of Traveling Engineer of the T. & O. C. and K. & M. Divisions. Div. 34 feels highly honored in the selection of one of their members for so important a position. The officers of the H. V. have chosen a capable and efficient man, and we feel sure they will realize they have made no mistake in the promotion of Brother Engler. Success to you, Lawrence. C. G. K., Div. 34.

WHILE Div. 112, Greenfield, Mass., were holding their meeting October 6th the Chief was notified that some ladies were outside who wished to gain admittance, so our business was hurried through and meeting closed without form, and the ladies allowed to enter. After being admitted, Mrs. E. Warren, in behalf of the wives of our Brother engineers, and with a few well-chosen words, presented the Division with a very handsome Bible. Our chief responded with very appropriate remarks. Remarks were also made by a number of the Brothers, after which as the hour was late, the ladies were escorted to a nearby restaurant, and served with ice-cream and cake E. W., 112.

A LARGE number of the members of W. S. Morris Division, B. of L. E., assembled at the Dexter House parlors to bid farewell to Mr. Walter T. Rupert, who resigned his position as Master Mechanic at Ionia, Mich., on the Pere Marquette system on September 15th, on account of failing health.

Mr. Rupert has accepted another position in the northern part of the state, headquarters at Boyne Falls, where he thinks his health will be benefited.

Mr. F. J. Dormer, in behalf of the members of Div. 503, made a very appropriate speech and presented Mr. Rupert with the following resolutions neatly framed:

At a regular meeting of W. S. Morris Div., No. 503, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, held at Ionia, Mich., September 22, 1901, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Walter T. Rupert, having resigned his position as Master Mechanic of the Grand Rapids District of the Pere Marquette System, be it Resolved, That we, the members of the W. S. Morris Div., take this opportunity to express the high regard in which Walter T. Rupert has been held by the engineers under his jurisdiction.

We deplore the fact that illness compels him to resign and trust that with rest, he may be permitted to again enjoy good health. Wherever the scene of his official duties is laid the good wishes and high esteem of Div. 503 will follow him.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be

presented to him and also that a copy be spread upon the minutes of our Division.

FRED J. DORMER,
THOMAS BOLIN,
FRED A. WILLIAMS,
Committee.

Ionia, Mich., Oct. 12, 1901.

Mr. Rupert replied very appropriately, thanking the engineers "and all other employees under his jurisdiction," for their co-operation and loyalty during his association with them as Master Mechanic and recommended them to his successor, Mr. S. A. Chamberlain, who was present.

Mr. Fred Williams entertained the company with two recitations of his own composition.

Mr. Ira Enos acted as toastmaster and introduced the program with characteristically happy impromptu remarks and was followed by others in the relating of anecdotes and other appropriate remarks. The interview concluded with a smoke.

At the regular meeting of Div. 283, West Oakland, Cal., September 20, the following motion was carried:

That the members of this Division join the parade at the funeral services of our late President as locomotive engineers, and that a committee of three notify all members who can possibly do so to be present and take part; and that as a further mark of respect to the memory of our late President and of the esteem in which he was held by this Division, our charter be draped for two weeks, and that a copy of these proceedings be sent to our JOURNAL for publication.

I will add that on the day of the funeral the engineers made a very creditable showing in what was pronounced to be the largest procession ever seen in the city of Oakland. Yours fraternally,

G. W. RANDALL, F. A. E.

At a regular meeting of Div. 310, the following was adopted:

WHEREAS, It is with a keen sense of humiliation and deep shame we, citizens of the United States, have learned of the heinous crime which caused the untimely death of President William McKinley, who, in the zenith of his power as a man, was acknowledged by people of all nations as a careful guardian of the interests of the citizens of the republic; a wise, just and true ruler, an ideal Christian gentleman, loyal and loving to a superlative degree. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That Div. 310, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, in regular session assembled, Oct. 6, 1901, acknowledging the mysterious moving and awe-impressive will of God and patiently waiting the development of His work, we deplore the awful calamity which has plunged the nation in profound grief and desire this expression of our feeling to be officially recorded as the sentiment of Div. 310, Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. And be it further

Resolved, That our sympathy is offered Mrs. McKinley, the brave American woman who shared the joys and divided the sorrows of our late loved Chief Executive.

DANIEL BROWN,
WILLIAM RAMSAY,
Committee.

At a regular meeting of Leland Stanford Div., 283, Oakland, Cal., held Wednesday,

October 2, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Calamity, most dire and dreadful, has descended upon the people, and all nations stand aghast at the frightful deed committed; and,

WHEREAS, In this monstrous and unparalleled crime, that has cast a pall over the universe and bathed a world in tears, we recognize not alone the foul murder of a beloved President, but an attack upon our precious governmental institutions and a blow at those private and domestic virtues—the crowning attributes of a pure and noble manhood and the very life blood of our republic; and,

WHEREAS, It is apparent that the ordinary means of precaution are entirely inadequate to protect our dignitaries from assaults of this character, and that stringent and active measures must be inaugurated to that end; and,

WHEREAS, We deem it the duty of all loyal men and women, and of all organizations and societies, industrial, fraternal, civic, military or religious, to give public expression to their sentiments in denunciation of this fiendish act, and the causes and influences responsible for it; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of President William McKinley we mourn the loss of our best friend; that we denounce in unmeasured terms this ghastly crime and demand for the vile author of it a speedy and ample punishment; that we call upon all organizations, and especially those of an industrial character, to take such action as shall convince the world that within their jurisdiction may be found no spawning ground for the monstrous and inhuman doctrine of anarchism, and no abiding place for the accursed and damnable brood who entertain it; that we urge upon our legislators, both state and national, the imperative and immediate necessity for such legislation as shall secure for our dignitaries the greatest possible degree of protection, and reduce to a minimum the propagation and spread of this abominable creed; and that we favor such international legislation as shall tend, in the highest degree, to purge the nations and rid the world of the vile and inhuman monsters who are a menace to mankind. And be it further

Resolved, That in this hour of darkness and woe, we instinctively turn to that God of nations who has never failed this republic in storm and trial, and our fainting hearts are cheered, our faltering courage revived by the comforting belief that in His infinite wisdom and divine mercy He has shifted the mantle of authority to one whose brilliant intellect, vigorous and sturdy manhood, unblemished character, courageous, active career, profound patriotism and unquestioned loyalty are ample and sufficient guarantee that under his guidance and direction our destinies are secure, and as loyal American workmen we pledge him our hearty and unqualified support in all things tending to the peace, prosperity and happiness of our stricken nation. And be it also

Resolved, That to the bereaved wife and sorrowing relatives we tender our profoundest sympathies; that in this hour of measureless grief, when our hearts swell with emotion, our tears mingle with theirs, our heads bow in sorrow and sadness under this great bereavement, there comes to us a ray of hope, a gleam of consolation, when we hear again those simple words, "'Tis God's way; let His will, not ours, be done," and we feel that in the life and death of our revered President humanity has been taught no more precious and valuable lesson since that day on Calvary nineteen hundred years ago; and we believe that this feeble, trembling utterance to a disconsolate, despairing wife shall echo down the coming ages with all the fervor, power and influence, all the dignity and glory and magnificence of ten thousand sermons, and the millions yet unborn shall gather comfort from his dying message and learn the lesson of his marvelous fortitude, his unbounded love for man and his wondrous faith in God. And be it also

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, copies furnished to Oakland and San

Francisco papers, to the Washington *Star* and to our JOURNAL for publication, and that copies be sent to the United States Senator and Congressman from this district, and that a copy be sent to President Roosevelt, and to the widow of our late President.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Wanted—To know the address or whereabouts of Frank Billings, of Flora, Ore., formerly an engineer on the C. & A. R. R. He left home early last spring to work in a lumber camp at Cutler, Ont., at which place he was last heard from. Anyone knowing anything concerning him will confer a favor by notifying Mrs. Frank Billings, Sherrill, N. Y.

Wanted—To know the whereabouts of Walter Pearson. When last heard of he was in the round-house at Ionia, Mich., which was about fifteen years ago. Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by A. R. Muterspaugh, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

The address of James Mills, an engineer, who was employed on the Grand Trunk Railway in 1881, is wanted by his half-brother, Wm. Russell, Minnehaha Park, Minn.

Members of the following Divisions will correspond with the F. A. E. of their Divisions immediately:

Division—

- 89—J. D. Lafrance.
 - 485—George Callie.
 - 453—J. H. Burley, G. B. Clark, W. H. Enos, Chas. Seeber.
 - 469—Robt. McClelland.
 - 570—Richard E. Morris, F. R. McDonald.
- All members of Div. 497 are requested to correspond with the F. A. E. of that Div. at once.

OBITUARIES.

[In accordance with the action of the Ottawa Convention, no resolutions of condolence, obituary letters or poems will be published in the JOURNAL. All deaths will be listed under obituary heading only, with cause and date of death.]

Goodland, Kans., Sept. 18, 1901, of consumption, Bro. Geo. Amick, member of Div. 422.

Eagle Grove, Ia., July 6, Brother R. M. Patrick, member of Div. 211.

Malden, Mass., Sept. 27, by shooting himself, Bro. Chas. E. Kidder, member of Div. 61.

McMechen, W. Va., Sept. 9, killed by derailment of his engine, Bro. M. B. Stover, member of Div. 477.

San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 30, of spinal meningitis, Bro. H. P. Bradley, member of Div. 161.

Prairie du Chien, Wis., Sept. 18, killed in head-end collision, Bro. C. H. Trainor, member of Div. 75.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 18, of exhaustion, Mrs. Ellen Blackwood, wife of Bro. J. C. Blackwood, member of Div. 124.

Jackson, Mich., Sept. 21, of paralysis, Bro. Hugh McRoberts, member of Div. 2.

Ascot, Ia., Sept. 24, from injuries received by being struck by a mail crane, Bro. L. Albright, member of Div. 226.

Sherman, Tex., Sept. 26, of congestion of the bowels, Bro. M. F. Mathews, member of Div. 530.

Houston, Tex., Sept. 14, killed, Bro. D. Kennedy, member of Div. 366.

Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 27, of consumption, Bro. Caleb Hennessey, member of Div. 77.

Falls Village, Conn., Sept. 30, killed in wreck, Bro. Edward Burns, member of Div. 79.

Leavenworth, Wash., Sept. 11, killed in wreck, Bro. Frank Dahlgren, member of Div. 540.

Ft. Smith, Ark., Oct. 4, by committing suicide, Bro. C. E. Hoerning, member of Div. 445.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 28, Bro. Wm. Lyons, member of Div. 480.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Sept. 22, killed in head-end collision, Bro. F. W. Zimmerman, member of Div. 286.

Independence, Ia., Oct. 6, of apoplexy, Bro. John Herritty, member of Div. 125.

Jersey City, N. J., Oct. 9, by being struck by an engine, Bro. Wm. LaWall, member of Div. 53.

Richmond, P. Q., Oct. 3, killed in collision, Bro. A. J. Atto, member of Div. 142.

Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 16, killed by engine turning over, Bro. F. E. May, member of Div. 11.

Algiers, La., Oct. 4, of apoplexy, Bro. A. Casler, member of Div. 531.

Algiers, La., Oct. 11, of general debility, Bro. V. A. Forbes, member of Div. 531.

Pitcairn, Pa., Oct. 9, of heart failure, Bro. J. W. Murphy, member of Div. 325.

Colliers, W. Va., Oct. 9, by being struck by passenger engine, Bro. Geo. W. Gossett, member of Div. 255.

Parkersburg, W. Va., Oct. 9, Bro. Geo. W. Poston, member of Div. 284.

Renova, Pa., October 6, killed in collision, Bro. Harrie E. Snodgrass, member of Div. 465.

Richmond, Va., Aug. 13, killed in collision, Bro. S. D. Trevillian, member of Div. 26.

Richmond, Va., Oct. 15, of congestion of the brain, Bro. J. W. Davenport, member of Div. 26.

Oriskany, N. Y., Oct. 8, killed in collision, Bro. Spencer Shannon, member of Div. 172.

Danville, Ill., Oct. 14, of heart failure, Bro. L. P. Ray, member of Div. 123.

ADMITTED BY TRANSFER CARD.

Into Division—

- 33—W. J. Fisher, from Div. 178.
- Thos. Holloran, from Div. 122.
- 7—Geo. G. Horn, from Div. 91.
- 281—J. C. Love, from Div. 196.
- J. D. Riggs, from Div. 223.
- 206—Walter Hammock, from Div. 197.
- 169—F. A. Green, from Div. 152.
- 557—J. M. Kay, from Div. 331.
- 161—M. H. Basher, from Div. 126.
- 18—G. S. Ward, J. H. Cooper, G. H. Cooper, from Div. 421.
- 229—Frank Kelley, from Div. 176.
- 502—B. R. Carroll, from Div. 8.
- 251—Wm. J. Davies, from Div. 103.
- 420—John McGrath, from Div. 385.
- 228—Chas. R. Conrow, from Div. 13.
- 427—T. Gibson, from Div. 438.
- 314—J. B. Weymms, J. P. Monaghan, from Div. 265.
- 8—D. Callahan, from Div. 178.
- 356—H. Keller, from Div. 441.
- 256—C. H. George, B. F. Jones, from Div. 368.
- 385—Robt. Patterson, from Div. 199.
- 408—W. A. De Maine, from Div. 26.
- 119—J. M. Clark, from Div. 395.
- 139—H. B. McWilliams, from Div. 242.
- 265—J. E. O'Neil, from Div. 330.
- 226—J. T. Martin, from Div. 183.
- 84—E. A. Vaughn, from Div. 301.
- 539—Joseph Kanatseo, from Div. 432.
- T. Shaviland, from Div. 527.
- H. E. Shirley, from Div. 177.
- J. E. Stuart, from Div. 403.
- 5—Joseph Brobrant, from Div. 126.
- 544—D. J. Lewis, from Div. 250.
- 126—W. H. Leach, John Scully, W. W. Judy, Jas. M. Bailey, from Div. 134.
- R. H. Bradley, from Div. 5.
- D. J. McCart, from Div. 33.
- W. H. Hearle, from Div. 83.
- O. W. Tracey, from Div. 228.
- C. T. Fisher, from Div. 488.
- 222—W. D. Trout, from Div. 499.

- 578—Geo. Salsman, from Div. 445.
 I. P. Bowman, from Div. 507.
 W. L. Miller, from Div. 428.
 261—J. A. Sanders, from Div. 19.
 A. L. Fletcher, from Div. 326.
 J. F. Bliss, from Div. 107.
 485—Warner Campbell, from Div. 154.
 161—Thos. Doran, from Div. 362.
 T. B. Holliday, from Div. 28.
 103—B. F. Goodwin, from Div. 315.
 165—P. J. Newman, from Div. 410.
 John O'Day, from Div. 251.
 415—C. A. Fogus, from Div. 110.
 61—Wm. E. Stebbins, from Div. 128.
 308—J. M. Bordeau, from Div. 388.
 216—Jas. W. Tague, from Div. 571.
 320—Fred H. Pratt, Wm. G. Clarke, from Div. 322.
 286—D. P. Aldrich, from Div. 8.
 110—B. E. Talbot, from Div. 415.
 10—P. H. Ryan, from Div. 96.
 110—G. B. Clark, from Div. 415.
 566—James C. Stout, from Div. 366.
 225—James Gill, from Div. 315.
 323—C. S. Yeater, from Div. 525.
 John Duffy, from Div. 286.
 Wm. Keeler, Jas. B. Forbes, from Div. 218.
 256—T. W. Nichols, from Div. 156.
 James I. Roney, from Div. 323.
 519—J. M. Niner, from Div. 432.

WITHDRAWALS.*From Division—*

- 68—John Garrison
 547—M. F. Shugart.
 119—John Fridgin.

From Division—

- 22—Samuel L. Jones.
 275—Neil Glaw.
 439—G. W. Peterson.

RE-INSTATED.*Into Division—*

- 134—James Gunnonde.
 177—Geo. Gerwick.
 186—Frank Mawby.
 111—L. A. Fowler.
 234—John Higgins.
 304—Fred Smith.
 351—A. Carnahan.
 41—Arnold Sutton.
 216—E. S. Hosler.
 375—W. W. Christian.
 221—A. L. Hoover.
 401—M. E. Fox.
 225—W. L. Titus.

Into Division—

- 239—W. T. Kerr.
 323—James I. Roney.
 234—E. C. Webb.
 366—S. G. Allen.
 86—Chas. A. Conners.
 228—James Duffey.
 10—Walter H. Konklin.
 277—David Miller.
 171—James Cole.
 436—C. C. Carey.
 327—C. M. Smith.
 152—Thos. Bradley.
 125—E. B. Russ.

We have been notified that the re-instatement of

D. McCarthy, of Div. 476, which appeared in the October number, was not legal, though reported to this office under seal by an officer *pro tem*.

SUSPENDED.*From Division—*

- 314—G. S. O'Brien, for five months.

EXPELLED.**FOR NON-PAYMENT OF DUES.***From Division—*

- 294—Thos. Brown.
 344—David Gillott.
 66—Louis Bynes.
 313—Elmer L. Dunlap.
 316—Frank Eck.
 177—Dexter Wagner.
 64—Dennis F. Haggerty.
 500—John Lingner, Fred Lambka.
 55—Wm. H. Winfrey.
 98—Simon Lewis, Karl F. Frederick, L. Renner.
 300—James F. Murphy.

FOR OTHER CAUSES.

- 271—C. W. Hall, for intoxication and unbecoming conduct.
 310—W. K. Harrold, for violation of obligation.
 91—A. A. Carter, for forfeiting insurance.
 225—A. B. Winfrey, for being engaged in liquor traffic.
 228—John Phelps, for keeping saloon.
 143—M. H. Mercer, for deserting his family.
 185—W. B. Noble, for unbecoming conduct and deserting his family.
 210—Chas. Jenkins, for forfeiting insurance.
 5—Frank Horner, for intoxication.
 19—C. F. Smith, for violation of obligation.
 292—M. L. Rice, for keeping saloon.
 63—Howard Raynard, for non-payment of dues and forfeiting insurance.
 257—B. S. Reading, for forfeiting insurance and non-payment of dues.
 444—Chas. Hewitt, for intoxication; James Benson, for forfeiting insurance.
 49—Geo. T. McCarty, (in January, 1901), for non-payment of dues and unbecoming conduct.
 457—E. G. Hilbert, for non-payment of dues.
 119—John Spearman, F. W. Houghton, for non-payment of dues.
 22—Andrew Jones, for forfeiting insurance and non-payment of dues.

If your JOURNAL address is not correct, or you fail from any cause to receive it, fill out this form properly, cut it out and send it to 307 SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BLDG., CLEVELAND, O.

The B. of L. E. Journal.**CHANGE OF ADDRESS.**

Name..... Division No.....

Box or Street and No.....

Postoffice..... State.....

OLD ADDRESS.

Postoffice..... State.....

 Be Sure and Give Old Address and Division Number.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS' MUTUAL LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Official Notice of Assessments 89-93.

SERIES E.

OFFICE OF ASSOCIATION, ROOM 803, SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING, }
CLEVELAND, OHIO, NOV. 1, 1901. }

To the Division Secretaries L. E. M. L. and A. I. A.:

DEAR SIRS AND BROS.:—You are hereby notified of the death or disability of the following members of the Association:

Five Assessments for payment of these claims are hereby levied and Secretaries ordered to collect one dollar and twenty-five cents from all who are insured for \$750, two dollars and fifty cents from all who are insured for \$1,500, five dollars from all who are insured for \$3,000, and seven dollars and fifty cents from all members insured for \$4,500, and forward same to the General Secretary and Treasurer.

Members of the Insurance Association are required to remit to Division Secretaries within thirty days from date of this notice, and the Division Secretaries to the General Secretary and Treasurer within ten days thereafter, on penalty of forfeiting their membership. (See Article XI. of By-Laws.)

Secretaries in sending remittances will send same to and make all drafts, express money orders or postoffice money orders payable to WM. B. PRENTER, General Secretary and Treasurer. Secretaries located in Canada will please remit by draft or express money order. We will not accept packages of money sent by express, unless charges have been prepaid. The JOURNAL closes on the 18th of each month. Claims received after that day will lie over until the succeeding month.

No. of Asst.	Name.	Age.	No. Div.	Date of Admission.	Date of Death or Disability.	Cause of Death or Disability.	Amt. of Ins.	To Whom Payable.
60	R. S. Gambill.....	38	129	Oct. 19, 1891.	Oct. 10, 1900.	Blind left eye	\$1500	R. S. Gambill.
61	J. B. Weaver.....	49	132	Mch. 1, 1891.	Aug. 3, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. J. B. Weaver, w.
62	Wm. Campbell.....	38	295	Oct. 8, 1898.	Aug. 10, 1901.	Killed.....	750	Alex. F. Campbell, f.
63	S. F. Lewis.....	54	194	Feb. 10, 1894.	Sept. 6, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. S. F. Lewis, w.
64	F. Pearce.....	34	301	Aug. 8, 1891.	Sept. 7, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. F. Pearce, w.
65	Wm. Hazen.....	63	24	Feb. 28, 1887.	Sept. 10, 1901.	Obstruc'n of bow'ls	1500	Charlotte E. Hazen.
66	Jerry McCarthy..	47	503	June 19, 1897.	Sept. 12, 1901.	Anemia.....	3000	{ Annie McCarthy, w. Eliz'th McCarthy, s.
67	Thos. Haslam.....	52	236	Apr. 3, 1897.	Sept. 13, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. E. Haslam, w.
68	Con. Coughlin.....	53	93	June 10, 1882.	Sept. 13, 1901.	Inflam'tion of liver	4500	Mrs. A. D. Coughlin, w.
69	F. E. May.....	36	11	Oct. 9, 1897.	Sept. 16, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. May H. May, w.
70	B. Akans.....	25	430	Jan. 13, 1901.	Sept. 17, 1901.	Hemorrhage.....	3000	Mrs. Alice Akans, m.
71	R. B. Walker.....	41	262	Sept. 4, 1894.	Sept. 17, 1901.	Rt. leg amputated.	1500	R. B. Walker.
72	C. D. Paddock.....	49	2	Sept. 4, 1894.	Sept. 17, 1901.	Cancer of cardiac..	1500	Mary F. Paddock.
73	Geo. Amick.....	31	422	Sept. 30, 1896.	Sept. 18, 1901.	Tuberculosis.....	1500	Mrs. Sarah Amick, m.
74	Wm. P. Kirk.....	53	342	Aug. 31, 1898.	Sept. 18, 1901.	Phthisis.....	4500	{ Clarence G. Kirk, s. Mabel H. Collision, d.
75	Chas. H. Trainor..	44	73	June 26, 1894.	Sept. 18, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. C. H. Trainor, w.
76	Hugh McRoberts..	70	2	Feb. 25, 1887.	Sept. 21, 1901.	Dysentery.....	1500	Lawful heirs.
77	W. F. Zimmerman..	37	286	July 21, 1901.	Sept. 22, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mary Zimmerman, w.
78	J. C. McDermott..	32	216	May 18, 1901.	Sept. 23, 1901.	Killed.....	750	Wm. J. McDermott, s.
79	Francis Kern.....	51	257	Dec. 24, 1888.	Sept. 24, 1901.	Suicide.....	4500	Kate S. Kern.
80	Lewis Albright.....	42	226	May 6, 1892.	Sept. 24, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Millie Albright, w.
81	D. A. Dillard.....	34	85	Feb. 19, 1898.	Sept. 24, 1901.	Encephalitis.....	1500	Mrs. M. E. Dillard, w.
82	C. E. Kidder.....	67	61	Apr. 15, 1887.	Sept. 27, 1901.	Suicide.....	1500	Mary I. Kidder, w.
83	C. Hennisey.....	38	77	Apr. 7, 1891.	Sept. 28, 1901.	Tuberculosis.....	1500	Mrs. C. Hennisey, w.
84	E. T. Haskins.....	77	137	Nov. 6, 1868.	Oct. 2, 1901.	Chron. indigestion	3000	{ Theodore, Ed. G. & Chester T. Has- kins, sons.
84	A. J. Atto.....	39	142	Apr. 30, 1894.	Oct. 3, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. A. J. Atto, w.
86	C. E. Horning.....	40	445	July 5, 1893.	Oct. 4, 1901.	Suicide.....	1500	Mrs. C. E. Horning, w.
87	John Harrity.....	39	125	July 18, 1891.	Oct. 6, 1901.	Paralysis.....	1500	Mrs. Mary Harrity.
88	H. E. Snodgrass..	34	465	May 23, 1900.	Oct. 6, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Mrs. J. Snodgrass, m.
89	S. Shannon.....	53	172	Apr. 22, 1885.	Oct. 8, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. S. Shannon, w.
90	J. W. Murphy.....	39	325	Jan. 17, 1895.	Oct. 9, 1901.	Apoplexy.....	3000	Mrs. K. C. Murphy, w.
91	Wm. La Wall.....	48	53	July 17, 1884.	Oct. 9, 1901.	Pneumonia.....	3000	Lizzie La Wall, w.
92	Chas. Andrews.....	39	253	Jan. 19, 1896.	Oct. 10, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. C. Andrews, w.
93	A. W. Kelsey.....	49	105	June 17, 1900.	Oct. 13, 1901.	Canc'r of intestines	1500	Elizabeth Kelsey, w.

Total number of claims, 34. Total amount of claims, \$76,500.

Acknowledgments.

Acknowledgments have been received from the following Beneficiaries for amounts stated in settlement of claims paid:

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
July 10, 1901.	Sarah E. Muzzey.....	893	W. A. Kempton.....	61	\$3000
Sept. 11, "	{ Mrs. Chas. W. Joiner..... }	936	E. W. Hurley.....	439	1500
	{ Ida M. Merrill, Guardian..... }				
" 27, "	Harry White.....	938	O. Oliver.....	326	3000
" 16, "	Mrs. Sara A. Bishop.....	943	C. E. Thompson.....	566	4500
" 15, "	Mrs. Wm. F. Heyle.....	945	H. Hancock.....	297	3000
" 30, "	Mrs. M. E. McGuire.....	952	A. N. Hunter.....	420	3000
" 18, "	Bertha S. Hastings.....	961	G. F. Horne.....	314	1500
" 23, "	James Guinan.....	962	J. H. Southworth.....	77	3000
" 27, "	Geo. W. Artis.....	963	W. H. Gillis.....	153	3000
" 21, "	Mrs. Lucy Long and children.....	965	C. L. Shriver.....	148	3000
Oct. 14, "	J. A. Russell, Receiver.....	967	T. D. Haynes.....	84	3000

Acknowledgments—Continued.

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
Sept. 18, 1901.	Mrs. G. A. Dickinson.....	968	E. Beardsley.....	67	\$1500
Oct. 9, "	Wm. Richards.....	972	G. A. Pearson.....	142	3000
" 11, "	S. S. Falvey.....	974	Frank Dietz.....	28	1500
" 5, "	Chas. S. Washburn.....	976	F. H. Kaub.....	186	3000
" 11, "	{ Lydia J. Bricker, Ida A. Car- man, F. L. Bricker, Lydia J. Bricker, Guardian..... }	977	M. A. Van Buren.....	286	4500
" 4, "	Jane A. Van Eps.....	983	F. W. Dunning.....	172	3000
" 4, "	Mrs. Chas. Eber.....	984	J. K. Hawes.....	176	3000
" 2, "	Mrs. Mary E. Loveland.....	986	T. C. Clarke.....	47	1500
" 4, "	Mrs. L. Naab.....	987	T. Williamson.....	15	3000
" 7, "	Mrs. Mary L. Keigh.....	988	M. J. Carroll.....	14	3000
" 3, "	F. T. Norris, Guardian.....	989	J. P. Tighe.....	8	1500
" 3, "	Mrs. H. Craves.....	990	W. B. Curley.....	485	4500
" 5, "	Mrs. Ida Curry.....	991	L. Metcalf.....	177	3000
" 2, "	Mary C. Blackburn.....	993	H. E. Wilson.....	90	1500
" 5, "	Lizzie F. Snow.....	994	C. W. McCain.....	13	4500
" 4, "	Mrs. M. J. Wiltshire.....	996	J. E. McAllister.....	321	4500
" 3, "	Mrs. Mary Stoft.....	997	T. C. Livingston.....	183	3000
" 5, "	Mrs. Mary L. Cline.....	999	M. Shick.....	157	3000
" 8, "	Eliza Campbell.....	1001	Geo. H. Conklin.....	135	3000
" 5, "	Mrs. D. McKeeby.....	1002	F. M. Trunkay.....	442	750
" 4, "	Mrs. Lulu L. Briggs.....	1003	J. P. Tighe.....	8	4500
" 4, "	Geo. P. Hanks.....	1004	Chas. McCrossin.....	263	1500

Financial Statement.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Oct. 1, 1901.

MORTUARY FUND FOR SEPTEMBER.

Balance on hand Sept. 3, 1901,	\$ 94,720 26
Paid in settlement of Claims,	93,000 00
Balance on hand Sept. 3, 1901,	\$ 1,720 26
Received by Assessments 1,000-1,004, and Back Assessments,	82,878 61
Received from members whose insurance was carried by Association,	325 50
Received by Assessments 21-24,	819 56
Total in Bank Sept. 30, 1901,	\$ 85,743 93

EXPENSE FUND FOR SEPTEMBER.

Balance on hand Sept. 1, 1901,	\$ 5,047 17
Received by Admission Fees and Arrears,	193 13
Received by Special Assessment,	159 50
Total,	\$ 5,399 80
Expenses during month of September,	854 65
Balance in Bank Sept. 30, 1901,	\$ 4,545 15

Statement of Membership.

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1901.

<i>Classified Represents:</i>	\$750 00	\$1,500	\$3,000	\$4,500
Members who paid Assessments 1,000-1,004	2,442	14,151	7,439	1,358
Members from whom Assessments 1,000-1,004 were not collected,	340	1,339	418	69
Members carried by the Association,	1	121	279	17
Applications and reinstatements received during month	66	174	56	7
Totals,	2,849	15,785	8,192	1,451
From which deduct Policies terminated by death, accident or otherwise,	9	94	17	3
Total Membership Sept. 30, 1901,	2,840	15,691	8,175	1,448
Grand Total,				28,154
W. F. FUTCH, President.				
W. B. PRENTER, Gen'l Sec'y & Treas.				

DIVISIONS BY STATES.

Alabama.	407	Dist. Columbia.	160	Argentina.	396	Chillicothe.	363	Rochester.	35	Providence.	57
Avondale.	432	Florida.		Arkansas City.	462	Denoto.	123	Schenectady.	172	South Carolina.	
Birmingham.	436	Birmingham.	436	Atchison.	164	Kansas City.	502	Staten Island.	541	Abbeville.	498
Birmingham.	136	Jacksonville.	309	Chadwell.	523	Moberly.	86	Syracuse.	169	Cholumbia.	348
Mobile.	106	Pensacola.	275	Chanute.	214	Monett.	507	Syracuse.	367	Florida.	585
Montgomery.	436	Georgia.		Ellis.	211	Nevada.	359	Syracuse.	441	Florence.	268
Montgomery.	436	Americus.	449	Fort Scott.	237	New Franklin.	556	Troy.	87	Greenville.	84
Selma.	223	Atlanta.	207	Goodland.	421	N. Springfield.	83	Utica.	14	South Dakota.	
Tusculum.	423	Atlanta.	368	Herrington.	252	Salina.	178	Waterbury.	227	Huron.	213
Tusculum.	423	Augusta.	323	Holsington.	433	Sedalia.	517	Whitehall.	217	Thames.	
Arizona.		Blue Ridge.	547	Horton.	346	Springfield.	378	Ohio.		Chattanooga.	196
Nogales.	355	Columbus.	409	Kansas City.	81	St. Joseph.	107	Air Line Junc.	457	Jackson.	93
Tucson.	28	Macon.	210	Kansas City.	491	St. Joseph.	107	Ashtabula.	260	Knoxville.	239
Winslow.	134	Savannah.	256	Kansas City.	491	St. Louis.	42	Bellevue.	121	Memphis.	21
Arkansas.		Idaho.		Neodesha.	252	St. Louis.	42	Bellevue.	121	Memphis.	21
Argenta.	278	Pocatello.	328	Newton.	252	St. Louis.	42	Bridgeport.	551	Nashville.	17
Fort Smith.	442	Pocatello.	328	Okawatomie.	376	St. Louis.	42	Bucyrus.	124	Nashville.	17
Jonesboro.	442	Illinois.		Parsons.	376	St. Louis.	42	Cambridge.	471	Texas.	
Little Rock.	442	Anthon.	32	Pittsburg.	327	Thayer.	283	Chicago Junc.	522	Big Springs.	212
Mena.	569	Bloomington.	19	Topeka.	327	Trenton.	91	Chicago Junc.	522	Big Springs.	212
N. Little Rock.	544	Central.	24	Wichita.	344	Montana.		Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Pine Bluff.	516	Charleston.	245	Bowling Green.	215	Glacier.	196	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Van Buren.	524	Chicago.	10	Corbin.	413	Great Falls.	392	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Canada.		Chicago.	96	Covington.	471	Kalispell.	499	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
BRITISH COL.		Chicago.	253	Covington.	471	Livingston.	232	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Ramloops.	320	Chicago.	294	Henderson.	10	South Butte.	274	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
MANITOBA.		Chicago.	302	Louisville.	165	Missoula.	262	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Winnipeg.	76	Chicago.	302	Lexington.	455	Nebraska.		Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
N. W. TERRITORY.		Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Medicine Hat.	322	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Moose Jaw.	510	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
NEW BRUNSWICK.		Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Campbellton.	138	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Moncton.	167	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Woodstock.	341	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
W. Ed St. Johns.	479	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
NOVA SCOTIA.		Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Halifax.	247	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Truro.	149	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
ONTARIO.		Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Allendale.	486	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Bellville.	189	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	111	Chicago.	302	Louisville.	78	Beatrice.	397	Cincinnati.	65	Chubbuck.	500
Brookville.	1										

NATHAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

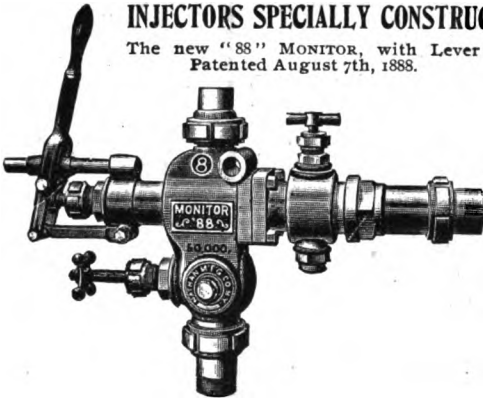
92 and 94 Liberty Street, New York,
and 180 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

MANUFACTURERS OF

The "Monitor" and other Locomotive Injectors.

INJECTORS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR HIGH-PRESSURE.

The new "88" MONITOR, with Lever
Patented August 7th, 1888.



**"NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED
LUBRICATORS,**

*Ejectors or Water Elevators,
New Sanding Apparatus,
New Steam Fire Extinguishers,
Boiler Washers,
Rod and Guide Cups,
Etc., Etc.*

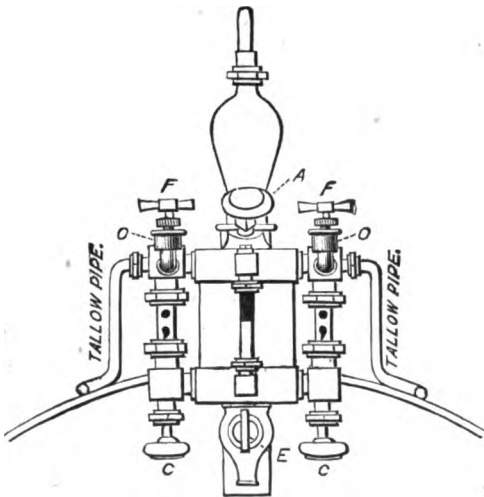
For instructions, see Engineer's
Card, which is furnished with each
injector.

NOTE.—The "88" Monitor is also made with a quick motion Screw Starting Attachment.

THE "NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED CYLINDER LUBRICATOR FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

Oils both Cylinders.

*No possibility of feeding over
in one cylinder or
into boiler.*



ALSO,

AIR BRAKE,

SIGHT-FEED

LUBRICATORS.

NATHAN MANUFACTURING CO., New York.

CATALOGUES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.



STAR BRASS MANUFACTURING CO.,
Manufacturers of **Extra Heavy Locomotive Pop Safety Valves.**

MUFFLED AND OPEN.

Also Exclusive and Original Makers of "Non-Corrosive Steam
Gages," Locomotive Lubricators, Chime Whistles, Etc.

Main Office and Works: **BOSTON, MASS.**

New York, 38 Cortlandt St.

Chicago, 334 Monadnock Bldg.



When writing to advertisers, mention this Journal.

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA



"KNOWN THE WORLD OVER"
HAS RECEIVED THE HIGHEST ENDORSEMENTS
FROM THE MEDICAL PRACTITIONER, THE NURSE
AND THE INTELLIGENT HOUSEKEEPER AND CATERER

WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited
ESTABLISHED 1780 DORCHESTER, MASS.
• GOLD MEDAL, PARIS 1900 •

Vose PIANOS

are receiving more favorable comments to-
day from an artistic standpoint than all
other makes combined.

WE Challenge Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan, every family
in moderate circumstances can own a fine
piano. We allow a liberal price for old in-
struments in exchange, and deliver the piano
in your house free of expense. You can
deal with us at a distant point the same as
in Boston. Send for catalogue and full
information.

VOSC & SONS PIANO CO.

161 Boylston Street, - - - Boston.

FUN FOR LODGE ROOMS of RAILROAD MEN *also Home Amusements.*



NO AMUSEMENT OF MODERN TIMES EQUALS

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Nine Styles, from \$10.00 to \$100.00

None
Genuine
without

Thomas A. Edison

this
Trade
Mark

Catalogues at all Dealers

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY

New York Office, 135 Fifth Avenue

Chicago Office, 144 Wabash Avenue

Foreign Dept., 15 Cedar Street, New York

PISO's For Consumption CURE

We always keep Piso's Cure
for Consumption in the house for
coughs and colds. The children
beg for it. We have recommended
it to our neighbors.

MRS. J. T. BALES,
Box 43, Augusta, Okla., Sept. 5, 1900.

Piso's Cure for Consumption cured my
daughter of an awful cough which the
whooping cough had left her with. I
can say it is the best remedy for coughs I
ever used.

ADELBERT C. PANGBORN,
Conway, Mich., Sept. 17, 1900.

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS JOURNAL

PRICE, \$1.00 BY MAIL



THE HOLY FAMILY.—KNAUS.

ENTERED AT THE CLEVELAND, OHIO, POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Westinghouse Air Brakes

Control the Railway Traffic of the World.

**Endorsed
by all the leading
railway authorities.**

The Westinghouse Air Brake Co.

Pittsburgh, Pa..

BA2

BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS MONTHLY JOURNAL

C.H. SALMONS, EDITOR AND MANAGER
307 SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING CLEVELAND, O.

Vol. XXXV.

DECEMBER, 1901.

No. 12.

Modern Mexico.

Mexico is a neighboring country in which the American people may well be interested; not only from a commercial and social sense, but because of its decidedly interesting ancient history and interesting relics of the past.

The history of ancient Mexico exhibits two distinct and widely differing periods—that of the Toltecs and that of the Aztecs. Both were Nahua nations, speaking a language which survives in Mexico to this day. The eighth century is the traditional date when the Toltecs are related to have come from the north, from some undefined locality, bringing to Anahuac (the original name of the ancient kingdom of Mexico) its highest native civilization. Their capital they established at Tula, north of the

Mexican Valley. Their laws and usages stamp them as a people of mild and peaceful instincts, industrious, active and enterprising. They cultivated the land, introduced maize and cotton, made roads, erected monuments of colossal dimensions, and built temples and cities, whose ruins in various parts of Mexico still attest their skill in architecture, and sufficiently explain why the name Toltec should have passed into synonym for architect. They knew how to fuse metals, cut and polish hard stones, manufacture earthenware and weave various fabrics; and to their invention are assigned the Mexican Hieroglyphics (sacred sculpture) and calendar.

It is said that a severe famine and pestilence all but destroyed the Toltec people in the eleventh century, and drove the survivors southward to Guatemala and Yucatan.



PARULA GUARDIOLA, CITY OF MEXICO.

tan, carrying their arts of civilization with them; and near the end of the next century, after their places had been taken by the rude Chichimecs from the northwest, these were followed by tribes of higher civilization, who were called Aztecs, Acolhuaics and Tezcucans; but within two centuries and a half the Aztecs had become predominant. They were a ferocious race, with a religion gloomy and cruel, and they grafted upon the institutions of their predecessors many fierce and sanguinary practices, and these mixed races produced an anomalous form of civilization, with mingled character of mildness and ferocity. The Aztecs being in the ascendancy the laws were very severe, nearly every crime being met with capital punishment; while they seemed to believe in one supreme invisible creator of all things, but the popular faith was polytheistic, with a number of chief and many inferior divinities, each having his sacred day and festival, while nature-spirits peopled the woods. Superstition of the people made extremes both easy and natural. The Aztecs, the more ferocious, had at the head the monstrous

Huitzilopochtli, the Mexican Mars. His temples were the most opulent and imposing, and in every city of the empire his altars were drenched with the blood of human sacrifice.

To supply victims the emperor made war on their neighbors or on any revolting territory, and levied a certain number of men, women and children by way of an indemnity, and the victims were borne in triumphal procession to the summit of the great pyramidal temples, where the priests in the sight of the assembled crowds bound them to the sacrificial stone, slashing open the breast, tearing from it the bleeding heart and holding it up before the image of the god, while the captor carried the carcass off to feast on it with his friends. It is estimated that this sacrifice required 20,000 lives annually.

The Mexican priesthood of the period just preceding the invasion of Cortez formed a rich and powerful order of the state, and Cortez is said to have found as many as 5,000 attached to the great temple of Mexico. Cortez, the Spaniard, landed at Vera Cruz in 1519, and the history of the



NATIONAL PALACE, CITY OF MEXICO.

The photograph of the Palace was taken from the further corner of the Cathedral, in front of which is the great Plaza Mayor, the great square of the city, which 400 years ago was an open space in front of the Aztec Temple, now occupied by the Cathedral. On one side of Plaza Mayor extends the enormous National Palace, built by the Spaniards more than two hundred years ago on the site formerly occupied by the Imperial residence of the Aztec Sovereigns. Since that time the palace has always been the headquarters of the various governments. Within the large enclosure are the National Museum and the Postoffice. All the main streets converge on the Plaza Mayor and are mostly broad, clean, and well paved and lighted.

conquest of Mexico makes a thrilling narrative, but we pass on to the consequences to Mexico.

The Spaniards substituted the inquisition for the Mexican sacrifice, prohibited all foreign trade with any country other than Spain on pain of death, distributed the natives as slaves on the various plantations, and Mexico was regarded as simply a mine to be worked by the labor of its people for the benefit of Spain alone. For three centuries it may be said to have plodded on in sullen submission to its cruel conquerors. But in 1810 the beginning of the end of Spanish dominion was begun by an open rebellion under the leadership of a priest named Hidalgo, who was defeated and executed in 1811, and another priest continued the struggle until he shared the same fate in 1815, but the war-

fare was kept up until 1821, when the capital was surrendered by the last of the Spanish Viceroy, and in 1823 the federal republic of Mexico was established, General Santa Anna being the leader in the closing scene of Spanish rule. The process of moulding the new republic into a condition of comparative stability of government required a half century during which time the country had fifty-two presidents or dictators, an emperor and a regency, and in nearly every case the change was brought about by violence, and a large part of these great men were put to death.

1876 marks the beginning of modern Mexico, when Porfirio Diaz, one of the ablest men in Mexico became president. He is still guiding its destinies and the improvement morally, intellectually and financially is apparent everywhere. Every



THE CATHEDRAL, CITY OF MEXICO.

The Mexican Cathedral is the most imposing structure in the city. Its corner-stone was laid in 1573, and the building covers the site of the great Aztec temple destroyed by the Spaniards when they captured the capital of the Montezumas in 1521. The entire cost of this cathedral was about two million dollars. The great bell, nineteen feet high, in one of its towers, alone cost ten thousand dollars. It is built of stone and its dimensions are impressive, the length of the edifice being nearly four hundred feet, and the towers two hundred and three feet in altitude. The interior, though grand from its magnitude, is somewhat disappointing. Its wooden floor is hardly worthy of so prominent a shrine as this, and the decorations are neither tasteful nor comparable to those of the notable European cathedrals. An enormous amount of money, however, has been expended here. Its high altar is said to have once been the richest in the world, but has been repeatedly plundered of its treasures. A balustrade of great value still surrounds the choir. Some of its chapels have fine paintings, but one can hardly appreciate them in the dim light which only partially reveals their beauty. Here are buried many of the old Spanish Viceroy, as well as the first Emperor of Mexico, Augustin Iturbide. In front of this cathedral is the Plaza Mayor, the great square of the city, which always presents a very animated appearance, and quite near the sacred edifice are the attractive flower markets, where Indian women offer superb bouquets of flowers for a mere trifle.—*J. L. Stoddard.*

city in Mexico is showing it by great internal improvements, and magnified business enterprises the result of the benign influence of peace and stable government.

American enterprise is having no small share in broadening the sphere of Mexican life and business, and with it must naturally come greater similarity to American methods of business energy beneficial to both nations, and along with it will naturally come a feeling of friendship and continental pride that will enlarge trade rela-

latter while getting used to Mexican cooking. Instead of fighting their way through bands of bloodthirsty savages, they receive the 'glad hand' of the courteous Aztec, who represents a civilization as old, and perhaps older, than that of Egypt. Nevertheless, these Americans who are developing the tropics of Mexico are pioneers just the same, because, in accordance with the general impression of Americans, they are risking their lives and money in a foreign land, where people are supposed to be kidnapped and held for ransom. Of course, those who have traveled in Mexico know that life and property rights are as safe in Mexico as in the United States *del Norte*."

As an evidence that American influence is already at work *Modern Mexico* says:

"The government of the Mexican Federal District has decided to terminate the privileges of gambling establishments at present operated in the capital. The move is one that is particularly appreciated by the business men of Mexico City. The openness and respectability which licensed gambling carries with it result in these establishments being freely patronized by many who would not otherwise be tempted. The falls of young men in positions of trust, owing to their losses at the gaming table, are of too frequent occurrence, and the abolition of the roulette and monte tables is a wise move on the part of the authorities. Following close upon the decision to close the gambling houses proper comes the announcement that the capital is to have a stock exchange conducted upon American methods. Most of Mexico's stock jobbing has been done

by curb-stone brokers. The new exchange is to be provided with complete foreign quotations, as well as quotations of the local Mexican stocks.

"The fifteen years prior to June, 1900, have witnessed wonderful advancement in Mexico in social, political and industrial conditions as well as in the foreign relations and trade of the republic. It is interesting to note the progress made in this decade and a half in many lines. During this period Mexico has increased the number of her foreign consular representatives from 127 to 208. The number of foreign consuls in Mexico has increased 73 and the ex-



INTERIOR OF CATHEDRAL, MEXICO.

tions and foster new enterprises in Mexico, especially in tropical products for American markets.

Modern Mexico, a very commendable, finely-illustrated paper, published in New York City and the City of Mexico, Mex., in discussing the subject of the Americans, says:

"The men of courage and 'stout hearts' who pioneered and developed the Western territories of the United States carried rifles, shot guns and bowie knives. Those who are now pioneering the tropics of Mexico ride in Pullman cars, carry kodaks, New York drafts and a lunch basket—the

penditures of foreign relations department of the government have nearly doubled. Thirty-three cotton factories have been established, making the total number at present 125. The value of the product of these factories has more than doubled, now exceeding \$28,000,000 a year. Other factories to the number of 685 have been started in Mexico during the fifteen years.

"The annual value of the silver mined has grown from \$30,000,000 to \$71,000,000, and the gold produced from less than \$2,000,000 to nearly \$25,000,000. The total increase in the value of the mineral output of the country is nearly \$90,000,000 a year. The assessed value of city property has grown from \$189,000,000 to \$320,000,000, and rural property from \$180,000,000 to \$387,000,000, a total increase in property valuation of \$337,000,000, or nearly 100 per cent. In the department of justice four district courts and five circuit courts have been inaugurated, and 119 superior courts and 963 minor judgeships have been created.

"In fifteen years Mexican imports have increased in volume to the extent of \$28,000,000 gold per year and Mexican exports have more than trebled, showing an annual increase of more than \$100,000,000 silver. The value of coffee exported has grown from a million and a half to eight millions a year. In 1884, \$4,000,000 worth of henequen was exported; last year the value of this product sent abroad was nearly \$19,000,000. The tobacco now exported, amounting to upwards of four millions a year, forms a business that has been created with recent years. The exportation of vanilla in fifteen years has trebled. The value of cattle exported each year has increased four and a half millions, of the hides exported, nearly two millions. Increasing trade has been responsible for the establishment of 14 new and branch banks. The increase in the income from federal taxes during the period under discussion exceeds \$22,000,000 annually.

"The number of primary schools has grown from 5,560 in 1884 to 9,593, and the amount appropriated for their support has more than doubled. Forty professional schools and twenty-six normal schools have made their appearance. Eleven mu-

seums, sixty-one libraries and twenty-one literary and scientific societies have been established.

"The department of communications shows some wonderful records of progress. Twenty-five lighthouses and thirty-five wharves have been built. Nine hundred and forty-one postoffices and postal agencies have been established, which is more than the total number in existence fifteen years ago. The number of pieces handled by the Mexican postoffice in a year has grown from 10,000,000 to 117,000,000.



AZTEC CALENDAR BUILT INTO ONE OF THE TOWERS OF THE CATHEDRAL, CITY OF MEXICO.

Nearly 70,000 kilometers of telegraph and telephone lines have been built, and more than 500 telegraph offices opened. The kilometers of railway lines have grown from 5,700 to 12,700; the number of railway stations from 209 to 802, and the number of passengers carried annually from 3,000,000 to 31,000,000.

"Scarcely a single item can be selected in all the records of foreign trade and internal business that, if analyzed, will not speak for the prosperity and progress of the country; and, notwithstanding the great activity in all lines of business in Mexico, the extensive investments in min-

ing, agricultural and industrial properties, and increasing realty values, there are few sections of the country that present any evidences of "boom" growth. It must be remembered, when considering Mexico's present stride, that she is not forging ahead of nineteenth century conditions, but is simply catching up. Her present development is not forced, but real and necessary.

"Mexico is the only Latin-American country whose trade is of importance that buys more of the United States than it sells there. United States imports from Latin-America last year amounted to \$213,000,000. American exports to Latin-America were \$134,000,000. The United States imports from Mexico were valued for the

"a competition for the three most meritorious houses on the street will be opened, and three medals—gold, silver and bronze,—awarded to the successful architects. The prizes for the three proprietors will be sums of \$5,000, \$3,000 and \$2,000, respectively. The houses entering into the competition must be completed within a period of two years from the opening. The awards will be made by a committee of three distinguished Mexican architects.

"A new, costly and efficient sewerage system is nearing its completion; new asphalt pavements on hundreds of streets, a rigorous police enforcement of sanitary rules, all tend to modernize the City of Mexico. Added to this, new water works, now under construction, with a supply of



CHAC MOOL STATUE, AZTEC ANTIQUITY, CITY OF MEXICO.

same period at \$29,000,000, but the exports to Mexico exceeded \$36,000,000. Brazil, on the other hand, that last year sold the United States products valued at \$70,000,000, did not buy American merchandise to the value of one-sixth that amount. The average American is a firm believer in reciprocity. He should appreciate, therefore, that Mexico is the place for him to do business."

The City of Mexico probably exceeds other Mexican cities in internal improvements. The broad avenue Censo de Mayo, which connects with the main plaza and the Cathedral, has been made without much regard to cost, and as an impetus to elaborate improvements along this avenue,

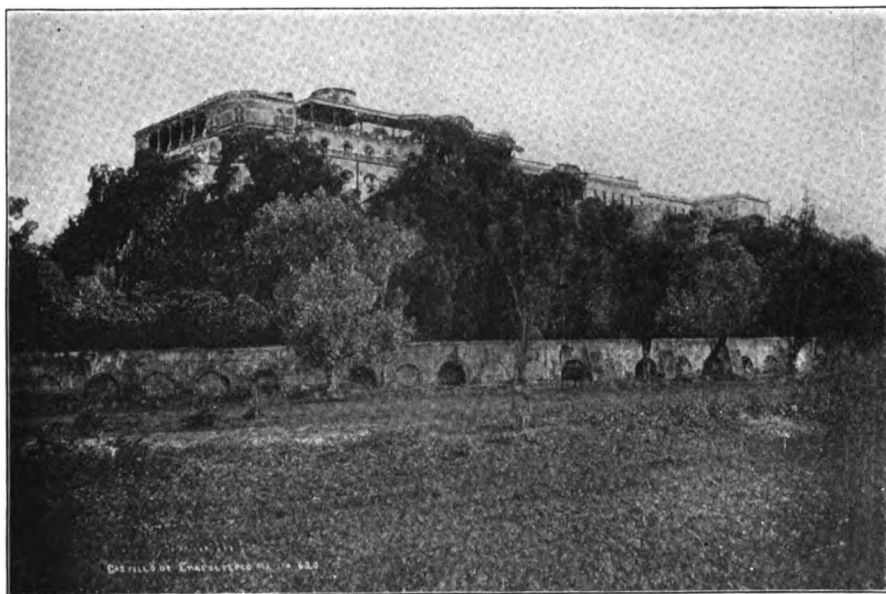
pure mountain spring water, will, within a short time, place Mexico in the front rank of the healthier cities of the world.

"A syndicate of New York capitalists has purchased the Mackenzie concession for the purpose of bringing a new water supply to the city. Some forty miles southwest of Mexico, and about six miles southeast of Toluca, are located the Almoloya springs, from which a supply equal to 2,000 liters per second will be drawn and transported by means of canals, pumps and pipe lines over the intervening mountain ridges to the City of Mexico. Mr. Warren H. Loss, of New York, is the contractor, who, with a party of expert engineers, is now making a final tour of inspection over

the entire line prior to commencing actual work. The magnitude of this work can more readily be seen from the following construction data furnished *Modern Mexico* by Mr. Loss:

"The work embraces the construction of a total of 36.6 miles of canals, of 6.4 miles of steel pipe lines, the installation of pumping machinery necessitating nearly 27,000 horse-power in order to elevate the needed water supply to a height of 1,456 feet for the purpose of obtaining a gravity fall to the City of Mexico. Electric energy to operate the pumps will partly be obtained at the falls of the Malinaltenanco River, some twenty-four miles southwest of the Almoloya springs. The water, in its descent from the plains of Salazar, near La

walking delegates or strikes, or friction between employer and employee, providing the former treats his men half-way decent. He must pay them promptly, have some regard for life and limb about his works, and not attempt to overreach them too outrageously in general matters of business. When these plain conditions are disregarded, there is trouble of the passive kind and lots of it. That is, when a mine once gets a bad name by reason of ill-treatment of its employees, you might as well try to move the Sierra Madre as induce a Mexican to work in it. Valuable properties have been compelled to close their works, and keep them closed through the folly of their management in dealing with their men. But accord them fair



CHAPULTEPEC CASTLE.

The castle is two miles southwest of the City of Mexico, and stands on an elevation 150 feet high. The castle was erected by the Spanish Viceroy in 1785, on the site of the Palace of Montezuma.

Cima, dropping gradually a height of 2,214 feet on its way to the City of Mexico, will furnish electrical energy equaling 17,500 horse-power, a part of which will be needed for operating the pumps. Of the balance, about 8,000 horse-power will be transmitted to the City of Mexico for street lighting, railroad and other power purposes."

Mr. James H. Wilkins, in an article in *Modern Mexico* on mining, has the following to say of the conditions of labor:

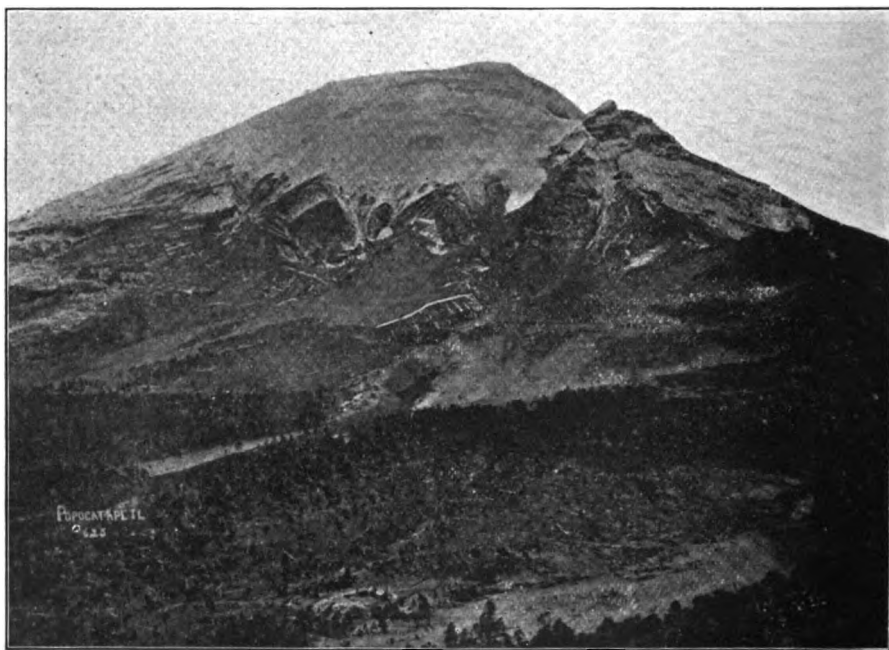
"The Mexican miner is industrious to the backbone, is native born to his trade, for his forefathers have worked in the same groove for generations, and he is perfectly satisfied with his lot. There are no unions,

treatment and they are as easy a lot to get along with as I ever met. The general scale of wages here is about half that in the United States, payable in Mexican money. The cost of living, however, is about correspondingly less. The Mexican miner could lay by a tidy sum against a rainy day if he wanted to, but he doesn't. Most of his income passes down the alimentary canal of himself and family, although he is by no means averse to fine raiment, if there is any balance after the grub bill is liquidated. In one matter of extravagance things are reversed in Mexico. The gringo's nose is held rather steadily at the grindstone to keep himself in headgear. Here the women

wear neither hat nor bonnet, but the vanity of the men in this direction is inordinate and limitless. To own a swell sombrero is the crowning ambition of his life. These sombreros are gorgeous affairs, costing from fifteen dollars up into the hundreds, and it is astonishing to see the kind of people who acquire property rights in extremely fine ones. This weakness is worked on with deadly effect in the stores. When a Mexican with a shabby tile enters, a salesman invariably requests the privilege of trying an expensive sombrero on him. Then, if he can be induced to look at himself in the glass, his doom is sealed. He will make any sacrifice, discount the future and tie himself up in all sorts of

very large share of the laborer's earnings.

With the advancement in educational facilities in Mexico, and contact with men of other nationalities who have lived under better conditions, it is not at all likely that the Mexican miner and other laborers will always be satisfied with just sufficient to supply the demands of hunger and cheap clothing. It is evident the Mexicans would be apt scholars on learning how they could best protect their own interest; for, as Mr. Wilkins says, "valuable properties have been compelled to close their works, and keep them closed, through the folly of their management in dealing with their men." Any class who know how to so effectively boycott bad masters already exercise a



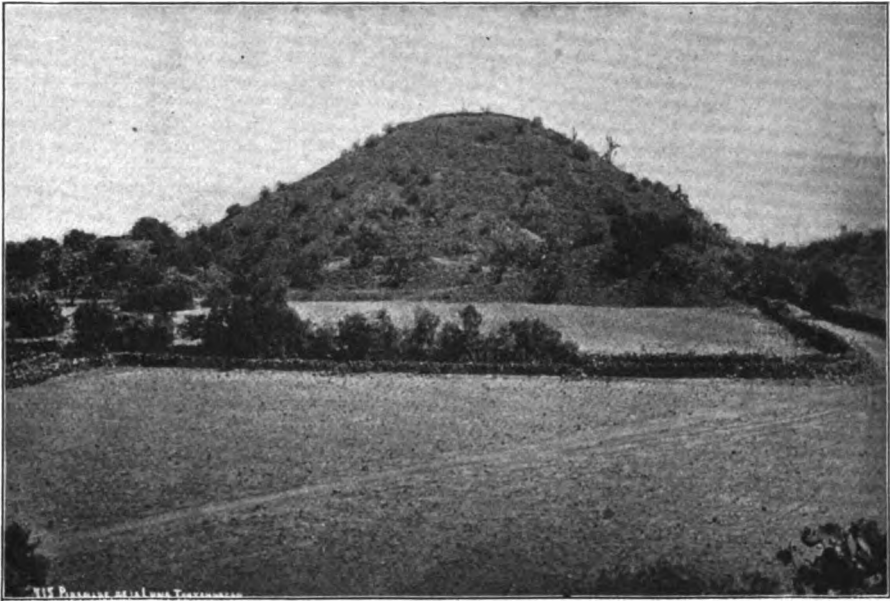
PEAK OF POPOCATAPETL (SMOKING MOUNTAIN), MEXICO.

A volcano about forty miles southeast of the City of Mexico. Its cone rises to a height of 17,784 feet above sea-level. There has been no eruption since 1540, but it still smokes, hence its name.

financial knots to own that hat. Therefore, it frequently happens that you will see a Mexican strutting proudly along under a hundred dollar hat, the balance of whose raiment would be dear at six bits."

When a gold dollar is worth \$2.15 in Mexican money, half as much as the same class of labor gets in the States, it would not seem to leave any chance for much surplus or much to wear after the alimentary canal had been supplied. But the temperature in Mexico is very even; May is said to be the hottest month, ranging at about 65 degrees Fahrenheit, with August about 61.2, so fuel and clothing do not require a

very salutary influence without unions or walking delegates. We predict that the unions will eventually come and better conditions with them. And when better conditions do come it will be to the advantage of Mexico and its whole people. The best distributors and circulating medium of any city or country is a class of well paid laborers, who receive more than just enough for absolute want and who can buy sombreros and other raiment that is naturally demanded along with education, higher moral development and pride in trying to make of themselves an important factor in society which naturally develops



PYRAMIDE DE LA LUNA TEOTIHUACAN PLATEAU.



MEXICAN NATIVES.

The average home of the poor Mexican is poor enough; usually adobe (sun dried clay), an abiding place rather than a home; and the dwelling place of the Indian is still less inviting, a poor hovel, constructed out of all sorts of material, sugar cane stalks, old barrels, thatched roof and sides. A blanket, usually of a brilliant color, is more home to them than their huts, yet they seem to be fairly contented. The Spaniards crushed their spirit by cruelty, and modern Mexico is now making a grand effort to elevate both these classes into good citizenship with enlarged school advantages.

the valuable citizen and the loyal subject. We believe Mexico has a great future before it. And along with its progress must naturally come better conditions for those who perform the manual labor in its up-building. The Mexican who can effectually boycott though last to receive benefits will surely demand his share sooner or later.

THE EDITOR.

A Christmas Mamma.

It was one of those dreary afternoons in November. The rain had fallen steadily all day, and Roland and Esther Graham, two motherless little children, were curled up on the rug in front of the library fire, looking at the picture book.

up straight and pushing the book away from him, wearily.

"I'm tired looking at picture mothers. Christmas is soon coming, and I'm going to pray and ask God to send us a mother what we can talk to. Then, oh! maybe papa will buy us a mother if we give him the money."

"I've got no money," said little Esther. "I spent it all for Mary Jane, and now she's broke, and you'll have all the new mamma and Essie'll be so lonesome." and the little girl began to cry.

"Oh, Essie, what are you crying for? I haven't any more money than you have, but I thought God wouldn't care if this year we bought a mamma with our Christmas money, 'cause we's just as poor without a mamma as those poor children."



VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.—PALACE, AND SHIPS AT ANCHOR.

The full title of the city is Villa Nueva de la Vera Cruz (new city of the true cross). The old town was founded by Cortez in 1520, on the spot where he had landed the year before.

Their nurse, who was a kind-hearted woman, had frequently explained the stories in the book to them. And now, with their little heads bent down over the page, they were looking at the picture of two little girls in bed, while a woman, with a gentle, motherly face, was tucking them in. Nurse had told the children a long story about this picture, what dear little ones they were, and how loving and kind their mother was to them.

"I wish we had a mother to tuck us in and talk to us when the rainy days come, and we can't go out," said Roland, sitting

Mr. Graham was a little later than usual that evening, and somehow forgot to send for the little ones; but sat before the fire thinking of Dora Lynhurst, a little girl he had known in his boyhood, and to whom he had once been engaged, but a misunderstanding had separated them, and he had afterward married a slight, delicate girl, who, dying the third year after their marriage, had left him with the care of their two children.

That morning an old friend had told him that Dora, who had never married, but had been abroad several years, had at last re-

turned, and he felt an intense desire to see her again. It was with a strong feeling of self-reproach that he sprang from his chair when he heard the little ones at the door, and with more than his usual warmth he greeted them, for they were very dear to him.

Mr. Graham saw at once that something was on their little minds. "What is it, Roland?" he asked, drawing the little fellow to him. "You and Esther look as though you had something to ask me."

"Yes, papa, we want you to please buy us a mamma for Christmas."

"Why, isn't your father enough, little chicks?"

"Oh! yes, papa, but Essie and I thought, if instead of putting our money in the envelopes this year we gave it to you, you

Mr. Graham could not repress the smile that came to his lips at the children's idea of the value of a few pennies they had saved. "Well, little ones, you run off to bed now, and after supper I will go out and try to find her."

Mr. Graham must have found it rather difficult to find the mother. At any rate, it took him out very often, and finally he told the children that if they wanted a mother he would have to go away for a few days. The children consented reluctantly, "because it would be more lonesome than ever without papa, and mothers seemed dreadful hard things to buy," Roland confided to Esther.

"Papa will not be away so long, after all," Roland cried with delight when on arising the day before Christmas he found



MEXICAN OREGABAN FARM.

might buy us a mother to tuck us in bed at night and talk to us when you are out."

"'Cause we're dreadful lonesome at times," chimed in Esther.

The tears came to the father's eyes in spite of himself at his children's strange request, and he thought if Dora had grown to be as sweet a woman as she bade fair to be, she would be the very mother these little children so earnestly longed for.

"Here's the money," said Esther, pressing up closely against her father and putting the coins into his hand. "If you have any more you can just give them to the poor children."

a telegram from papa announcing that he and mamma would be home that evening at 7 o'clock. For Dora had refused to be away any longer, saying that if she was to be a Christmas present she must be home in time.

Seven o'clock came, but the train was delayed, and it was past ten before Mr. Graham and his wife reached home. Opening the door quietly, so as not to arouse the servants, who had given up looking for their master until the morrow, Mr. Graham stepped into the library, where the light had been left burning. Going over to the fire, in front of which

stood a large chair, he stopped in surprise, and a look of tenderness came into his eyes.

"Dora, look, they have waited for mamma," he said to his wife, who had followed him, and now stood looking down on the two little children in their night robes, curled up in the chair with their arms around one another, fast asleep. They had been put to bed, but, feeling that if papa said he would come he would surely be there, they had slipped out of bed and down into the library.

"Poor little darlings!" Dora exclaimed, leaning down over them, while her eyes filled with tears. "You shall never be lonely again if I can prevent it." Gathering the little girl up in her arms, Dora followed her husband, who had taken the boy, upstairs, and placing the child upon the bed tucked her carefully in, then kissing the little one good night she went over to the boy's bed. "What a splendid looking child," she said, "so like my husband. Good-night, my little man," she whispered, kissing the childish lips. Then turning to her husband she said: "God grant that your choice of a mother for your little ones be not in vain." And had you seen the look of happiness on the children's faces as they took their place in church the next morning, between their parents, you would say it had not been in vain.—*The Evangelist*.

The Porter's Story.

The mail for the West you're wanting—there you are, sir, on the right;
She's rounding the corner now, sir, and just coming into sight.

You're due out at 6:15, sir, so there's quite half an hour to wait.

Lor' bless you, sir, don't be anxious, our "flyer" is never late.

Can I come into the bar for a "toothful," just to keep out the fog and cold?

Well, thanking you kindly—yes, sir, that is, if I'm not making bold.

Have I seen any life on the line, sir? I should rather think I had;

Near eighteen years I was firing, but now, you know, times are bad.

Now I'm only an outside porter; even there I'm not much good.

For you'll see, if you watch me walking, this left leg of mine is wood.

And I'll tell you how I lost it; that is, if you think you'd care

To hear the tale—it's a short one—and you've plenty of time to spare.

It was just three years ago, sir—three years this Christmas eve—

When, down in this very station, fell the signal for us to leave.

There was me and Bill, the driver, running this self-same train.

When the fog hung thick around us, with a drizzling, misty rain;

And each lamp we passed on the platform threw a dim and misty glare

As the train drew out and we thundered on into the murky air.

We were clear on the road to Swindon, and were running fair and free.

When I saw by the light of the furnace Bill's eyes were bent on me;

I'd noticed him strange and silent—he had not a word to say,

But my work had kept me going, and I'd let him have his way;

But above the throb of the engine his tones rang on my ear,

"Did you hear that voice, Jack, calling—calling so sweet and clear?"

Ah! but Bill had been a bad one—he had left his wife and child—

All through a breath of slander—with rage and passion wild,

A girl from some Western village, they had only been wed a year,

And she was as pure and spotless as ever an angel's tear.

But he gave no ear to reason—so she took the bairn and fled,

And passed from his life as sure, sir, as if she were cold and dead.

He had often been queerish lately, and the word had got about

That, off duty, he'd plunge in madly to many a drinking bout.

Yet something seemed to tell me that this was no drunkard's freak;

So I laughed, and tried to calm him with a jest at his nerves so weak,

But he turned away in anger, with a curse at my feeble joke.

"Jack, I tell you," he shouted, "it was Annie's voice that spoke."

Then he seemed to pluck up courage, and his face grew firm and set.

While the raindrops fell unheeded in a shower of blinding wet,

And over the spreading moorlands, with their gathering mists of gray,

The train with its living burden swept on its dreary way,

And he stood, alert and ready, as I'd often seen him stand,

Gazing ahead with the lever firmly grasp'd in his sinewy hand.

Do you know the line by Dawlish, where the rugged rocks stand high

And the crowns of those dizzy summits seem to almost touch the sky?

Well, we'd heard how the ground was breaking—how the masses of flint and stone

By some mighty force of nature from those lofty heights were thrown.

God help the sleeping travelers; if a piece should block the line,

There'd be many a poor heart broken, and many a household pine.

So our orders were, "Be careful, and each sign and signal mark;"

And we kept up a bright look-out there, as we entered the rock-gorge dark.

I was peering out through the glass, sir, when my arm felt a vise-like clasp.

And I heard Bill crying out wildly, in a choking sort of gasp—

"There's something white on the track there, the brake, Jack—for your life!

That was the voice I was hearing—good God, man, look—'tis my wife."

Too late, with a roar and a rattle we had passed by the fatal spot,

But the brake was acting bravely—the locked wheels grew red and hot, Till we stopped by a disused siding—and Bill—with a face of fear, As he leapt from the tender—shouted, "Look ahead! Why, the line's not clear!" Then I saw the rails torn and twisted, and curved like a bent plow-share, We were saved from a sure destruction by the woman, sir, lying there. She lived in the village close handy, and when the hard words were said, Back to the old home she hastened, in sorrow to hide her head; And, knowing the line was in danger, she watched there in frost and snow. Each night till Bill's train was in safety, pacing the road to and fro. And it happened she'd seen how the rock fell, and finding our time was close, Had rushed back to where we found her, hardly a second to lose. So she saved us, and saved us nobly; but there on the track she lay, Pallid and weak and fainting, like a figure of lifeless clay. And some of the eager helpers, when they heard of her loving care, Fell on their knees by the metals, and offered a heartfelt prayer. Not she was safe and sound, sir. God's hand had been surely lent To shelter the guardian angel that he from above had sent. Need I tell you how those two met, sir, on the shores of the land of death; How Bill kept close by his darling, and hung on each trembling breath? You may guess how the story ended I think, when I tell you this: That now, when his steps turn homeward, he is met with a wife's fond kiss. My leg? I was clean forgetting. Why, when Bill jumped off the car, I followed, but missed my footing—a fall, sir, and there you are. But Bill is as straight as a die, now, I don't mind, for I know he's right. In fact, you might like to know, sir, he's driving you down tonight. There's his whistle: so come, sir. Smoking? You've hardly a minute to spare. There's the rug, the portmanteau and hatbox, you'll find they are all in there. Good-night, and one word ere you go, sir—should your faith in a woman e'er fail, Just think of the tale I have told you—how Bill's wife saved the 6:15 mail.—*Selected.*

An Up-to-date Santa Claus.

BY SUSAN BROWN ROBINS.

Paul Fletcher was in the drawing room waiting for Lida to come. He was fidgety and impatient, for, when you have been vainly trying for six months to propose to a girl, it is only natural that you would be a bit nervous on the day when you know that you are to be allowed to do it.

Lida lived with her brother, and every time Fletcher called to see her either the

brother's wife or his children were in the room, so there was never a chance to say anything to her alone.

Fletcher admitted that Mrs. Safford was a very charming woman, that he was uncommonly fond of the children, and that it was delightful to see Lida so devoted to her nephews and nieces. But it was natural that he should rather resent the stupid intrusion of the family as he chose to call it.

At last, however, his opportunity had come. It was the day before Christmas, and Mrs. Safford and the children had gone to her mother's for several days.

Now, with Lida left at home with the two servants, and her brother not coming home till evening, Fletcher could say to her those things he had been longing to say, but which he could not bring himself to write in a letter nor to declare before the assembled family.

At length, after what seemed a very long waiting, someone was coming. He stood up and looked eagerly toward the doorway. The portiere was thrust aside, and in walked—Teddy, Teddy, who in Fletcher's opinion was the worst pill in the whole box as far as staying power and keen observation were concerned.

"Hello, Teddy," he said, not very cordially. "I thought you had gone to spend Christmas with your grandma."

"I didn't go," said Teddy.

There was that in his appearance that seemed to tell of some recent storm now succeeded by calm.

"You see, grandma's kind of sick and she can't stand noise very well, and she thinks Frank and me both at one time are too much. The others, she says, are old enough to behave themselves, but she thinks Frank and I are better apart. I went last year. It wasn't much fun, and this time I'm going to stay with Aunt Lida."

"Do you expect a visit from Santa Claus tonight?"

"Oh, I s'pose so," wearily. "I'd just like to see him, though?" His manner grew more animated.

"Why, what would you do?"

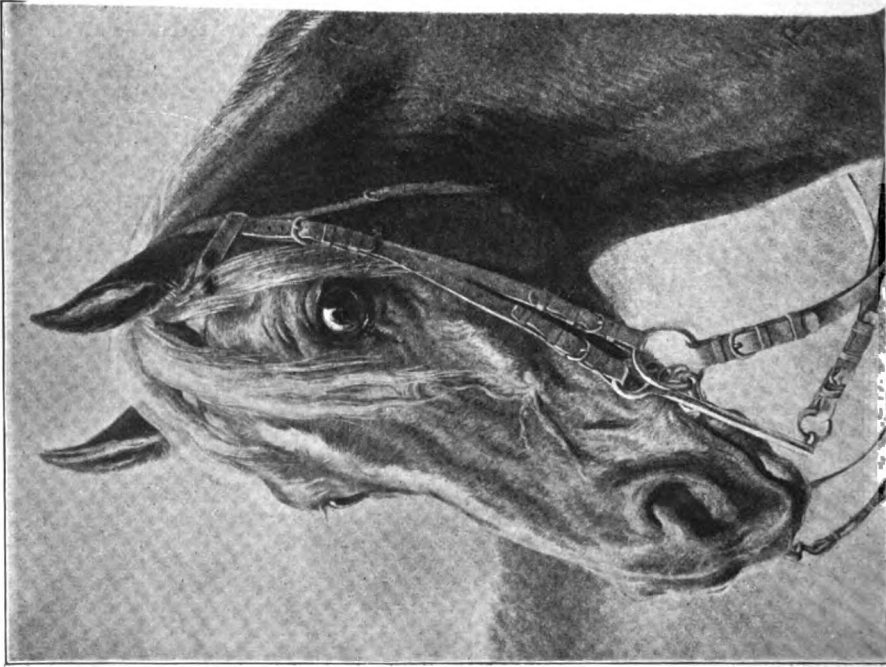
"I'd tell him what I think of him."

"And what is that?"

"Oh, that I think that he's a fraud. Pretendin' he comes in a sleigh when the ground has been bare for a month! And reindeers, too! Who does he think is going to believe that? Why doesn't he come on a bicycle?"

"His fur overcoat would be rather in the way," said Fletcher gravely. "And he's pretty old, too, and maybe does not know how to ride, and besides, how would he bring the presents?"

"What's the use of presents, anyway? I never get anything that's any good."



FROM PAINTING BY ROSA BONHEUR.

Two Beauties, with looks so pleasant that they attract us, and we give them more than one contemplative look. They give a mute lesson of this influence in all human affairs.



BAYARD.—FROM PAINTING BY FRANK PATON

"I think you have the blues today," said Fletcher, and then he did not speak again, though Teddy tried to draw him out.

He seemed to be in a brown study and nothing roused him till Lida came in, and even then he did not say much and stayed only a short time.

It was in the evening that a card was brought to Teddy. On it was written "Santa Claus." Teddy's eyes sparkled. "Tell him to come in," he said grandly.

A moment later Santa Claus stood before him, a tall, fur-clad figure with flowing hair and beard. Teddy shook hands and introduced the guest to his aunt.

"Did you find it good sleighing?" Teddy asked. "And how are the rein-deers?"

"I did not come on runners, young man," said Santa Claus. "Perhaps you did not know that there is no snow on the ground."

"Bicycle?" asked Teddy.

"No; I came in a motor carriage."

"A motor carriage!" cried Teddy, incredulously. Then he ran to the window and looked out. "It is, Aunt Lida," he said, excitedly, coming back. "You can see it just as plain out under the electric light."

"I did not bring you any presents," said Santa Claus, "as I heard you did not care for them; but I would like to take you a little ride if your aunt will go, too? I came early"—glancing at the clock—"so that I can get back and attend to the boys and girls who like to have presents."

"Of course, we will go," said Teddy, promptly. "I never have been in a motor carriage."

Lida hesitated a moment, then she wrote a hasty note to her brother, leaving it where he would find it when he came home, and went to get her wraps.

"Say, Aunt Lida," Teddy whispered when she put on his leggings, "say, it's Mr. Fletcher; did you know it? I knew him by his nice brown eyes."

In a few moments the three were on their way, well protected from the cold, bracing air by an abundance of furs and wraps. There was no moon, but after the lighted streets of the town were past, the stars shone down on them brightly.

Teddy was wild with delight, and his tongue ran on rapidly. At length there were occasional pauses, then longer ones, interrupted by disjointed remarks. Finally there was total silence. Fletcher bent over so that he could see the child's face, then he looked at Lida and smiled.

"Fast asleep," he said, softly. "I suppose he ought to be in bed, but can't he sleep out of doors just as well?"

"I don't know," she said, doubtfully. "Perhaps it will do no harm. He cannot

possibly be cold," and she covered him a little more closely.

They went on for a little distance in silence. Fletcher was trying to compose his speech.

"I don't know how to say it," he burst out desperately at length. "I keep forgetting how I look, and if I say it the way I want to it will be perfectly ridiculous. And yet I must say it, for I may never have another chance."

She was looking at him, her startled eyes dark and luminous in the starlight.

"Perhaps you do not need to say it," she said, gently.

"Do you mean that you understand without my telling you?" he asked, eagerly.

"Haven't you ever heard of woman's intuition?" she returned, shyly.

"Yes, but do you mean that you do—that you will—?"

"Yes," she answered, very low.

All the rest of the way they talked in subdued tones, that Teddy might not be aroused. As they left the open country behind them the moon was just rising. The few people they met in the town looked curiously at the three in the motor carriage—the beautiful young woman in dark furs, and with red cheeks and bright eyes, and the sleeping child.

When they reached the house Fletcher took Teddy in his arms and carried him in. He laid him gently on the couch in the hall and turned away, thinking the child still slept.

"I can stop only a moment," Fletcher said; "it is late."

At that instant Teddy sat bolt upright, staring about him wildly. He caught sight of his father in an adjoining room.

"Oh, papa!" he cried, his voice ringing out clear and shrill. "Oh, papa! Santa Claus is kissing Aunt Lida!"

A Florentine Singer.

AN OLD WORLD STORY OF THE DAY.

(Translated from the French of Dijon.)

It had snowed the entire day, but a cold night had scattered the clouds, and the stars were twinkling in a clear sky above the pointed roofs, adorned with storks' nests, in the good old town of Nuremberg. It was certainly a beautiful winter night, and, although the curfew hour had passed, some lights still shone behind the little leaded window panes, and the church bells rang with a loud peal. People were coming out from every house, walking gaily, tramping in the snow without seeming to heed the cold; old women leaning on sticks, little children led by their mothers, rich citizens with lofty bearing, merchants'

families accompanied by their apprentices and servants, great ladies preceded by a valet and followed by a page laden with religious books. There was a murmur of voices, a rustling of wraps, a noise of doors opening and closing, of laughter and familiar calls, of muffled steps in the snow, drowning some refrain that at times was suddenly hummed. A few groups were provided with lanterns, resembling passing glow-worms, which threw a reddish light on the whiteness of the street, a useful precaution, for although no attack need be feared this night, yet some light

perly; she sang in a clear voice that trembled with the cold an old song about the angels of Bethlehem and of the child cradled in the manger.

All at once she stopped, and stopped quickly, uttering a cry of fright and grief. She knelt and searched in the darkness, digging in the snow with both hands. She hunted a long time, then heavy sighs, changed quickly into sobs, swelled her little breast. At first she cried silently, then bitterly, with hot tears, repeating through her sobs: "Dear me! My poor mamma! My groschen! My pauvre groschen! O blessed Jesus, give me back my groschen!"

Like a response to her prayer, a strange harmony rose a few steps away. The little one sprang up quickly, almost expecting to see an angel, for this music seemed to her like that of the beautiful golden harps played by the angels before the throne of God. But the person whom she saw standing before the finest house in the street had neither white wings nor golden harp, nor aureole of light. It was a young boy about fifteen, clothed in a style foreign to the country, with hose of somber color, a little red cap on his thick black hair, and a short mantle thrown over his shoulders. He held a musical instrument whose strings he was picking, and he was looking toward a window in the house which was still lighted. This house belonged to a rich citizen of the town, and in a niche above the door a lamp burned at the feet of a carved wooden virgin, adorned with a golden crown and a precious necklace. It was this lamp that lit the young musician.

When he had drawn some chords from his mandolin he began to sing, and the little girl, remembering young Tobias's guide, who had the appearance of a simple traveler, began to think that the singer might, indeed, be an angel. He had stopped just in front of the house of Dame Aloyse Wischen, who was dying of consumption—a woman so good and so pious! The good Father might well have sent an angel to console her, and to tell her of the paradise which she would so soon enter! And what he sang was so beautiful, and he sang so well. Never had the child heard anything to equal it. She did not understand the words; doubtless the angel



INSPIRED BY CUPID.

was necessary in order to see the way. The good town of Nuremberg in the year of grace 1500 left something to be desired in the way of pavements.

The crowd had passed and the tolling of the bells was growing faint. A little girl, about seven or eight years old, came out from a neighboring alley into the open street, which had again become silent and dark. She was quite alone, and so little! Not at all frightened, not even uneasy; walking carefully to avoid falling, for the trampled snow had become hard and slip-

was singing in the language of paradise.

The child, full of hope, ran to throw herself at the feet of the young singer. "Good angel, I beg of you," she said, with clasped hands and eyes raised toward him, "help me to find my groschen. I ask it of you in the name of Christ."

"Your groschen! What do you mean, little one?" the singer asked, with an odd accent. "Why do you call me your good angel? I am only a poor Italian musician, making my living by singing."

"Truly?" replied the child, still doubting.

"Truly! My day's work is just finished, but in passing this way I saw a lighted window in one of the houses of the rich, and I thought perhaps upon hearing me they might ask me to come in, as often happens. But they are deaf and dumb in that house, it seems."

"Oh, no! but the woman is ill, and, except the servant who cares for her, all the household has gone to church."

"Well, then, there is nothing to be earned. I am going to church myself. And you, my little one, are you going, too?"

At this question the child, suddenly seized anew by her grief, began once more to cry.

"Come, come," said the young boy, caressing her head with his hand; "a little courage, my dear. Tell me this great sorrow; if I can lighten it I will not fail to do so. There is always enough sorrow. I dismiss it from myself as much as possible, and I do not like the sorrows of others any more than my own."

He laughed, showing his white teeth, and his gayety had something so encouraging in it that the little one felt consoled without knowing why.

"It is my groschen—my poor groschen. My mother gave it to me to buy our supper because it is Christmas. We are poor, and we do not often buy anything good. With my groschen I should have been able to buy some boudin and some apple-cake, and perhaps even something more, that would have been good for poor mamma, who is always ill. And I dropped my money in the snow; it is lost, and we will have nothing to eat."

"Where did you lose your money?"

"There," said the child, pointing to the spot where she had been hunting.

"The young boy stooped to look also. He fumbled about in the same spot, taking care to turn his back to the little girl. Suddenly he uttered a cry of triumph.

"Here it is! This is your coin, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the delighted child, taking the piece that he held toward her. Then, returning to her first idea: "To find a groschen in the snow after it had been

turned over and over without my seeing it is impossible. You certainly are an angel."

The Italian laughed again. "An angel from Florence, named Maso Napone; remember this name, my dear, and sometimes put it in your prayers. Good-bye; go and buy your supper."

"Not now; I must first go to midnight mass. My poor mother cannot go out; she told me to pray for us both."

"I, too, am going to mass. Give me your hand; we will go together. What is your name?"

"Christine Dachs, and mamma is called Dame Gudule. Mamma is a widow."

"Ah! poor child! Do you remember your father?"

"Yes; he loved me dearly, and put me to sleep in the evening on his knee in the chimney corner. When I think of it it seems to me that I still feel his arms around me; but I do not remember his face well, it is so long ago. I think he had money, for I have still some playthings left from that time, and they are very pretty. Now no one buys me playthings."

"Your mother is not rich, then?"

"Oh, no. She does beautiful embroideries for the lords and ladies, and she earns our living. I am beginning to embroider, but I do not know how very well as yet. When I do learn we shall both work, and she will be able to rest when she is tired. She has been ill for a month; that is why we have no more money."

"But at least you have a mother! You are not entirely alone in the world. I lost my mother when I was born, and my father two years ago. I had no money in the house, and the creditors took everything. I had nothing but my mandolin and my clothes. I left Florence and wandered at random, singing for a livelihood, sleeping out of doors in summer, and sometimes even in winter when I was not able to pay for my lodging, and when no one took pity on me. I have often slept without my supper; but one becomes strong in hardships, and I am hardy, though I am thin. And then, there are always some good times. Beautiful women invite me to sing before noble company. I have sometimes spent several weeks in a castle, well nourished, well treated, and I have departed with a beautiful doublet and a full purse. But the money goes so soon, there are so many ways to spend it. When I sing in the street, and only poor people stop to listen to me, they cannot give me anything, can they? So it is I who must give to them."

The little girl nodded her head approvingly. That seemed quite simple to her, and she would have done the same.

The two children arrived at the church.

They knelt in one of the aisles in the shadow of the great pillars that rose to the high ogive-shaped vault. At the extremity of the nave rose the high altar, surrounded by the light from tapers and clouds of incense. The priests, the deacons and the choir boys were celebrating the Christmas festival, bowing and rising in harmony, and one saw the fluttering white wings of the surplices and the glittering of the gold and precious stones of the copes and stoles. The organ filled the vault with its powerful tones, the choir intoned the sacred words:

Rorate, coeli, desuper
Et nubes pluant justum.

Throughout the church the people united in the chant, imploring the coming of the Son of God, and all the voices—broken voices of old women, silvery childish voices, smooth girlish voices, deep voices of the men, and strong voices of the youths, mingled in a powerful and sweet harmony. Maso could not remain silent in this concert, and soon his voice rang out above the others, so full, so round, so pure, that every one near him turned to listen.

A tall man, wrapped in a greatcoat, drew nearer to hear, and all the time Maso was singing did not turn his eyes from him; very keen eyes they were, in spite of a long white beard and bald head.

The two children did not see him. Christine was admiring the altar, the lights, the music, and she prayed to the blessed Jesus with all her heart for her mother. Maso, still more sensitive to the poetry of the midnight mass, was exalted at times and surpassed himself. He, the passing singing bird, going gayly through the world with no thought of the morrow, felt himself grow sad. "Misero me!" said he to himself. "No one in the world loves me—no one cares for me. * * * Always alone! The child who has taken me for an angel will be going home presently, and her mother will kiss her. No one has kissed me since my father died. I do not know what it is to have a mother. I would give I do not know how many years of my life for a kiss such as mothers know how to give."

Without knowing it, tears came to his eyes and his voice trembled. Christine noticed it, and raised her head to look into his face. "Oh!" she said; "he is crying. Then he is not an angel." Her heart filled with great pity for him.

"Ite, missa est!" chanted the priest at the altar. And Christine took the hand of her companion to go out of the church with him.

"Why are you crying?" she asked as soon as they had crossed the porch.

"I was thinking," replied Maso, "that

it is very sad to be all alone in the world, and to have no mother to embrace you when you go home at night. May God spare yours to you, little one! No, do not sadden yourself for me; there, just the thought that in your good little heart you pity me has taken away my grief. * * * You must buy your supper now—the shops are this way. Come."

Here, in fact, were stalls where nuts, apples and all sorts of provisions were sold. Maso led Christine toward the most brilliant, and, without allowing her to spend her one coin, he bought ham, fruit and pastries. Then seeing that the child shivered in the sharp night wind, he took off his cloak and wrapped it around her.

"You are cold, my poor little girl," he said; "warm yourself. I do not feel the cold. I am going to take you home."

"Thank you," she said, raising her grateful eyes to him; "but let me buy our supper."

"No; keep your money for another time; Christ gives you your Christmas supper."

Christine turned her head thoughtfully and walked at his side. He said: "It is Christ who gives you your supper." Christ had sent him to comfort and to encourage her in her prayer at church when he sang so well the praises of God; to wrap her in his mantle that warmed her even to the heart, and then to buy so many good things for her that never were seen on her poor table before. It was useless for him to say that he was not an angel; Christine could not believe it. If he were an angel it was a pity, for angels needed nothing, and Christine would then be able to do nothing for him. But if he were not! Then, perhaps, she might be able to give him some pleasure, and if he really were, he would be thankful to her for her good intentions.

She led him to the alley where she lived, and stopped at the door.

"Will you go in with me?" she asked, timidly. "You shall have supper with us, as though you were my brother, and if it would please you my mother will kiss you. Pray come in. Mamma will be so glad to thank you."

She opened the door and Maso entered. He had no desire to refuse—no, indeed; and to the blessings of the widow he replied by kneeling before her.

"Blessings on you, also, for having welcomed an orphan to your home; it is so sad to be alone and homeless on Christmas Eve."

The three had supper together, and Maso, consoled by the kind words of Dame Gudule and the tender care of little Christine, became quite communicative.

He told them of his opulent yet sad childhood—a motherless boy, sometimes deprived of the necessities of life, though always possessing its luxuries; he talked

of his father, a man perhaps a trifle rough, but good; without doubt too good, since to accommodate his friend he had little by little ruined himself, and had died from the shame of it; he told them of his life of wandering and of the welcome his songs had brought to him. Here Christine interrupted him.

"Oh, mother!" said she, "if you only knew how he sings! Surely, the angels in heaven do not sing better!"

"Do you want me to sing for you?" said Maso. And without waiting for a reply he took his mandolin and with a light hand touched the chords. Then he sang, and the mother and daughter listened with clasped hands and eyes full of tears.

When he stopped they heard someone knocking at the door. Christine took the

in the city of Munich, where he was choir leader, but also in all places where music was studied. But if he was known to musicians, he was entirely unknown to little Christine, and the name he gave meant nothing to her. However, she thought that he doubtless wished to compliment Maso, and she bade him enter.

Kriegwinckel saluted Dame Gudule politely, and addressing himself to the young Italian, said: "You have a beautiful voice, young man; a rare voice. I am an old man, and I never remember hearing one so beautiful. You understand what you sing. Yes, you love music, and you have all that is necessary to become a great artist; but you do not know how to sing."

"Because I have never learned," murmured the humiliated Maso.



A SCRATCH PACK—FROM PAINTING BY BARBER.

lamp and went to open it. Neither she nor her mother was afraid; they had nothing to steal in their poor little house.

The person who knocked was the unknown who had drawn nearer Maso at church to hear him. He immediately recognized Christine and gave her a smile.

"My child," said he, "I want to speak to your brother whom I heard singing just now."

"He is not my brother," replied Christine, quite surprised.

"Ah! no matter; he is there, isn't he, the young man who sang at the church by your side? Tell him that Kriegwinckel wishes to speak to him."

Kriegwinckel was one of the most renowned musicians of his time, not only

"I understand it perfectly. It is not your fault, and can be easily remedied. How old are you?"

"I'll be fifteen at Candlemas."

"Very well! Now, this is what I am going to propose to you—you have no parents?"

"I lost them; I am alone in the world."

"Better yet! I will take charge of you; I will take you with me to Munich; I will teach you to sing, and in three or four years from now you shall see! Kings and Princes will write begging you to come to their courts to sing. And I shall have given to the world one more great artist. This little girl did not know my name; but you, perhaps you know it? I am Kriegwinckel, the choirmaster of Munich."

Maso bowed. In his wandering life, interested in everything musical, he had often heard of the great Kriegwinckel, and he sang many of his airs.

"I should be only too happy, master," stammered he; "but I must earn something—I have nothing!"—

"Oh, you will need nothing with me. I am going to take care of you as though you were my son. Do you understand? And as to earning a living, you can do that much better after you have studied. It is a bargain, is it not? It was not without purpose that I listened to you at church, that I followed you in the street, and that I sought you in the crowd where I had lost trace of you, and that I heard your voice here just when I had despaired of finding you again. I leave Nuremberg tonight. Come!"

Maso took up his cloak and mandolin. "I am ready to go with you, master—good-bye, Christine; I will come again."

The little girl threw herself in his arms. "I will not forget you," she whispered in his ear. "I thought at first that you were an angel because you sang like one, and because you were so kind to me, and for that I will remember you and love you all my life."

"Then keep your promise. Ask your mother for a kiss to bring me good luck."

Christine led him to her mother.

"Mother, kiss him as though you were kissing me; he says it will bring him good luck."

The widow threw her arms about him and pressed him to her breast, calling down upon him all the blessings of heaven. Then Maso rose and followed the musician. Christine showed him to the door. There the young man stopped, putting his purse in her hand.

"There," he said; "the master has told me that I shall need nothing. This is my day's earnings, and my day has been a good one; it will help you to take care of your mother."

He hurriedly overtook the choirmaster, and Christine remained standing at the door, listening to the sound of their receding footsteps until it was lost in the silence of the night.

II.

Christmas! Christmas! The bells were ringing gaily, and from all the houses were coming out the faithful to go to midnight mass, exchanging salutations and wishing each other a merry Christmas. And no one received more greetings or had to reply oftener to friendly voices than an elderly woman, who walked leaning on the arm of a beautiful young girl, straight and slender as a reed. By the light of the lantern she held one could see her bright blue eyes, her rosy cheeks and her golden hair,

and all passers-by, old and young, gave her an admiring glance. "May God bless such youth and beauty!" said the well-to-do people. "May God bless the mother and daughter for their great kindness and charity!" said the poor and infirm. Young girls smiled, giving a friendly nod; students and apprentices, and even young lords, bowed respectfully, as though they were meeting women of their own rank. And yet they were of lowly station; but everyone in Nuremberg honored them for their courage and virtue. They knew that Dame Gudule Dachs, left a widow with a little daughter to raise and the debts of her husband to pay, bravely began to work, and that she had become the most skilled embroiderer in Nuremberg. When her daughter grew up she even surpassed her mother in the grace of ornament that she invented. And now the two women owed nothing, and could scarcely fill the orders of the nobility of Germany. How well poor people knew the way to their door. They were able to enjoy the greatest pleasure in the world—the pleasure of giving. And the fair Christine was never happier than when among the poor and afflicted. The past year a pestilence had stricken Nuremberg, and Dame Gudule, accompanied by Christine, who cared for the sick and consoled the dying, who were often abandoned by their nearest relations. It was said in Nuremberg that the beautiful girl had vowed herself to the Lord, and that she was soon to take the veil. For if she did not wish to become a nun, why was she so insensible to the tender looks, sighs and compliments that followed her everywhere? It only depended upon her consent to become the wife of a rich citizen or even of a baron or a count; every one knew that!

The crowd entered the church, and the organ filled the vault with its powerful tones. Dame Gudule, kneeling near Christine, heard the young girl murmur: "Dear Lord Jesus, protect and guide him, and bring him back to us, that I may tell him how I have kept my promise, and that I have never forgotten him."

Dame Gudule smiled sadly; she had the experience of age, and knew that one loses one's constancy in roving about the world. Each year, when Christine was preparing the Christmas supper, she said: "Mamma, if he should come tonight!" Dame Gudule tried to make her understand that their passing guest no longer remembered them. Christine shook her head, repeating: "He will come again!" And the widow began to be uneasy. Christine was almost sixteen!

Suddenly, at the moment when the priest, with chalice in hand, advanced to give communion to the faithful, a voice rose above the organ, a voice that made Dame

Gudule tremble, and that illumined the sweet face of Christine. They almost exclaimed together:

"It is he!" And they listened to him in ecstasy.

What a wonderful singer! This voice was powerful, vibrating and passionate, and yet sweet as though it came from heaven. Christine recognized it, and her heart throbbed like a bird caught in a snare, trembling with fear, and beating its wings in order to escape.

"It is he! it is he!" she said to herself, her soul flooded with an unknown joy and naively astonished at being so happy. For at last she awaited him; she always knew he would come some day; she trusted him. Why, then, should this return, which was no surprise, lift her to the heavens? How he sang! Now his voice wept with the unfortunate who ardently longed for the Redeemer; now his joyous accents celebrated the birth of the Holy Child. . . . "Peace and joy on earth! Gloria in excelsis Deo! Rise, all who groan in darkness and suffering, you feeble and oppressed, the poor and the martyrs. A child to us is born."

Ah! how the voice became menacing and terrible! "Tremble, ye wicked, the day of vengeance of the Most High has come." . . . And now how he pleads, humble and sad like a penitent. . . . "In the name of Him who came to save the world, have pity on the sinners."

The voice swelled; it sang of the thankfulness of penitent sinners, the hosannas of angels, who reach forth their protecting hands from heaven, the hymn of supreme reconciliation celebrating the reign of love. . . . And Christine, carried away on the wings of this sublime song, wept and prayed, rejoiced and adored; and returning to her childish fancy she thought: "Ah! there can be no doubt that he is an angel. A mortal song has never lifted my heart so near to God."

But why should this thought, instead of rejoicing her, fill her soft blue eyes with tears? And why should this modest young girl, who always walked so close to her mother, with bent head, not looking at the passers-by, not hearing the flattering remarks, stop this time under the porch on going out of church and gaze earnestly into the black depths of the stairway that led to the organ loft?

"Come, my child, it is cold," said Dame Gudule. And Christine followed her, sighing; but on the way she looked back, always expecting to see appear suddenly, in the midst of the crowd which surrounded her, the mantle, the red cap and curly hair of the little singer with the mandolin. Dame Gudule, on the contrary, quickened her steps, endeavoring to hurry away, for she was uneasy. How that dream clings

to the heart of Christine! She scarcely returned the salutations; and, if some friend invited her to come to share her Christmas supper, with her pretty daughter, she replied, distraughtly, without stopping:

"No, I thank you; we are in a hurry to reach home."

No one in the crowd resembled the little singer, but Christine, in looking about her, noticed that a young man wrapped in a rich mantle and wearing a cap whose gilding shone in the moonlight, walked a few steps behind them as though he were following them. Ordinarily she would have been afraid, but tonight she was afraid of nothing; she looked from time to time to see if the unknown still followed her, and her heart throbbed.

The two women reached their door and stopped to open it. Then, with three steps, the young man overtook them, and, bowing respectfully, said:

"A joyous Christmas, Dame Gudule! A joyous Christmas, Christine! Are you willing tonight to welcome the orphan singer to your fireside?"

"Oh, mother," cried Christine, "I knew very well that he would come back!"

And Dame Gudule said in her turn:

"Be welcome, as of old."

She welcomed him almost in spite of herself; but she had not forgotten his former kindness, nor the purse that he had left for her, which had enabled her to regain strength before beginning her work anew. To repulse him would have been ungrateful—and then something more than her own will obliged her to open the door to him.

All three then entered, and Christine, her lantern in her hand, went up the stairs light as a bird to light the wax candles and to give an air of gaiety to the Christmas repast. And Maso, smiling and full of emotion, followed her into the same room that he had entered one night a poor, wandering orphan, where fortune had come to lend him a hand.

The room had not changed; he recognized the old massive sideboard on which he had laid his mandolin and cloak, and the table where he had displayed his presents. But a good fire now warmed and enlivened the room, and the candles Christine had lighted, finding no light too beautiful for this festival of her heart, shone cheerfully upon the red berries and shining leaves of holly which crowned the table in an immense bouquet.

The widow hurried to open her sideboard and to add to the meal already spread some purple and golden preserves, and some sweet and strengthening liquors that she and her daughter had prepared in their season for the sick whom they visited and cared for.

Maso took off his mantle, and Dame Gudule was amazed to see what a fine cavalier these eight years had made of the frail youth of former days. He was looking at Christine, so pretty in the long azure gown that outlined her graceful figure, and he said to her as she leaned forward to fill his cup:

"It is you now whom one would take for an angel."

Christine smiled and her eyes sparkled with joy.

Maso told his story of the last eight years. Old Kriegwinckel had taken care of him, clothed and instructed him, and the boy had loved him as a father. But now he was dead, and Maso roved over the world, singing for a livelihood. But now he traveled in the style of a great lord, for kings and princes, as his master had predicted, wrote begging him to sing for them at their courts; he was rich—but he could not be happy, for he was alone.

"Dame Gudule," said he, finally, "you, who have given me a mother's kiss, will you accept me for your son? Will you permit me to ask Christine if she remembers her promise?"

"I remember," murmured Christine, while a smile and a sign from her mother encouraged Maso.

"You promised," replied he, "to think of me and love me all your life. I have always thought of you, Christine, my Christmas rose! Will you be my betrothed? Will you be my wife?"

"Do you wish it?" said her mother to her, clasping her in her arms.

"He has come back, mother!" replied Christine, raising her shining eyes to her mother.

Maso took her hand and placed on her finger a beautiful ring set with jewels.

"A queen gave it to me," said he, "and I have kept it for you, my sweet and loving one, who are worth more in my eyes than all the gems of the earth."

Nuremberg has seldom seen as beautiful a wedding as that of gentle Christine Dachs with Maso Napone, the handsome Florentine singer.

Hope Was Born---A Christmas Story.

BY PRINCE T. WOODS.

The night was a wild one—such a night and such weather as only New England can inflict on suffering humanity.

The dispensary was in darkness, save a light which gleamed from the windows of the resident physician's room. The snow of the early afternoon had turned to rain and sleet, and the street was forbidding to pedestrians, through slush and ice. A solitary gas lamp flickered at the corner of the

dispensary block, and except the light from the doctor's windows the rest of the street was dark.

Dr. Brown, the resident physician, had made a bad day of it, tramping through the snow, making his regular calls on the sick poor of his district. Now he found small comfort in his pipe as he sat by his little stove in the dreary dispensary room.

He was a young man, somewhat spare in build and of medium height. His black hair showed a rather too generous widening of the parting near the crown of his head, though the doctor would have shown much displeasure to anyone who suggested that he was in danger of baldness. His eyes were dark, and of that uncertain hue which at times seem dark blue and at others would be pronounced black. Indeed, had he lacked that students' sallow pallor, he would have passed for a very good-looking young man.

Just now the doctor suffered from an attack of the "blue devils." He had worked hard, this last year, for his degree, and after graduation had been chosen from among twenty applicants for the post of resident at the dispensary. The position paid in experience and gave a wide field for work among the poor of the district, both at their homes and at the dispensary; the salary was chiefly salary in name, a hundred dollars a year and room rent free, not enough to cover expenses; but it was the experience to be gained that paid.

Dr. Brown had been brought up with great expectations; up to the beginning of his senior year he had not known the value of money or the meaning of the want of it. Just as he was about entering on his last year at the medical school, his father's business had become entangled in a Wall street flurry and went down in the crash of failures.

Brown had either to leave college and take a clerkship or work his way through to win his degree. He chose the latter course, and managed to win with a hundred dollars to spare. This, with the dispensary position and such windfalls as might come his way, would carry him through the year of practical work among the poor, then he must find some opening to start himself in general practice.

Not such a gloomy outlook for a young bachelor; but that's where the rub came, and one cause of the blues. He did not want to remain a bachelor.

When he had been a young man with expectations he had had designs (matrimonial) on a certain dainty young lady, and what hope was there for a poor dispensary doctor? Only that morning the wealthy Mr. Peabody, her pompous papa, had passed Dr. Brown on Washington street, and had returned his polite "good morning" with a cold look, which seemed to

say: "I do not wish to know you, sir." And that, too, when but a few years before the student Brown, with great expecta-

won't have to call me out for that new arrival tonight. What an old duffer that Peabody is, anyway. Wonder if Dol—

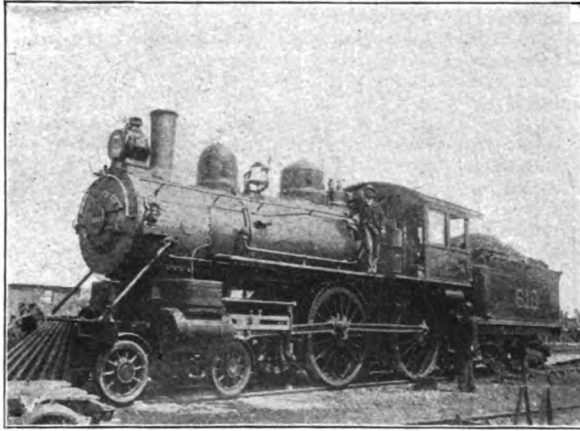
Miss Peabody would cut me like that. Hang it all! A man don't feel good to be frozen out like that just because he has lost his expectations. I thought I knew Dolly—dash it. I do know her! She wouldn't throw a fellow over like that. But why—Hang it all, but I do feel empty; pity that boarding house couldn't keep open of a night once in a while, and I'm broke, too. Well, there's no hope for me with her pater, that's sure!"

The electric bell over his head rang violently and Dr. Brown stepping to the speaking tube shouted: "Well, what's wanted?"

"Say, be youse de doctor? Dey a swell bloke up the street wots all smashed up.

Dey wants de doctor to get a wiggle on, see?"

A few minutes later Dr. Brown was stumbling through the storm in the wake of a small gamin who had summoned him. At the corner two men were holding a frightened horse, to which was hanging the remains of a broken harness. A little further on was an overturned cab, surrounded by a number of residents who had



ENGINE 610, SEABOARD AIR LINE R.V. Bro. T. W. North, member Savannah, Ga., Div., 256. Engineer; cylinders, 19 x 26; drivers, 72 inches. Courtesy of Mrs. Lottie Jordan.

tions, had been a welcome guest at the Peabody mansion and had more than once enjoyed a cigar with Mr. Peabody in the billiard room after dinner.

Society had gossiped that Dolly Peabody and Harvey Brown would make a match. There had been a mutual understanding that when Harvey had his degree there would be a formal announcement. Now it was all over. Soon after the crash came, Dr. Brown had called at the Peabody house as usual, and had been informed by the stately servant: "The family is hout, sir."

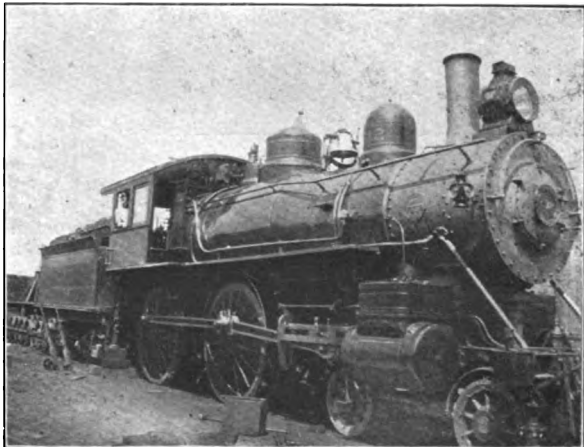
He had written once since that to Miss Dorothy, and his letter had been returned to him unopened. The Peabodys had gone abroad, and he had heard no more of them until today, when Mr. Peabody had given him the cut direct on Washington street.

Dr. Brown was young, he had worked hard all day, had had a bad case at a slum tenement house that afternoon, and had missed his supper at the boarding house. As he brooded over these things, small wonder that the "blue devils" tormented him.

The other interns had gone home for the holidays, but he must stick to his post, for he could not afford a holiday trip home.

"Devil of a night out," mused the doctor. "Christmas eve, too! Hope Clancy

turned out in spite of the storm. They had just pulled from under the wheels an elderly gentleman, whose dress had



ENGINE 612, SEABOARD AIR LINE R.V. Bro. Chas. Loudon, member Div. 256. Engineer; cylinders, 19 x 26; drivers, 72 inches. The S. A. L. have twenty of this class built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works from specifications by their Mechanical Superintendent, Mr. W. T. Reed. Courtesy of Mrs. Frances C. North.

stamped him as a "swell" with the gamin.

Dr. Brown was all professional in an instant and superintended the carrying of the injured man to the dispensary, where he was placed on the doctor's own cot. The patient was unconscious, but Dr. Brown did not need to be told that this victim of a runaway cab was the same Mr. Peabody who had cut him on the street the morning of that same day.

Dr. Brown's skilled hands quickly reduced a dislocated shoulder and had well advanced the dressing of a scalp wound before his patient had come to a consciousness of his surroundings. Then the patient looked full at the doctor's face and with a



BROTHER WM. COVER.

Brother Cover is a member of Div. 287, Altoona, Pa., and was their delegate to the Ottawa, Ontario, Convention of the B. of L. E., and at the late meeting of the 5th Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery Association was honored with election as its president. The membership composing the association are from eight counties in Pennsylvania, making the election to the presidency a distinguished honor for Brother Cover.

start of recognition said: "You, Brown? you?"—and then fainted again.

One of the men had been hustled off to telephone the news to the Peabody house. The lines were down in the storm and the messenger was obliged to tramp through the storm to the West Side.

It was Christmas morning before he arrived, and the sun had won a victory over the storm when the Peabody carriage drew up before the dispensary door.

In the doctor's room patient and physician had passed the night in silence, the doctor doing all in his power to soothe his

patient, his personal feelings buried deeply under professional zeal.

In the morning Mr. Peabody had made an attempt at conversation, but the doctor would not permit it.

The bell was ringing again and Dr. Brown hurried to open the door to Miss Peabody and her father's valet.

"You, Harvey, you?" Then blushing like a rose, "Harvey, take me to papa." In another moment she was at her father's side.

But Dr. Brown was happy. She had said "Harvey!" Her eyes, well, only Dr. Brown knew what her eyes said.

As the patient was assisted to his carriage he said: "Dr. Brown, this is your case, I shall expect you to finish it, sir. Please call this evening."

Before the sound of the wheels had fairly died away the bell was sounding again. This time it was Clancy.

That afternoon, as the sun lighted up the western windows of a small, clean bedroom of an East Side tenement, Dr. Brown was bending over the bedside. "Merry Christmas, little Miss Clancy," he said.

"An' will you be doin' me the honor o' namin' her, sir?" said the mother.

A smile played about the doctor's mouth as he remembered what had come to him that morning. "Call her Hope, Mrs. Clancy," he said, "for hope was born on Christmas Day."

And Mrs. Clancy wondered why there were tears in the doctor's eyes.—*Cleveland Leader*.

All Hope Gone.

"'Tain't no use," said the man with the weather-beaten straw hat. "I've expostulated an' argued, but I can't make him change his mind."

"Has one of your farm hands quit work?"

"It's wuss'n that. Ef 'twas jes' my little patch o' ground that's liable to suffer I wouldn't say so much. But it's my fellow man I'm thinkin' of. Bill Button says he's goin' to quit tryin'. Bill has been thinkin' up ways to save the human race from destruction fur the last ten years, an' has come to the conclusion that the human race is made up of a lot of ongrateful critters that ain't wuth botherin' about. An' I'm blest if I know what we're going to do." —*Washington Star*.

BROTHERS, if you consider your own faults carefully you will have no time to look after the faults of others. If you think you do not need friends, you have either too high an opinion of yourself or too low an opinion of your friends.

Correspondence.

All contributions to our Correspondence and Technical columns must be in not later than the 10th of the month to insure insertion.

Articles must be written on one side of the paper only. Noms de plume may be used, but every article must be signed with full name and address of the writer to insure insertion.

We shall be glad to receive articles on any subject of general interest to the fraternity.

All communications are subject to revision or rejection, as the Editor may deem proper.

The Editor does not assume responsibility for the opinions expressed by contributors in this department. C. H. SALMONS, Editor and Manager.

Delusions of a Dyspeptic.

(With regards to my friend, "Joe" Piatt, whose poem, "When Age Comes On," is the best original one seen in the JOURNAL in many a day.)

T'other night, as I stretched on the bed,
I fell into a sort of a doze;
I had pains from the top of my head
To the nails of my big, swollen toes.
In that feverish, comfortless sleep,
Soon a ghost on my vision did gleam,
And it knocked me right into a heap—
I suppose it was only a dream.

With a look full of sympathy, soon
It came close to the place where I lay.

"Arrah, Shandy, how are you, aroon?
Don't you sleep all your senses away."

"I am weary," I snappishly said,
"And I don't care a blasted baubee
If this moment I slept with the dead,
So you needn't come bothering me."

"My old friend, you are right, for I hear
That your life is so damnable tough;
In your eye is a permanent tear,
Like as if you were pelted with snuff.

But, my boy, you'll be with us right soon."
"Will you kindly explain where you dwell?"
"Arrah, what's in a name, pray, aroon?
Sure, the preachers on earth call it Hell."

"Holy Moses! God save me!" I cried,
And I gave a most heartrending scream;
"Will you tell me, dear Ghost, when I died?
Sure, I thought it was all but a dream."

"What's the matter, you cowardly spalpeen?
Do I look as if suffering with pain?
You need not fear to burn; you're too green,
Or along with us here you'd remain.

"You are suffering more hell every day
For the mouthful of grub which you get,
Than you'll find when you're laid in the clay,
After paying old nature's last debt.
Have you got what you really could call
Seven hours in the long twenty-four
Right down on a mattress to fall,
To indulge in an undisturbed snore?"

"Do you get any pay but your hash,
And the frolic you hold with the kids?
Are your coffers so loaded with cash,
That you cannot sit down on the lids?

Every move which you make you need sand,
From the way you go slipping along,
Note that calloused lump on your hand,
Indicating your life is all wrong."

"Every Sunday you're promised a roast,
If your life is not spent on your knees,
That your body will color like toast,
Where the heat is a million degrees.
And you believe them, you credulous loon,
When they tell of the bottomless pit,
Why we're happy as songbirds in June,
We who went to our graves full of grit."

"Here's a bit of honest advice,
Ere the roosters uproariously crow:
When you bid farewell to the ice,
Summer suns, drenching rains, sleet and snow,
Close your eyes full of hope and prepare
For a jolly old time with your chums,
In that place where they tell you the air
Will make dead men's teeth fall from their
gums."

Murphy's rooster just then gave a scream,
And the ghost gave a jump from my sight,
And abruptly I ended my dream,
Ere the sun sent a streak of daylight.
Out I rolled, like a log, from the bed,
With more aches than I ever could tell,
And I wished like in dreams I was dead,
To escape such a physical hell.

SHANDY MAGUIRE.

Long Service.

The following interesting sketch of the life of the oldest engineer on the Michigan Central road, taken from *The Headlight*, was sent in by the F. A. E. of Div. 2, Bro. John McCurdy being a member of that Division:

John McCurdy, of Jackson, engineer on a Michigan Central passenger train, who is now 70 years of age, has written *The Headlight* a very interesting sketch of his life, which is given below. Mr. McCurdy is the oldest engineer on the Michigan Central, and is probably the oldest man in active service as an engineer in the United States.

"I was born in the state of New York in 1831. Came to Michigan when a small boy, only three years old. Michigan was then a territory, a howling wilderness, surrounded by Indians and wild beasts. My father was part Scotch; my mother was a Yankee.

"I commenced on the Michigan Central in March, 1848. Was a carpenter by trade. Worked on the old passenger house at Marshall for a time. Later got a job of firing on the Michigan Central, in April the same spring. Fired a year and a half and then got an engine to run. Ran a road train and a freight train about nine months, then was promoted to a passenger train. I have run a passenger train for fifty years. Commenced on the Michigan Central when it was only a strap rail and the engines were small, they would not weigh

more than ten or twelve tons, but the engines have grown to be monsters, they will weigh one hundred tons. The cars have also grown. In fact, everything has grown, and I am sorry to say I am getting older but not bigger. When I commenced to fire there were two firemen on each engine and a greaser. The engineer carried the way bills in a leather pouch in the seat box. When we had no conductor the engineer and fireman did the unloading of the freight, if there was any to unload. I have left Detroit a good many times without a conductor. They would overtake us; if they got left they would come on the first passenger train. In those days they did not have any brakemen on the freight train, nor were there many freight cars that had any brakes on them. Had to stop the train with the engine and the brake that was inside of the way car, which was next the engine always. In the early days before the telegraph, when we came to a meeting point, if the other train was not there we had to wait twenty minutes, then proceed, keeping twenty minutes late until we met it; but if we failed to keep the twenty minutes and had not met it, we had to go feeling for each other, and the one who got over half way had the right of way and the other fellow would have to back up to the nearest siding. Sometimes a considerable dispute arose as to who was over half way. But things have all changed now.

"The first passenger train that ran into Niles over the Michigan Central was fifty-three years ago the 21st day of October. The 21st day of September, 1860, I took the Prince of Wales, the present King of England, over the road with the engine "Rusher." The engines were all named in those days. They all burned wood.

"The wages of an engineer when I commenced to run was \$2 per day, and the fireman got \$1 a day, until the Civil War broke out, when they raised our pay.

"The old boys are most all gone, and so are the officers. They have made their last trip; they have blown out the headlight and gone to sleep; their work is done, but my work, it seems, is not yet done.

"Now, Mr. *Headlight*, I guess I have told enough.

"I have always done what I thought was right. I have always worked for the Michigan Central and for its interests, and can say that during all these fifty years I have not cost the company a nickel.

"If there is a man in the country who has worked for one company as long as I have, he is entitled to a leather medal or a free pass in an air balloon around the world. JOHN MCCURDY."

The Engineer.

Do you ever think of the engineer
When you reach your journey's end?
Do you ever grasp him by the hand,
Or greet him as a friend?

Are your prayers for him, at fall of night,
As the great train starts away?
Does your heart go out to him in thanks
When he brings you home at day?

His wife and children he leaves behind,
With a prayer to God on high,
And he takes his stand in the engine cab—
A hero, to do or die!

All through long hours he is peering ahead
As his iron steed speeds along;
Your safety depends on his vigilant eye,
As he watches that naught goes wrong.

In the dead of night his whistle tells
Of the watch he keeps so well;
Are your thoughts with him as he rushes by
And you hear his warning bell?

His clothing is rough and his visage grim,
But his heart beats big and true;
He asks no praise for the work he does,
But the thanks should come from you!

Then gratefully think of the engineer,
And hail him a hero bold—
A plain man doing his duty well,
For love of it, rather than gold!

A. S. ALEXANDER.

Evanston, Ill.

The Rambles of a Hand Car.

COCORIT, SONORA, MEXICO, Oct. 7, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In the days when we had no air brakes to depend upon, an accident occurred in the course of my daily run that I think will be of some interest to the readers of the JOURNAL, so I will relate it.

It occurred at Deer Creek water tank, on a railroad in one of the Middle States. Deer Creek water was soft and free from lime, consequently all the boys made it a point to stop at for water; except in a case of emergency, such as short of time to make a meeting point, as it was just midway between two sidings ten miles apart. It happened one day that I had to run by the tank. The conductor came to me and asked if I could make it if he got ten minutes on No. 4. "Sure," I said; and he did so. When he came to me with the order, I had just eighteen minutes to start a freight train, run ten miles, stop, and get in to clear.

It was almost a daily occurrence for the section men to be at the tank, or at a road crossing a few yards beyond. The approach to the tank was down hill, and I was working the engine as hard as I could in order to level the grade beyond. The moment I came in sight of the tank I saw a hand car on the track, directly in front of it, and the men standing near by.

Under such circumstances, I believe that an engineer can think with that lightning-like rapidity that we hear of drowning men doing. The whole situation is taken in instantly, and his mind is made up as to what to do and how to do it. There is no fear; his whole being is absorbed in his duty and doing it.

So it was on this occasion. I took in the situation at a glance. There was no need of me slacking up in the least. They had plenty of time to get their car off the track if I could but convey the idea to them. This was easy, having done it many times.

I whistled for the tank as usual—not a stop signal, but an alarm whistle instead. It had the desired effect, for they ran for their car, got on, and started for the road crossing. This, however, was not according to my calculations, so I had to think it all over again—speed, distance and time to clear. I concluded all was well yet, but whistled for them to hasten; and they did, and were shortening the distance between them and the crossing, thus increasing confidence in my judgment, though it would be close, for I was closing the gap between us ten-fold.

They reached the crossing according to my reckoning, and the foreman laughed at their haste in jumping off and to their places at either end. But instead of picking up the car and stepping to one side, as I supposed they would, they began unloading crossing plank that I had failed to discover at long distance, and could not at short range, being hid by the men. But I had the steam shut off, and reversed on sand, and my call for brakes was such a short, cutting shriek that the men scattered as though an earthquake was about to swallow them up, and the next instant the hand car appeared up alongside of the stack, edgeways, passing over the right steam chest to the ground, just missing the cab.

No one was hurt, and all harm done that could be done, I thought, so I whistled "off brakes," threw her ahead, and pulled her wide open; then got upon my seat, leaned out the window and looked back, and to my great surprise there was that car coming right along on its four corners,

over and over like a wheel, but too far from the train to do further damage. So I relieved my lungs of a good load of air, for I had been holding my breath the whole time; but it did not give me time to refill them, for at that instant it bumped up against a tie lying alongside the track, which changed its course directly towards the train, and a box car caught it and sent it scuttling along faster than ever, while the car door left its fastenings and went sailing across the right of way, and the next car gave it another biff, increasing its velocity.

Why didn't I do something, did you say?

Do what? What could a man do? I am sure I thought of everything a man could do in those very few seconds. To stop was out of the question. To run away from it looked possible, and I decided on it. Moreover, there was a cyclone ahead to contend with compared with this accidental freak; for what else was it? It was too high to fall under the train, yet too big to be ignored altogether, for there it was scuttling along and bound to do something. Having decided what I would do, my trouble was what would it do. However, my anxiety was but a flash, considering time.

Its next movement was away from the train at the bottom, while the top part was quite the contrary, as though bound to have another round. It continued in this manner until it was on an angle of about forty-five degrees, then the space between it and the train disappeared; a box car caught it, but in such a way that the opposite corner was against a hard bank that did not give, being in a direct line from the point of pressure. It was like a great blow from the weight of the train increased by its velocity, consequently it burst into pieces, that went flying in every direction like so many birds, and I drew in a great long breath of relief, for that was the end of it.

We made our meeting point all right, and when the train rushed by I felt much like a man who had just escaped being picked up by a cyclone.

The next day when I arrived at the

station where the men lived, the foreman was at the depot. I bade him good morning and asked him if his car was broken much, and he said, "Into kenlen wood." I told him I was very sorry, but we had a new one on the train for him. It seemed to please him wonderfully for he said, "Is it there now? Sure, then it's good, it is, for I've been pleading for one these three years.

RAM ROD.

To the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

BY W. F. STUART, F. H. & B.

(Written for the JOURNAL.)

We have our brave and daring men
That breast the stormy wind and gale,
But braver far the men who ride
The snorting steed upon the rail.

What dangers meet them on the way,
What anxious thought and mental strain,
As onward rushing through the night
The engine draws the flying train!

What steady hands and level heads
The running of these steeds require,
As dashing o'er the glittering steel
They spur them on with lash of fire!

'Mid thunder, rain and pelting hail
He looks ahead with steady eye,
And by the sheeted lightning's flame
He sees the mileposts flashing by.

Then let your motto ever be:
"No drink shall mar this active brain;
I will not touch the mad'ning bowl
That brings disaster, wreck and pain."

List to the wail borne on the blast,
As rushing through the tide of years;
It comes to tell of woeful tales
Of opening graves and falling tears.

Touch not the cup of garnished crime,
For it has laid your brother low;
And spacious cars with living freight
Were dashed to splinters with the blow.

But who can paint with feeble words
The ghastly faces of the dead;
Or tell of crushed and broken hearts
From which the last fond joy has fled?

Then lift your banner to the breeze,
And on it write "no drink for me.
I'll do my duty like a man,
And from this curse I shall be free."

Your Brotherhood will then survive,
No shock too great for them to stand,
But with the bravest of the past,
Meet death or danger hand in hand

Hamilton, Ont., Oct. 10, 1901.

The Geary Exclusion Law.

EDITOR JOURNAL: The above-named law will expire by limitation in the near future. What will happen in that case, providing there will be no reenactment of it, is no difficult question to answer. John Mitchell, President of the Miners' Union, has sounded the keynote for reenactment; which should be sounded, yea, even thundered, through the whole length and breadth of our fairest of all countries; because if it is not reenacted, our country will soon resemble the effete old world.

The exclusion law as it was enacted on May 6, 1882, is as follows:

WHEREAS, In the opinion of the government of the United States, the coming of Chinese laborers to this country endangers the good order of certain localities within the territory thereof; therefore,

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That from and after the expiration of ninety days next after the passage of this act and until the expiration of ten years next after the passage of this act, the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States be, and the same is hereby suspended; and during such suspension it shall not be lawful for any Chinese laborer to come, or, having so come after the expiration of said ninety days, to remain within the United States.

The above act became a law, and was reenacted on May 5, 1892, for ten years more. Now, this time will expire on May 5, 1902. T. V. Powderly, the Commissioner of Immigration, true to the millions of toilers, is strongly in favor of reenactment.

Suppose a few thousand of those rat-eaters should be dumped into Pennsylvania during a miners' strike. The coal barons would hail the dumping act with joy, and said act would increase their dividends amazingly; for it is said on all sides that they can exist on hardly any wages.

A well-known wag recently made the remark that a Mongolian's bill of fare would make a buzzard vomit.

The state of California has been the bulwark that has kept the Chinese from flowing into our country, and California is well aware of the evil. She emphasizes her opposition to admission by a vote of 154,638 against 883.

Mayor Phelan, of San Francisco, says:

It is no dream in this day of industrial combina-

tions (soft name for trusts) when we behold the unrestricted power of capital, to foresee that with the abandonment of the policy of exclusion, land barons, money captains and commercial kings would reduce American labor to the condition of Oriental servility, and to a standard of living no better than that of the Chinese. This certainly would be the inevitable tendency; and, I believe, on account of their tractability, the Chinese would be given preference in employment which would mean the destruction of the American workingman, and, with the destruction of the American workingman, the destruction of the republic.

One thing is certain, that when they come to this country they know little else than manual labor; but they soon acquire a skill which enables them to compete with trained American workingmen. The Chinese in any considerable numbers are, consequently, a great potential danger to skilled labor. They work on railroads, in mines, in fields and orchards and forests, crowding out the white laborer everywhere on account of their willingness to work for a smaller wage. They are makers of cigars, shoes, shirts, clothing, women's underwear, overalls, children's clothes; they have acquired skill in dentistry and photography; they engage in journalism, commercial electricity, watchmaking, painting, bricklaying; they are carpenters, broom-makers, butchers, and in the culinary arts they particularly excel, supplanting white domestic servants. As mere laborers, there is little to complain of in them; but for all purposes of citizenship, their usefulness ends with their day's work; and whatever they are paid, they are paid too much, because they make no contribution by service or citizenship or family life to the permanent interests of the country.

Now, my dear Brothers, it is the duty of every laborer, skilled or unskilled, to petition or address our Congressmen in such a manner so that they will be glad to reenact the Chinese exclusion act, and keep it in force until the people of Asia are educated up to our standard of living, so that they will not degrade our working people to the present Mongolian level.

All men are brothers is a good saying, but there are exceptions. Men with yellow fever are our Brothers, but we isolate them for the public good, and Chinese labor is worse than yellow fever.

LOUGHREA, Div. 104.

Old Brothers.—Amend Insurance Laws.

EDITOR JOURNAL: On page 614 of the October JOURNAL we find a plea for an old and wornout Brother which should have the consideration of every member of the Life Insurance Association, because we have no doubt many Brothers who in their

old age are in like condition. After a man has been continuously a member of our life insurance, and paid every claim, there should be some law whereby he can be paid some portion of his policy before his death in order that he shall not come to want. In my opinion, every claim of 25 years' standing should be paid if the association is able to pay them and keep paying them as they become due, which the members of the association do not know, therefore cannot talk intelligently about it; the President or Secretary of the association could through the columns of the JOURNAL, give us that information. How many are over 25 years, 20 years, 15 years, 10 years and 30 years?

We often tell what we do for the widow and the orphan, but I have yet to see anything done for the old men, and any Brother who has been a member of the life insurance for 25 years and is in distress or want through no fault of his, ought to get some help from the association. Some Brother may say, will it be right to make us pay off these claims? To all such I will answer, take the claims that you have paid for the last year and their age in the association. Just take the October claims and you will only find one that has been a member of the association over twenty years; some ten, some less than two. Remember, these old Brothers have been paying all such claims willingly, and were able to do so for the past twenty-five years, but are now in many instances broken down in health and pocket, and as you look forward, say fifteen or twenty years, I believe you will agree with me that it is our duty not only to those of that age now, but to yourselves as well.

Let us reason together and see if we cannot make a law that will be a lasting benefit to us all in our life insurance, something that should have been done twenty years ago. When I went into the Brotherhood I did not have to join the life insurance. Being young, I went into it in case of accident or death, for the benefit of wife and baby. Now baby is a man and mother and father are growing older each day and less able to make a living, but the assessments come regularly each month, and I see no

relief from them in the future. Would you advise a young man to join? I have been asked, and I answer this way. The Brotherhood, yes. The insurance, under present law, no. Many changes have taken place in the life insurance since I joined it. Now to become and maintain your membership in the Brotherhood you *must* be a member of the life insurance, and for that one reason you should make a law to relieve these old fellows and at the same time give a young member something to look forward to when he arrives at that age, and make provisions to meet all claims as they become due.

Our delegates will soon be in convention and no better service can be done than to take this up and make a law that will be of benefit to our old men and no injury to our life insurance. Let us make a monument to the living man and not carve it upon pillars of stone and place it upon his grave, unless we can say *his old age was relieved* of all care and want by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers; for often in life I have noticed that it is an easy thing to speak well of us on marble slabs, much better than when we were in life. It is that loving charity for the dead. A short time ago going through the cemetery I came to a monument over the grave of a banker and broker, one that in life was known to foreclose every mortgage he could get against anyone right on time, and who by his trickery amassed a large fortune, and carved upon this marble it told of his benevolence and his many acts of charity. As I gazed I thought how much more truthfully these lines would express his life:

Here lies old ten per cent,
The more he got, the less he spent;
The less he spent, the more he craved,
If he has gone to heaven, we will all be saved.

The next was a brakeman's, and it spoke of him as being at rest. And as I look out upon a dark and rainy night and think of him working his way over his train of Battle Ax coal cars, I know that his body is at rest. The numerous *meet me there's*, the many beloved traits they all have are fine. But at last I came to the graves of four little ones, the age of the oldest four years, and as I gazed at the inscriptions

upon their tombstones it is with a sense of pleasure that at last I can read the truth and have no doubts, and as I think of the joy that they brought to someone's home, and then the sorrow their departure left, these words come, "For of such is the kingdom of Heaven, and as I looked upon those little graves the thought came, somewhere in the world there are sorrowing parents, who, if they will look upward can in their lives feel that those little ones above them have their fingers upon the buttons of the wires as it were, to lead them onward and upward.

Fraternally, BRAKE-SHOR.

Service.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I feel that as a whole we do not appreciate our JOURNAL as we should. It was established as a medium of expressing our thoughts on social, moral and other topics, and we as members of our great family of Brother should be more communicative and give our opinions through the JOURNAL on various subjects of interest to the order generally, and thereby bring us in closer touch socially and intellectually. The natural tendency of human nature is to wrap ourselves up in our own affairs, resulting in selfish clannishness, and social indifference, and the better side of our nature remains dormant until aroused by something we read or some calamity that appeals to us, and brings us out of our selfish rut when we awake as one from a long slumber and begin to practice that liberality of thought that adds to our own comfort and the pleasure of our own homes. This inspiration reaches out until all with whom we come in contact note the sunshine in the changed life.

If we have a proper conception of what life is we will realize that it is a life of "service." The amount of happiness and comfort we get out of life depends not so much on quantity but how well we serve. My Brothers, let me ask, how well are you serving your families, your friends, your employer, your God? Are we meeting the obligations of life honorably in all the different avenues? As fathers and husbands are we kind, gentle and tender,

laboring continuously for the welfare of those dependent upon us, and in such a way that will elevate them in society? As an employee are we by hard study and application giving the companies we serve an honest, economical and intelligent service? Unless we are doing this we are unprofitable servants. Are we more careful with the company's property than we are with our own? My opinion is that a man should be more careful with that intrusted to him than he would be with his own. Many may disagree with me on this point, but if a man will render the company he serves this kind of service he will almost unconsciously succeed with his own affairs. The man that sees nothing in his labors except the three, four, or five dollars per day that he is to receive pay day, does neither himself nor the company justice. Without God's blessings no human enterprise will prosper. If we expect success without his blessings we will certainly be disappointed and we cannot expect to receive his blessings unless we are rendering a conscientious service.

Faternally,
W. G. JONES.

The Greatest Evil.

PLEASANT VALLEY, ORE., Oct. 15, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: "Old Man," in the October number, struck the keynote,—let us all tune our harps to it,—rum is the greatest enemy that labor has. A contractor told that he had good men quit him and walk thirty miles to a saloon and spend three months' wages. We all know of good men working for small salaries, because of their intemperate habits, that should command the highest in their occupations.

This is a mining country. Men who work under ground, in bad air for months, at good wages, come down to Baker City and spend it all in drink and gambling. Then they get sore at everybody and become dissatisfied with their wages, because they are in want, without job or money, sick at heart and stomach, and the world looks blue to them. Now, if these men had not had the tempter of their weakness wide open, they would have gone to some

amusing entertainments, got some new clothes, took a trip to the coast, and gone back to work with light hearts, and the legitimate business of our beautiful city would have gotten the benefit of their money.

Gladstone said it was the duty of a government to make it easy for its people to do right and difficult for them to do wrong. Let this be our motto: "Easy to do right; difficult to do wrong."

I see it in a different light from what I have heretofore. I do not blame the poor, weak Brother who cannot resist the temptation, as long as our government makes it easy for the tempter to catch him. That long he will fall a victim.

A friend of mine asked a poor sot, a schoolmate of his, to sign a pledge. He looked at him in wonder, and said: "No! I would not keep faith with God; I know I would not with you." And his heart was burdened with grief to think he could not keep a promise to be a good husband and father when he so earnestly desired to do so.

Such men need help, and I am sorry to say we have them in the B. of L. E. Of course, we expel them—put them on the junk pile, when we should put them in the back shops. While I do not advocate retaining drunkards in our ranks, I do advocate removing the cause of drunkenness. It would not be a detriment to anyone, not even to the saloon keeper, to close every saloon in America.

You cannot run a saloon without boys, any more than you can a sawmill without logs. Tell me, Brother, tell me honestly, have you got a boy you want to give to drunkenness? Look him over good. Do you want to see him a bright, noble man, or are you willing to give him to the saloon to live and die in disgrace? And would you not rather have the saloon keeper go into the boot and shoe or some other legitimate business? Then help the boy and the saloon man, both; and don't abuse some dear mother's boy for being a worthless, drunken wretch, but help the coming man and benefit the present one. Let us live up to the aim of our noble Brotherhood—a higher, better and purer

life. I love the Brotherhood, for He commanded us to "love ye one another." I want to thank "Old Man" for opening the subject—but here is the call boy; you know the rest.

I. T. MAYFIELD, Div. 362.

Repeal the Disqualifications.

LITCHFIELD, ILL., Oct. 14, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I agree with Brother Hoppman respecting discriminating against members not in active service. My own case is one in point. While serving in the position of Chief Engineer of my Division, I felt it my duty to resign my position as an engineer on the road and give my place to some Brother more in need of it than myself. I remained in the position of Chief Engineer until the end of the term, and then, no matter what the wishes of the Division were, it could not re-elect me as Chief Engineer, as Article I., Sec. 4, of the Constitution says No. The result was I had to remain in office for some time after my term expired before the Division was able to get someone to succeed me in office. Now, when I resigned my position I did not give up my interest for the good of the order, and had it not been for such a discriminating law as Article I., Sec. 4, of our Constitution, I, for one, could have given better service for the good of our noble order in the future than I was ever able to do while in active service; therefore, I hope the time is not far distant when this law will be revised, so that those out of love for their fellow-man may be able to continue their good work for the good of the B. of L. E.

Fraternally yours,

W. FEARN, Div. 460.

A More Liberal Pass System.

JOPLIN, MO., Nov. 5, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: In the October JOURNAL we notice a communication submitted by Yehoot, touching on the subject of "Transportation for Engineers on Foreign Lines," and again the subject is brought up by Bro. C. E. Cramer in the November edition. If a united effort be made by the Brotherhood I believe that a more liberal system of transportation can be received.

The Brothers should strive to perfect some system by which engineers in good standing could obtain transportation over foreign lines, whether in quest of pleasure or in search of work. As it is now some few companies will give transportation if your own line will request it; others will give half rates, and some will refuse to give either. All lines should have a common system of transportation, and if the Brothers would get together on this matter at the next convention to outline a uniform system and appoint a committee, I think much good could be done. I would suggest some plan be put forward whereby each Division could apply for a limited number of passes to be furnished engineers traveling; no man to expect to participate in this privilege more than once in a given time, this time to be agreed upon by committee and company.

I sincerely hope that in the near future some system satisfactory to all concerned can be arranged whereby worthy Brothers will not have to wait two weeks hunting up chairman, pay fare, or walk.

If no effort is made in this direction, the time is not far distant when the pass system will be discontinued. Lately we notice in the press where efforts were made to do so by some of the higher officials. For this reason, if for no other, we should make some move in the direction of pass concessions. Probably there are not more than 5 per cent of our members who ever go far from home, and this divided among the different lines would make but a small showing at the end of each year. I would suggest that none but members in good standing on our books should receive the favor.

JONES.

Headed for Washington.

HUNTINGTON, W. VA., Oct. 15, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: The next convention of the Grand International Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers will have up before it the question of the removal of its official headquarters from their present location to the city of Washington. No business of this magnitude can be put before the local brotherhoods without permission of the convention of the International body.

When this proposition was put before that body at its last meeting, the importance of the plan was so manifest that immediate consent was given to allow the local bodies to be circularized.

It would be wearisome to enumerate all the advantages that would accrue to the interests of labor from a move like this. This seems to us to be of itself a sufficient consideration, namely, that if labor wishes to make an impression on Congress and the Executive it must do as other great interests do; it must have where congressmen can see them, its representative men, its representative gatherings, its immense facilities for correspondence, its publications and all its other means of influencing public opinion. It must be where it can get its information at first hand, where its officials can know how public men stand on labor questions, and not be dependent on sensational, venal and otherwise unprincipled newspaper correspondents. The engineers would undoubtedly draw all the other labor organizations to the same center; it is only common sense if labor expects any consideration at all to have the capital of the nation's labor in the capital of the nation's laws.

Not only would labor officials get their information about the attitude and intentions of congressmen and officials at first hand, but also the departments (fast becoming a huge intelligence office for the use of the people) would be close at hand. The secret history of the United States and the world is in the printed and written archives in the nation's capital; the history of banks, banking commerce, immigration, railroad policy, and, in short, all the questions which are to be asked for the next fifty years can be answered in the Congressional Library and departmental archives in Washington as they can be nowhere else. Labor wants its historians and experts to be where they can inform themselves and the world of the real conditions of the production and distribution of wealth during the last fifty or one hundred years.

Labor needs to know the things it will learn by having its official eyes and hands in Washington. Labor is a great interest;

but it is not the only interest. It is one interest in a world full of interests. Some of the other interests are its friends, others are its enemies. It ought to know its friends and enemies. It ought to ally itself with one class and be wary of the other. If a majority of the great interests at Washington are against labor, labor must for its own advantage play them against each other. Of course, headquarters should be in Washington. Why did not somebody think of this before? Div. 190.

Railroad Employees' Home.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILL., Nov. 1, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: Following is the statement of receipts for the Home for the month of December, 1901:

FROM G. I. A. DIVISIONS.			
Div.	Amt.	Div.	Amt.
13.....	\$ 2 00	160.....	\$ 1 00
14.....	3 00	164.....	1 00
21.....	5 00	177.....	5 00
43.....	5 00	178.....	1 00
56.....	1 00	187.....	5 00
68.....	2 50	195.....	2 00
87.....	1 00	205.....	1 00
104.....	5 00	213.....	5 00
110.....	2 00	221.....	2 50
137.....	1 00	226.....	3 00
143.....	5 00		
Total.....			\$ 59 00

FROM B. OF L. E. DIVISIONS.			
200.....	\$12 00		
265.....	3 00		
559.....	12 00		27 00
O. R. C. Divisions.....			11 00
B. of R. T. Lodges.....			37 85
B. of L. F. Lodges.....			26 00
L. A. to O. R. C. Divisions.....			41 00
L. A. to B. of R. T. Lodges.....			28 50
L. S. to B. of L. F. Lodges.....			51 00

MISCELLANEOUS.			
From Missoula, Mont., no name.....		3 25	
From estate of J. C. Flynn, a member of Div. 252, O. R. C., and Lodge 220, B. of R. T.		100 00	
Sale of tickets for the Dr. Mary Bates fair at Denver, sold by members of Lodge 82, B. of L. F.....		2 50	
Refunded on bill No. 414.....		1 75	
Hauling hose cart to fires with the Home horse.....		1 50	

Grand total.....	\$390 35
By Lodge 200, L. A. to B. of R. T., two comfortable.....	
By unknown, box of groceries and a box of books.....	
By members of Lodge 91, B. of R. T., box of books.....	
By members of Div. 78, G. I. A. to B. of L. E., barrel of canned fruit.....	
By members of Div. 32, G. I. A. to B. of L. E., barrel of canned fruit.....	
Div. 1, G. I. A., held its annual picnic on the Home grounds on August 29; receipts reported in a former report.	

OBITUARY.

On October 30 occurred the death of Bro. George Effingham Pope, aged 71 years, a member of Div. 64, B. of L. E. He came to the Home from his Division Nov. 28, 1900.

Respectfully submitted,
MRS. T. B. WATSON, Sec. & Treas.



Ladies' Department.

Communications for publication must be written on one side of the paper. Noms de plume are always permissible, but to receive consideration must be signed by the full name and address of the author, and addressed to the Editress, Mrs. M. E. CASSELL, 922 Dennison Av., Columbus, Ohio, not later than the 8th of the month.

The Editress reserves the right to revise, reject or use matter sent in, governed entirely on its merits.

Christmas.

Do you see the snow-wreaths the pine trees
weighing

'Till the branches bend to the drifts below?

Do you see the field where they late were haying
A blue-white desert of spotless snow?

Do you hear the chirp of the snow-birds mingling
With icicles snapping? And from the road
The bells on the sleighs that are ringing, jing-
ling—

A trail of mirth from a laughing load?

Do you feel the wind that is whistling, sighing,
In the leafless trees by the frozen creek?
And the myriad flakes that pause in flying
To powder your hair and to brush your cheek?

Do you see the curtains drawn close and cozy,
With winter shut out and with snow forgot?
Do you see the light falling soft and rosy
From the glowing grate with its blazing knot?

Do you see the nuts in the ashes toasting,
And the pumpkin pies of a golden hue?
Do you smell the turkey juicily roasting?
Do you catch a whiff of plum pudding, too?

Do you see the mistletoe twined with holly?
Do merriest greetings meet your ear?
Then smile with the world—be kind, be jolly,
For gladsome Christmas again is here.

EMMA A. OPPER.

A Merry Christmas.

Again we are nearing the gladsome Christmas time, and before another issue of the JOURNAL, Christmas Day will have come and gone. This day is a milestone in the year's journey; something to look forward to with eagerness and remember with pleasure. Christmas is the children's day, and as these milestones fly past us like telegraph poles on a fast-moving train, we look back and sigh for the days that are not, yet a glow comes to our hearts as we think of our childhood days and the merry Christmas times long ago. It brings to mind a dear mother, long since laid to rest, who did the best she could to have Christmas a happy time for her many children.

How we prized the simple toys and candy in those days. I can see the red horse and white dog, and all other imaginable animals, made of clear candy, which met our gaze as we tiptoed down stairs in our night dresses on Christmas morning to see what Santa Claus had brought for us. These same animals, with a few inexpensive toys, and perhaps a new wool dress, would make us very happy. And then, the splendid dinner of turkey, mince and pumpkin pies, fruit cake, plum pudding, and all the other good things which mother knew so well how to cook! No dinner that I ever cooked could taste like mother's. I often wonder if the children of today are nearly so happy with their French toys and confections as we were in "Auld Lang Syne," when luxuries were few, and therefore more appreciated when Christmas alone would bring them.

Blessed is the one who can look back to a happy childhood. It does not require wealth to make a child happy. There are plenty of things that money cannot buy, yet which everyone can give if they will. What are costly gifts and fine apparel if affection is lacking. Strive to be happy on Christmas Day, and your smile will make others happy. We cannot always remain children, but we can keep our hearts young if we will and enter into the spirit of this holiday time.

With this number, I send a Christmas

greeting to all the Brothers and Sisters of the B. of L. E. We have had our joys and sorrows since this time last year, but we have been spared to clasp hands and say once more, "A Merry Christmas."

Eccentric Boys.

How often we hear people who show any degree of originality called eccentric. One who is not cramped or fettered with conventionalism is generally termed "odd." Many think that whatever is to be known must be learned from books. Especially is this true of parents. If a child shows a decided taste for something out of the ordinary, and has little talent for the usual routine of daily school work, his parents listen to the complaints of teachers and make the child miserable by frequent punishments, instead of recognizing the genius that is perhaps struggling to make itself known. If a boy is an idler, and shows no ambition in any direction, he may grow up a shiftless man unless stringent means are taken to compel him to study. But if you have a boy whom you regard as different from other boys—eccentric, if you please,—one who seems to regard some branches of study with indifference while in others he excels, look for a reason; you may discover a genius. If he shows originality, encourage it, for it is the great essential in any profession or vocation. Do not think there is nothing to be learned outside of books, for the world is full of knowledge to be acquired by experience, observation and contact with nature.

This article is written because of a conversation which it was my privilege to listen to, and was as follows:

"I wish I knew what to do with my boy?" said Mr. Jones. "I am worried about him."

"What is the matter with him?" asked his friend, who was a professor in a college. "Is he a bad boy?"

"Well, no," was the reply; "I can't say that he is, but he don't act like other boys, somehow."

"In what way?"

"Well, he doesn't take to books, although he keeps up in his class fairly well;

but he doesn't care for book learning. He's the greatest boy to prowls around the woods, and bring home bugs and roots and rocks. Then he has a whole lot of gim-cracks in his room, and he's always wanting to peek through microscopes, and fool with chemicals and make experiments with one thing and another. I declare, I don't know what will become of him. I hate to punish him, because I know he doesn't mean anything wrong. It's just his eccentricity, I suppose."

His friend laid his hand kindly on his neighbor's arm.

"I don't know what you will do," he said, "but I know what I would do if I had such a boy. I'd buy him a fine microscope, all the chemicals he could use and all the books on natural history he could read. I wouldn't mind if he was at the tail end of his class if he was a genius."

"A genius!" said Mr. Jones.

"Yes, sir. You never saw an eccentric boy in your life who didn't develop into something out of the ordinary, unless his parents crushed his boyish aspirations."

Mr. Jones was only half convinced, yet his friend was right. The boy who persistently seeks for knowledge outside of the schoolroom has in him the making of an inventor, naturalist, geologist or learned man. Such boys stand in need of encouragement rather than reproof. Do not spoil a good mechanic or inventor by trying to make a very poor preacher or doctor, and do not spoil a good professional man by trying to make the boy learn his father's trade if it is distasteful to him. Learn the bent of your boy's mind and help him on to pleasant duties; for all of life's duties are noble, and he is most successful who discovers his natural tendencies and has the ability to stick to them. This is in accord with the theory that all men of genius are born, not made.

SCHOOL MARM.

A Word for the Study Club.

In the November number I was greatly interested in an article by a Sister from Div. 216, under the heading of "Where Does Evil Begin?" I have read it and re-

read it, and I feel the spirit moves me to thank her for that article. May it set others to thinking as it has myself. She speaks of the playing of cards in the home for prizes, and I know that many of our women, our young mothers, belong to card clubs and spend much valuable time playing for prizes, while our study club goes begging for members.

Now, my dear Sisters, I speak from experience when I tell how I have seen women at these afternoon card parties play as if their very lives depended upon scoring points; their nerves strung to the highest tension, and after all was over, bitter disappointment at not having been the successful one would send many home with headache from over-wrought nerves, where the husband and children would have to suffer for the dissipation of the afternoon because mother was cross and disagreeable. And then, besides this, how many unkind, ungenerous things they say of another: "She cheated;" "She never plays a fair game;" "No wonder she takes all the prizes, she's sneaking," etc., etc., and thus enemies are made. I have in mind one young married lady who had to go to a hospital from nervous prostration, for no other reason in the world than that she belonged to six card clubs which took her out six afternoons a week to play for prizes. Oh! the pity of it. Do you not think she will be called to account for willful waste of valuable time?

In many places I have spoken of our study club and urged our Sisters to take up this work or something similar, and have been met with this excuse: "In small places we cannot get books for reference; we have no public libraries," etc. Now, these very Sisters will chip in to buy prizes for their card clubs, and yet would not do so to send away for good books. This same money used to purchase books would soon make a nice library for any Division. Believe me when I say that time spent together to gain knowledge of the great world in which you live will be a blessed season to you, and it will not be time lost. The more you know in this line the more companionable you will be for husband, children and friends. If you

feel that you have no time for either card or study clubs, you can at least read the daily newspaper, which will keep you well posted on current events and in touch with the world outside your own home.

Dear Sisters, do not take this for a sermon, for I know I am too prone to like the diversions of social life to preach, but I have long ago drawn the line at afternoon card parties where prizes were played for, because I think it a willful waste of time and nerve force and makes us like unto a greedy gambler. We are doing no good for ourselves or our neighbors when we indulge, and only sour our tempers. If you *must* have some way to put in the time, you will find it both pleasant and profitable to follow the outline of club work as given in our pages each month; or if this does not suit you, make programs of your own, something within your reach, and you will find yourself ready and anxious to continue the search for knowledge as you cultivate a taste for it. The secret of what we call good fortune is in storing up within ourselves a large reserve of ability and knowledge and power to meet any demands that may be made upon us in the future. Our success will be measured by our readiness to respond to whatever call may come. We know that there is no chance for "evil to begin" in the study of good literature.

MOTHER PENROSE.

Plea for a Disabled Brother.

While in Roanoke, Va., a few weeks since, a Brother of the Division there made a plea for an unfortunate young Brother of their Division. They spoke of him in the highest terms and the Sisters there told me of his noble life, caring for aged parents and doing well his part in life when this terrible accident happened. I have consented to publish his letter, sincerely hoping that our Sisters of the G. I. A. will send in many subscriptions for the coming year. Every engineer's family takes one or more of the magazines mentioned, and how little it is for us to do, just to renew our subscriptions through this dear afflicted Brother. What a good work it would be if every Division of the

G. I. A. would appoint a committee to solicit subscriptions from friends and acquaintances, thus helping one of our own perhaps to health and a useful life.—EDITRESS.

The following is his letter:

To the Brothers and Sisters of the B. of L. E.:

Two years and a half ago I received injuries in a wreck which caused partial paralysis of my legs and totally disabled me from doing any kind of active work. I have been under medical treatment almost the entire time, but the improvement I received was very slow up until four months ago, when I came to Chicago and begun taking the Lymph treatment at the Roberts' Lymph Institute. My improvement here has been very rapid, and the doctors think a cure possible if I can keep the treatment up long enough, but as it is very expensive I cannot hope to do so without some help. I have exhausted what means I possessed, and my Division, 401, has done all for me that could be expected of them, and I am going to ask the Brothers and Sisters to help me in carrying out a scheme by which I think I can realize enough to keep up the only treatment in which there is any hope of a cure or further improvement.

Several of the leading publishing companies have offered me a good commission to solicit subscriptions for their periodicals, and by getting a club of subscribers from each Division I could pay my way for quite awhile, and you will be getting something for your money and be helping an unfortunate Brother at the same time. If anyone is already subscribing for any periodical named below, let me have it renewed for you when expired, as they will allow me the same commission as for a new subscription. I can furnish you with the following periodicals:

Harper's Magazine.....	a year, \$4.00
Harper's Weekly.....	" 4.00
Harper's Bazar.....	" 1.00
Ladies' Home Journal.....	" 1.00
Saturday Evening Post.....	" 1.00
The Munsey.....	" 1.00
The Argosy.....	" 1.00
The Junior Munsey.....	" 1.00

Hoping that I may be favored at an early date with many subscriptions, I am,

Yours fraternally,

B. F. OLIVER,

3907 Prairie Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Peace on Earth.

BY J. M. E. SAXBY.

A fleecy cloud came drifting down the wakened sky,
When Christmas bells were pealing forth their minstrelsy;
And Earth was glad, for Time had brought again the morn
On which her Christ, her Hope, her promised One was born.

Within the bosom of that heavenly cloud there lay
A messenger celestial, sent to earth that day
To reign as king, in place of one whose parting knell
Was mingling with the echoes of the Christmas bell.

The angel of the cloudlet looked on earth and said:
"I come to thee all stainless from the Hand which made

The universe, unrolls the years; and in His name
Thy highest aspirations, hopes and deeds I claim,
But only claim to keep for thee. Then never fear
To meet the God-sent angel of a coming year."

A Husband for Every Girl.

There are 15,300,300 men who would have to remain single, even though all the women on earth should marry. Europe is the only continent with a numerical predominance of women. But even in Europe there are many countries where men outnumber women. That is the case in Italy, Greece, Roumania, Bulgaria and Servia. The aggregate of the population of these countries gives the men a majority of about 500,000. Portugal, Sweden, Norway, Russian Poland and Great Britain show a preponderance of women at the ratio of 1,060 women to 1,000 men. In Germany there are 1,039 women to every 1,000 men. Nicaragua, the South American republic, and other countries have more women than men. The most peculiar conditions are found in Hawaii. In Hong Kong there are only 409 women and in Hawaii 533 women to every 1,000 men.

Schools of Instruction.

ROANOKE, VA., Nov. 4, 1901.

MME. EDITRESS: Not since the union meeting held here six years ago have there gathered together as many engineers and their wives as did on October 30, the occasion being a reception given in honor of the visiting Sisters and Grand Officers. Until the last moment it was hoped that Sister Murdock would be present, but owing to the illness of her sister she did not arrive.

From 8 to 9 o'clock a program was gone through with, with Brother Woodson as master of ceremonies. The addresses of welcome were made by Bro. Martin Peters, Chief Engineer of Div. 401, and Sister Fortune, President of Auxiliary Div. 68.

Then Brother Cousins, Chairman of the G. C. of A. for the N. & W., made some appropriate remarks, and was followed by Sister Cassell, our Grand Vice-President, in an eloquent address on "The Good of the Order." She showed her usual enthusiasm, and all who heard her were proud that they had such a woman at the head of our JOURNAL work. Hon. Ed. Lyle spoke on "What the Engineers Are to Roanoke," and made every man present feel proud of his calling. Then Sister Cassell sang, and was followed by Sister Adams, who spoke on the charitable side of the order.

The program being through with, refreshments were served, and everyone proceeded to have a sociable, good time. Someone in the crowd was heard to say the name "Day," and the sound was taken up and carried from mouth to mouth until Bro. R. H. Day was led to the rostrum and gave, instead of a speech, a most delightful recitation on "Home."

Our visiting Sisters came from Hagerstown, Bluefield, Richmond, Crewe and Norfolk. Of the Sisters from Richmond most especially to be mentioned was Sister Johnson, our Grand Guide, who was down for an address on "Insurance," but unfortunately she arrived too late.

The following day was given over to our school of instruction, for which we were gathered together. Sister Cassell was authorized by Sister Murdock to instruct us, and right well she did her part, for I never saw a more patient or more untiring officer. She selected her officers from the different Divisions present, with our Grand Guide as Guide, and if she does as well at the convention as she did for us, Virginia may well feel proud that they have a Grand Officer and she the Guide.

Hoping to welcome the Sisters again at no distant day, I am,

Yours in F., L. & P.,

MRS. R. B. ADAMS.

Gathering at Springfield Mo.

On October 28, a number of G. I. A. Divisions gathered in Springfield, Mo., in response to an invitation extended by Div. 84 to attend a union meeting of the B. of L. E. and Ladies' Auxiliary. The event

was a most enjoyable one. An entertainment in honor of Grand Chief P. M. Arthur, under the auspices of the B. of L. E., at the Baldwin Theater, was an up-to-date, brilliant affair, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The ladies' reception and banquet, given in their hall, was one of the most enjoyable features of the occasion, for all who were there will long remember the good time and generous hospitality accorded for their comfort and pleasure. We also wish to pay Div. 84 a high compliment on its ritualistic work, which was very beautifully exemplified, and we hope this union meeting will be beneficial to both orders and promote the welfare and success of our Divisions. Again thanking the dear Sisters of Div. 84, and wishing for them all the good things in this life, and that the blessing of our heavenly Father may rest and abide with them all, we are, in F., L. & P.,

Div. 223.

Fun.

"I was reading this morning of a man who cooked his own breakfast for fifteen years." "He must have been very hungry when he finally got it done."

Nothing worries a girl more than to discover that a man after her own heart isn't after it at all.

Not a Christmas gift—Presence of mind.

When a mother says her boy is "full of life," the neighbors know it means that he will make trouble for them.

You may speak as you will of pedigree generally, but in a sleeping-car it is a man's berth that carries him through.

Mary.—"F-e-r-m-e-n-t, ferment—to work."

Mamma.—"Now, place it in a sentence to show me that you really understand it."

Mary.—"In Summer I love to ferment in the garden."

Old lady.—"I want a watch that won't tick so loud."

Clerk.—"They all tick like this, ma'am; there's no other kind."

Old lady.—"Sho! I know better, I've heard of them 'silent watches of the night' ever since I kin remember."

Study Club Program for December.

Subject: "American Art—Sculpture."

1. Read article of "American Sculpture," in Text Book of the History of Sculpture, by Allen Marquard, Ph. D., and Arthur L. Frothingham, Jr., Ph. D.
2. In what country did our early sculptors receive their technical training?
3. Give outline of the Paris studios in the Latin quarter, where our younger American sculptors most do congregate, with a brief description of the student life there.
4. In what century did the first successful American in the formation of statuary live? Give a short account of his first work.
5. What was the first marble group by an American sculptor, and by whom executed?
6. Give the name and a brief history of the artist life of the foremost American sculptor of the present day.
7. Which of his productions is considered his masterpiece?
8. What was the first piece of sculpture by Henry Merwin Shandy?
9. Who was the author of the colossal group exhibited at the World's Fair called "Indian Buffalo Hunt"?
10. Who was Director of Sculpture at the recent Pan-American Exposition, and what did he contribute to the same, giving a brief outline of each?
11. Where is the memorial fountain, "Struggle of Existence" (by Miss Enid Yandell), situated, and for whom erected? Explain the representation.

REFERENCES.

- Schools and Masters of Sculpture. A. G. Radcliffe.
 Trilby. Du Maurier.
 Marble Faun. Nathaniel Hawthorne.
 Atlantic Monthly, Vol. 75, Page 223, Art by Royal Cortissoir.
 Pan-American Art Hand-Book.
 Read article, "Organization as Applied to Art."
 C. Y. Turner.
 Cosmopolitan for September, 1901.

Division News.

AGAIN I will claim space in the columns of the JOURNAL to tell of some of the social events of Enterprise Div., 15, Sedalia, Mo. It is only a short time since we were all invited to attend and help celebrate the 50th anniversary of Brother and Sister Parish, which was a very enjoyable affair. Next in order came an invitation from Brother and Sister Russell to attend their 25th anniversary. They live in New Franklin, on the M., K. & T. R. R. Mr. Wm. O. Herin, the General Superin-

tendent of Motive Power, kindly granted transportation to all of us who wished to go. Some went on the morning train, and were met at the Junction by Brother Russell, who was waiting with a conveyance to take us to his pleasant home on the hill, which commands a splendid view of the surrounding country. We were met by Sister Russell, one of our oldest members, who showed us plainly how glad she was to see us all. We spent a very pleasant day talking while they were decorating with golden rod and roses, which had a beautiful effect. The presents were beautiful and costly, and too numerous to mention here. Mr. Wm. O. Herin sent regrets and a lovely tea set of four pieces, which were gold lined, and the Sisters sent a coffee urn with tray and naphtha lamp, which we thought very pretty, and there were many very valuable presents from the different orders. Brother Russell has worked a long time on the M., K. & T., and is very much liked. Several of us who could were urged to extend our visit, which we did, and had a happy time talking over the days gone by. We returned home the next day feeling that we had a great many things to be thankful for.

Sister Atkinson was married 25 years on the 29th of September, and as the anniversary came on Saturday the Sisters got up a little surprise, and a great many of the Sisters, neighbors and friends went to her home. She had been away on a visit, planned by her daughters, who did a great deal to make it a success. It was a complete surprise to her. She received a lovely tea-set with butter dish, and the children gave her a beautiful chafing dish. It was so nice to be remembered by the children. She also received other presents. I was not there, but I know what I missed.

And so, as the years go by, we pass the different milestones on our journey through life to eternity. And what are we doing to make it a blessed one for ourselves and others? What will our record be? Shall it be a well spent life for the Master, or one spent for self and selfish pleasures, which never satisfy, for we long for better things? So let us see to it that we do our work well, and strive to let our light so

shine that men seeing our good works may know that we have been with Jesus, and when we shall be called up yonder, we will all be worthy of that welcome plaudit, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

COR. SEC'Y.

ECLIPSE Div., Bellevue, O., has not put in an appearance in the JOURNAL for some time, but we are awake in the social world and continue to jog along in our Division work. One year ago we organized a social club, taking into it members of Div. 25. We called it the "Star and Crescent Club," and were to meet at the homes of the members once a month. Wherever the meeting was held the hostess was to provide the entertainment. One of the most pleasant of these occasions was on September 18, when about twenty-four accepted an invitation from Sister Jennie Crocker, of Toledo, O. We took the Lake Shore train early in the morning, and owing to the courtesy of the conductor, Mr. Zeiser, and his acquaintance with our President, we were invited into the parlor car, where we enjoyed the trip immensely, as we had the coach all to ourselves. We arrived at our destination before noon, to find Sister Crocker ready for us with a fine lunch. The afternoon was spent in town sight-seeing. All returned in time for an elegant four-course dinner, and a merry party sat down to that table, I assure you, after which a theater party was formed and our hostess escorted us to Burte's Theater, where we enjoyed the play, "Dangers in Paris." You will wonder how Sister Crocker took care of so many of us over night, but her elegant home seemed equal to the crowd. The next day was spent calling on and visiting friends in the city by those who cared to do so, while the rest remained and visited with our Sister. We returned home that evening, more than pleased with our jolly outing, and voted Sister Crocker a capital entertainer.

PRRS., Div. 25.

ONE of the most pleasant meetings, and also a profitable one, was held on Monday and Tuesday, October 28 and 29, in Springfield, Mo., in the I. O. O. F. Hall, on Commercial street. Invitations were extended

to all the G. I. A. Subdivisions within two hundred miles of Springfield. On Monday the visiting Sisters began to arrive, and the reception committee was in waiting at the station to receive them. Tuesday morning, promptly at 9:30 o'clock, Sister W. A. Noleman, President of Div. 84, called the meeting to order, with each officer in her chair. A mock initiation was gone through, which was very impressive. The visiting Presidents, Sisters McCabe and Griffin, made remarks on the ritual work, and Sister Noleman thanked them for their kind expressions of Div. 84. Sister Batchelder read a paper for the good of the order, which was excellent. The meeting then adjourned till 2 P. M., when we again assembled for work, with Sister Noleman in the chair, who used the officers of Div. 84 to exemplify other parts of the ritual work, which was beautifully done. One of the pleasant features of the occasion was a fancy drill given by twenty-one members of Div. 84. Sister Noleman deserves much credit for the way the Sisters were drilled. This closed the union meeting. Div. 84 served an elegant lunch to the visiting Sisters and Brother engineers. The remainder of the evening was spent with music and social converse. Divs. 184, 50, 133 and 223 were represented.

ONE seldom sees an account of the doings of Perseverance Div., 44, Slater, Mo., but it surely is not because the ladies comprising the membership of Div. 44 are not contributing their share toward making the heart glad and the home pleasant. Sisters Harmon, Mullin, Wyatt, Montgomery—in fact, all the Sisters of Div. 44 deserve great credit for the interest displayed by them in their acts of charity and sociability in every way; and they seem to take great pleasure in surprising one and all occasionally by leaving you in the dark while they come with good things to eat and drink.

On the night of October 18, these worthy ladies finding that the F. A. E. of Div. 8 would be at home, and that the next day would be his birthday, concluded to rouse him from his slumbers and entertain him, as they well know how, which they did royally (so he says), and such a surprise

to him when he awoke and found the house full of people, all come to celebrate the birthday which was nearly forgotten by him. But, then, the ladies never forget anything, and the few hours they spent in surprising Brother Griffin will not soon be forgotten by him; and the present from the ladies of Div. 44 will, I am sure, always bring back fond memories of the many good doings of the Sisters of G. I. A. Div. 44.

If this does not find the waste-basket I may write again, as this is my first attempt.

Fraternally yours,

A BROTHER.

I PRESUME you would infer from the silence of Div. 251, Houston, Tex., that our Division is dead; but it is not so. We are wide awake and on the alert to the best interests of our Division in every way. Since we organized, six months ago, we have taken in eleven new members and have three candidates to be initiated, and prospects are bright for several more before the year closes. The Brothers of Div. 366, B. of L. E., showed their loyalty in the new movement by presenting the Sisters with a beautiful frame, in which our charter was placed.

At one of our meetings Bro. D. A. Middleton and Brother Conners asked for admittance, which was granted, and presented the Sisters with a beautiful leather-bound Bible, with name of Division and date of organizing on it. The presentation speech was made by Brother Conners in a very pleasing manner, in which he informed the Sisters that Brother Emery and himself presented Div. 251 with the Holy Bible. It was responded to by our President, Sister J. D. Anderson, thanking the Brothers very kindly in behalf of the Division, and feeling proud to receive their gracious gift and sincerely hoped that this good feeling will always last between Divs. 366 and 251.

MRS. C. W. CONNERS, Cor. Secy.

AS Div. 240, Jonesboro, Ark., has never been heard from, I was instructed by some of the Sisters to let this bright and prospering Division be heard from, as it was our misfortune to have no inspector to say some kind words in regard to our work. We will not say too much, but of the banquets and ice cream entertainments and the good times we could not say enough. The first thing we did after we were organized was to give an oyster supper in our hall, which was a great success financially. Next was a musical, given at Sister Trunkey's residence. The music and recitations were enjoyed by all. Some of the Brothers and their wives went home in the small hours of the morning. An ice-cream supper was given on the lawn at Brother

and Sister Turner's, where the evening was spent pleasantly by the young and the old, while Sister Bond as cashier was kept busy. The next event, Sisters Dixon, Henderson and Barker extended an invitation to all to their beautiful homes for a quilting, where some work was done, and then we marched to the dining room. It is needless to say how much better we could quilt now. As this is my first attempt I will leave the rest for some other Sister to tell.

INSURANCE SECRETARY.

Div. 47, Mattoon, Ill., enjoyed the hospitality of Brother and Sister McHugh in their pleasant home on Prairie avenue. A Halloween party was given in honor of Sister Julia Zellers, of Alton, Ill. The guests were Sisters of Div. 47 and their husbands. While all were enjoying themselves a rap came at the door and a lady entered who was masked, and to the surprise of all made herself welcome. Our surprise was turned to laughter when we discovered that the guest was none other than our Past-President, Sister Sampson. As O. F. Hamilton neared the city, the fireman rang the bell, the engineer blew the whistle and the great iron horse pulled No. 6 into Mattoon just in time for our worthy Chief to join us in our festivities. Games and social conversation, together with dainty refreshments, made a delightful evening.

SEC., Div. 47.

HERE comes Pride of Florida Div., 225, Pensacola, Fla., to gain admittance to the JOURNAL. I want to tell the Sisters what we are doing down here. We were organized on June 11 and 13. On the night of July 26 we gave an excursion and dance at Magnolia Bluff, a delightful place for picnics and dances in summer. It was a perfect success, both socially and financially. We netted the neat little sum of \$83 for our treasury. I think that is doing well for us, just organized over a month. Yesterday being our meeting day, we added one more member to our list. This was our first experience in initiation. I think we did splendid for the first time, but were sorry we did not have enough members to have had the drills, which would have made it much prettier and more interesting. For fear this will find its way to the waste-basket I will close, and hoping to see it in the JOURNAL, I will bid you all adieu for this time.

Yours in F., L. & P.,

SECRETARY, Div. 225.

OUR Brothers of Div. 71, Philadelphia, Pa., gave a supper and ball on October 23, to which our Division (253) was cordially invited. Most of our members accepted the invitation, and all had a splendid time. It gave us the opportunity to become acquainted with Brothers and their wives

whom we had never met before. The Brothers made everything pleasant for our benefit and deserve our praise. The tables fairly groaned with the weight of good things to eat, and the dance went merrily on. We succeeded in getting many new names for our Division, and we hope to be a credit to the B. of L. E.

PRES., Div. 253.

WHILE on a visit to my old home at Corning, N. Y., I had the great pleasure of meeting with Div. 23 on its inspection day. I was received with great kindness, and enjoyed the work, which was inspected by Sister Peck, of Carbondale, who proved herself to be a woman of ability. Her goodness and patience seemed unbounded, and our order is made the better for having many such women in our ranks. I returned to my home in Somerset, Ky., with warm feelings for my Sisters in the East and a renewed zeal to work in my own Division.

SEC., Div. 45.

ANOTHER bright particular star is added to our firmament. This time in Portland, Ore. Our Grand President had written me to try and organize a Division there, so while enroute to attend the B. of L. E. union meeting held in Spokane, Wash., on the 16th, 17th and 18th of September, and having a few hours to remain in Portland before taking the train for Spokane, I put in the time getting as many of the engineers' wives together as possible and held a preliminary meeting at the home of Brother and Sister Curtis, receiving most valuable assistance from these good people. I succeeded in interesting the ladies to that extent that they then pledged themselves to be ready to organize when I returned the following Friday, and to procure as many names as possible.

On reaching Spokane I found Sister Bowley, our Grand Chaplain, there, and as she said she would "write up" the union meeting for the JOURNAL, I left it in her hands. I must say here that we are grateful to Brother and Sister Egbers and Brother and Sister Campbell for their kind hospitality while in their beautiful city. We held two G. I. A. meetings there, which were well attended; and I think we did some good in this direction in instructing in the ritual work, in which the members became quite enthusiastic. These visits are helpful to us all.

Sister Bowley returned to Portland with me, and assisted very materially in organizing the new Division. I do not think that fifteen more energetic and interested women could be found anywhere than those that assembled in the B. of L. E. Hall to form an Auxiliary to Div. 236. We held two meetings, so got them fairly launched in the ranks of the G. I. A.

They were very happy in selecting their corps of officers, and with the work in such efficient hands a bright future is certainly before them. I wish I could take time and space to mention each one individually as their faces stand out before me at this time, but as that is impossible I introduce them to the readers of the JOURNAL as bright, earnest women, whose strength and help will be felt by us all in the future.

Brother and Sister Curtis extended the hospitality of their beautiful home to us during our stay in their city, and they are right royal hosts. Brother Curtis is evidently a favorite with the ladies (as he is also the tried and true friend of the Brotherhood), which was clearly demonstrated by a unanimous vote to name their Division "A. E. Curtis."

As all good things must have an end, I reluctantly bade farewell to our Portland friends and started homeward on my long journey. On reaching Dunsmuir, Cal., Sister Bowley proceeded on to her home, while I remained in that picturesque little town, under the shadow of Mount Shasta, to call upon some of our Sisters, and met most of the members of Div. 163. They are certainly very much alive to the interests and progress of our order. This visit will long be remembered. With best wishes to all members of the G. I. A., I am,

Yours in F., L. & P.,
MRS. B. LIGHTNER.

G. I. A. Voluntary Relief Association.

TOLEDO, O., Dec. 1, 1901.

To Division Insurance Secretaries, V. R. A.:

As no deaths have been reported for this month, you are hereby notified that Extra Assessment No. 3 is levied (By-laws p. 63, Article III. Section 5) for the payment of which you are ordered to collect 25 cents from each member holding one policy and 50 cents from each member holding two, providing, however, that no one be assessed on a policy, if the application for said policy was dated later than October 31, 1901.

Members will pay their Insurance Secretaries on or before December 31, 1901, or pay a fine of 10 cents on each policy. Insurance Secretaries must remit to the General Secretary and Treasurer on or before January 10, 1902, or forfeit membership.

Members in good standing Nov. 1, 1901, two thousand and thirty-three carrying one policy, and fourteen hundred and four carrying two.

All claims are paid in full—\$500 on each policy.

A few still owe for record books, receipt books or booklets; we earnestly request the same to remit at once, that every account may be square before December 31, to which date the annual and convention reports of the General Secretary and Treasurer will be made.

MRS. GEO. WILSON, Pres. V. R. A.
MARY L. ROBERTSON, Gen'l Sec. and Treas.

Technical.

Those Rough Riding Engines.

ANGELS' CAMP, CAL., Nov. 8, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: It is claimed by the scientists on some roads that the rough riding of an engine is mostly caused by excessive lead of a short cut-off, if any lead at all is given in full gear, the remedy for which rough riding is to set valves with "negative" full-gear lead in back motion, and line in the full forward go-ahead. Nowadays, it appears that it is not the throbbing of power at high speed, bad water, nor irregularities of track that make an engine ride hard; it is the pre-admission of steam, which strikes the piston a jarring blow the instant (?) the port opens, before the piston completes its stroke. One writer has said that an engine with full-gear lead will ride much easier when drifting than when working steam—which statement nobody can deny. Early in life I learned that a rowboat rowed down stream easier than it rowed up stream, and I observed that an old ferry boat entered its slip with a smoother and quieter motion than when it steamed across its course with an energy that rattled the windows and shook the passengers. The good people, who believe that pre-admission acts as a brake on the drivers, should reflect that the heavy pistons, crossheads and main-rods of an express engine come to the center points at a pretty good clip, undriven by the main crank pins to the end of stroke; unless enough steam comes through a small port opening, after the exhaust, to overcome the momentum of a piston, and throw it in opposition to a main pin before the rapidly whirling crank passes the center. Steam is exceedingly quick, but it is not lightning, and the port channel must fill with pressure in excess of compression before it can counter seriously against a very active crank between the lead angle and the center. The greater the speed the earlier should be the admission for a distribution to accommodate the speed of piston and beginning of stroke. The utility of crank leverage increases from center to quarter, decreasing from quarter to center, near

which center steam cannot move the crank to center on that side in starting a load. The kinetic energy of a piston at high speed cannot be instantly overcome, by meeting an elastic force, and the piston stopped (it amounts to the same thing as stopping it, if the piston becomes subordinate to the crank) and suddenly placed in effective resistance to the drivers any easier than the drivers can be stopped and reversed within one revolution of the same. Nor does a card from a fast engine showing compression above the steam line prove that the compression has served otherwise than to cushion the piston and prevent initial condensation. If there is lost motion in a main rod, it will not pound before passing the center at slow speed in full gear without suitable lead, and after hooking up the rod will cease to pound. So far as the riding of an engine is concerned, an engine with lead may ride easier than another engine of different build without lead. Valves may be set with too much lead, but whether the so-called negative lead is conducive to easy riding depends a good deal on the imagination, perhaps. No indicator has been invented to determine the degree of comfort or discomfort a railroad man experiences; it is all left to the imagination.

I shall have to stop theorizing on the side rod question until an opportunity is given me to practically demonstrate that under certain favorable conditions it is not *absolutely* necessary to take down side rods on both sides, despite the fact that broken crank pins have been known to attest the failure of the experiment. The able brother scribe from the far-down country is herewith informed that my "flying trip to the angels," astride a side-rod, is indefinitely postponed. Of course no engineer who does me the honor to read my crude contributions is advised to try the doubtful experiment—at least not on railways where the rules are stronger than the crank pins. I shouldn't care to try it myself in Portland, Me., where the pins are liable to burn off in summer and snap off in winter. No Eastern climate for me, thank you.

Yours truly,
FRED W. CLOUGH.

Two Minutes Lost in Stopping.

MANHATTAN, KANS., Oct. 30, 1901.

EDITOR JOURNAL: I note in the October JOURNAL, Technical Department, an article under the heading of "Time Lost in Making Stops." In many years' experience on the same run, there was one flag station where when flagged and I stopped I found that the train passed the last switch generally two minutes late. So my conclusion by frequent observation is that only two minutes are lost by the stoppage of the train, when only five to ten seconds are occupied by the train actually at a standstill.

I pulled passenger trains several years before trains were moved by telegraphy. In fact, the only safe way to run trains is by time-card rules. Some will say this is old fogysm, but nevertheless it is true.

Sand, judiciously used, is a great help in stopping and starting trains. When the rail is wet, use a little sand before applying the brakes. It requires but a little when the rail is wet as it adheres to the rail better than when the rail is dry. When the rail is sanded you do not have to use as much air pressure, consequently the wheels are less liable to slide. The sand problem is not fully considered by many engineers.

The triplet valve on your tender should be cleaned often, otherwise there may be trouble. Many engineers use too much oil in the air pump. The air cylinder needs no oil if you keep a swab on piston between steam and air cylinders. The use of too much oil causes the valves to stick. Condensed steam is the best lubricant in steam or air cylinders.

J. S. HITCHCOCK, Div. 164.

Men and Things.

Among the communications of the week Mr. W. A. Griswold, in view of the much-exploited trip of the Vanderbilt automobile on Wednesday between New York and Philadelphia, sends a time-stained "way bill," which shows how the trip was made over much the same route by the United States mail coach in the time of Jackson's administration. This "way bill" was a record of the journey for April 15, 1834. It appears from the entries that besides the Federal mail coach, which was one of Colonel Reeside's famous conveyances, carried "Mr.

White" and "Mr. Leonard" to Philadelphia and "Mr. Watson" and "Mr. McCrea" to Bordentown and that Watson had with him "a dead child" that was classified as "extra baggage." The Philadelphia passengers paid \$6 each and the Bordentown passengers \$4 each. The schedule of the stopping places along the route was as follows: New York, Jersey City, Newark, Bridge Town, New Brunswick, Ayers, Penn's Neck, Trenton, Bristol, Holmesburg, Frankfort, Philadelphia.

The journey, which began at 4 P. M., was ended at 5 P. M. in Philadelphia, or at the terminus in front of Congress Hall at Third and Chestnut streets. On this occasion, Thomas Whitefield was the driver, and the United States mail guard, together with F. Shipman, was Augustus W. Griswold, who was a noted agent in the government's postal service up to the time of Buchanan, and who once was complimented by President Jackson with the privilege of carrying the first copy of one of his messages to New York.

In connection with the same subject is the original record of an engine on the Camden & Amboy Railroad for August 6, 1835. This engine was known as "No. 8," and is supposed to have been the "John Bull," which was exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago, and which is now, I believe, in Washington. The schedule of the engineer, one Phelps, is worth reproducing as an example of railroad transportation in the infancy of the business between Philadelphia and New York:

August 6, 1835.		Arrival.		Departure.		Running time.		Detention of Engine.		Remarks.
		H. M.		H. M.		H. M.		H. M.		
Camden.....	6	6	6	10	1	10	5	10	5	Engine No. 8. Phelps engineer.
Rancocas.....	7	20	7	25	1	55	40			
Burlington.....	8	20	9							Aug. W. Griswold.
Bordentown.....										
Sand Hills.....										
Meeting line at turn-out.....										
Highstown.....	10	10	10	15	1	10	5	5	5	
Spotswood.....	11	10	11	15	1	5	1	5	5	
South Amboy.....	12	20								
Running time.....	1	5								
Detention of engines.....	1	5								
Detention at wharves.....	6	25								
Whole time.....	6	25								

At that time John Stevens, the first President of the Camden & Amboy Railroad, thought that such a speed "would be found to be sufficiently rapid for all practical purposes."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

The distance, via the Pennsylvania Railroad from Jersey City to Philadelphia, is 90.70 miles. Train 83 is scheduled, via Germantown, to make the run in 1 hour and 51 minutes; via Camden, train 493, 2 hours and 17 minutes, both heavy trains.
—EDITOR.

The Tragedy of a Locomotive.

Engine No. 999, so the types have told, draws a daily milk train on the New York Central Railroad. Therein lies the tragedy of a locomotive.

Eight years ago this same 999 was a pet exhibit in the machinery department of the World's Fair at Chicago. It was the monarch of the rails, the holder of the world's record, the subject of great newspaper headlines and the inspiration of editorials on attainable speed. In May, 1893, without breathing hard, No. 999 did a nine-mile spurt on a level track at the rate of 102 miles an hour. On the same trip and many times afterward, the great locomotive drew the Empire State Express during a long run, at a sustained speed of more than a mile a minute. It was photographed in its great act by the biograph process, and to this day, on countless moving-picture screens, breathless music hall crowds may see its counterfeit presentment approach and vanish in a calcium glare.

And now 999 draws a milk train! Having travelled "the pace that kills," it has gone to the rest cure. Overtrained, like a human athlete, the champion of the steel highway must henceforth "live softly" all its days. But what a churning it would give the fresh Orange County cream if some day old 999 should suddenly awake, as did the deacon's famous trotter, to a revived sense of its former prowess!

PORT JERVIS, Nov. 12, 1901.

C. H. Salmons, S. G. E.:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: Enclosed please find clipping from New York *World* of even date. At the Chicago World's Fair, and for some time after, this locomotive was lauded to the skies; it was the only one that was noted by the scientific people and papers.

The E. B. Thomas, now known as 499, was built for the Erie engineers for exhibition and to show that an eight-wheel American type locomotive could be built that would do the work the ten-wheelers were doing, and she has done it. She is at this time running the heaviest passenger

train on the Susquehanna division of the Erie, running 288 miles per day, and doing it to the complete satisfaction of all. At Chicago this engine was viewed by some who were curious to know what would be the result of so many minds, and passed by many more as not worthy of notice.

This clipping says that in May, '93, the 999 made a record of 102 miles an hour on a level track. I have been told by men that are acquainted with the road that it is a slight descending grade. However, she is one of the has beens and the 499 is still in the harness.
Fraternally yours,

JAS. H. WOODS, Div. 54.

Engine 999, built in 1893, at that time was in the lead of all others in record of speed, and was a great credit to its designer and builder Mr. Wm. Buchanan, and attracted a great deal of attention at the World's Fair with Bro. Nat. Sawyer in charge, who probably answered questions relative to it more times than were necessary with any other exhibit. In preparation for the World's Fair exhibit in the Department of Railroads, the Erie engineers desiring to demonstrate that eight-wheel engines would meet the requirements in all passenger service, had the engine alluded to by Brother Woods built by stock subscription, and in accordance with plans agreed upon by the engineers themselves, and this engine has proven a decided success, and like the 999 is a great credit to its designers; yet in all likelihood the demand for greater speed and power will eventually find the 499 relegated to lighter duty than is now demanded of it. We believe its mission has been prolific of more eight-wheel engines, and consequently more comfort to those who have to ride them and care for them; and when, in the course of human events, the 499, like the 999, and those who run engines are given easier duties to perform, each will retain the honor of having been an important part in the wonderful development of railroad mechanism, and the perfected conduct of its great mass of business on lines of greater speed and greater safety to property and the public. There is no wearing away of the honor due to men and the machinery they created, through which

America has developed its wonderful commercial progress, though they must be eventually succeeded by others, and greater power succeed the present.

THE EDITOR.

Where Iron Rails Were First Rolled.

John M. Swank, in a government report on iron and steel, says: "The manufacture of heavy iron rails in this country was commenced early in 1844, at the Mount Savage rolling mill, in Allegany county, Md., which was built in 1843 especially to roll these rails. The first rail rolled at this rolling mill, and in honor of which the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia awarded a silver medal in October, 1844 (now in the museum at Ince Blundell, Lancashire, England), was an inverted U rail. U rails were in use in the sidings on the Cumberland & Pennsylvania Railroad as late as 1869.

"Steel rail production has had a marvelous history during the thirty-two years since it began," says the *Railway Age*. "In 1868 rails sold at \$174 a ton, but even at this price a few railway companies had decided that it was economy to begin to use them instead of iron. Ten years later, in 1878, the price had dropped to \$41.50, and about one-quarter of the railway mileage of the country was of steel rails. During the next ten years the price doubled, reaching \$85 in 1880, and then declined to \$31.50 in 1888, by which time there were 130,388 miles of steel tracks, against 52,979 miles of iron. At the end of another decade, in 1898, the price had fallen to \$18, and there were 220,800 miles of steel tracks; only about 24,000 miles of iron remaining. The following year, 1899, saw nearly 9,000 miles of steel added, although, in the course of the year the price had almost doubled. Today the mileage of steel is about 230,000, as compared with 20,000 of iron—that is, 92 per cent steel and 8 per cent iron—and the battered relics of the iron age that still linger in scattered sidings and spur tracks will soon disappear. Although the price, \$26, fixed by the mills for the coming year, is an advance of \$8 over the price at the commencement

of 1899, it is less than the average quotation for that year. But it is a higher figure than the large purchasers expected to pay, and if maintained may somewhat diminish the amount of new construction and renewals which had been planned on the expectation of a lower price. Still, compared with \$174 a ton, even \$26 seems cheap."

Locomotive Building.

The Coahuila & Pacific has ordered four consolidation engines from the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

The Maine Central has ordered from the Manchester Locomotive Works four engines.

The Detroit & Mackinac has ordered two engines from the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

The Shreveport & Red River Valley has ordered one engine from the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

The Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific has ordered ten consolidation engines from the Baldwin Locomotive Works.

The Northern Pacific has ordered fifty locomotives from the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and is considering placing some further orders.

The Erie has ordered fifteen consolidation engines from the Rogers Locomotive Works, and is considering placing contracts with other builders.

The Long Island has ordered two engines of the Atlantic type, with 19" x 26" cylinders and 76" drivers; eight ten-wheelers with 20" x 26" cylinders and 72" drivers; and two switching engines. The name of the builders has not yet been given out. —*Railway Gazette*.

Freight Car Famine Serious.

The Chicago *Record-Herald* says that between 15,000 and 20,000 freight cars are needed for immediate use by the railroads centering in Chicago. Not since 1886 has the freight car shortage been so great. Orders have been issued by every line here prohibiting the hauling of cars off their own lines, and every effort is being made to have cars unloaded at their destination with the least possible delay.

THE JOURNAL.

Published monthly, 307 Society for Savings Bldg.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CHARLES H. SALMONS, - Editor and Manager.

Address matter for publication — Correspondence, Technical and Link Departments; name and address of Outside Subscribers; name and address of Initiated and Reinstated Members, Transfers, Withdrawals, Expulsions, Suspensions, Special Notices, Obituaries, and changes in Division Addresses — to C. H. SALMONS, S. G. E., Editor JOURNAL.

No reading space will be sold for advertising purposes under any circumstances.

All money matters should be addressed to T. S. INGRAHAM, F. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg. Send New York or Chicago draft, Express money order or Postal order, but never send personal check, it is useless.

Changes in Address of the JOURNAL subscribers and orders for Division supplies should be addressed to D. EVERETT, T. G. E., 307 Society for Savings Bldg.

Advertising Department matter and all correspondence relating thereto should be addressed to W. N. GATES, 409 Garfield Bldg., Cleveland, O.



DECEMBER, 1901.

Christmas Greeting.

We feel that as an organization we have a right to be proud of the success that has attended the year 1901. The increase in our great family of fraternal Brothers has been beyond the most sanguine expectations, while the expulsions and withdrawals have been correspondingly less, and the JOURNAL, in meeting the correspondingly increased demand, has reached the 40,000 mark. It has been a healthy, steady growth all the year, exceedingly satisfying to contemplate. It represents a large measure of social and ethical progress, for intercourse is the soul of progress. Social touch and consequent community of interest means active endeavor, and that means assurance of future good results. Peace has reigned, while a very large measure of good has been accomplished through the influence of the organization. Business has been unusually good on most roads and very few Brothers have been out of work, a large part having more than they desired. So we feel that there was much to feel thankful for on the day set aside for that purpose, and that our great family of

fraternal Brothers and Sisters should look forward with more than common interest to that day when we celebrate the festival of the nativity of Christ and demonstrate our appreciation of His precept and example, "Peace and good-will toward all men," by tokens of love and kindly greetings. Having, generally speaking, more to do with, we may add much to our own happiness by doing more than usual. See that the children are impressed with the day and the Christian spirit that enters into it, and be paid many fold by their manifest delight. Demonstrate your appreciation of father and mother, sister and brother; and do not forget the grandparents, for there are none more appreciative of a kind act and a loving touch. And do not stop here. Misfortune has overtaken many, and some of our own fraternal family. Let none feel that they are so alone in the world that some good soul will not find them out and make them feel that they are something to somebody. Give them a token of good-will, their greatest need is a fellowship that sympathizes with and encourages new hopes and new aspirations. We hope there may be none even remotely associated with our great fraternal family that shall not feel the touch of fraternal fellowship and material help if need be. It is in the cultivation of a Christian spirit that we become Christianized, and our reward for our efforts to make others happy is to feel so ourselves. We may profess whatever we please, but we will be measured by what shows itself in our every act, and if we would create happiness there must be genuine love and companionship in all our gifts, and real sympathy in our deeds of charity.

The JOURNAL extends a hearty Christmas greeting to all its readers, trusting there may be none who failed to receive some token of love and esteem on Christmas day. And as the old year passes out let us welcome the new with every hand extended in genuine good fellowship and a wish that 1902 may be as prolific of good as the one just closing, coupled with a pledge of faithful performance of every right duty, success, peace and happiness will surely follow.

Want the Canadians to Secede.

Under the above heading, *The Trainmen's Journal* for November enters into a lengthy discussion of the subject, which to our mind is vastly more important to our Canadian Brothers than to the International organizations. The meeting of the malcontents for the discussion of this proposed move has been called to meet in Ottawa on November 20th. We have no knowledge at this writing of what was accomplished in the interest of the few originators of this idea, and we do not propose at this time to enter into any lengthy discussion of the matter, but for the possible benefit of our Brothers, members of the B. of L. E., whom we feel sure will desire to do that which is for their best interest, we will call their attention to a few points that ought to have thoughtful consideration before they make any move, especially one that is likely to injure them more than any other factor.

The proposition seems to involve federation or amalgamation of the four factors in train service—to promote legislation favorable to railroad employees, to perfect a systematic Insurance Department on more fraternal lines, which is to include sickness, accident or death. And it is then proposed to make the Canadian organization so strong and the "practice" of the members so perfect that the supply of skilled railway employees may be regulated. And it is further proposed "to protect by every legitimate means at its command the interests of its members under all conditions that may arise coming within the province of the order."

The membership of the B. of L. E. in Canada, working under the law governing the International organization conduct their business just as though they were distinctively Canadian. And so long as they can succeed in accomplishing desired ends by virtue of the strength of the organization in Canada, they have no need of any *foreign intervention*, and to suffer the humiliation of being refused an audience on account of being a foreign subject (as their prospectus says). But when they cannot succeed by themselves they

may call a Grand Officer of the International organization. We will leave it to our Canadian Brothers to say whether the influence of the International organization has been detrimental to them when they have had troubles they could not settle themselves.

The membership in the whole of Canada represents about $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the total membership in the International organization, and in case of trouble and a strike is sanctioned, $95\frac{1}{2}$ per cent contribute to $4\frac{1}{2}$; but if the trouble is in the states our Canadian Brothers contribute $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the total cost. It may be thought that the influence of the International organization is a negative force for our Canadian Brothers, but we do not think so.

A special law for the organization of a legislative committee distinctively Canadian was enacted for their special benefit, and it would seem that they have all the opportunities in that direction now that they would have if they seceded.

They propose to inaugurate a better plan of insurance, and claim that owing to a more healthy condition in Canada the cost would be materially lessened. But turning to the report which appears in the November JOURNAL, we find that the death rate for the month closing October 18, among the insured members in Canada was 1.8 per cent, while the other 31 represent but 0.9 of 1 per cent in the States.

Let us look at it from another standpoint. The average policy for the 34 deaths reported is \$2,338. Now, if every member in Canada belonged to the Insurance, three deaths, each holding the average policy, \$2,338, would cost each member \$4.30, and if the average was \$3,000, the cost would be \$5.45; and beside, with the International Insurance Association no one questions its ability to meet every obligation. That confidence would necessarily have to be won for a new and untried organization, even if it had a national name. It required years of effort for the International Insurance Association to build up its great structure, which must have for its whole foundation, confidence.

It is proposed "to curtail expenses by doing away with the class organizations

and placing our affairs in one corporate body, rendering it unnecessary to contribute to the maintenance of five Grand Lodges." President Gompers, of the Federation of Labor, demands class organization, because he knows that disintegration follows any other plan; and as for expense, a glance at the proportion paid by our Canadian Brothers ought to be enough to convince them that supporting headquarters in Canada does not mean a saving. The whole subject needs careful thought by the very few we think, who will be carried away with this new proposition.

There is a genuine fellowship existing between members in the States and members in Canada, and the order generally would dislike to see our members drop out for something of doubtful utility. We do not believe any number will, or that such a move can be even partially successful; but if it should be, it would carry with it no material harm to the International organization, which would still have 35,000 members with its influence unimpaired.

Railroad Y. M. C. A.

Bro. Deloss Everett, T. G. E., represented the Grand Office at a meeting of the Y. M. C. A., held at the Big Four Shops, Brightwood, Ind., on November 10, of which we glean the following from the Indianapolis *Sentinel*:

Several hundred persons filled the temporary seats arranged in the new paint shop at Brightwood, in attendance at the sixth anniversary celebration of the railroad department of the Young Men's Christian Association of Indianapolis.

The attendance of young men at the meeting was surprisingly large, showing an increased interest in the affairs of the association, which has had such an auspicious growth. Many women were in attendance, as well as a number of the older shopmen.

The treasurer's report showed the association to be in a most satisfactory condition, with a balance of \$63.87 with which to begin the new year. The net increase in membership for the year 1901 was 65 per cent, the total membership numbering 402 on October 1.

Chairman Sites in a brief prelude to his report gave a history of the association's growth. He said he had been asked by some what benefit the Big Four Company derived from the association. He explained that not one cent of the association's funds went into the Big Four, but that on the contrary the Big Four system was one of the most lib-

eral contributors to the association's finances. The only return of the association was the gift to the employees of the great system of a means to a better manhood in educational advantages and advantages for physical improvement.

Gov. Durbin, of Indiana, spoke briefly of the advantages of a spiritual guidance for young men. He said he was not at the meeting to commend the association, for that commended itself. He referred to the revolution and change in business life in the past decade, and of the prosperity under the change in system. "It is an age of progress," he said. "The throttle is open wide and the young men are at the head. Such an association is needed to strengthen them in their work and broaden them in the fierce struggle that is on."

The governor referred to the apparent qualifications of men in the train service of his early days as being well versed in profanity and well-equipped in the use of the flowing cup. "Those times are past," he said. "Today the young applicant appears. The question is not so much as to his education and his capabilities in this line, but as to his character. Is he trustworthy? Can we place implicit confidence in him? Can we put responsibility on him and feel that the responsibility is safely placed?"

"The young man that is wanted to-day is the man with the clean conscience of a well-spent life. There never was such a time when the young man was in such demand. The times are getting too fast for those past meridian. Business wants the vigor and intelligence of youth. It is fairly a day in which the young man controls the parent. The railroad department of the Young Men's Christian Association offers to young men in railroad life a means to promote mind, health, vigor, and is an aid to those desiring to live a clean life."

Deloss Everett, Third Grand Chief of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, was then introduced. He delivered an interesting address full of anecdote. He was one of the originators of the branch of the railroad Y. M. C. A. on the Pennsylvania system, which was organized in Philadelphia twenty years ago. He gave the experiences of the work in putting the association on its feet, the appeal to the officials of the company, General Manager Pugh's efforts with the board of directors and their endorsement of the plan which is now one of the distinctive features of the work among the employees and an institution to which the company looks with pride and to which it subscribes most liberally. Mr. Everett referred to the improved opportunity embraced in the offerings of the association to young men, which, if accepted, at once put the young man in closer touch with his work. In the association he said all men stand on the broad plane of a common manhood. All social lines are obliterated. General officers mingle with employees as man and man, extending the right hand of fellowship.

Such a thing, he said, was unheard of thirty years ago, when superiors held aloof from those under them. The speaker urged a continued loyalty to the railroad branches by the men and hoped for an increase in the membership each year as satisfactory as that shown by the reports read.

E. E. Stacey, State Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., in a brief talk, congratulated the members of the association on the work accomplished. He said the Y. M. C. A. is being daily accepted by business men as a part of their business service, which is gratifying to the workers in the cause.

In addition to the speeches musical numbers were rendered by Miss Ida Sweeney and the quartet of the College Avenue Baptist Church.

Special train service to the meeting was given by the Big Four Company under the direction of General Superintendent Van Winkle, who was unavoidably absent. Many of the officials of the company were in attendance.

Union Meeting at Springfield, Mo.

Agreeable to a promise made to Bro. C. E. Cook, of Div. 83, by our Grand Chief, P. M. Arthur, to attend a union meeting of the engineers on the old Frisco line and K. C., Ft. S. & M., what is at present known as the Frisco system, the Grand Chief arrived in Springfield at 6 o'clock A. M., October 28, and was met by Bro. W. A. Noleman, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and driven to the Metropolitan Hotel.

Monday forenoon was spent quietly at the hotel and in meeting several prominent men of the city. Brother Arthur was very favorably impressed with the changes the city had undergone since his previous visit here, some twenty-five years ago, and remarked that we had a nice city, indeed.

In the afternoon Div. 83 held a regular meeting, with the Grand Chief present, and as the old saying goes that "a true confession is good for the soul," we make one now. Our Grand Chief taught us some things we knew nothing about, and we feel that we are much wiser today than before our union meeting. He gave us not only good, sound advice, but rendered decisions on several important questions that will be treasured in the future. After the business of the meeting, the Ladies' Auxiliary gave an excellent drill in the hall, which called forth remarks from our worthy Grand Chief, who commended the Sisters and spoke highly of the G. I. A. and the good it accomplishes. There were Brothers present from the Missouri Pacific, Kansas City Southern and Fort Worth & Rio Grande Railways.

A public meeting was held in the Balwin

Theater at 8 P. M., where several hundred members of the B. of L. E., G. I. A. and friends listened to the following excellent program of speeches and musical numbers, the principal address being that of Grand Chief Arthur:

1. Music by Orchestra
2. Address of Welcome by Mayor Walker.
3. Response.
4. Music by Drury College Quartette.
5. Address by Hon. G. G. Lydy.
6. Music by the Orchestra.
7. Selection by Mrs. Genette Elliott.
8. Music by Drury College Quartette.
9. Address by Grand Chief P. M. Arthur.
10. Music by Drury College Quartette.
11. Selection by Hayle Johnson.
12. Music by Drury College Quartette.
13. Selection by Gladys Brubaker.
14. Music by Drury College Quartette.
15. Selection by Mrs. Genette Elliott.
16. Music by the Orchestra.

After the orchestra had rendered several pieces, Bro. W. A. Noleman, Chairman of the meeting, introduced Rev. W. S. Allen, D. D., who feelingly invoked divine blessing upon the order and meeting.

Mayor Ralph Walker was then introduced, and delivered the following address of welcome:

Mr. Arthur and Gentlemen of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers:

There are few functions which give me greater pleasure in performing than that of extending to you, sir, and the members of the order which you so ably represent, a welcome to the Queen City of the Ozarks,—an order which has been in existence for thirty-eight years, twenty-five of which you have been its guiding spirit and Grand Chief. Its cohesiveness is largely due to your wisdom, tact and conservatism; you have established yourself in the confidence and respect of the people at large, and you have stamped your impress upon the order which is so apparent in the cheerfulness with which its members yield to your instructions.

There is no class of men in whom the public should feel a greater interest; I say the entire public, because the American people are traveling people. Their lives are continually in your keeping. The bravery so often displayed by many a locomotive engineer in the discharge of arduous and dangerous duties, often paying the sacrifice with his own life to save that of those who are committed to his vigilant care, will rank with the valor of the soldier on the field of battle or the sailor in his battleship on the briny deep.

The people of Springfield feel a deep interest in the welfare of the engineer. We have many of them residents here. They form a valuable class of citizenship. The more of them we have the more traffic, and consequently the more business centers here. The prosperity which our city is

now enjoying is largely due to this factor. The central position which Springfield occupies on the vast Frisco system will insure by reason of its fast-increasing traffic the concentration here of a greater number of its employees. I believe railroad men will not object to Springfield as a place of residence. It presents many attractive features, such as healthfulness, educational, religious, and having all the improvements of a modern city. We invite and welcome engineers and railroad men generally to come here and share with us the blessings which they can enjoy.

Chief Arthur and Gentlemen, I now tender to you in my own name and in the name of the people of Springfield a cordial and sincere welcome. You will find the proverbial latchstring on the outside of the doors and a hospitable time within. The freedom of the city will never be abused by you, particularly while under the eye of your worthy Chief. It is yours.

Bro. A. H. Tucker responded to the address of welcome and received a round of applause, his response being as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen of this order, friends, and guests, this is the first time in my life that I have had the honor of standing in the presence of so great a concourse of people, and before the chief executive of a great city, to say anything, and I feel that I am inadequate to the task before me. (Turning to Mayor Walker, he continued): We will take you at your word, and use this hearty welcome to the full. I hereby salute you as man to man, palm to palm, and eye to eye, and return to you many thanks from the Brotherhood, for your most cordial welcome to us. Ladies and gentlemen, I thank you.

Brother Noleman then introduced Hon. Grant G. Lydy, who said in part:

When I was asked to make an address, I was told that I could make my speech short or long, to please myself, but knowing that engineers are accustomed to "putting on the brakes" I have decided to disregard instructions and make my speech short, to please you. We are highly honored by the presence of the Grand Chief, who has guided aright in the path of rectitude the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers for the last 28 years. He has justly earned the confidence of the people who have bestowed upon him the greatest honor in their power. The importance of the engineer is inconceivable. It has been truly said, "the hand that moves the throttle is the hand that moves the world." The duties of the engineer are manifold. He owes to his employer respect and a faithful discharge of that which is set for him to do. To the union he owes his loyalty. The union is like the proverbial "bunch of sticks" which bound together are imperishable, but separated may be easily destroyed.

This Brotherhood is one of the strongest in the world. There seems to be an unseen bond of sympathy, and as an old railroad man has said, "There is no tie that binds like the railroad tie."

His address was well received, and after

two musical selections our Grand Chief was introduced and made the principal address of the evening. He started out by saying:

I am here to tell you something of what has been accomplished during the 38 years of the existence of our order. There is a great deal of prejudice against labor organizations, because people do not understand for what purpose they are organized. I hold that the salvation of the country depends upon organized labor.

Sobriety, truth, justice, and morality are our mottoes, and our rule of action is to do unto others as we would have them do unto us. After a lifetime of 38 years our order has grown from twelve members to one grand organization of 35,000 of the best engineers in the world. I want you to know that we practice just what we preach. We require our members to be sober and render honest service to their employers.

His address was replete with valuable and statistical information and words of wisdom and encouragement, and at the close he received an ovation.

The entertainment was a success in every respect, and the committee of arrangements deserve the highest praise for the commendable manner in which they arranged and carried out the program of the day and evening.

Members of the order met in K. of P. Hall, on Commercial street, at 10 A. M., October 29, for the purpose of discussing matters pertaining to the good of the order, when many questions on constitutional rights and privileges were submitted to the Grand Chief. The meeting was decidedly interesting and lasted until 5 o'clock P. M., when it adjourned *sine die*, all feeling that it was good to be there, as the advice received from our Grand Chief was such as we had been in need of for these many years.

While the Brothers were in session, a special session of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the B. of L. E. was held at the Odd Fellows' Hall who invited the engineers over to take lunch with them at the close of the meeting, thus closing a union meeting at Springfield, Mo., one long to be remembered by all present.

C. E. C.

The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western has ordered ten four-wheel switching engines from the American Locomotive Company. They will be built at the Schenectady Works.

LINKS.

TO CANADIAN DIVISIONS.—Divisions located in Canada will please take notice that in making their remittances to this office they will be required to use drafts, express or postoffice money orders. We cannot use Canadian money as it is not current in Cleveland banks, and we can only get it into shape that we can use it by taking it to some broker and paying a discount on it. This is not only an unwarranted expense, but takes time that we cannot afford to spare in the hurry of closing up the year's business. We shall, therefore, decline to receive it in the future. Please govern yourselves accordingly.

WE desire to call the attention of the officers of all Subdivisions to the necessity of promptly reporting to the S. G. E. the result of the election of officers which occurs on the first meeting in December, the name of C. E., F. A. E., Sec. Insurance and delegate to the G. I. D. elect. These names should be sent to the S. G. E. Editor JOURNAL immediately, so the changes in the Directory can be made for the January, 1902, number. Do not leave this duty undone until you send your annual reports, as that will leave the retiring officials' names in the JOURNAL until February and many of them much later. Give us the names at the earliest possible date, and address them to C. H. Salmons, S. G. E.

WE would call attention to our list of exceedingly desirable premiums, to be found on another page. They are first-class in every respect, and more value than ever offered for the amount of energy necessary to earn one. Subscribers can be had if the effort is made, and help yourselves while you help get the JOURNAL into the homes of those not members of the order, and incidentally help to increase the fund for the widows and orphans.

Div. 581 was organized at Glace Bay, Cape Breton, on October 5, with 21 charter members, and the pleasant side of it is that the twenty-one represent that many additions to the B. of L. E., certainly an excel-

lent start in life; and we feel sure the fellowship and benefits of organized effort will be appreciated by every one of them if they make any effort to put into practice the salutary laws governing our institution. The JOURNAL wishes them success, and feels assured that our Brothers of Div. 581 will attain it through social touch and energetic effort.

WE desire to again call attention to the following letter, the subject of which was presented in the November JOURNAL. The letter reads as follows:

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Sept. 4, 1901.

Mr. P. M. Arthur, Grand Chief Engineer:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER—It has been decided by the General Board of Adjustment that the Brothers on the lines west of Albuquerque will refuse to obtain transportation excepting for Brothers actually in search of employment after January 1, 1902. We also shall insist that Article 5, page 42, of the By-laws stating that a Brother shall have a letter from his Division stating how he lost his position in addition to his card, be presented. We have an agreement with the company that they furnish free transportation for Brothers actually in search of employment. Brothers in active service must apply for transportation through the officers by whom they are employed. Please state through the JOURNAL the position we occupy. The favor will be taken from us if we get transportation for Brothers who are traveling for pleasure.

Yours fraternally,

C. E. CRAMER,

Chairman Lines West of Albuquerque.

We have the blank form of letter prescribed by the law mentioned in the above letter. (See page 42, By-laws.) The form of letter was adopted by the San Francisco Convention, but has been remodeled in harmony with subsequent law enacted by succeeding conventions. These letters may be had by ordering from the Grand Office; they cost very little and should be kept on hand by all Divisions, and would be a good thing if issued with each traveling card. It contains a description of the holder and would assist greatly in guarding against fraud of which so many complaints have been made.—EDITOR.

BRO. J. H. BROWN, member of Div. 37, is desirous of securing a position as steam-shovel engineer. Brother Brown has had considerable experience in this work, particularly with the Bucyrus shovel. He would be pleased to hear from any Brother, or anyone else, who knows of such an opening. Address J. H. Brown, 1114 Cornell Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

BRO. C. W. RICKARD, F. A. E. of Div. 251, Raton, N. M., has resigned as F. A. E., and from the road, and accepted a position as foreman on a rubber plantation in Mexico. The JOURNAL wishes Brother Rickard success.

It gives me pleasure to announce the promotion of Bro. R. W. Bell, a member of Div. 27, Freeport, Ill., to the position of Master Mechanic of the Illinois Central Railway and located at East St. Louis, Ill. Brother Bell has been rapidly advanced from passenger engineer to traveling engineer, then to General Foreman at Louisville, Ky., and now to Master Mechanic. The fact clearly indicates that the railroad companies recognize his ability and are rewarding the same. Wishing him every success is the expression of Div. 27.

G. W. HALL, F. A. E.

BRO. B. C. GESNER, a member of Div. 162, Moncton, N. B., has been appointed Master Mechanic for the Intercolonial Railway, with office at Stellarton. His jurisdiction is from Oxford Junction to Sydney, North Sydney and Truro, and includes the Truro Terminals.

Bro. W. C. Hunter, also a member of Div. 162, has been appointed Air Brake Inspector, with office at Moncton, effective November 1st. The JOURNAL wishes both our Brothers success in their new field of labor.

BRO. A. L. BABCOCK, of Div. 59, has been highly honored with the promotion from Engine Dispatcher to the responsible position of General Road Foreman of Engines of the entire system of the B. & A. R. R. from Boston to Albany, with headquarters at Springfield, Mass. Brother Babcock has always taken a great interest in the affairs of the B. of L. E. to advance its interests. Div. 59 wishes Brother Babcock the best of success in his new position, for which he is eminently qualified, and we feel highly honored that the selection should be a member of our Division. Div. 59 is also proud of having a Grand Officer as one of its members.

G. A. M., F. A. E.

BRO. G. C. COBB, member of Div. 40, Portland, Me., Chairman of the G. B. of A., Grand Trunk system, has resigned his

office as chairman of the committee to accept a position as Road Foreman of Engines. Brother Cobb has been in active service as an engineer over thirty years, and always an active, energetic worker in the B. of L. E., demonstrating superior ability as Chairman of the G. C. of A. His resignation to the committee with whom he had served so long was tendered with many regrets, but long service on an engine and the interest of his family induced him to accept the flattering offer of the Superintendent of Motive Power of the Grand Trunk Road. The superintendent has chosen wisely and Brother Cobb deserves success, and the JOURNAL wishes him an abundance of it in his new field of labor.

THE B. & A. makes a change from Traveling Engineer to Road Foreman of Engines, as per the following Bulletin:

BOSTON & ALBANY RAILROAD.

New York Central & Hudson River R. R. Co., Lessee.

OFFICE OF
SUPT. MOTIVE POWER AND ROLLING STOCK,
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., Oct. 21, 1901.

To All Concerned:

Mr. J. W. Chamberlain is appointed Road Foreman of Engines between Boston and Springfield, with headquarters at Boston Engine House.

Mr. A. L. Babcock is appointed Road Foreman of Engines between Springfield and Rensselaer, with headquarters at West Springfield Engine House.

They will report direct to the Superintendent Motive Power and Rolling Stock.

They will have supervision of all Engine Houses on their respective divisions, with jurisdiction over all persons employed in or about the same; will also have authority over all engineers and firemen, the assigning of crews to engines, the engines to trains, and will confer with Division Superintendents and Train Masters frequently in regard to the needs and requirements of the service. Effective November 1st, 1901.

T. B. PURVES, JR., S. M. and P. R.

Bro. J. W. Chamberlain, mentioned in the above bulletin, is a charter member of Div. 439, Boston. He began his railroad career in 1861, was promoted to engineer in 1865 and to the position of Traveling Engineer in 1894, a position which he has held with eminent satisfaction to all concerned up to the date of his present promotion, and the consequent abolition of that office. The above promotion carries with it many complicated and arduous duties, but Brother Chamberlain is well equipped for it, and will succeed in an eminent degree. The JOURNAL wishes him success.

POCAHONTAS division, of N. & W. Ry., is situated midway between Norfolk and Columbus and is where the famous Pocahontas coal is mined. This is a very difficult division to work on successfully. It has been said, and perhaps truly, that a man that could work successfully on this division could work on any road in the world. Five months ago our worthy and

highly esteemed Superintendent, N. D. Maher, accepted a position as General Superintendent on the Seaboard Air Line. Only a few days elapsed when Mr. E. E. Winters, Chief Dispatcher, accepted a position as Trainmaster; then Mr. W. R. Hudson, Trainmaster, accepted a similar position. Then next our worthy Brother, W. E. Brumble, accepted a position as Road Foreman. Brother Brumble is a loyal member of Div. 448, is our Past Chief, and a member of the General Board of Adjustment. We commend him to the Brothers on the S. A. L., and we compliment the S. A. L. in knowing where to get good men. There is some good material left yet.

Faternally,
G. C. BAILEY, F. A. E. Div. 448.

Div. 16, Galion, O., has favored us with an invitation to be present and share in the pleasures of its grand New Year's ball, to be given on Tuesday, December 31, at the Armory. Music by Wollweber's Orchestra. The committee of arrangements are Bros. W. G. Richards, J. J. Daze and A. Gerhart, while the committee on invitation are Bros. P. Meuser, W. Walker, J. Haley, C. F. Hall, G. Casey, W. R. Shade, Harry Mackey, J. W. Fellings, J. B. Murphy, F. E. Smyth, F. E. Tracht, P. McNeff, James Freer and John Haynes. The members of Div. 16 know how to make a success of these entertainments, and they deserve a good attendance, in fact a crowd. If we could dance we would surely be on hand, but our early education having been neglected in that direction, they will have to be content with our thanks for the invitation and good wishes for their success.

THE annual charity ball will be given by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen joint Lodges of Cook County for the benefit of the Railway Men's Home at Highland Park, Ill., at the Auditorium, Chicago, on Tuesday evening, January 28th, 1902. Tickets admitting gentleman and ladies, \$1. Music by Second Regiment Infantry Band.

It will be remembered that the charity ball given in February, 1901, under the same auspices, was not only a decided social success, but netted \$2,015.06 for the Home, and no doubt their present efforts will exceed the former one in both social and financial success. The general arrangement committee is composed of fifteen, the honorary committee of eighty-two, reception committee of sixty-two, and floor committee of fifty-four, which indicates very extensive preparations, and an extraordinary attendance. For any further information address Geo. Goding, Secretary and Treasurer, Room 500, City Hall, Chicago, Ill.

ONE of the most delightful events in the history of the Long Island Railroad happened on Sunday, October 13th. Div. 269, B. of L. E., Long Island City, N. Y., gave an outing to Manila Div., 244, of the G. I. A., to Sag Harbor and return. Engineers not members, and all Brothers of Div. 269 and their families, and Sisters of Manila Division and their families, were invited. Bros Booth, Tompkins, and Wohlafka were appointed a committee to make arrangements, and they did their part well. Mr. Wm. F. Potter, General Superintendent of the Long Island Railroad, furnished an engine, four drawing-room cars and two coaches. Brother McKeever was engineer and Mr. Wm. King conductor. The day looked very dark to have a pleasant time, but as the weather cleared, and the Brothers and Sisters responded to the call, by the time the train reached Jamaica we had a family gathering of two hundred. We had a fine view of the island as we went along, and a good run to the Shinnecock Hills, where we alighted to take a view of that delightful place from there to Sag Harbor, where we arrived at 1:05 P. M., in time for dinner, which was served at the Nassau and American Hotels. After sightseeing and visiting we started on our home journey at 3:40 P. M. and had a good run. Everyone enjoyed the outing. We all joined in thanking Mr. Wm. F. Potter, the General Superintendent, for his kindness toward us, and we wished him a long life and a happy one, and wish to be remembered to him through our JOURNAL, not forgetting Bro. Samuel Booth, the engineer, who is known all over the island, for it was through him that it was such a success and a happy time. We hope that it will not be the last time we shall meet, and we all wish to be at the next one.

MEMBER OF DIV. 269.

OCTOBER 20 was a red-letter day at the room of Div. 148, McKees Rocks, Pa. The members of this Division had entered into a conspiracy and intended to surprise Bro. Thomas Pratt, Chairman of the Local Committee of the Pittsburg & Lake Erie Railroad for a number of years. Brother Pratt was informed that trouble existed, and that it would be necessary for him to be present. After the regular order of business had been transacted, Bro. Hugh Rodgers, C. E., called on Brother Pratt, and in the following neat speech presented him with a solid gold watch chain and B. of L. E. charm, inscribed as follows: "Presented to Bro. Thomas Pratt, by members of Div. 148, in appreciation of his services on the Local Committee of the B. of L. E. Oct. 20, 1901."

BROTHER PRATT: For the past ten or twelve years you have been a member of our Board of Adjustment almost continuously. There have been times

when your duties as committeeman have been trying, both on your patience and on your ability. When I say on your ability, I mean that there have been times when it would have puzzled most anyone to have known just what to have done for the best. When matters of grave interest to the engineers have come up before you, you have always given them thorough consideration in every conceivable light, and have acted according to your own best judgment, to the interest of your Brother engineers in general, and to the satisfaction of the majority. True, there have been times when there was dissension on account of misunderstanding, but when the truth became known there was no fault to be found with you by any reasonably minded man.

Brother Pratt, by your never-tiring efforts in behalf of your Brother engineers, you have gained a place in their hearts that is open to but few men. Hoping you may ever retain this same standing with your Brother engineers, which you have gained through honesty and purity of motive, I will now ask you to accept this slight token as a mark of esteem conferred upon you by your Brother engineers, members of Div. 148, B. of L. E.

Our good Brother Pratt, who can always talk, for a moment could not find words to express himself, but finally recovered, and assured the members of the Division present that he highly appreciated the evidence of their good-will, and as it was a complete surprise, his work on the General Committee in the future would show, as it had in the past, his devotion to the right and just. If you want to see a proud man, just see Brother Pratt flying by on the Belle Vernon flyer. Div. 148.

THE following letter is self-explanatory:

CHICAGO, ILL., Oct. 31, 1901.

P. M. Arthur, Grand Chief Engineer, B. of L. E., Cleveland, O.:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: I wish you would kindly convey to the Divisions of your Brotherhood in the state of Missouri the information that William Wade, of De Soto Lodge, No. 205, B. R. T., convicted of the crime of murder, at St. Louis, in June, 1900, and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary at Jefferson City, and whose petition for pardon was supported by your Divisions in the state, was pardoned by the Governor October 29th, 1901, after presentation of the petition and a hearing granted by the Governor to a small committee of our members and the undersigned. We feel very grateful to the Divisions of your Brotherhood for their support in this matter, and beg to assure them of our willingness to assist them in any consistent way. With best wishes, I remain

Fraternally yours,

P. H. MORRISSEY,
Grand Master, B. of L. E.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

E. A. Bigler, an expelled member of Div. 50, has a traveling card good until Jan. 1, 1902. If presented, please take it up and forward to the F. A. E. of Div. 50.

The traveling card issued to W. F. Remington has been lost or stolen. If presented, please take it up and forward to the F. A. E. of Div. 431, Fairbury, Neb.

Wanted—The present address of Fred Witham, an engineer, who took an engine on the "Q." in 1888, and when last heard from was running on the Chicago & Eastern, Illinois. Anyone knowing him or of him will confer a great favor by writing to his wife, Mrs. Fred Witham, 973 N. Academy St., Galesburg, Ill.

Information is wanted of the whereabouts of

Mrs. Maggie Demo Barrett, formerly of Essex county, N. Y. When last heard of she was living at Racine, Wis. Her husband worked on or around the railroad. Anyone knowing anything of her will confer a favor by writing to Mrs. J. H. De Wolfe, Box 75, Crown Point, N. Y.

The traveling card of Bro. Edw. Dunlap has been lost. If presented, please take it up and forward to G. A. Peck, F. A. E. of Div. 272.

Information of the whereabouts of Harley Courson, an engineer on some Western road, is wanted by his parents. When last heard from he was in a hospital in Omaha, Neb. Anyone knowing anything concerning him will confer a favor by addressing C. Baguey, F. A. E. of Div. 36, 39 Cedar St., Newark, O.

Wanted—The address of Engineer Strong, who worked on the Mexican Central in June, 1900. Send present address to Attorney D. Storms, El Paso, Tex.

Wanted—To know the address of Thos. Gafney and Frank McConnell, formerly of Springfield, O., who are at present supposed to be in the employ of some railroad in either North or South Dakota. Six years ago they were employed as engineers in Salt Lake City, Utah. Any information concerning their address will be thankfully received by Frank C. Pease, 113 Center St., Dayton, O.

Members of the following Divisions will correspond with the F. A. E. of their Divisions immediately:

Division—

419—John Ashby, Fred Weidner.

177—E. F. O'Dell, R. A. McConnell, J. T. Cronin.

401—C. C. Williams, W. W. Simms.

552—John Scanlan, A. A. Summerall, C. A. Chapell, R. E. L. Walker, W. H. Miller, J. A. McClendon.

431—P. H. Manion.

100—Thos. C. Sullivan.

202—R. H. Reid.

192—E. J. Sexton, W. D. Miner, A. D. Gandin.

OBITUARIES.

[In accordance with the action of the Ottawa Convention, no resolutions of condolence, obituary letters or poems will be published in the JOURNAL. All deaths will be listed under obituary heading only, with cause and date of death.]

Fairmont, W. Va., Oct. 9, 1901, killed in collision. Bro. W. H. Weigel, member of Div. 477.

Union Hill, N. J., Oct. 18, killed by being run over by an engine, Bro. John Van Dyke, member of Div. 235.

New York City, N. Y., Oct. 13, Bro. A. W. Kelsey, member of Div. 105.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 10, of Bright's disease, Bro. Thos. Manley, member of Div. 353.

Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 26, Bro. E. J. Gotwols, member of Div. 71.

Youngwood, Pa., Oct. 21, killed by being struck by passing train, Bro. R. A. Graham, member of Div. 310.

Wheeling, W. Va., Oct. 25, of paralysis, Bro. Hyder Riley, member of Div. 477.

Montpelier, Idaho, Oct. 26, killed by the derailment of his engine, Bro. Ed. Partell, member of Div. 324.

Carbondale, Pa., Oct. 23, Bro. D. C. Benacoter, member of Div. 166.

Bluefield, W. Va., Sept. 21, Bro. W. E. Osborne, member of Div. 448.

South Kaukauna, Wis., Sept. 16, of appendicitis, Chas. D. Robinson, son of Bro. Chas. D. Robinson, member of Div. 249.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 14, of blood poisoning, Mrs. Belle C. Gribble, wife of Bro. Chas. Gribble, member of Div. 129.

Leadville, Colo., Oct. 28, from injuries received by engine breaking a driving axle, Bro. Walter B.

Goff, S. A. E. and Secretary of Insurance of Div. 28.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 24, from injuries received by engine running over him, Bro. Frank Little, member of Div. 437.

Pittsburg, Pa., Oct. 28, of typhoid pneumonia, Bro. James J. Halliwell, member of Div. 287.

Shamokin, Pa., Nov. 1, killed by explosion of engine, Bro. Harry Walters, member of Div. 148.

McKees Rocks, Pa., Nov. 4, Helen Ainor, daughter of Bro. John Ainor, member of Div. 148.

Galion, O., Nov. 1, by being crushed under engine, Geo. Kavanagh, son of Bro. Edw. Kavanagh, C. E. of Div. 16.

Saginaw, Mich., Oct. 22, of inflammation of the bowels, Mrs. Rirchard F. Brundage, daughter of Bro. W. V. Green, member of Div. 16.

Covington, Ky., Nov. 5, of exhaustion, Bro. Geo. W. Pelter, member of Div. 489.

Highland Park, Ill., Oct. 30, at Railroad Employees' Home, Bro. Geo. E. Pope, member of Div. 64.

San Luis Potosi, Mex., Oct. 20, Bro. Max Schultz, member of Div. 453.

Kerrville, Tex., Nov. —, Bro. Chas. Dawson, member of Div. 125.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 26, Mrs. Nannie Royalty, wife of Bro. Daniel Royalty, and member of Div. 258, G. I. A.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 25, of palpitation of the heart, Mrs. Thos. Bailey, wife of Bro. Thos. Bailey, member of Div. 52.

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 27, of complication of diseases, Mrs. Kate McCabe, widow of the late Bro. Jesse McCabe, member of Div. 52.

Rochester, N. Y., Nov. 12, of paralysis, Bro. Chas. Bannard, member of Div. 18.

Port Huron, Mich., Nov. 1, of heart disease, Bro. G. W. Rutherford, member of Div. 122.

Terrace, Utah, Oct. 31, of heart failure, Bro. Henry Loose, member of Div. 55.

Canton, O., Nov. 12, of dropsy, Bro. F. L. Ingersol, member of Div. 360.

New York City, Nov. 13, of consumption, Bro. Geo. F. Searing, member of Div. 105.

Bowling Green, Ky., Nov. 10, of Bright's disease, Bro. John H. Ludington, member of Div. 215.

Youngwood, Pa., Oct. 22, killed while on duty, Bro. R. A. Graham, member of Div. 310.

Columbus, O., Oct. 31, of heart failure, Bro. C. G. Knight, member of Div. 34. Brother Knight was born in Sandusky, October 24, 1843, and during the Civil War served in the 5th and 123rd Ohio Volunteers. After the war he chose railroad life for an occupation. He was an active member of the E. of L. E., for many years F. A. E. of Div. 34, and Secretary of the Legislative Board of Ohio, and rendered valuable service in that capacity. He was made Assistant Inspector of Railroads, and at the time of his death was Chief Inspector and the Commissioner of Railroads and Telegraph.

ADMITTED BY TRANSFER CARD.

Into Division—

- 366—E. A. Vickroy, from Div. 95.
- 295—Leslie Robin, from Div. 528.
- 158—James D. Martin, from Div. 383.
- 501—John W. Carithers, from Div. 432.
- 383—C. Crooks, from Div. 460.
- 238—C. A. Bigby, from Div. 571.
- Chas. C. Phillips, from Div. 100.
- 276—M. J. McLaughlin, from Div. 468.
- 84—E. Garraux, from Div. 256.
- 386—J. D. Hayes, from Div. 33.
- Joseph Houppert, from Div. 218.
- T. P. Carpenter, from Div. 548.
- R. B. Herring, from Div. 554.
- N. A. Mills, from Div. 432.
- 113—Frank I. Griggs, from def. Div. 112.
- 269—James Hulmes, from Div. 157.

180—Solon Tupper, from Div. 357.

158—C. E. Crane, from Div. 55.

112—C. E. Wells, C. E. Aldrich, from Div. 63.

33—R. E. Allen, from Div. 122.

281—L. W. Hollaway, from Div. 363.

360—Chas. Wolf, from Div. 100.

114—N. W. Frisbie, Victor U. Powell, John F.

Dignan, from Div. 27.

425—J. O. Marshall, from Div. 110.

219—Chas. Johnson, from Div. 212.

R. Sweeney, from Div. 197.

238—A. L. Hoover, from Div. 221.

554—W. L. Titus, from Div. 225.

497—G. W. Starkins, from Div. 453.

436—W. M. Davis, from Div. 511.

571—W. S. Reid, from Div. 315.

R. A. Dobyns, from Div. 156.

W. A. Gray, from Div. 567.

66—Jesse Parker, Thos. Carroll, from Div. 27.

576—Owen Jones, Paul Smith, Wm. Richardson.

Ernest Smith, from Div. 499.

417—Enoch Yentzer, from Div. 186.

336—J. P. McGraw, from Div. 239.

386—J. A. Keys, from Div. 423.

399—John Lenahan, from Div. 540.

563—L. A. Stevens, from Div. 128.

325—Leander C. Heacox, from Div. 310.

158—W. W. Frohock, from Div. 362.

265—J. M. Wilcox, from Div. 375.

580—Louis N. Roane, from Div. 33.

238—H. A. Moore, from Div. 174.

86—S. E. Paro, from Div. 19.

F. D. Hough, from Div. 525.

D. F. Baker, from Div. 143.

222—J. D. Bell, from Div. 517.

W. P. Hamilton, from Div. 98.

P. Z. Alexander, from Div. 309.

Edw. Sarver, from Div. 98.

F. W. Wilson, from Div. 100.

85—J. H. Standard, from Div. 265.

M. T. Jackson, from Div. 460.

166—John Gallagher, from Div. 43.

229—John H. McPeak, from Div. 526.

100—John Wakley, from Div. 8.

249—Frank L. Fosh, from Div. 536.

540—Geo. T. Walker, from Div. 501.

552—Victor Ford, from Div. 196.

W. Roas, from Div. 426.

498—John Martin, from Div. 435.

49—Mark J. Lawlis, from Div. 371.

436—Thos. Cummings, Div. 223.

415—C. A. Fogus, from Div. 110.

8. R. Egan, from Div. 362.

383—T. A. Cole, from Div. 421.

M. Sheen, from Div. 312.

Edw. Krause, from Div. 126.

Clement Crooks, from Div. 480.

433—T. J. Higby, from Div. 505.

C. C. Hamlin, Geo. Smith, from Div. 491.

120—F. P. Carr, from Div. 218.

278—J. A. Bottom, from Div. 554.

238—Otto A. Droskey, from Div. 279.

180—H. N. Browhill, from Div. 91.

Brother H. Keller's name was listed in the November JOURNAL as being admitted into Div. 356 from Div. 441. It should be Div. 8.

WITHDRAWALS.

From Division—

- 439—W. C. Goulding.
- 116—D. N. Robinson.
- 110—Thos. Forsyth.
- 39—John Gorman.

From Division—

- 9—Joseph E. Leighton.
- 61—C. B. Hutchinson.
- 383—A. D. Tyler.
- 290—F. J. Smith.

RE-INSTATED.

Into Division—

- 353—J. I. Way.
- 257—B. S. Reading.
- 230—W. P. Watson.
- 395—Wm. Shaw.
- 474—Joseph Yost.
- 332—W. F. Mitchell.
- 95—Hugh Morris.

Into Division—

- 129—W. W. Anderton.
- 125—John Cotter.
- 25—John Flaherty.
- 362—W. W. Frohock.
- R. M. Moore.
- 85—L. A. Wilshire.
- 210—J. H. Cronk.

410—P. J. Newman.
371—L. S. Phillips.
7—E. B. Carter.
26—W. F. Tanner.
Wm. Dwyer.

328—Walter Scott |
M. Binkley.
225—John M. Jones.
290—W. H. Penney.
104—Samuel H. Boyd.

479—Robt. James, A. M. Hamm.
77—Chas. Bast.
290—Chaffey Deans, Archie McKellar, W. E.
Bronson, P. B. Levery.
310—J. A. Lyon.
46—Chas. Van Huysen, for non-payment of
dues.

EXPELLED.

From Division—

409—W. A. Kline, three months, for unbecoming
conduct.
464—R. T. Stratton, for forfeiting insurance.

SUSPENDED.

FOR NON-PAYMENT OF DUES.

From Division—

333—W. E. Apt, G. Geer.
533—A. L. Carpenter, Edgar W. Smith.
336—J. Bennett, C. H. Rudolph, W. D. Riley.
492—O. W. Dixon, Wm. Horton, H. B. Lammey.
369—John Babington, Frank Gander.
114—James Wood, J. A. Mulkern, J. W. Place.
150—L. J. Bauer.
185—C. T. Winslow, F. J. Cotterill.
201—J. R. Gentry, Joel Stewart, S. D. Murphy.
401—W. L. Newman.
368—J. C. Steiner.
293—L. J. Beardley.
431—C. F. Carnahan.
76—Thos. McLeod.
163—C. F. Berry, Albert Perkey.

FOR OTHER CAUSES.

276—John J. Lance, for forfeiting insurance.
369—Geo. Hillman, for forfeiting insurance and
non-payment of dues.
95—Fred Challinor, for violation of obligation.
Geo. Wortendyke, for violation of obligation
and unbecoming conduct.
368—J. W. Eskew, J. N. Watson, for violation of
obligation.
50—E. A. Bigler, for violation of obligation in
changing destination of pass.
262—Geo. L. Wilson, for non-attendance.
568—I. M. Stockton, for forfeiting insurance.
329—W. S. Lodwick, for forfeiting insurance.
571—J. A. Burns, for forfeiting insurance and
unbecoming conduct.
431—W. F. Remington, for unbecoming conduct.
448—Joseph Werner, for violation of obligation,
defrauding a brother and non-payment of
dues.
525—P. D. Combs, for unbecoming conduct.
417—James McMahon, for engaging in the liquor
business and non-payment of dues.
434—A. J. Bennett, for deserting his family and
non-payment of dues.
179—J. E. Powell, for non-payment of dues and
forfeiting insurance.

PREMIUMS FOR JOURNAL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We have arranged with the Webb C. Ball Co., Watch Manufactur s, Cleveland, O.,
for three kinds of watches, which we are offering as premiums:

- 1st. **The Ladies' Queen Watch**, 17 jewelled, 14 karat gold filled case. Selling price, \$30.00. To
obtain this send us \$30.00 with the names of 30 subscribers.
- 2nd. **Gentlemen's B. of L. E. Standard**, 17 jewelled, 14 karat gold filled case. Selling price, \$50.00.
To obtain this, send us \$75 and the names of 75 subscribers.
- 3rd. **Gentlemen's 21 Jewelled**, 14 karat gold filled case. Selling price, \$60.00. To obtain which
send us \$100.00 and the names of 100 subscribers. Money must accompany the names of bona fide
subscribers.

In addition we offer a **Standard & White Cab Seat** 14 x 20 and 16 x 20 inches in size for engines in
pool. They will be forwarded by freight, freight to be paid on delivery. Charges ranging from 25
cents to \$1, according to distance. The price of the seat is \$6.

One of these may be obtained by sending us the names of 12 bona fide subscribers to the JOURNAL
at \$1 each. The money to accompany the order.

If your JOURNAL address is not correct, or you fail from any cause to receive it, fill out this
form properly, cut it out and send it to 307 SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BLDG., CLEVELAND, O.

The B. of L. E. Journal.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Name.....Division No.....

Box or Street and No.....

Postoffice.....State.....

OLD ADDRESS.

Postoffice.....State.....

☐ Be Sure and Give Old Address and Division Number.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS' MUTUAL LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

Official Notice of Assessments 121-124.

SERIES E.

OFFICE OF ASSOCIATION, ROOM 803, SOCIETY FOR SAVINGS BUILDING,
CLEVELAND, OHIO, Dec. 1, 1901.

To the Division Secretaries L. E. M. L. and A. I. A.:

DEAR SIRS AND BROS.:—You are hereby notified of the death or disability of the following members of the Association:

Four Assessments for payment of these claims are hereby levied and Secretaries ordered to collect one dollar from all who are insured for \$750, two dollars from all who are insured for \$1,500, four dollars from all who are insured for \$3,000, and six dollars from all members insured for \$4,500, and forward same to the General Secretary and Treasurer.

Members of the Insurance Association are required to remit to Division Secretaries within thirty days from date of this notice, and the Division Secretaries to the General Secretary and Treasurer within ten days thereafter, on penalty of forfeiting their membership. (See Article XI. of By-Laws.)

Secretaries in sending remittances will send same to and make all drafts, express money orders or postoffice money orders payable to WM. B. PRENTER, General Secretary and Treasurer. Secretaries located in Canada will please remit by draft or express money order. We will not accept packages of money sent by express, unless charges have been prepaid. The JOURNAL closes on the 18th of each month. Claims received after that day will lie over until the succeeding month.

No. of Asst.	Name.	Age.	No. of Div.	Date of Admission.	Date of Death or Disability.	Cause of Death or Disability.	Amt. of Ins.	To Whom Payable.
94	Wm. E. Osborne.	33	448	Oct. 28, 1900.	Sept. 21, 1901.	Nephritis.....	\$1,500	M. C. Osborne, b.
95	M. F. Matthuis.	52	530	Jan. 20, 1899.	Sept. 26, 1901.	Congest'n of bow'ls	1500	Mrs. F. Matthuis, w.
96	John Zierr.	54	194	July 10, 1894.	Sept. 30, 1901.	Apoplexy.....	3000	Mrs. John Zierr, w.
97	N. J. Seitz.	40	463	June 15, 1891.	Oct. 1, 1901.	Killed.....	4500	Mary H. Seitz, w.
98	C. A. Dickert.	31	339	Oct. 5, 1900.	7, 1901.	Killed.....	750	D. A. Dickert, f.
99	H. W. Wiegel.	38	477	May 27, 1900.	9, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Gertrude Wiegel, w.
100	J. Robertson.	70	68	Oct. 25, 1870.	Oct. 10, 1901.	Left leg amputat'd	3000	J. Robertson.
101	N. Salisbury.	46	443	Jan. 2, 1891.	Oct. 10, 1901.	Pancreatitis.....	1500	Ella Salisbury, w.
102	Jas. G. Allan.	38	33	Mch. 2, 1892.	Oct. 12, 1901.	Appendicitis.....	1500	Mrs. Ida Allan, w.
103	J. W. Davenport.	37	26	Mch. 26, 1895.	Oct. 15, 1901.	Apoplexy.....	3000	Mrs. J.W.Davenport, w.
104	Thos. Galvin.	37	80	Jan. 19, 1893.	Oct. 15, 1901.	Pneumonia.....	1500	Mrs. Thos. Galvin, w.
105	L. Hoffman.	37	392	Sept. 9, 1884.	Oct. 15, 1901.	Killed.....	4500	Mary Hoffman, w.
106	Thos. W. Allan.	52	339	Mch. 12, 1892.	Oct. 18, 1901.	Dropsy.....	3000	Mrs. T. W. Allan, w.
107	Jas. W. Webster.	28	409	Jan. 11, 1900.	Oct. 19, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Minnie Webster, w.
108	T. D. Tinsley.	36	210	Feb. 1, 1891.	Oct. 20, 1901.	Typhoid fever.....	3000	Mrs. T. D. Tinsley, w.
109	Robt. A. Graham.	33	310	July 1, 1900.	Oct. 21, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Emma E. Graham, w.
110	Edw. Purtil.	48	324	Aug. 30, 1895.	Oct. 22, 1901.	Killed.....	4500	Mrs. Edw. Purtil, w.
111	J. Van Dervort.	38	54	Feb. 12, 1897.	Oct. 23, 1901.	Tuberculosis.....	1500	Mrs. H. VanDervort, w.
112	D. C. Benscoter.	60	166	July 9, 1894.	Oct. 23, 1901.	Neaemia.....	3000	Mrs. D. C. Benscoter, w.
113	J. F. Little.	34	437	June 10, 1896.	Oct. 24, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Nettie Little, w.
114	H. Riley.	53	477	Sept. 10, 1898.	Oct. 25, 1901.	Paralysis.....	3000	Sarah C. Riley, w.
115	E. J. Gotwols.	69	71	Apr. 11, 1881.	Oct. 26, 1901.	Dropsy.....	3000	His Lawful Heirs. { Margaret Sheer, d. Ross G. Sheer, s.
116	H. J. Sheer.	41	303	Feb. 5, 1901.	Oct. 29, 1901.	Dropsy.....	3000	Mrs. Sarah M. Leeds. Nannie Bledsoe. Elizabeth Walters, w. (H. A. Rutherford, w. Catherine " d. Addie May " d.
117	D. S. Leeds.	62	22	Apr. 27, 1887.	Oct. 29, 1901.	Apoplexy.....	1500	Mrs. Sarah M. Leeds.
118	J. D. Bledsoe.	38	93	Mch. 20, 1893.	Oct. 30, 1901.	Pneumonia.....	1500	Nannie Bledsoe.
119	Harvey Walters.	40	148	Jan. 9, 1890.	Nov. 1, 1901.	Killed.....	1500	Elizabeth Walters, w.
120	G. W. Rutherford.	72	122	Feb. 25, 1880.	Nov. 1, 1901.	Heart disease.....	3000	(H. A. Rutherford, w. Catherine " d. Addie May " d.
121	Wm. M. Baldwin.	48	26	Nov. 28, 1886.	Nov. 3, 1901.	Meningitis.....	3000	Mrs. G. Baldwin, w.
122	L. Van Buskirk.	74	220	Mch. 10, 1884.	Nov. 7, 1901.	Killed.....	3000	Mrs. L. VanBuskirk w.
123	Chas. Bannard.	59	18	Dec. 10, 1870.	Nov. 12, 1901.	Apoplexy.....	4500	Mrs. C. Bannard, w.
124	H. Stocking.	83	12	Mch. 4, 1869.	Nov. 14, 1901.	Ureamic poison.....	3000	Hannah I. Stocking, w.

Total number of claims, 31.

Total amount of claims, \$77,250.

Acknowledgments.

Acknowledgments have been received from the following Beneficiaries for amounts stated in settlement of claims paid:

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount.
Nov. 11, 1901.	Wm. E. Ammont, Guardian.....	847	R. W. Harrison.....	342	\$3000
Oct. 15, "	Mrs. J. J. O'Malley and Children.....	975	Geo. A. Fitch.....	277	3000
" 4, "	Vernon Martin.....	978	E. R. Hart.....	237	1500
" 23, "	Mrs. Annie O'Brien.....	979	A. S. Artist.....	115	3000
" 11, "	Chas. J. Lester.....	980	Henry Voss.....	554	1500
" 17, "	Mrs. D. S. Taylor.....	982	C. M. Benner.....	453	3000
" 8, "	Mrs. E. McDonald.....	985	L. Metcalf.....	177	1500
" 23, "	Mrs. F. S. Holloman.....	992	P. F. Moynahan.....	307	1500
" 26, "	Mrs. Sallie West.....	1000	John Desmond.....	92	750
Nov. 11, "	Elida Kuhlhoff.....	1	J. G. Nash.....	187	3000
" 6, "	J. C. Jordan.....	2	John Cummins.....	284	1500
" 4, "	Mrs. Mary A. Anderson.....	5	T. H. Dickson.....	298	4500
" 13, "	{ Susan W. Courtrite..... Bessie T. Courtrite..... John H. Wells, Guardian.....	6	Geo. N. Whitcomb.....	481	3000
" 2, "	Mrs. Anna E. Malone and Children.....	7	Ed. Dodd.....	367	3000

Acknowledgments—Continued.

Date.	Received by	Asst. No.	From Secretary.	Div. No.	Amount
Nov. 8, 1901.	Mrs. Ella J. Tallevast.....	8	J. L. Wysong.....	265	\$1500
" 7, "	Mrs. Cora E. Becker.....	9	J. E. Shortle.....	107	1500
" 4, "	Mrs. H. S. Huffman.....	11	Elias Dew.....	36	4500
" 4, "	Mrs. S. J. Holman.....	12	J. A. Bowers.....	352	1500
" 5, "	{ Mrs. Leka Watson..... } { Mrs. L. Watson, Guardian..... }	13	J. D. Bishop.....	239	4500
" 5, "	Mrs. G. B. Jones.....	14	W. C. Jones.....	360	1500
" 4, "	Mrs. H. O. Speer.....	16	J. L. Pickling.....	210	4500
" 4, "	Mrs. Ida Walker.....	17	E. A. Montague.....	46	1500
" 2, "	Mrs. Thos. Hyland.....	18	W. B. Nicol.....	18	4500
" 4, "	Mrs. S. Willson.....	19	J. E. Malthouse.....	494	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. M. L. Markhart.....	20	E. A. Montague.....	46	3000
" 7, "	Mrs. J. W. Heberling.....	21	C. H. Lamon.....	543	1500
" 5, "	Mrs. Susan Strand.....	22	J. P. Freenor.....	372	750
" 5, "	Mrs. S. D. Trevillian.....	23	J. R. Chalkley.....	26	3000
" 4, "	Ida L. Langsdorf.....	24	J. L. Kennedy.....	74	1500

Financial Statement.

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Nov. 1, 1901.

MORTUARY FUND FOR OCTOBER.

Balance on hand Sept. 30, 1901, \$ 85,743 93
Paid in settlement of Claims, 84,750 00

Balance on hand Oct. 1, 1901, \$ 993 93
Received by Assessments 21-24, and Back Assessments, 70,679 96
Received from members whose insurance was carried by Association, 427 00
Received by Assessments 56-59, 693 65

Total in Bank Oct. 31, 1901, \$ 72,794 54

EXPENSE FUND FOR OCTOBER.

Balance on hand Oct. 1, 1901, \$ 4,545 15
Received by Admission Fees and Arrears, 250 19
Received by Special Assessment, 12,667 71

Total, \$ 17,463 05
Expenses during month of October, 847 10

Balance in Bank Oct. 31, 1901, \$16,615 95

Statement of Membership.

FOR OCTOBER, 1901.

<i>Classified Represents:</i>	\$750 00	\$1,500	\$3,000	\$4,500
Members who paid Assessments 21-24	2,637	14,405	7,542	1,373
Members from whom Assessments 21-24 were not collected,	202	1,163	352	57
Members carried by the Association,	1	123	281	18
Applications and reinstatements received during month	76	226	77	13

Totals,	2,916	15,917	8,252	1,461
From which deduct Policies terminated by death, accident or otherwise,	7	70	20	3

Total Membership Oct. 31, 1901, 2,909 15,847 8,232 1,458

Grand Total, 28,446

W. E. FUTCH, President.

W. B. PRENTER, Gen'l Sec'y & Treas.

DIVISIONS BY STATES.

Alabama.	Dist. Columbia.	Kansas.	Missouri.	New York.	Rhode Island.
Annonston.....407	Washington.....160	Argentine.....396	Chillicothe.....333	Rochester.....35	Providence.....57
Avondale.....432	Florida.	Arkansas City.....462	DeSoto.....123	Schenectady.....175	South Carolina.
Birmingham.....436	Jacksonville.....309	Atchison.....164	Kansas City.....502	Staten Island.....541	Abbeville.....498
Birmingham.....436	Pensacola.....275	Caldwell.....214	Moberly.....86	Syracuse.....367	Charleston.....340
Mobile.....405	Georgia.	Chanute.....214	Monett.....507	Syracuse.....367	Columbia.....265
Montgomery.....495	Americus.....449	Emporia.....136	Nevada.....359	Syracuse.....441	Florence.....265
Montgomery.....495	Atlanta.....207	Ft. Scott.....237	New Franklin.....356	Troy.....84	Greenville.....84
Seima.....223	Augusta.....328	Goodland.....422	N. Springfield.....83	Utica.....14	South Dakota.
Tuscaloosa.....450	Augusta.....328	Herrington.....261	Sedalia.....517	Watertown.....227	Huron.....213
Tusculum.....423	Blue Ridge.....547	Horton.....433	Slater.....8	Whitehall.....217	Tennessee.
Nogales.....355	Columbus.....409	Kansas City.....51	Springfield.....378	Chattanooga.....194	Jackson.....93
Tucson.....28	Macon.....250	Kansas City.....51	Stanbury.....17	Air Line June.....457	Knoxville.....239
Winslow.....134	Savannah.....216	Leavenworth.....412	St. Joseph.....107	Ashtabula.....350	Memphis.....23
Idaho.	Montpelier.....324	Neodesha.....270	St. Louis.....42	Bellevue.....121	Memphis.....21
Pocatello.....228	Illinois.	Newton.....252	St. Louis.....42	Bridgeport.....531	Nashville.....473
Argenta.....278	Altona.....32	Oswatimie.....336	St. Louis.....42	Bucyrus.....124	Texas.
Fort Smith.....445	Aurora.....32	Patterson.....179	St. Louis.....42	Cincinnati.....471	Big Springs.....212
Jonesboro.....442	Bloomington.....32	Topeka.....327	St. Louis.....42	Chicago June.....222	Cleburn.....502
Little Rock.....569	Blue Island.....31	Wellington.....344	Thayer.....285	Cincinnati.....471	Cleburn.....502
Mena.....569	Centralia.....24	Wichita.....364	Trenton.....91	Cincinnati.....471	Clarendon.....574
N. Little Rock.....569	Charleston.....245	Kentucky.	Forsyth.....195	Cincinnati.....471	Commerce.....540
Pine Bluff.....216	Chicago.....96	Bowling Green.....215	Glasgow.....392	Cincinnati.....471	Denison.....177
Van Buren.....524	Chicago.....96	Corbin.....463	Great Falls.....504	Cincinnati.....471	Del Rio.....566
Canada.	Chicago.....253	Covington.....271	Kalispell.....499	Cincinnati.....471	Denison.....568
British Col.	Chicago.....294	Covington.....271	Livingston.....232	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Ramapoos.....320	Chicago.....302	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
MANITOBA.	Chicago.....394	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Winnipeg.....76	Chicago.....404	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
N. W. TERRITORY.	Chicago.....419	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Medicine Hat.....322	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Moore Jaw.....216	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
New Braunwick.	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Campbellton.....138	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Moncton.....167	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Woodstock.....341	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
W Ed St. Johns.....479	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
NOVA SCOTIA.	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Halifax.....247	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Truro.....149	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
ONTARIO.	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Allendale.....486	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Bellefleur.....118	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Brookville.....118	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Chapleau.....319	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Ft. William.....243	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Hamilton.....133	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
London.....68	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
London.....524	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Lindsay.....174	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
North Bay.....204	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Ottawa.....168	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Ottawa.....469	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Palmerston.....518	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Pt Edwards.....240	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Rat Portage.....351	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Smith Falls.....535	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Stratford.....188	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
St. Thomas.....32	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
St. Thomas.....32	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
St. Thomas.....32	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Schreiber.....562	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Toronto.....7	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
East Toronto.....520	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Toronto June.....390	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Windsor.....390	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
PR. QUEBEC.	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Hadow.....553	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Montreal.....89	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Quebec.....388	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Richmond.....142	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
River DuLoup.....204	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
W. Farnham.....128	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
CALIFORNIA.	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Dunsmuir.....425	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Kern.....126	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Los Angeles.....6	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Los Angeles.....398	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Needles.....383	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Rocklin.....415	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Sacramento.....110	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
San Francisco.....161	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Fresno.....553	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
West Oakland.....283	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Basalt.....515	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Colorado City.....388	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Denver.....151	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Denver.....151	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Canon City.....546	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Grand Junction.....488	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
La Junta.....505	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Leadville.....258	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Minturn.....561	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Pueblo.....29	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Salida.....192	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Trinidad.....430	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
CONNECTICUT.	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Harford.....295	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
New Haven.....131	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
New London.....348	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
DELAWARE.	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Delmar.....374	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192
Wilmington.....342	Chicago.....531	Louisville.....165	Missoula.....262	Cincinnati.....471	El Paso.....192

NATHAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

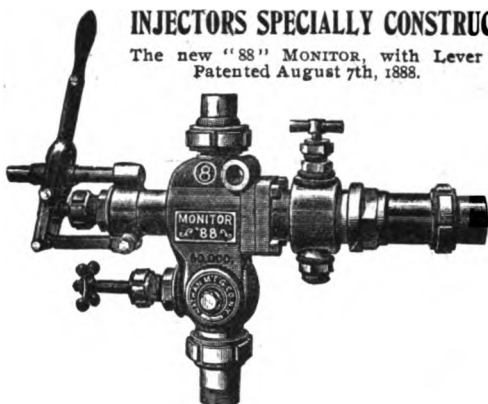
92 and 94 Liberty Street, New York,
and 180 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

MANUFACTURERS OF

The "Monitor" and other Locomotive Injectors.

INJECTORS SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED FOR HIGH PRESSURE.

The new "88" MONITOR, with Lever
Patented August 7th, 1888.



**"NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED
LUBRICATORS,**

*Ejectors or Water Elevators,
New Sanding Apparatus,
New Steam Fire Extinguishers,
Boiler Washers,
Rod and Guide Cups,
Etc., Etc.*

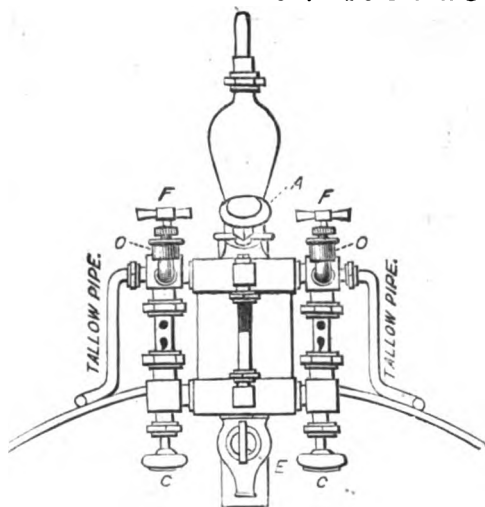
For instructions, see Engineer's
Card, which is furnished with each
injector.

NOTE.—The "88" Monitor is also made with a quick motion Screw Starting Attachment.

THE "NATHAN" SIGHT-FEED CYLINDER LUBRICATOR FOR LOCOMOTIVES.

Oils both Cylinders.

*No possibility of feeding over
in one cylinder or
into boiler.*



ALSO,

AIR BRAKE,

SIGHT-FEED

LUBRICATORS.

NATHAN MANUFACTURING CO., New York.

QUOTES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

STAR BRASS MANUFACTURING CO.,

Manufacturers of Extra Heavy Locomotive Pop Safety Valves,

MUFFLED AND OPEN.

Also Exclusive and Original Makers of "Non-Corrosive Steam
Gages," Locomotive Lubricators, Chime Whistles, Etc.

Main Office and Works: **BOSTON, MASS.**

New York, 38 Cortlandt St.

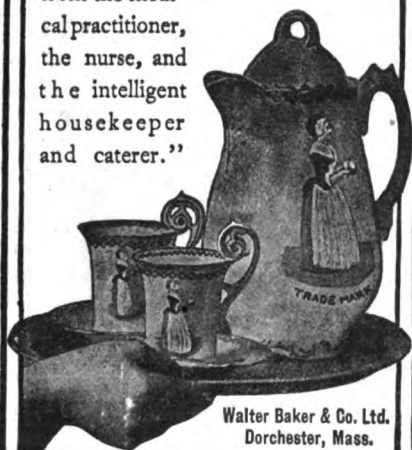
Chicago, 834 Monadnock Bldg.



When writing to advertisers, mention this Journal.

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

"Known the world over. Has received the highest indorsements from the medical practitioner, the nurse, and the intelligent housekeeper and caterer."



Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.
Dorchester, Mass.

Vose PIANOS

are receiving more favorable comments to-day from an artistic standpoint than all other makes combined.

WE Challenge Comparisons.

By our easy payment plan, every family in moderate circumstances can own a fine piano. We allow a liberal price for old instruments in exchange, and deliver the piano in your house free of expense. You can deal with us at a distant point the same as in Boston. Send for catalogue and full information.

VOSC & SONS PIANO CO.
161 Boylston Street, - - - Boston.

FUN FOR LODGE ROOMS of RAILROAD MEN also Home Amusements.



NO AMUSEMENT OF MODERN TIMES EQUALS

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH

Nine Styles, from \$10.00 to \$100.00

None
Genuine
without

Thomas A. Edison

this
Trade
Mark

Catalogues at all Dealers

NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH COMPANY

New York Office, 135 Fifth Avenue

Chicago Office, 114 Wabash Avenue

Foreign Dept., 15 Cedar Street, New York

PISO'S For Consumption CURE

We always keep Piso's Cure for Consumption in the house for coughs and colds. The children beg for it. We have recommended it to our neighbors.

MRS. J. T. BALES,
Box 43, Augusta, Okla., Sept. 5, 1900.

Piso's Cure for Consumption cured my daughter of an awful cough which a whooping cough had left her with. I can say it is the best remedy for coughs I ever used.

ADELBERT C. PANFILIUS,
Conway, Mich., Sept. 1, 1900.

Digitized by Google

LITTAUER LIBRARY
NORTH YARD
HARVARD UNIVERSITY

DEC 5 1906

APR 8 1907

APR 15 1908

FEB 18 1911

MAY 18 1911

